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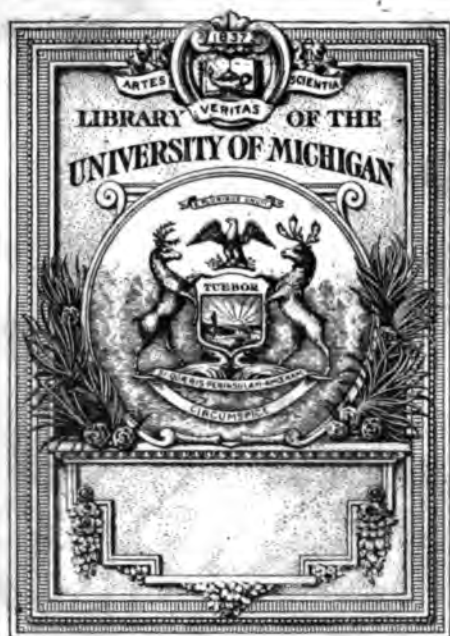
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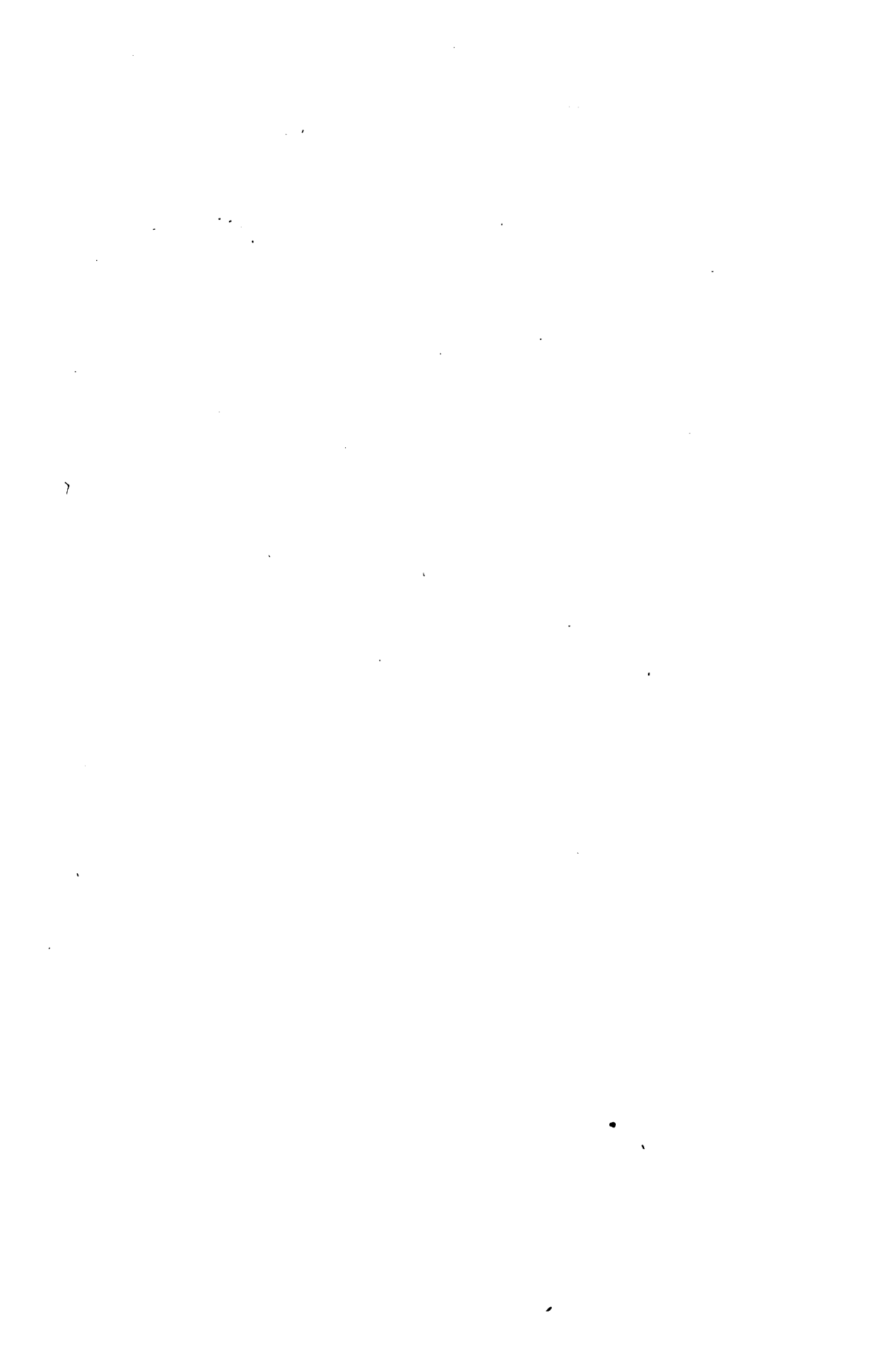
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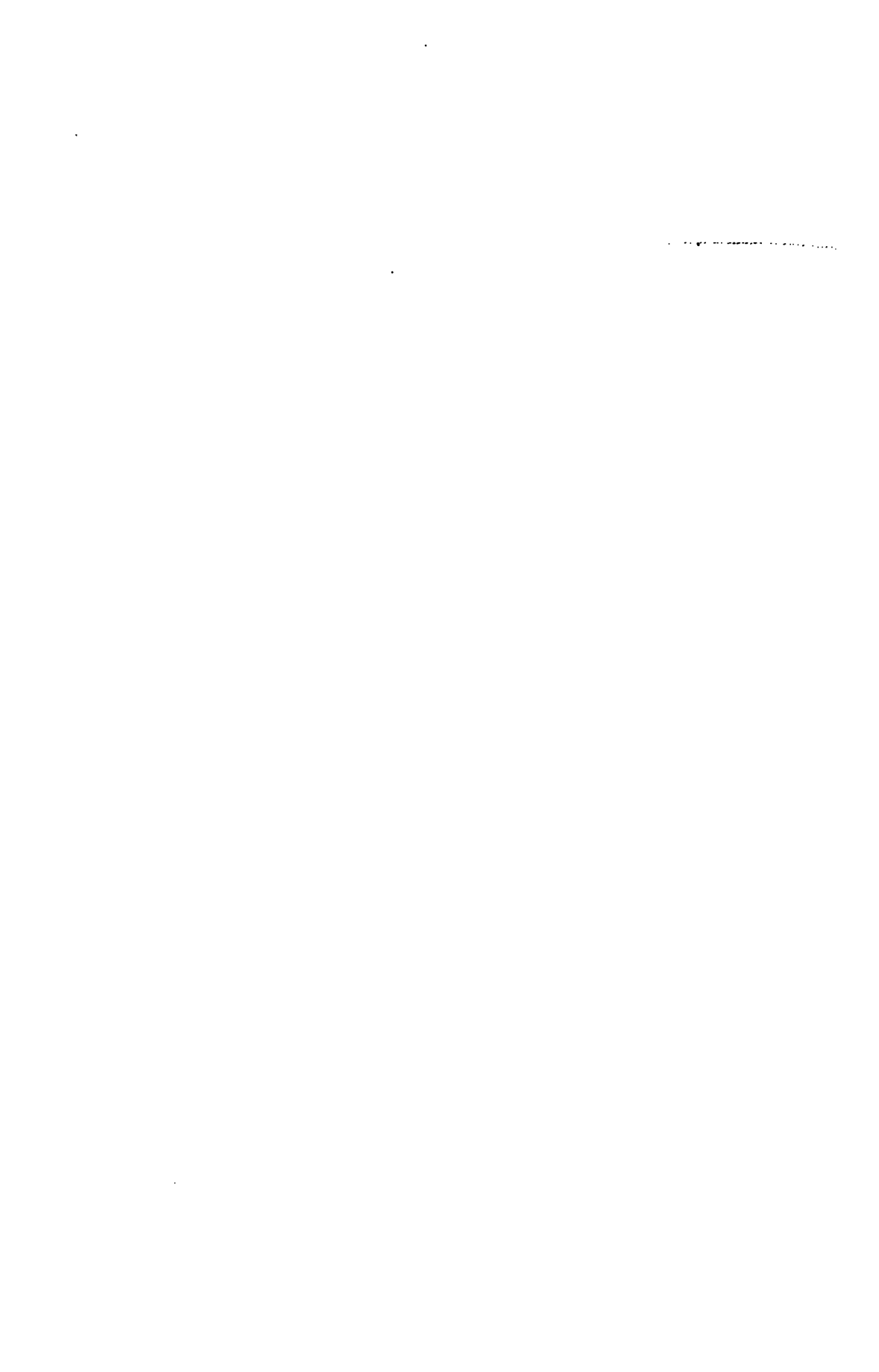
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THE
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FUGITIVE ENGLISHMEN OF WANDGE AND LADIES OF HER COURT.

Painted by the late Mr. J. M. W. Turner, R.S.A. and exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1841. The original is in the collection of the Earl of Devonshire, at Chatsworth House, Derbyshire.

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1860.

From the British Quarterly.

PHYSICAL WONDERS OF THE SEA.*

PROBABLY many a Malthusian, on glancing at a terrestrial globe and observing the vast space which is allotted to the ocean, has testily exclaimed: "For what purpose does all this fluid exist? Here are we, poor mortals, with insatiable stomachs—our numbers increasing with frightful rapidity—our acres incapable of expansion—our agriculturists unable to make two blades of corn grow in the room originally required for one—our prospects, in fact, becoming so melancholy, that sooner or later people must make up their minds to eat little boys and girls in

order to obtain food and keep the population within manageable bounds; yet, wanting all the accommodation we can get, not less than three fourths of the planet have been laid under water—some of its finest plains are swamped, and its most fertile valleys converted into liquid wastes!"

Not so fast, however, good Mr. Malthusian! No one can explain why this particular proportion between the land and the ocean has been prescribed. It is precisely one of those points in the Divine arithmetic with which we are incompetent to deal. But sufficient may be inferred from the exquisite working of the great physical machinery of creation to satisfy us that he who weigheth the waters in the

* *The Physical Geography of the Sea.* By M. F. MAURY, LL.D., U.S.N., Superintendent of the National Observatory. London: Sampson Low. New-York: Harpers. 1847.

hollow of his hand, and who fixeth bounds for the sea that it shall not pass, has adjusted the fluid and solid surfaces of our globe with as much care as he has mixed the chemical constituents of the atmosphere, or settled the relative numbers of the two sexes.

Grant that our mournful friend, who looks with such a jealous eye upon those liquid expanses, could brush them from their beds, and convert the whole earth into dry ground, what would be the result? Why, the world would wither at once with drought. The fair face of nature, still as fresh and blooming as in her infant days, would contract in ghastly wrinkles, and the comeliest landscapes grow cadaverous with premature age.

As matters now stand, have we not numerous deserts dispersed over the surface of the globe—spots of barrenness and death, where the pulse of the planet can not be felt, and where its life-blood apparently ceases to circulate? These seem to show that the earth is not overdone with water, and that, spite of the vast acreage of the ocean, there are tracts of land which its vapor can not reach, and certainly can not drench. When a wind, charged with moisture, sets out on its travels over a continent, it gradually deposits its freight as it proceeds; and should it encounter a range of tall mountains, the cold at their chilly tops extracts the humidity in the shape of snow, leaving the breeze to pursue its course beggared of the fatness which the soil demands. There are countries where showers rarely fall, because the intervening regions steal all the vapor which the prevailing winds obtain from the ocean exchequer. Peru is notoriously in this predicament. Jupiter Pluvius is unknown in that locality. The south-east trades, which first sprinkle the shores of Brazil, and then feed the large streams of South-America, afterwards rush up the slopes of the Andes in a state of comparative poverty, and finally tumble over into the land of the Incas in a condition of real hygrometric insolvency. Upon similar grounds the existence of Saharas in Africa, Asia, Australia, and North-America may be explained. Looking, indeed, at these barren patches, and assuming that other physical circumstances continued the same, we may well ask whether the world could be kept in working order—whether its rivers and lakes could be sufficiently supplied—

whether its atmosphere could be moderately refreshed and its meadows adequately irrigated, if the surface of the great nursery of vapor were seriously curtailed?

Such, then, being the primary object of the ocean, see how beautifully its composition qualifies it for this end. What other fluid could be substituted with the smallest success? Would any of our acids answer the purpose required? Clouds dropping oil of vitriol, or showers consisting of muriatic acid, would soon burn up all vegetation and blister every landscape on the globe. With Atlantics of turpentine or Pacifics of train oil, not an herb would grow for the nourishment of cattle, nor a tree for the use of the carpenter. For many reasons, too, a change in the character of the ocean fluid would be highly detrimental to the interests of man. Considering the sea simply as a highway for our ships, any alteration in its specific gravity, or in the cohesive relationship of its particles, would affect all our maritime operations; for how could vessels float in a thin liquid like naphtha, or cruise in a heavy one like quicksilver, or plow their way through a viscid one like tar or treacle? Ransack the whole list of existing fluids, and not another could be found to supply the place and perform the multifarious duties of water.

But the liquid which fills the vast ocean tanks is not pure. It contains, in general, from three to three and a half per cent of saline ingredients. To these, latterly, philosophers have begun to assign very considerable importance in the economy of the great deep. They are not chance items in its waters, but elements of profound significance, seeing that they regulate its issues of vapor and guide its movements from the equator to the poles. The saline materials consist of chloride of sodium, chloride of magnesium, sulphate of lime, sulphate of magnesia, and other mineral compounds, the first of these preponderating to such a degree, that for most purposes we are content to regard the ocean simply as a reservoir of common salt. Nor should we forget to remark, *en passant*, for it is certainly worthy of being ranked amongst the noticeable harmonies of nature—that the substance which is most largely diffused through the sea is precisely the condiment which man's instinct has taught him to employ most extensively on land. The quantity

varies according to circumstances and locality. It is less in inland seas, for example, than in the main ocean, because the rush of river water into these basins serves to keep them in a fresher condition, particularly if the outlets are few and contracted. Exception, however, must be made in favor of the Mediterranean, but the superior temperature of that splendid sheet, and consequently the greater concentration which is given to its brine, will explain the result. It is less, again, towards the poles, where snow and ice are such chronic phenomena; and the same observation applies to those humid portions of the tropics where umbrellas and mackintosh capes are peculiarly required. Humboldt ascertained that the charge of salt was greatest between the fifteenth and the twenty-fifth degrees of north and south latitude. Forchhammer discovered that the ocean became softer in this particular as land was approached—a circumstance, indeed, which we might expect, considering that the river gods are always pouring large contributions into the main. Marcet concluded that the seas of the southern hemisphere are fresher than those of the northern, and that if necessity compelled you to choose between the Atlantic and Pacific in regard to their potable qualities, you would find the latter much more to your taste than the former. There are certain land-locked expanses which receive as much fresh liquid as the streams will supply, but make it a point never to disgorge; and consequently—true emblems of niggardly, selfish souls—their waters become bitter and unblessed. The saline elements are left to accumulate as the vapor is carried off by the winds; and thus we have surly and inhospitable seas like the Aral and Caspian, or that still more ill-omened mere, the Lake Asphaltites.

If, however, the quantity of these ingredients varies, their quality and relative proportions are singularly uniform. Bearing in mind that the soluble matters of the land are constantly washed into the ocean, and that each river carries its own particular contingent to the deep, we might expect that a more mongrel fluid would result. But every where the water seems to yield the same species of salts when dissected by the chemist's art. Their origin is still a question of much mystery. Whether the existing ocean was produced in a brackish condition, or

has gradually acquired its present charge, is a point which may be yet open to discussion; but there are many reasons which appear to intimate that what it is now, such it has been throughout the whole historic period at least. We can scarcely suppose that the entire amount of salt has been wrung out of the land, for, taking the average depth of the waters at two miles only, it is calculated that there is enough chloride of sodium in the sea to cover a continent measuring seven millions of square miles to the depth of one mile. Shafhäütl computed that the mineral matter suspended in the ocean was equal to double the Himalayas in bulk. Yet this mass is diffused throughout the abyss without increasing its volume, for soluble substances pack into the interstices of fluids, as odds and ends of luggage do into the crevices of a carpet-bag until the mysterious point of saturation is reached.

And what is the use of so much salt? The answer to this question has generally been that it is intended to preserve the Great Profound from putrefaction. The sea is a huge pickle. But this explanation is by no means satisfactory. For, in the first place, stagnant sea-water is subject to corruption, and when voyagers have been caught in a calm and forced to lie idle on the ocean for weeks together, they have seen all sorts of "slimy things" crawl forth from the abyss, or, as Sir Richard Hawkins relates, "the sea was so replenished with several sorts of gellyes, and forms of serpents, adders, and snakes as seemed wonderfull; some greene, some blacke, some yellow, some white, some of divers colours, and many of them had life. So much so," continues that ancient mariner, "that a man could hardly draw a bucket of water clear of corruption."

Salt, therefore, will not prevent decomposition, if the waves are permitted to sleep. Further, provision appears to be made in other ways for the removal of the decaying matter which may be poured into the great marine cesspools. To say nothing of chemical operations, the sea is peopled by crowds of microscopic animals, which banquet in a great measure upon the refuse organisms of the land; and these become food in their turn for the bulkier denizens of the deep. Whole legions of infusoria go down into the caverns of the whale at a single gulp. Patches of white or colored water, stretch-

ing as far as the eye could reach, and thronged to the depth of more than a thousand feet with animalcules, have been traversed by navigators in various parts of the world. In the Indian Ocean especially they hang like red, green, brown, or crimson clouds upon the surface of the main. Captain Kingman passed through a shoal of gelatinous creatures extending twenty-three miles in length, breadth unknown, and whitening the sea so completely that it looked like a plain covered with snow. When a tub was filled with the water, little luminous particles were seen dancing to and fro, and the vessel appeared to be alive with tiny worms and insects. In the Northern Seas, the medusæ are so prodigiously developed, and at the same time so densely packed, that, according to Scoresby, it would require 84,000 persons, calculating as if for their lives—or perhaps, more stimulating still, as if for their fortunes—and continuing their labors from the Creation up to the present period, to reckon up the quantity contained in two square miles alone. To these, and similar little scavengers, therefore, is probably committed the task of ridding the ocean of much of the decomposing matter which is brushed from the land, and which might otherwise dispose it to putrescence.

Other and equally interesting functions have latterly been ascribed to the salts of the sea. Professor Chapman, of Toronto, has ingeniously suggested that their purpose is to regulate the rate of evaporation, and thus keep those two old champions, Moist and Dry, on terms of tolerable amity. Water charged with salt will give off vapor more slowly than water when perfectly pure. Balance two dishes in a pair of scales, fill the one with brine, the other with liquid from the rain-tub, and the latter will beat the former hollow in the rate at which its contents exhale; indeed, in proportion as the saline solution becomes more and more concentrated will the rise of the water in an aëriform shape appear to be retarded. This, in fact, is just what we might expect; for the salt will naturally cling to the fluid with greater tenacity the less it has to lose. Other circumstances, therefore, being the same—such, for example, as the fervor of the sun's rays, the pressure of the atmosphere, the amount of humidity already in the air—it follows that whenever the quantity of salt in the ocean is relatively diminished

by the influx of fresh water in any particular locality, evaporation advances with greater volubility; whereas, if that quantity be augmented, it proceeds at a tardier rate. If this view be correct—and we fancy the propounder has seized upon one of the secrets of the deep—what a splendid automaton the ocean becomes! Like the governor of a steam-engine, it contracts its own issues of vapor when the sun begins to fall upon its waters with unwarrantable freedom, and increases them when the land has been unduly drained, or the moisture in the atmosphere inordinately precipitated. As the winds whistle over Neptune's domain he seems to say: "I feel that I am growing too saline to-day; you can't, therefore, want much humidity on shore; send me back the surplus either in river or in shower, and when the accounts between sea and land are balanced, you shall receive your usual freight with pleasure. Unless our books are duly squared, and sun and ocean, and wind and stream settle their mutual transactions with punctuality, it would soon be all over with the world."

The great business of these saline matters, however, according to Lieutenant Maury, whose ocean studies preëminently entitle him to the appellation of the Philosopher of the Sea, is to keep the abyss of waters in constant motion. To him these humble ingredients are vast dynamic powers. Sea-water is heavier than river in the proportion of 1·028 to 1·010. A man feels more buoyant whilst swimming off Ramsgate than he does when bathing in the fish-pond at home. Rain-water will float on brackish water; and sailors sometimes take advantage of this fact, as was the case in the expedition of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, where the crews, on one occasion, obtained a potable fluid from the surface of the ocean by inserting the hose of their pumps into the supernatant liquid, whereas, had they gone a few inches deep, they would have drawn up a beverage fit only for naiads and mermen. Now, suppose that evaporation is proceeding rapidly from any tropical tract in the Atlantic or Pacific; of course the consequence will be a lowering of the level, and water must necessarily press in from all sides to fill up the great dimple. Since, however, the vapor which is exhaled is fresh, the fluid left behind must increase in gravity proportionately to the legacy of salt it has just received. What follows? A flow

of liquid being determined to the excavated spot, a current of denser water will also be established in a contrary direction. For as the fresh water scooped out from the sea in the region of evaporation is only borrowed for a time, and must descend in some other spot, which may be called the region of precipitation, it will lessen the specific gravity of the upper stratum of the ocean where it alights, and then draining off towards the original point of disturbance, the equilibrium must be restored by the transfer of the weightier, because saliner, liquid to the compensating parts. Thus, speaking generally, the sea is kept in wholesome excitement by a wonderful system of circulation, in which the chloride of sodium and other ingredients figure as important ministering forces. "We have a surface-current of saltish water from the poles towards the equator, and an under-current of water, saltier and heavier, from the equator to the poles. This under-current supplies in a great measure the salt which the upper-current, freighted with fresh water from the clouds and rivers, carries back." How beautifully are the equities of the great abyss maintained!

Further, it will be seen that in an ocean of salt water a system of *vertical* circulation must prevail which could not obtain in an ocean of fresh; for, as the surface layer is robbed by evaporation, and its density is consequently augmented, it must sink, whilst the less briny layer beneath will ascend. In the fact, therefore, that a drop of water overdosed with salt will give place to the lighter molecule beneath, we discover another exquisite provision for a perpetual "turn-over" in the liquid mass.

But this is not all; the salts not only serve to keep the pulses of the ocean in play, but they are essential to the existence of myriads of living things. Without adverting to the fact that the finny inhabitants of the deep would mostly perish in a fresh-water medium, let us point to the peculiar relationship which subsists between the saline ingredients and one class of marine laborers. Why does not the ocean grow saltier every day? Why does it not threaten to become as briny as the Dead Sea and other imprisoned sheets? There must be some means by which the perpetual additions from the shores are neutralized, or at any rate kept in subjection. Maury solves

this question by referring to those armies of creatures which are employed in extracting saline materials from the water, some for their shells, some for their skeletons, some for their habitations. Beds of marl, banks of shell, and deposits of infusoria have been formed in the ancient oceans, and the same processes are on foot in our existing seas. The coralline architects are ever busy in the warmer waters of our globe, and huge masses of masonry are slowly rising, compared with which our human erections are mere card-houses. To these animals must evidently belong the power of extracting the carbonate of lime and other mineral substances they may require from the transparent wave.

What amount is thus quarried from the waters it would be impossible to surmise; but, considering the number of the workmen, and the magnitude of the piles they have completed, their influence must tell with some power upon the composition of the sea. That it constitutes the sole agency by which the saline additions are held in check can not be admitted, because some of these elements only are required for the purposes of the little operatives. But it is singular to observe how each pigmy mason assists in the great task, which must on no account be neglected, of keeping the waters in ceaseless circulation. Down in the deep the coral insect is at work on the huge edifice which he and his companions have been bidden by instinct to construct. He wants stone: he obtains it from the water around him. How, no one can say: it is one of the mysteries of vital chemistry we are unable to explain. But in extracting the material he requires from any particular drop, that drop necessarily becomes lighter than those above, and therefore ascends to the surface; another, of course, descends to take its place, and suffer a similar loss in turn. Thus, rising and falling like the corves in a pit, the watery atoms are kept in action by the submarine artificers; and though the depth at which they toil is limited, being confined to some thirty fathoms, yet within that range they move the whole mass of fluid overhead, though apparently unmoved and unmoving themselves. And, as if to show that all the powers of nature, whether great or small, play into each other's hands, let it be observed that the sun and winds seem to take thought for the builders of these sunken piles. Do they not, by abstract-

ing the vapor from the surface, concentrate the saline materials, and send down the drops loaded with mineral, in order that the industrious creatures may pick out what is requisite for their work, and then return them aloft for a further supply?

Since, then, motion is the life of the sea, many causes conspire to keep it in a state of sleepless agitation. The most notable of these is the moon. It is surely a striking fact that a puny globe, revolving at the distance of 240,000 miles from our earth, should lift the waters of the ocean and compel huge ripples to course across its surface in regular succession. The *Man in the Moon*—for to him may we not ascribe this amiable service?—deserves more thanks from us terrestrials than we can possibly render. To work the tide-gauges of the planet, to fill and empty our harbors, to cover our beaches with magnificent rollers, to clear away the abominations of our polluted rivers, to maintain a regular systole and diastole in the ocean-heart, are tasks which that renowned individual executes with exemplary patience and precision. Yonder, in the great silent sea which hides the mysteries of the South Pole, the water begins to heave under his sinewy pull. If the sun should be in conjunction or opposition, he too, though with inferior force, joins in the billowy game. A broad wave is formed, which rushes, or seems to rush, to the north, for the particles have no progressive motion, but simply leap upwards, as if in a vain struggle to reach the moon. Following the course of that wave into the Indian Ocean, you would find that, in about twenty-two hours from the time it appeared at the southern extremity of New-Zealand, it was riding in the Delta of the Ganges, and penetrating into the rivers of Hindostan. Meanwhile, another branch of the great billow makes for the African coast, and rolls into the Atlantic after doubling the Cape of Many Storms. In three hours from the time of its entrance into the noble basin, it sweeps in subdued grandeur past the little "volcanic cinder," Napoleon's rocky prison, where it attains a height of about two or three feet only. In three hours more it crosses the Line, and, after a further voyage of ten, it flows into the mouth of the English Channel, and prepares to wash the feet of the Ruler of the Waves. Most lovingly does that broad undulation twine round the home

of Britannia. Whilst one portion enters the Straits of Dover, another glides up the Irish Channel; and a third, sweeping along the western coast of Erin, and curving round the Shetland Islands, actually descends the German Ocean, where it rejoins the advancing tide off the mouth of the Thames, as if to pay double honor to the maritime mistress of the world. And not less lingeringly than lovingly does it perform this part of its journey; for though in some stages of its progress it moves at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, it requires upwards of twenty hours to pass from Cape Clear, at the extremity of Ireland, to the Nore. It need scarcely be said that these giant billows, which follow each other from their nursery in the Antarctic Ocean at intervals of a dozen hours, are affected in their course by the obstructions they encounter. Where the Pacific, for example, is blockaded by great coral ramparts, and spotted by numerous fair islands, He of the moon can find but little scope for his burly pastime; for the tidal wave from the south can not penetrate freely unto that spacious playground. But there are circumstances under which he gambols his strength away in a striking and boisterous manner. In certain estuaries and rivers he produces those magnificent rushes of water called bores or eagres. For the full development of this phenomenon, a gradually narrowing channel and peculiar configuration of ground are required. Some of our British streams, the Severn, the Trent, the Solway Frith, for example, are favorably organized for this purpose. But it is in the Amazon and the rivers of India and China that the tidal wave, now an advancing mass, assumes its most imposing proportions. One of these eagres in the Tsien-Tsang river has been vividly described by Dr. Macgowan in a communication to the Royal Asiatic Society:

"As the hour of flood-tide approached, crowds gathered in the streets running at right-angles with the Tsien-Tsang, but at safe distances. My position was a terrace in front of the Tri-wave Temple, which afforded a good view of the entire scene. On a sudden all traffic in the thronged mart was suspended; porters cleared the front street of every description of merchandise; boatmen ceased loading and unloading their vessels, and put out into the middle of the stream, so that a few moments sufficed to give a deserted appearance to the busiest part of one of the busiest cities of Asia. The center of the river teemed with craft, from small boats



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to huge barges, including the gay 'flower boats.' Loud shouting from the fleet announced the appearance of the flood, which seemed like a glistening white cable stretched athwart the river at his mouth, as far down as the eye could reach. Its noise, compared by Chinese poets to that of thunder, speedily drowned that of the boatmen; and as it advanced with prodigious velocity—at the rate, I should judge, of twenty-five miles an hour—it assumed the appearance of an alabaster wall, or rather of a cataract four or five miles across, and about thirty feet high, moving bodily onward. Soon it reached the advanced guard of the immense assemblage of vessels awaiting its approach. Knowing that the bore of the Hooghly, which scarcely deserved mention in connection with the one before me, invariably overturned boats which were not skillfully managed, I could not but feel apprehension for the lives of the floating multitude. As a foaming wall of water dashed impetuously onward they were silenced, all being intently occupied in keeping their prows towards the wave which threatened to submerge every thing afloat; but they all vaulted, as it were, to the summit with perfect safety. The spectacle was of greatest interest when the cagre had passed about one half way among the craft. On one side they were quietly reposing on the surface of the unruffled stream, while those on the nether portion were pitching and heaving in tumultuous confusion on the flood; others were scaling, with the agility of salmon, the formidable cascade. This grand and exciting scene was but of a moment's duration; it passed up the river in an instant, but from this point with gradually diminishing force, size, and velocity, until it ceased to be perceptible, which Chinese accounts represent to be eighty miles distant from the city."

But if the tidal wave on the high seas is a kind of optical hoax, so far as the actual translation of the waters is concerned, there are great ocean rivers which constantly convey the fluid of one hemisphere to another, and from the cold poles to the glowing Line. Nothing can be more surprising than to reflect that the liquid expanses of our globe are traversed by streams which flow as regularly as the Amazon or Mississippi on land. Channels have been dug out for them apparently, and for thousands of miles they pursue their course between walls of water as if they were treading rocky passes or rolling over granite beds. Some currents are simply *periodical*, others are *variable*; but the most important ones are *constant*, and, if followed, will conduct the navigator along the same settled route as surely as the Rhine will carry a tourist past Bonn and Cologne who starts from Coblenz on his return to the sea. The bowsprit of a

British ship, *Little Belt*, which was dismantled off Nova Scotia in 1809, found its way into the Basque Roads after a sail of eighteen months. Two Indian corpses which made their appearance at the Azores in the fifteenth century, hinted at a strange land beyond the flood; and from this dead man's voyage Columbus drew decided auguries in favor of the unvailed world in the west. But in tracing currents we can not always calculate upon drifting bodies, nor can we afford to dismast vessels for the purpose, any more than the Chinese would have found it prudent to burn a house every time they wished to indulge in the luxury of roast-pig. A cheaper expedient may be adopted. Throw overboard a bottle containing a scroll on which is recorded the date and whereabouts of your vessel. If this simple little exploring apparatus should fall into intelligent hands, it will serve the object as effectually as a broken-down seventy-four. Let it be flung into the sea off the coast of Africa, for example, and if picked up at Jamaica, or found quietly coming to anchor in some English harbor, it will tell its own tale almost as forcibly as if it had kept a regular log. Admiral Beechy has published a chart containing the results of more than a hundred bottle-voyages, and from his interesting document it would appear that some of these fragile mariners had made the circuit of the Atlantic, and then, like Tony Lumpkin's victims, had resumed their route in the vast "circumbendibus." Much, indeed, yet remains to be done in the mapping out of these great ocean streams; but the course of many has been ascertained with sufficient certainty to entitle us to regard them as fixed and well-established highways across the deep.

By far the most influential of these currents is the famous Gulf Stream. Little as it may be appreciated by Englishmen in general, every inhabitant of this country has a greater interest in its flow than he has in the Thames or Tyne. It takes its rise in the Gulf of Mexico, though it may be regarded as a continuation of the mighty equatorial current which sets out from the western coast of Africa, and, after a run of four thousand miles, enters the Caribbean Sea. Sucking up the sun's rays as it advances, and storing away the warmth for future use, it passes into that magnificent indentation in the Mexican coast which

serves as a caldron; for there its waters are raised to the high temperature of 86° . It then sweeps through the Pass of Florida—its heat being 9° more than the ocean can claim by virtue of its latitude—and skirts the shores of North-America, until it takes that remarkable bend off Nova Scotia and Newfoundland which throws its waters across towards the coast of Europe. One branch curves downwards and flits past the Azores to the south: the other glides northward in the direction of the British Isles and the Polar Sea. This splendid stream is supposed to be equal in volume to three thousand Mississippis. Its length, reckoning from its Mexican head to the Azores, is upwards of three thousand miles. Its velocity in the Gulf of Florida is about seventy-eight miles a day, but its pace dwindles down to a sober flow of ten before it reaches the Azores. Its average performance is about thirty-eight miles in the four-and-twenty hours. There are many peculiarities attached to this noble current. The color of its waters is an indigo-blue as far as the coast of the Carolinas. Its banks, especially the left, are generally well defined; so that the voyager knows when he dips into its flood, the edge being frequently made manifest by the ripples which mark the line of division as well as by other visible traits. "Often one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water while the other half is in common water of the sea: so sharp is the line, and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea." It would appear, too, that this current actually runs up hill, for the thermometer shows that the under part, in flowing from Cape Hatteras to the Capes of Virginia, makes an ascent of six hundred feet, being a gradient of five or six feet to the mile. It is noticeable, also, that the surface of this ocean river slopes from the center or axis to the sides; in other words, it resembles the roof of a house, though of course much gentler in its declivity; for if a boat is abandoned, it will drift to the right or left, according to its position with respect to the ridge. Partly for the same reason all planks, loose seaweeds, and other detached articles which may embark on the stream, will eventually slide down towards the edge of the current. Hence

has been formed that remarkable expanse in the midst of the Atlantic called the Sargasso Sea. This is a continent of weeds, (*fucus natans*), thickly interwoven, and capable of offering considerable resistance to a passing vessel. How great were the fears it excited amongst the companions of Columbus, on their first trembling voyage to America, is well known. Collected here as in a prodigious eddy, this floating mass has occupied the same mean position—for it is subject to a kind of rise and fall in latitude—since the time of its discovery; and here, too, it will doubtless remain so long as the equatorial current and Gulf Stream continue to execute their stupendous rounds.

Taking, however, the diurnal motion of the earth into account, it ought to follow that, as an atom of air, when flowing from the pole to the equator, should drift, or seem to drift to the west, because of its tardier momentum, so any article which may enter the stream, when impressed with an equatorial velocity, ought to incline towards the eastern bank. And such appears to be the case, as far as the sloping character of the surface will allow. Trees torn up from their homes are plentiful on the European side of the current, but comparatively rare on the American. Just so, in the Mississippi, floating timber slides off to the western shore of the river if its voyage is sufficiently long to permit the rotation of the earth to tell upon its movements. For the same reason, too, the Gulf Stream itself should exhibit a strong European tendency, and to this cause we think may be partly ascribed the fact that, when the original velocity which enables it to cleave its way so readily through the waters has abated, it overshoots its banks and spreads out into a broad surface flow, as if to diffuse its genial warmth over the largest possible area.

For here we discover the great function of the stream. It is the bearer of tropical heat. A river of molten metal could not speak its purpose more explicitly. It sets out with a temperature of 86° . It cools but gradually as it advances, losing not more than 13° or 14° during its progress. So superior is its charge of caloric that the thermometer at once detects the difference between its fervid waters and the ocean around. The voyager feels that he is entering a warmer climate when he sails into the atmosphere

which overlies its route. Imagine the change which would be experienced by Sir Philip Brooke when the air happened to be at the freezing-point on each side, whilst the current itself was nearly fifty degrees in excess! It is obvious that this incessant transport of caloric to the north must have its effect upon our chilly climes. Even where the heated waters can not pass, the winds which sweep over the sea from the south-west must be warmed by contact with the broad diffusive stream. Maury asserts that the surplus heat brought into the region of Newfoundland each day would be sufficient, were it suddenly let loose, "to make the column of superincumbent atmosphere hotter than melted iron." Or, putting the question on a larger basis, he says: "A simple calculation will show that the quantity of heat discharged over the Atlantic from the waters of the Gulf Stream in a winter's day would be sufficient to raise the whole column of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Islands from the freezing-point to summer-heat." Could any thing be more palpable than the advantages of such a glowing river? If caloric could be stored up in casks, and whole fleets employed in conveying them from the tropics to the northern shores of Europe, some addressed to Britain, some to Norway, some to Spitzbergen, the marks of benevolent design could not be more vividly expressed. In point of latitude England corresponds with Labrador. But we know that the latter region is one where the climate is exceedingly harsh, where the winter is painfully protracted, where the vegetation is feeble and haggard, where the animals are heavily furred to keep them warm, and where the inhabitants are low-typed and extremely unlikely to figure brilliantly in the history of the world. Had we been left in the same lurch, and compelled to subsist on our geographical allowance of caloric alone, England would have been a frost-bitten realm, where fairs might have been held on the Thames every winter, and where boys might have snowballed each other for half the year. Stop the Gulf Stream to-morrow, divert it in some other direction, so that its summer-laden waters should never approach the European shores—and then John Bull would soon become a national pauper; and that oft-anticipated catastrophe, the ruin of the Constitution, would assuredly ensue.

To this stream there is a striking counterpart, so far as it extends, on the corresponding shores of the Pacific. Part of the great equatorial current, after sweeping across that ocean, presses into the seas of China and Japan, where it is deflected like the sister river on the east of the American continent. Thus repelled, it glides over to the opposite coast, and bathes it with its heated wave. Though somewhat indistinctly defined, there can be no doubt that such is the fact, for Asiatic driftwood has been found on the Aleutian isles, and crippled Japanese junks, as was the case with one in 1831, have been borne along to the mouth of the river Columbia. Now, has England no interest in this remote river of the deep? On the contrary, one of her largest provinces is in a great measure dependent upon it for its thermal welfare. As if Providence had expressly adjusted these marine streams for the benefit of our Empire, we find that the recently-established colony of British Columbia is provided with a hot-water apparatus which insures it a much more generous climate than its geographical position would warrant. The temperature of this new state is almost identical with our own. In Great Britain we flatter ourselves that we grow one of the finest races on the globe, and to our gentle skies—neither too hot nor too cold, neither enervating our frames by the excessive heat of the south, nor limiting our exertions and crippling our commerce by the frosts of the north—we ascribe, and justly ascribe, the practical superiority of our human ware. Is it not a remarkable circumstance, therefore, that this promising province, with its gold, its coal, and its other splendid mineral endowments—a province which may become the seat of an empire reared by British brawn and animated by British brain—should owe its climatic advantages to a silent river of heat which comes from afar, and discharges its stores of caloric upon the region, as if to protect it from the blighting tyranny of frost?

One great object of currents therefore is plain. It is their duty to equalize as far as may be the climates of the globe, and moderate the extremes of heat and cold. Were not some such precaution adopted, the gathering ice of the poles would ultimately render a large portion of the globe intolerable from excessive frost, whilst the concentrated heat of the tropics might convert them into sultry wastes, some-

thing like the burning belt with which old geographers were accustomed to girdle the earth. But whilst the equatorial caloric, as we have seen, is incessantly conveyed towards the Polar latitudes, so the Polar cold is incessantly transported towards the warmer zones of the ocean. The great Antarctic current which flows up the Pacific, skirting the shores of Peru, is estimated at 3500 miles in breadth, and was found by Dupetit Thouars to reach to a depth of nearly one mile. What a volume of chilled water is this to abstract from the southern sea and pour into hotter latitudes! But this beneficent service is as beneficently repaid. Speaking of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, Maury observes:

"These teeming waters bear off through their several channels the surplus heat of the tropics, and disperse it among the icebergs of the Antarctic. See the immense equatorial flow to the east of New-Holland. It is bound for the icy barriers of that unknown sea there to temper climates, grow cool, and return again, refreshing men and beast by the way, either as the Humboldt current or the ice-bearing current, which enters the Atlantic round Cape Horn, and changes into warm again as it enters the Gulf of Guinea. It was owing to this great southern flow from the coral regions that Captain Ross was enabled to penetrate so much further south than Captain Wilkes on his voyage to the Antarctic, and it is upon these waters that that sea is to be penetrated, if ever. The North Pacific, except in the narrow passage between Asia and America, is closed to the escape of these warm waters into the Arctic Ocean. The only outlet for them is to the south. They go down towards the Antarctic regions to disperse their heat and get cool, and the cold of the Antarctic, therefore, it may be inferred, is not so bitter as is the extreme cold of the Frozen Ocean of the north."

Another current to the south from the West of Africa was crossed by Captain Grant on one occasion when the temperature of the water in the center ranged as high as 63°, whilst that of the ocean on each side was only 30°. This voluminous stream—1600 miles in breadth at the time—was hurrying away the heat of the torrid zone to the Icy Sea, where its ameliorating presence was required. And how can we explain the existence of an open sheet in the Arctic basin, except on the supposition that currents of warm water from the south flow beneath the surface, and well up where Dr. Kane discovered a spacious ocean, unincumbered by hum-

mocks or icebergs, with waves whose temperature was as high as 36°, though the latitude was upwards of 82°, and though a wilderness of snow lay to the south?

There is one circumstance, too, which gives these marine rivers a peculiar value. Water is a bad conductor of heat. If it were requisite to convey the heat of the equator to the poles by means of *land-streams*, the waste of caloric by absorption would be considerable, and the object proposed—namely, the due distribution of temperature—might be defeated. But the ocean affords pathways along which the liquid warmth may pass, not only to a greater distance, but without any serious loss of power, until it reaches the regions where it can be discharged with most effect. A torrent of molten iron would stiffen and grow cool before it had traveled many miles in contact with the air and earth; but these ocean streams glide from continent to continent without squandering their thermal treasures in needless work by the way.

In one respect, however, they seem to play a rude and unmannerly part in the economy of nature. Between them and the hurricanes and tempests which frequently plow up the tropical seas and carry devastation even into temperate climes, some powerful attraction appears to subsist. It will be readily understood that a broad river of heated liquid like the Gulf Stream must produce extensive disturbances in the atmosphere above its path. The contrast between its temperature and that of the contiguous ocean and superincumbent air is frequently so violent that an elemental riot may well be anticipated before the equilibrium can be temporarily restored. Hence this summer-dispensing stream is supposed to be the parent of many a terrible storm. Some of the most furious gales have been known to gallop along its course as if it were a regular race-ground. Nay, tempests arising on the other side of the Atlantic have been observed to leave their African birth-place and make direct for the Gulf Stream. This they followed, keeping steadily to its path, curving where it curved, and recrossing the Atlantic, until their rage was expended, and their wings drooped helplessly on the shores of Europe. The current might, indeed, have grooved a furrow for them in the air.

Availing himself of this fact, Lieutenant

Maury was enabled to predict the course and position of a steam-vessel, the *San Francisco*, which was disabled in a storm in the year 1853, whilst conveying a regiment of United States troops to California. Great alarm being excited by the arrival of barks which had seen her in this crippled condition without being able to render any assistance themselves, searching vessels were promptly dispatched. But where were they to look? Science instantly mapped out the limits within which the ship would be likely to drift, and even indicated the very quarter where she would most probably be found. The exploring vessels took up the trail of the storm, and pursued the track which had been prescribed; but before they could reach the spot where the steamer was expected, relief had arrived. Had they not been thus anticipated, their instructions would have carried them within sight of the wreck. Strange to say, the *Kilby*, one of the vessels which accidentally contributed to the rescue, parted company with the transport ship in the night, and could neither find her in the morning nor tell in what direction to look; yet, hundreds of miles away, a philosopher sitting quietly in the National Observatory at Washington, could lay his finger on the chart, and guide the explorers to the *locus* of the shattered ship.

Still more striking, perhaps, than the influence of heated water in the production of atmospheric disturbances, is the influence of heated land. There are the monsoons, for example. These are tropical winds which, instead of keeping up the character of the family for fickleness, blow steadily in one direction for about five months, and then blow as steadily in a different direction for about five months more. Each change occupies about a month, and is a very fussy transaction, being accompanied by blinding lightnings and deafening thunders, by rains which render the atmosphere opaque, and blasts which lift the surf and sometimes carry fishes into the interior. Subject to the gradual shiftings of direction which occur at these transition periods, and neglecting the consideration of certain local limitations, it may be said generally that north of the equator the wind blows from the south-west between April and October, and from the north-east between October and April. South of the Line it comes from the south-east during the former

period, and from the north-west during the latter.

Now, what occasions these monsoons? A voyager in the Indian Ocean may little suspect that the cradle of the breeze by which his vessel is impelled lies far away in the interior of Asia. Yet such is supposed to be the case. The vast naked plains and the great desert tracts of the continent, when heated by the sun's vertical rays, must rarefy the atmosphere overhead, and produce a draught as if a furnace where in play. To feed this partial vacuum, air will be dragged in from any quarter where it can be procured. Since, then, these disturbing districts lie in the rear of the north-east trades, it is presumed that the stream which feeds them will be arrested, and that the trades themselves will be drawn back and pulled towards the affected spot. Further, the balance between the north and south trades being broken—for the meeting of these two produces that belt of equatorial calms which is elegantly known as the Doldrums or Horse latitudes—the southern trade, on finding no resistance, will pour over the Line into the northern hemisphere. But, in doing so, it will yield to the same distant influences which have troubled its brother trade, and at the same time will undergo deflection to the east, because it is now impregnated with the earth's equatorial velocity. The result (difficult to express without diagrams) will be the production of a south-west wind, such as actually blows north of the equator from April to October. It follows, also, that if these monsoons are due to the sun's influence as described, they should coincide in their proceedings with the position of this luminary. And such is the case. When the south-west monsoon is in force, the deserts of Cobi and the peninsula of Hindostan are blazing under his directest beams; when the north-east breeze is in constant play, it is a sign that his presence has been transferred to the southern hemisphere.

Applying the same principles to the monsoons of Africa, the Gulf of Mexico, and Central America, we may fairly conclude that these phenomena are occasioned by the deflection of the trade-winds in consequence of the overheating of distant plains and deserts. Even great sandy wastes thus become important agents in the ocean economy, and the mariner owes the steady, serviceable

breezes, upon whose faithful flow he can depend for more than five months together—breezes which will kindly bear his bark in one direction, and carry it back as well—to those Saharas which seem such scars and blemishes on the face of our planet. "He that made both sea and land," says Bishop Hall, "causeth both of them to conspire to the opportunities of doing good."

Still what of the depths of the ocean? To know something of the surface is by no means sufficient. Naturally we feel as curious to probe those silent abysses and to investigate the secrets of Neptune's halls as Bluebeard's wife did to pry into the mysteries of the sealed chamber. Unfortunately it is not easy to gratify this laudable longing. The lively and ingenious Bishop Wilkins—he who maintained the possibility of constructing a flying chariot which would transport any enterprising gentleman to the moon—was also of opinion that an "ark" could be contrived whereby the bed of the sea might be explored, and various interesting discoveries effected not only of sunken treasures but of remarkable physical phenomena. Upon this enchanting topic his lordship is delightfully loquacious; and after discussing the means by which the submarine vessel is to be moved, its fouled atmosphere rectified, its passengers received or discharged, he asserts that "whole colonies may thus inhabit," living constantly at the bottom of the sea, printing their observations on the spot, and even bringing up families, whose surprise, on ascending for the first time to survey the glories of this upper world, is joyously depicted. 'Tis a grievous pity that the project of this charming visionary can not be realized; for who would not exult to learn that arks manned by crews of *savans* were groping their way along the floors of the Atlantic and Pacific in all directions, and that sooner or later the geography of the drowned portions of the globe would be taught in our schools as familiarly at least as that of Africa or Japan? But, alas! we know well that the pressure of the water upon any manageable vessel would be too prodigious to admit of any extensive descent, and that the difficulty of procuring fresh air would forbid any prolonged sojourn beneath the surges of the ocean.

Perhaps, however, the reader may be disposed to imagine that nothing could be

easier than to ascertain the depth of the sea at any particular spot. Heave out the lead, give it as much rope or line as it requires, and when it ceases to run from the reel, you have gauged the abyss to a yard. The task, however, is more difficult than it looks. The sea is as coy in revealing its depths as a lady in disclosing her age. In the profounder probings of the ocean how are you to know when the weight really touches the bottom? Some persons would tell us that at a certain distance from the surface the resistance must become so great that the lead will cease to sink, and that even parted anchors and iron cables must remain in suspension. This fancy rests upon the assumption that water is a compressible fluid; for not until its particles were crushed into such small compass that a cubic inch of the liquid should equal a cubic inch of the metal in gravity, could the latter be induced to float. Practically speaking, however, water may be regarded as an obstinate and irreducible thing, for Oersted ascertained that under the pressure of each additional atmosphere it shrunk to the extent of forty-six millionths of its bulk only. But still in attempting to fathom Neptune's domains, currents may carry out the line, and you may imagine that the plummet is plowing its way through the waters long after it has reached the bed of the sea. In 1852, Lieut. Parker ran out mile after mile of cord while exploring the ocean off the coast of South-America. Deep seemed to call unto deep, for here no bottom could be found, though ten miles of line were delivered. But on subsequent trials it was discovered that the true depth was not more than three miles, and the discrepancy could only be explained by referring it to the disturbing action of currents, which may sweep away the cord, or gather it into loops if they happen to flow in contrary directions.

Amongst the various contrivances which have been proposed or adopted for ascertaining when the bed of the sea is really reached, some are intended to tell their own tale *de profundis*, either by ringing bells, exploding shells, giving electromagnetic signals, working clock-machinery, or registering the pressure to which a column of air is exposed. None of these, however, have served their purpose effectually, and some have egregiously failed. In the navy of the United States a very

simple plan has been employed. Nothing more than a cannon-ball with a sufficient length of twine is required for each experiment. The latter, marked into lengths of one hundred fathoms and wound on reels of ten thousand fathoms, can be sacrificed at small cost, and thus the labor of upheaving the apparatus is spared. Of course a thirty-two pound ball, though necessarily lost, is quite as honorably employed in ransacking the deep as in battering a hostile fort. Subject to certain inevitable infirmities, this easy contrivance has done good service in the American navy, and by carefully studying the average times of descent for different depths, it has become possible to judge whether the movement of the line is due to the legitimate progress of the weight or to the impertinent action of currents.

And pray, what *is* the depth of the ocean? Speculatively, it has been assumed that the greatest depression at sea would not exceed the highest elevation on land; but bolder conclusions have also been deduced. Dr. Whewell, for example, has inferred that the Atlantic may have valleys which it would take a line nine miles in length to fathom. At the meeting of the British Association in 1855, Mr. W. Darling suggested that, since the ocean occupies three times the area of the land, the waters are probably thrice as deep at their maximum point as the tallest of our mountains is lofty. And certainly some very romantic results have occasionally been obtained. Sir James Ross sounded at the distance of nine hundred miles from St. Helena, but his plummet could apparently find no resting-place at a depth of twenty-seven thousand six hundred feet, or five and a quarter miles. Lieutenant Walsh sounded with thirty-four thousand feet, or six and a half miles, and proved equally unsuccessful. Lieutenant Berryman sounded mid-ocean with thirty-nine thousand feet, or seven and a half miles; but he, too, failed to probe the abyss. Captain Denham sounded in the South-Atlantic, between the island of Tristan d'Acunha and the mouth of the Río de la Plata, and discovered bottom at forty-six thousand two hundred and thirty-six feet, or nearly eight and three quarters of a mile.

But how little trust can be placed in these returns from the abyss must be manifest from the trick played on Lieu-

tenant Parker by sub-currents as already described. Further investigations, conducted by the aid of Maury's law of descent, have sadly curtailed these estimates of ocean profundity. "The greatest depths at which the bottom of the sea has been reached with the plummet," says this writer, "are in the North-Atlantic Ocean, and the places where it has been fathomed do not show it to be deeper than twenty-five thousand feet. The deepest part is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks, but how deep it may be yet remains for the cannon-ball and sounding-twine to determine."

Something more, however, was still required. Could not an apparatus be contrived which would bring up specimens of matter from the bed of the ocean, and enable us to discover what was going on in those gloomy and unvisited recesses? Mr. Brooke, of the United States navy, set his wits to work, and proposed a scheme for the purpose. A shot, slung to a rod, is so arranged that, when it strikes the bottom, it shall be released. In a small cavity at the extremity of this rod a little soap or tallow is placed, and as it alights perpendicularly, any trifling substance will adhere, and may be drawn up to the surface for examination. It is needless to say that the apparatus was speedily applied.

What, then, is there at the bottom of the ocean? It may well be imagined that the first specimens drawn from the sunless abysses of the Atlantic would be regarded with peculiar interest. Up there came a number of calcareous shells belonging to foraminifera, and a smaller number of silicious shells belonging to diatomaceæ; in other words, the floor of the sea at the depth of more than two miles was found to be strewn, not with sand or gravel, as might have been expected, but with the remains of microscopic creatures. Similar throws in the South-Pacific brought up representatives of numerous animalcular groups; neither of the two orders just mentioned, however, being very abundant. The result of various soundings in the North-Pacific, as high as the sixtieth parallel of latitude, showed that the bed of the sea was still paved with infusorial shells; but that, unlike the Atlantic products, the samples were particularly rich in the silicious shells of diatoms, whilst they were destitute of the calcar-

eous fragments of foraminifera. Yet, if startled by the discovery that the sea is floored with little organisms, we must not hastily conclude that the creatures passed their lives in these dismal depths. More probably they floated near the surface, and, when their ephemeral existence concluded, each tiny shell began its funeral descent, and sank by slow stages to its resting-place in the huge watery mausoleum. For we must now look upon the ocean bed as a vast burial-ground, where millions upon millions of animalcules are daily interred; with what object we may readily guess. The solid matter abstracted from the waters by their curious chemical powers is thus conveyed to the bottom of the sea, where it is gradually forming deposits, such as we see exemplified in the rocks of the olden world. That the process of accumulation must be tardy, indeed, can not be denied, but it is a notable fact that the execution of some of the

greatest undertakings in nature is intrusted to agents the smallest, the feeblest, and apparently the most inefficient. If we wanted a new island, we should never think of giving the order to a company of coral insects: nor if a new breakwater, could we expect any number of infusoria to construct it out of their shells. Yet here are some of the puniest things in creation, not only engaged in building future platforms of being, but in tempering the existing climates of the globe, and in maintaining the salubrity of the existing ocean by their labors on its salts. As fast as the rains dissolve these ingredients "and send them down through the rivers to the sea, these faithful and everlasting agents of the Creator elaborate them into pearls, shells, corals, and precious things; and so, while they are preserving the sea, they are also embellishing the land by imparting new adaptations to its soil, fresh beauty and variety to its landscapes."*

From the London Quarterly.

LIFE AND TIMES OF CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD.*

GREAT honor is designed for the memory of the fathers of the Serampore Mission. No Englishman of the present generation will forget, and the history of England will convey to those of future times, how the heart of the nation, when sore with repeated tidings of disaster in India, was first relieved, and then filled with exultation, by gleam after gleam of victory from the sword of a hero leading a slender band; and how good men told with delight, that Havelock was a son-in-law of Dr. Marshman, the missionary.

The same distinguished man left a son, who was long recognized as the unrivaled leader of the Indian press, and who, in the columns of the *Friend of India*, has exerted no inconsiderable influence on its history. Retired now to England, he has employed his leisure in telling the wonder-

ful tale of Carey, Ward, and his own father, in a work which no missionary, or statesman, or student of Indian affairs, can safely dispense with or honestly ignore. It is the moral history of North-India, and of the Indian Government, illustrated by and interwoven with a strange tale of enterprise, almost incredible mental prodigies, and eminent Christian graces. It is well told. The author has the advantage of perfect familiarity with the scenes and persons to which his narrative related. Yet sufficient time has elapsed to make the men already public personages. The work has the double advantage of history and biography—the elevation and gravity of the one, with the liveliness and personal interest of the other. Mr. Marshman is a practiced writer, holds his pen easily, never tries to be eloquent, but often is so;

* *Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, Embracing the History of the Serampore Mission.* By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN. In Two Volumes. Longmans. 1859.

* One striking result of these deep sea-soundings has been the discovery of a line of volcanic cinders, a thousand miles in extent, which reaches entirely across the course of the Gulf Stream.

and now and then seasons with a gentle grain of salt. You feel at once that your author is outspoken and fair. He does not hesitate to set forth the faults of his heroes, or to let it be seen that missionaries are subject to infirmities like other men. He is an honest Baptist, a frank Dissenter, and perhaps a little hard on Bishops; not so much on the genus as a whole, as on that anomalous species of it, the Colonial prelate, who, being a Bishop, is always wondering why he is not a baron. But genial and manly throughout, though he deals a few knocks on names we are wont to honor, he seems to feel his reasons to be good, and does not give offense. The variety of incident, the dovetailing of events, the shifting of the scene, are all admirably managed; and men are made to live before you, without formal descriptions of them.

We could have wished the conversions both of some of the leaders and their disciples more fully given. History is gradually getting deeper into man, from the camp and court to the arts, from them to social life, and at length will come to the root of all life, the soul. Conversion has yet to be fairly recognized in general history as an element in national life, quite as much as genius or power. It is here in the world. It has affected men who have influenced nations. The historians must deal with it, or evade the most copious source of light upon moral questions. Mr. Marshman is far from overlooking conversion; but we should have been glad had he, in one or two cases, given the inner history of a soul, as fully as D'Aubigné has done that of Luther.

No historian has told us what kind of a shoemaker was Clarke Nichols of Hackleton; but he had the most wonderful apprentice in Northamptonshire. The son of the parish clerk and school-master of Pury, William Carey had what store of letters his father could give. To this he had added the whole of a Latin vocabulary found some how. He was always busier with the structure of plants and insects than of soles and uppers. In Nichols's house he found a Commentary with here and there a Greek word. Of course he was puzzled, but was not to be put down. At Pury lived a learned weaver, Tom Jones; and Carey carefully copied each Greek word as best he could, and carried it for a translation.

At sixteen the death of his master transferred him, as a journeyman, to one Mr. Old. The well-known commentator Scott paid pastoral visits in this family. There his eye was struck by "a sensible-looking lad in his working-apron," and he foretold that he would be "no ordinary character." He who thus foresaw his greatness, was a leading instrument of his conversion. Carey, chiefly through the influence of a fellow-servant, received deep religious impressions. That fruitful fear which leads to efforts after salvation, lay heavily upon his soul. Mr. Scott's preaching was a blessing to him, which he never forgot; and, by slow and dimly lighted steps, he rose out of the pit of despondency into the sunshine of Christian life. He had not long experienced the joy of true religion, before he began to tell of it to others. His neighbors relished the words of the wise journeyman. He was called to one village and another to preach. In the midst of this good work he adopted Baptist views; and Dr. Ryland of Northampton says, that "on the 5th of October, 1783, he baptized a poor journeyman shoemaker in the river Nen, a little beyond Dr. Doddridge's chapel in Northampton." Who, upon the banks of the Nen that day, imagined that the poor youth would win a name on the banks of the Ganges greater than all the celebrities of Northampton?

Mr. Old died, and Carey, at nineteen, took a business and a wife. He never was capable of managing the former, and the latter was not to be managed. Not only was she infinitely his inferior, but incapable of understanding his pursuits, or feeling proper respect for his grand character. She was a weight and a tease for him while she lived; leaving a lesson, that men whom Providence marks with gifts above their original position ought to beware how they tie themselves for life to a perpetual reproach. Nothing prospered but his garden. His congregation could not give him as much as would buy clothes. He was long beset with fever and ague. He trudged and toiled to make and sell shoes; but gave up his first "charge," and came to be over a little Baptist flock in the village of Moulton.

Here he hoped to do well by taking up a school, the master of which had just left the place. But his genius did not lie in the pedagogue's line any more than in the tradesman's. "When I kept school,"

was his own remark afterwards, "it was the boys that kept me." His gains from this source soon stood at 7s. 6d. a week. His church raised him £11 a year, and some fund paid him £5. Well might he turn again to the last. He plodded once a fortnight to Northampton with his wallet on his shoulder, full of shoes going, and of leather coming back. Mr. Marshman insinuates that he was an indifferent workman; yet his own biographer vindicates his questioned honor on that point, and repeats a saying of his own in defense of it. Mr. Marshman, as if to meet this, has his anecdote also. Thirty years after Carey's ugly journeys under the wallet, he was dining with the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India, and, overhearing a general officer inquire of an aide-de-camp whether Mr. Carey had not been a shoe-maker, he stepped forward and explained: "No, sir, only a cobbler."

Moulton was a memorable place to Carey, and through his name that of Moulton will never be forgotten. There he went deep into biblical study. There he broke above clown companionship into the society of kindred intellect. The venerable author of *Help to Zion's Travelers*, the father of Robert Hall, became his friend. Dr. Ryland was added to his circle; and one day, on descending from a pulpit, the pinched and tried village preacher had his hand grasped, his sentiments commended, his future friendship claimed, by the noble Andrew Fuller. But, above all, here was born within the soul of William Carey that idea which has already made his name renowned, and whence will come to it increasing veneration with every age that our race is continued on earth.

It was in a poor cot, in that poor village, that, after reading Cook's *Voyages*, he was teaching some boys geography. Christendom was a small part of the world. The heathen were many. Was it not the duty of Christians to go to the heathen? It does not appear that he had received this idea from any one. His obscure position, and the absence of missionary spirit in his religious associates, kept him from all knowledge of what had been felt or done. God sent the thought direct from heaven into his own soul. It inflamed and filled it. It became his chief theme. With different sheets pasted together he made a kind of Map of the World, and entered all the particulars he

could glean as to the people of the respective countries. Andrew Fuller found him, the fruitless school abandoned, working at his last with his map on the wall before his eye, which every now and then was raised; and while the hand plied the awl, the sage and glorious mind revolved the condition of that wide world, and its claims on those to whom Christ had made known the riches of his grace. A mission to the heathen! the Bible for the heathen! were the constant thoughts that filled the soul of the never-to-be-forgotten shoemaker of Moulton.

We shall ever remember one Monday morning a few years ago, when—after a visit to the chapel of Dr. Doddridge, with its reminiscences of him and of Colonel Gardiner; and then to Weston Flavel, whence Hervey gave a voice to so many tombs—we approached Moulton, attracted by the memory of a far greater man than either. In as common a cottage as can be found, not inviting by beauty, striking by ugliness, or picturesque by decay, just a common shoemaker's cottage, were as common a couple as need be. And that was the spot where William Carey's soul received the spark from heaven which sped him to Bengal, and made him a shining light. We uncovered, and bowed, and said: "Blessed be the Lord, who can raise up his instruments where he will!"

At a meeting of ministers, Mr. Ryland called on the young men to name a topic for discussion. Up rose Carey, and proposed: "The duty of Christians to attempt to spread the Gospel among heathen nations." The venerable preacher sprang to his feet, frowned, and thundered out: "Young man, sit down! When God pleases to convert the heathen, he will do it without your aid or mine!" All the old men of his denomination were steadily against him. By degrees the young were brought to his side. While he and his family were passing weeks without animal food, and with but short provision of other kinds, he prepared a pamphlet on this great theme. Mr. Marshman says that it "displayed extraordinary knowledge of the geography, history, and statistics of the various countries of the world, and exhibited the greatest mental energy, under the pressure of the severest poverty."

At the age of twenty-eight, Carey removed to Leicester, somewhat improving

his circumstances by the change; but, what was more to him, getting among good libraries and cultivated men. As his ample intellect laid in stores of knowledge, the internal fire turned all to missionary fuel. He was one of those grand enthusiasts who can wait, be foiled, and give due place to a thousand ideas beside the ruling one, yet never lose sight of the work resolved upon as that of their lives.

The meeting of Baptist ministers in Nottingham, at the end of May, 1792, must ever be noted in the Church history of India, and illustrious in that of the Baptist denomination. The pastor of the Church at Leicester was appointed to preach. The fire which had burned under the constant musing of five years, to which books of travel, and maps, and histories had been daily fuel, prophecies and precepts oil, and the discouragement of sage and good men but covering that sent it deeper, had leave to burst out at last. The pinch of want, the wear of labor, the keen sorrow of inability to give a good cause an influential advocacy, had all wrought deeply on the soul of Carey in his long training. The pent-up feelings of five years, pregnant fountains of the events of many centuries, burst out upon the assembled ministers and congregation as if a geyser had sprung at their feet. Dr. Ryland said he should not have wondered had the people "lifted up their voice and wept." The burden of that ever-memorable sermon was:

1. Expect great things from God.
2. Attempt great things for God.

Even after this, when the ministers came to deliberate, the idea of doing any thing cooled down before the difficulties. When they were about to separate, Carey seized the hand of Fuller, and cried in an agony: "Are you going away without doing any thing?" That was the birth-pang of the Baptist Missionary Society. They resolved: "That a plan be prepared against the next ministers' meeting at Kettering, for the establishment of a Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen."

At Kettering they met in the parlor of Mrs. Wallis. After difficulties had again arisen, and again been vanquished by "Mr. Carey's arguments and the irresistible influence of his great mind, the ministers present were prevailed upon to pledge themselves in a solemn vow to God and to each other, to make, at the least, an at-

tempt to convey the Gospel message of salvation to some part of the heathen world." A Society was formed, and a collection made, amounting to *thirteen pounds, two shillings, and sixpence*: and so the Baptist Missionary Society was brought into existence.

Mr. Marshman does not say, but we gather, that the money was contributed by the ministers themselves. If so, it resembled the first collection made for Methodist missions twenty-three years before, in Leeds, by John Wesley and his poor itinerants alone; and thus the funds of two considerable missionary societies took their origin in the offerings of preachers of the Gospel, very poor, but rich in faith. But the early struggles of the mission cause among the Baptist Churches were carried on under discouragements unknown in the kindred body. The patronage of the Kettering meeting was not that of the Conference, and the unknown Mr. Carey was not an Oxford doctor of laws, with great influence and liberal fortune. Yet, while Dr. Coke's wonderful success rendered a society unnecessary till his death, Carey's want of fortune or influence turned to account in making it necessary to form a Society at once. The moment the deed was done, his long-bound soul felt free. The thirteen pounds were no sooner in hand, than he declared himself ready to go to any part of the world. "His mind," says Mr. Marshman, "was imbued with that irresistible enthusiasm to which great enterprises owe their origin; and, notwithstanding the ridiculous contrast between the resources obtained and the magnitude of the enterprise, he was eager to enter upon it at once."

In all London the provincial ministers who had originated this great work could find only one minister of their body to countenance them. "There was little or no respectability among us," said Mr. Fuller; "not so much as a squire to sit in the chair, or an orator to address him." But they were doing a work which made them greater than squires, orators, or the decent doctors who frowned upon their zeal. The mission was to be.

But what country should be chosen as its field? A letter came from Bengal, written by a Mr. Thomas, asking for subscriptions towards spreading the Gospel there. He was a flighty ship's surgeon; one of those creatures who live in the tor-

rid zone which skirts the region of insanity, full of great plans and noble zeal—of crotchets, tempers, and talent. Yet this was the instrument used by Providence to open the Gospel commission among the Bengalees in their own tongue, and to turn to their shores the firm and well considered steps of Carey. He had landed at Calcutta, and found the only sign of Christianity to be the hoisting of the flag on Sunday. He advertised "for a Christian." He also published in the papers a plan "for spreading the knowledge of Jesus Christ and his glorious Gospel in and around Bengal." This brought him only two communications, and nothing resulted. On a second visit he found a patron in one whose name is dear to every friend of India. Charles Grant, in an age of general skepticism and wild immorality, almost alone among high officials avowed and adorned the Gospel of Christ. He forefelt the sense of responsibility as to India, which was afterwards to rest upon the minds of Christians generally; and, even with an unsteady though zealous agent like Thomas, nobly gave of his fortune for missionary purposes. Under his auspices the latter spent three years laboring among the natives; but he quarreled with his best friends and came home.

He arrived in time to lay his plans before the infant Society. It adopted him as its missionary, and appointed Carey to accompany him. This was done in a committee at which Carey was present, doubtless blessing in his heart the wonderful man who was the instrument of pointing out to him whither he was to go in his long-sought work. Mr. Thomas was unexpectedly announced. Carey sprang up, rushed into his arms, and they wept on each other's necks.

Carey had reached the point at which he had steadily aimed for years; but, alas! he was not past his trials yet. His wife would not hear of being dragged with her four children to India. Either loneliness, or a retreat, was forced upon him. With a sore heart he said: "I could not turn back without guilt upon my soul." The comfort he did not find in his family, he sought in vain from his colleague. He was deeply in debt, and hunted by creditors. Then, as to a passage? the great question with every intending voyager. No ships but those of the East-India Company sailed to India; and none of

them would carry such combustibles as Christian missionaries. A director had said that he would rather see a band of devils land in India than a band of missionaries. Thomas persuaded the captain of his own former ship to smuggle them out, by taking them secretly aboard at the Isle of Wight. There they went before her arrival; and Carey patiently waited for a clandestine passage, with a companion who was constantly dogged by bailiffs, and his family left behind. At last they were on board, and hope opened for a moment. But alas! the captain at the same time had an anonymous letter, telling him the consequences of secretly carrying objectionable persons to India. They were put ashore, and much of their passage money sacrificed—that precious money, bought with Carey's labors and Fuller's tears; ay, tears; for, like Dr. Coke, he went from door to door to beg for the heathen; and, when rebuffed by religious men in this cold, brick London of ours, he sometimes went into a by-street, and opened his full heart with weeping.

From Portsmouth Carey saw the fleet of Indiamen set sail for the land where his faith would be, and he shed bitter tears. They came to London. Men of Thomas's cast, with a cracked and porous intellect, like cork, never sink. He hustled about till a Danish Indiaman was found. He plagued Mrs. Carey till she consented to go. He took passages for himself and her sister, who accompanied her, as servants, that the cost might not exceed the funds. On the thirteenth of June, 1793, the party embarked, and on the eleventh of November the soil of Bengal was first pressed by the man whose name will shine on the first pages of its Christian history.

They had no money and no letter of credit. Their all was some goods, which worthy Mr. Thomas sold. He lived well while the money lasted. Carey, after various troubles, was indebted for shelter to a generous native, whom, twenty years after, when their lots had changed, he was enabled to place "in a situation of ease and comfort."

His colleague was living in luxury, while Carey was struggling in a foreign land, "with a large family, and without a friend or a farthing." He wandered about, endeavoring, with an interpreter, to explain the Gospel, and returned to his hovel to encounter a wife and sister-in-law full of bitterness and reproaches. What was he

to do? how and where can he find bread? Along the shore of the Bay of Bengal is a vast flat region of deadly jungle, inhabited by wild beasts, called the Sunderbunds. Here woodcutters resorted; and small patches were cleared for the manufacture of salt. Something possessed Carey, in his distress, with the idea that he could live by his labor here, and preach at the same time. After miserable failures in endeavoring to get money enough to convey him from Calcutta, at last he reached a spot where more than twenty people had been carried off by tigers in a few days. He and his large family were welcomed to the house of a European whom he had found. After a while he settled on a tract cleared from the jungle, and began to build a hut. His gun was his chief means of daily bread. Providence saved him from the fever, and permitted him to show that no weight of poverty, trouble, and hindrance will break down a real instrument of God's good will toward men.

Thomas, who had been so often his plague, was again to open his way. He had renewed an old friendship, lost by his eccentricities, and obtained a situation as manager of an indigo factory. His excellent friend and employer, Mr. Udney, had another; and for it he recommended his forlorn and long-forgotten companion in the Sunderbunds. This called Carey from starvation in a wilderness to a moderate income at the head of a large establishment of natives, to whom he could preach the Gospel. He at once wrote home to the Society, saying that he no longer needed to be paid from their funds, and requesting that what they would consider as his salary should go to print the New Testament in Bengalee. "At the same time," says this true-hearted missionary, it will be my glory and joy to stand in the same relation to the Society as if I needed support from them." Of his salary he devoted a fourth, and sometimes a third, to the purposes of his mission. "His time was systematically apportioned to the management of the factory, the study of the language, the translation of the New Testament, and addresses to the heathen." He was prostrated by fever; one of his children was carried off by dysentery, and his wife's reason fled, never to return. Still the servant of God worked on, worked at that secular duty for which he had neither

heart nor head, and at those studies and sacred labors for which he had such a heart and head as were hardly ever given to another man. He preached to his work-people constantly, and itinerated when he could. He had a taste and power for one secular pursuit, and only one—horticulture. He loved plants and flowers; and, whether at Moulton or Serampore, cultivated them ardently. He set up, while a factory manager, as an improver of agriculture; and sent for implements from England.

But he was sowing wonderful seeds in England, while thus cultivating indigo at the unheard-of village of Mudnabatty. Dr. Ryland, in Bristol, received letters from Carey, and, knowing that Dr. Bogue and Mr. Stephen were then in the city, sent for them to hear the missionary news. When they were finished, they knelt down together, and prayed for a blessing on the distant evangelists. Strange and wondrous then was a missionary's tale, though to-day happily familiar to our ears. The two Independents retired to speak of forming a Society in their own denomination. The London Missionary Society was the result: a noble plant sown by Carey's pen in the soil of that England which he had left forever.

Carey had already had trials in most forms, and new ones arrived in the person of a colleague hot with politics, who abused every authority in India and England. He was splendidly rebuked by Andrew Fuller, with hearty English feeling and strong English language; but this could not save the missionary from the plague of a political colleague. Then his temporal prospects began to lower. The factory was not prosperous. The neighborhood was ill chosen, and the manager not well. He formed a plan for a missionary settlement of seven or eight families, living in little straw houses, and having all things in common: the details of which show that though he had been years in the country, he had no idea of how to arrange every-day affairs.

But there was a matter which he understood. God's holy word was ready for printing in Bengalee. He obtained types. A wooden press was presented to the mission by Mr. Udney; and as it began to work at Mudnabatty, the natives of India, like those of Fiji in later days, declared that it was a god. He wrote home for a press and paper, adding: "If

a serious printer could be found willing to engage in the mission, he would be a great blessing. Such a printer I knew at Derby before I left England."

The factory was broken up, and he took one on his own account at Kidderpore. Meantime Mr. Thomas had gone round a circle of occupations, always the same queer being, but always a clever doctor and a zealous preacher. Carey, steady as a rock, yet acute as a needle, learned and labored and did good incessantly. "I preach every day to the natives, and twice on the Lord's day constantly, besides other itinerant labors;" yes, and besides ponderous labors in study and translation. And this while in secular employment!

For five years and more had he followed his labors uncheered by success, tried at home, and tried by colleagues. At length a letter announced the arrival of four yoke-fellows; but they were forbidden English territory, and had sheltered under the Danish flag. The little settlement of Serampore, across the river from the Governor-General's country house, a few miles from Calcutta, had happily remained under Denmark. A Danish ship carried Carey out, when an English one would not; and now that an American one had brought him colleagues, Danish authorities defended them. The powers at Calcutta were disposed to take offense; but brave Governor Bie was staunch in his little possession, and his firmness made his flag and his guests respected. For that deed, the name of Colonel Bie will never cease to be mentioned while the Gospel is preached in India.

Carey wrote urging his brethren to join him in the interior. But he was there as an indigo planter: they had avowed themselves missionaries, and dared not in that character settle on the territory of the East-India Company. One of them, protected by a Danish passport, set out to persuade Carey to come and settle in Serampore.

This was no other than that very printer whom Carey had mentioned as having seen him at Derby, when, in his letter home, he had said how useful "a serious printer would be." William Ward had never forgotten the words Carey spoke to him, on a walk, before he started for India. He had become a popular newspaper editor, first in his native town, then in Hull; had imbibed republican principles, and advocated them till his

writings had twice the distinction of being prosecuted by the state, and defended by Erskine. At Hull a religious change passed upon him. He joined the Baptists, devoted himself to the ministry, went to a college, and so completely broke with politics that for ten years after he had been at Serampore, he did not even take in a paper.

It was with great excitement he jumped from his boat, and walked from the river to the house of the man whose influence had attracted him from the heart of England to the flats of Bengal. He met Carey with an outburst of affection, and exclaimed: "Blessed be God, he is a young man yet!" A letter followed him from Serampore, showing that the Company's servants were becoming even more threatening; and therefore Carey was forced to abandon his own plans, and come down to head his brethren on the one sheltered field where they might labor.

At Serampore he found three brethren, of whom two were soon to rest from their labors, and the third was Joshua Marshman, whose name and reputation were to take a place beside his own, and out of whose family India was to welcome the pen of John Marshman, and the sword of Havelock. He had been a prodigy-boy quite as much as Carey; one of those greedy and vigorous minds, that gulp down knowledge of every kind, and digest it into good brain-blood, in spite of all probabilities to the contrary. His early history, as sketched by his son, is a touching piece of biography. He had a Huguenot, as Ward had a Methodist mother. He grew up among devout Baptists at Westbury Leigh. The powers of the Church were Farmer Bachelor, and other three deacons, who met weekly, and ruled strictly. Young Marshman was steady, serious, and in all lore more learned than ten dozen of the deacons, especially in Puritan divinity. But church government is church government, and here is the style in which it was administered by the excellent four.

"They maintained that as a work of grace, once begun in the heart, could never become extinct, it was more advisable to postpone the admission to church fellowship even of those who might appear to be sincere, than to admit one unconverted person into the fold.

"When Mr. Marshman sought admission into the Church, Farmer Bachelor and the other deacons remarked that he had too much 'head

knowledge' of Christianity to have much 'heart knowledge' of its truths. They kept him, therefore, in a state of probation for seven years, and he eventually left Westbury Leigh without having been baptized."—Vol. i. pp. 105-6.

Happily, in Bristol, where he conducted a school, the door of the Church was not so very low, but that even men with heads on their shoulders could get in. There he was the means of converting a Mr. Grant from infidelity; and there at last he offered his services for the Indian Mission; and in three weeks from that day was sailing down the Channel.

At Serampore the missionaries found the governor and authorities among their best friends. In Calcutta they had on their side two chaplains—David Brown, a noble Yorkshireman, who long and well bore witness for his Master amid fearful ungodliness, and Claudius Buchanan, whose name is better known in England. The British Government were persuaded by them that the missionaries did not mean any harm. The state of religious information in Calcutta may be judged of from the fact that a newspaper editor, taking it for granted that the unknown word "Baptist" must be a mistake, announced that four Papist missionaries had arrived.

The missionaries, according to a plan of Mr. Carey, agreed to live together as one family. They were to dine at one table, to place all their income in a common fund, by whomsoever earned, and to allow each family a certain sum for "personal expenses." This was a plan conceived in a fine spirit, but not fitted for permanent working. No Missionary Society then laboring in India had adopted the rule, which served the Methodists so much from the first, that men were not to engage in secular pursuits. The devoted at Serampore had their own efforts to look to for the chief part of their expenses. Yet, as Mr. Marshman shows, those who did little in the way of money were willing to do much in that of control, and could give strong opinions even upon the cost of Mrs. Ward's bonnet.

Poor Mr. Thomas, as fervent and wayward as ever, was away in the interior manufacturing sugar, and preaching the Gospel. He came with a hopeful inquirer to Serampore in a great excitement of joy; but when, after his return, his disciple disappeared, he became as much depressed.

Yet the first-fruit gathered was to be partly of his planting. On the very day that his inquirer had rejoiced his heart by telling the "Church" at Serampore of his religious experience, he had to set a native's arm. He preached to him till he wept. Nor were his tears feigned, or from transient feeling. Mr. Thomas was in a few weeks summoned to take part in the baptism of Krishnu, with his brother, wife, and daughter. He came. He saw the wonderful sight of these Hindus sitting down to the table of the missionaries, and thereby renouncing their caste. This step raised the mob, who dragged the converts before the magistrate; but he sensibly commended Krishnu and his brother, and ordered the mob to disperse. The converts were brought before the Church to state the way in which they had been led to embrace the religion of Christ. Poor Thomas, who now saw his long labors of many years repaid, was overcome. Heavy weights of sorrow had not overturned his ill-balanced mind; but as he heard these first Hindu converts tell how the grace of God had led them, his reason gave way under excess of joy. The mob once dismissed by the magistrate returned, accusing the convert Krishnu of having refused to give his daughter to the man to whom she was betrothed. But the feeble Danes showed a moral courage which, after all these years, is not always displayed by British magistrates, as witness the Royapettah riot at Madras. The rioters were dismissed, the girl was assured of liberty of action, and a voluntary offer of protection was made to the missionaries for the public administration of baptism.

The scene of the baptism was on steps leading down to the river, before the Mission premises. The Governor, the Europeans, and a vast crowd of natives assembled. Carey walked forward with two candidates—his own son and the Hindu Krishnu on either hand. The other converts had quailed at the last hour. As he advanced from the mission-house, poor Thomas was raving wild in a room on one side of the path, and his own wife hopelessly wailing on the other; as if the spirit of darkness had permission to rage at the first triumphs of Christianity among the natives of Bengal. Down to the water went the Baptist preacher and his two disciples, the one the son of his own heart, the other the first-fruits of a

great nation. He solemnly addressed the crowd. Silence and deep feeling prevailed. Brave old Governor Bie shed manly tears. The waters went over the Hindu, and the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, sounded across an arm of the Ganges. That evening the Lord's Supper was first celebrated in the language of Bengal. The cup of the missionaries was full of joy and hope. Krishnu was but one, but a continent was coming behind him.

Perhaps we feel all the more touched with this ceremony from the fact that we are thorough anti-immersionists. It is as certain that "dip" in our English version is never *baptize* in the original, as it is impossible to say where three thousand people could be immersed in a day in Jerusalem. Besides, we do not believe that any living soul ever saw one man immersed by another (unless he were a European Baptist) in all the East on any occasion. We have watched for the phenomenon in India, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine; but never once saw a native of those countries immerse himself. No doubt they do dive or duck sometimes; but we never saw it. They go down to a piece of water; sit by it or in it, and dash it over themselves, or go in to the shoulders, or swim, though seldom; but diving or ducking must be very rare. There was a tale told, we know not how true, of a Baptist translation into Bengalee which, in making the word "baptize" mean "immerse," got a term which meant "to drown." When the people heard of multitudes being "drowned" by John, they innocently murmured, "What a sinner!"

About six weeks after the first baptism came another great and holy event. The blessed New Testament was placed complete in the hand of its happy translator. The first copy was solemnly laid on the communion table; and the whole mission group, with the native converts, gathered around to offer up fervent thanksgiving. Men talk of making history; but of all the history-makers in the annals of a nation, none is equal with him who gives it the word of God in the mother tongue. From that hour the names of Carey and Serampore were touched with that true immortality which lies in the principle, "The word of the Lord endureth forever."

As in many other languages, the New Testament was the first *prose* work printed in Bengalee, except a code of laws.

Three eventful years of progress and toil had passed; and another great occasion came in the Mission—the first Christian marriage of Hindu converts; the first solemn inauguration of that happy institution, the Christian family, before which the seraglios of Bengal were eventually all to disappear. The pair to be united were a young Brahman and a girl of the carpenter caste; thus setting aside the prejudice of ages. Under a tree in front of the father-in-law's house, the faithful Krishnu, the first convert, gathered the party. The natives sat on mats, the Europeans on chairs. Mr. Carey performed the service, and the youthful couple signed the agreement—the first time the hand of a Hindu female in North-India had performed that act. All the missionaries signed as witnesses; and we feel sure that they were happier men that day than proud fathers attesting a flattering alliance. That night they partook of the wedding supper. The repast began by singing a hymn of Krishnu's own, which still lives; and then the Brahman husband, the European missionaries, the Sudra father-in-law, all feasted together; nothing wonderful in the eyes of England, a prodigy and a portent in those of India.

Another solemnity soon came. The little band of converts was called to see one of their number die—the same whose heart failed him the first day of baptism, but who "afterwards repented and went." The first Christian death was a scene of tranquil hope and joy in prospect of immortality. It strengthened the souls of the converts. How was the Christian to be buried? Usually persons of this creed were borne by drunken Portuguese, and among the Hindus a corpse is touched only by those of the same caste. A crowd gathered around to witness the novel ceremony. To their stupefaction the missionary Marshman, and young Carey, Byrub a Brahman, and Perroo a Mohammedan, placed the coffin of the Sudra on their shoulders. Singing a Bengalee hymn, "Salvation through the death of Christ," they marched the funeral march of caste among the Christians of Serampore. The German missionaries in South-India had unhappily permitted caste to enter among the converts; but in the North it was faced at first, and the benefit has been great.

The first labors of a native evangelist soon followed. The Serampore Mission-

aries early perceived that the most fruitful of all their works would be sending forth native laborers. They kept this cardinal point steadily in view. They daily and carefully trained their converts, and prayed much and earnestly in all their undertakings. The first who had gladdened their hearts as a convert, Krishnu the carpenter, was also the first to go forth on Christ's errand among his countrymen. In this journey tracts were freely distributed, thus bringing two powerful agents into play at once. The eagerness of the people to receive the strange thing, a printed book, was very great. Some of the books thus given away brought inquirers from a great distance to Serampore, who, following the light first showed by the book, found the teachers and became true Christians. The first convert from the Kayusts, the caste next to the Brahmans, came in this way from a distance of thirty miles: and the first from the Brahmans themselves, a fine young man, came by the same means from the neighborhood where Carey had passed a miserable month in the Sunderbunds. The history of every mission in India shows many cases of this kind. Yet good men, even missionaries, are found zealously opposing a free distribution of books, ay, even the word of God, in regions where, at the present rate of progress, a missionary can not reach for ages. Crotchets can stop the simplest efforts at usefulness, as well as the most elaborate.

Now came the effort to establish stations on British territory. One was tried, but the missionary had to retreat under shelter of Serampore.

Nearly twelve years had passed since Carey was smuggled into Calcutta, and sheltered in a hovel by the charity of a heathen. It was a high day at Government House—that superb residence built at a cost of £145,000, for the Governors-General, by the most splendid of their line. The fashion, wealth, and beauty of Calcutta crowded its noble throne-room. “The most eminent men in the native community; the learned Brahmans from all parts of the empire, in their simple attire; the opulent rajahs and baboos, and the representatives of the native princes of India, in their plumed and jeweled turbans, were assembled to do honor to the majesty of British power.” On the dais at the head of this grand assembly, surrounded by the judges and high officers

of state, was seated the magnificent Marquis of Wellesley, in the full meridian of his renown. The occasion was to honor the college which he had created, by a public disputation. Three selected pupils from each class were brought forth as disputants, headed by the professor, who acted as moderator. In that presence stood forth the meek but mighty Carey, as professor of both Bengalee and Sanscrit, and on him devolved the task of addressing a speech to the great viceroy, in the latter ancient and, to India, sacred tongue. He fully avowed his work as a preacher and teacher, and took his place as bravely as he wore his fame humbly.

The position of professor in the Fort William College, to which his preëminent talents had carried him, was advantageous to him in many ways, and all these were turned into advantages to that for which he lived—his mission. In point of literary labor he and Marshman were scarcely men, they were a sort of miracles. They dealt with languages, hard and untried languages, as other men might with poetry. To learn one language *well* is a work of some skill; and all agree that one Indian language is about equal in point of difficulty to five European ones. They learned the living and the dead, those spoken at their doors, those spoken far away. They made grammars and translations of Scripture, and of native works into English, on a scale that had much more of prodigy than of practical wisdom; but, as a prodigy, nothing like it has been done. They conceived grandly, lived like great souls in a wide sphere, and wrought for millions, and for distant generations. Men in Serampore translating into Mahratta, and Canarese, and Teloo goo, was not wise, but it was wonderful and zealous. But wonderful beyond all, and a proof of patience combined with intellectual power never exceeded, was Marshman's undertaking, in the midst of his other labors, to learn Chinese. He did it, and actually translated the Scriptures; and then, to get money to print them, translated *Con-fucius*, for which the rich liberally subscribed. This can be written in a sentence, but, before it can be done—

“How large a space of fleeting life is lost!”

And how many lives would have to be doubled a dozen times before it could be done at all! The man who did this was earning £2000 a year, with his wife, for

the Mission, by a boarding-school. They lived out of the common stock, and had besides £100 a year for their family expenses. So Carey's salary as professor, and Ward's earnings as printer, went to increase the funds for their work. Let it be remembered that they were not paid by a Society on a scale to support them; but only allowed something to eke out their earnings.

Yet, gigantic in intellect, and noble in heart and reputation, as these three were, the younger men who joined them, from time to time, could ill brook their well-merited precedence in managing the Mission affairs. They claimed equality; and the noble seniors yielded to this intolerable injustice too far. Mr. Fuller said plainly: "Who of us ever advanced the democratic nonsense of every apprentice we send you being equal the moment he set his foot on the soil of Bengal?" Yet this nonsense, and worse, this conceit and naughtiness, embittered many precious hours of men whose name will be dear to the catholic Church forever.

When they had been ten years at Serampore, the glowing mind of Mr. Ward reviewed the mercies they had witnessed.

"Amidst all the opposition of government they had succeeded in settling four stations in Bengal; they had sent a missionary to Patna, and planted stations on the borders of Orissa and Bootan, and in Burmah; the number of members in church-fellowship exceeded two hundred; they had obtained a footing in Calcutta, where a chapel had been erected at a cost of more than £3000, and a large church and congregation collected; the Scriptures had been printed, in whole or in part, in six languages, and translations had been commenced in six others. 'And now, dear brethren,' concludes the Report, 'has not God completely refuted the notion that all attempts to disseminate the Gospel among the heathen are vain? This happy degree of success, which surprises us who are on the spot, has been granted within the space of about nine years; for it is no more since the baptism of the first Hindoo.'"—Vol. i. pp. 421, 422.

The opening into Calcutta here alluded to, offers points as lamentable as any thing in the moral history of our nation. That great metropolis growing with the rapidity of London, to rival the magnitude of Peking, lay at the door of the missionaries, and their souls longed to enter it. There were its swarming heathen. There were Armenians and other Christian bodies. There were multitudes of neglected creatures, descended from European fathers.

Yet they were shut out from preaching to them. In all the evil doings of the East-India Company's servants, few things are more calculated to rouse feeling in England than Mr. Marshman's calm and lucid narrative of the way the missionaries were beset and persecuted in their attempts to preach the Gospel in Calcutta. They were followed by spies; called up in police-courts; stopped again and again; and dragged through scenes of humiliation and sorrow. Yet, like true men, we find no railing at the authorities, no abuse or ill-will, but a meek manliness in pursuing their end, and a loyal British heart that does one good. They were glorious days for the Christian soul of Ward when he could preach, and preach again, in the midst of the Calcutta multitudes; but they were slowly and painfully arrived at.

Even after Carey had been installed as Professor for years, the Mission owed its escape from ruin to Denmark. First, offense was taken at a tract prepared by a native, which abused Mohammed; and the press was ordered to be removed from Serampore to the Company's territory at Calcutta. By patient and manly resistance on their part, and on that of the Danish governor, this was averted. Once in Calcutta, the press soon would have been made harmless enough. Then the arrival of additional missionaries was made the occasion of terrible menaces. Mr. Marshman narrates, more patiently than any one could whose life had been spent under English liberty, the mean and wicked ways in which those proceedings were conducted, till five missionaries were actually banished. The tale of these proceedings throws floods of light on the moral career of the Company, and fixes an everlasting stain on the name and government of Lord Minto. But they were the last deeds of the persecutors. In 1813 the British Parliament ended their power to do what a Christian government in the darkest ages had never done—forbid the Gospel to be preached to the heathen.

From this moment a new era set in for India; the word of God was not bound, and those who had so long struggled against a powerful government, were left to contend with their natural enemies, the superstitions and darkness of India. Yet all the sorrows of Serampore were not past. The system of missionaries being partly supported by a public body, and partly by their own earnings, is inherently

bad. The public body ought to engage for the man's full support, and the missionary give his whole efforts to the public interest alone. This had not been the case at Serampore; and serious, we may say painful, collision between the missionaries and the Society at home was the natural result. Into the results we do not enter. They will be remembered as an instruction in the future management of missions.

The great passion of Dr. Carey's life was to give the holy Scriptures to all India in the mother tongue of each province. Few things more clearly display the magnitude of the country, than the difficulty of learning how many languages are spoken in it. At Serampore a map was published, according to the best light of the day, showing where each tongue prevailed, the errors of which are a touching proof that India is a region so vast as to baffle not only conception, but even inquiry, for a length of time. Pundits of different nations were assembled at Serampore, and labored under the direction of the missionaries in producing versions in the various languages. Seven years was the shortest period given to the preparation of any one version; but several proceeded simultaneously. In the year 1822 the New Testament *had been published in twenty of the languages of India*. This prodigious performance overtaxed the resources at their command, and brought them into straits. These, and the painful separation from the Society in England through questions of property, clouded many of their later days.

It was more than thirty years since Dr. Carey, now renowned and honored, had landed friendless on the shores of Bengal. For the chief part of that time his two great coadjutors had been joined with him in every success and trial. They were not alike, but well suited. They had misunderstandings with their colleagues, struggles with the government, controversies with persons of other denominations, and heart-burning differences with their Society in England; but between themselves had always subsisted a firm and happy union. Ward was the most genial, affectionate, and eloquent of the three. He was eminently devoted to the service of God, and happy in the active work of seeking souls, to bring them to the Redeemer. He had been to Europe and America, where his speaking and

writings did much to bring the mission not only before his own denomination, but the public at large. After having preached one Wednesday evening, he was next day seized with cholera, and speedily rested from his labors. "The three old men," says the historian, "had lived and labored together for twenty-three years, as if one soul animated them, and it was difficult to realize the fact that one of them was gone." Grief turned a partial deafness of Dr. Marshman into a total one. "I never," he said "did any thing, I never published a page without consulting him." He had first gained the missionary's reward, and his brethren had yet to wait and labor.

Twelve years longer the two Titans of Indian philology toiled on in love and oneness. Marshman more than once fell, for a season, under the effects of melancholy, but was mercifully delivered from it, and enabled to "enjoy almost a heaven upon earth" with his Bible, and in his glorious work. Carey had generally good though not robust health. He had reached his seventy-third year. More than forty had been spent in Bengal without a break. He was, as Sir Charles, afterwards Lord, Metcalfe expressed it, "surrounded by his own good works, and attended by the respect and applause of all good men." He had the feeling of every good servant strong in him—a dread of "becoming useless." To labor till the hour of his final rest sounded, by his Master's order, was his ambition. Yet he was gently laid aside for a little while before the moment for meeting his Lord. The two old men loved each other like boys, and took counsel together like patriarchs, standing on the banks of the deep river we have all to cross, with the unseen but not unknown shore only hidden below the horizon. Dr. Marshman

"visited him daily, often twice in the day, and the interviews were always marked by cheerfulness. They had lived and labored together in the same spot for nearly thirty-five years. They were the last survivors of a generation which had passed away, and they seemed peculiarly to belong to each other."

"The progress of Christian truth in India was the chief topic of conversation with the various missionary friends who visited Dr. Carey during his illness. While confined to his couch, Lady William Bentinck repeatedly came over to visit him, and Dr. Wilson, the Bishop of Calcutta, came to his dying-bed, and asked his benediction. In the prospect of death Dr. Carey exhibited no raptures and no apprehensions.

He reposed the most perfect confidence in the all-meritorious atonement of the Redeemer. He felt the most cheerful resignation to the Divine will, and looked at his own dissolution without any feeling of anxiety. 'Respecting the great change before him,' writes Mr. Mack, 'a single shade of anxiety has not crossed his mind since the beginning of his decay, as far as I am aware. His Christian experience partakes of that guileless integrity which has been the grand characteristic of his whole life . . . We wonder that he still lives, and should not be surprised if he were taken off in an hour; nor is such an occurrence to be regretted. It would only be weakness in us to wish to detain him. He is ripe for glory, and already dead to all that belongs to life.' His decease thus came softly on his relatives and associates. On Sunday, the 8th of June, Dr. Marshman engaged in prayer at the side of his bed, but was apprehensive that he was not recognized: Mrs. Carey put the question to him, and he feebly replied, 'Yes;' and for the last time pressed the hand of his colleague. The next morning, the 9th of June, his spirit passed to the mansions of the blest. He was followed to the grave by all the native Christians, and by many of his Christian brethren of various denominations, anxious to pay the last token of reverence to the father of modern missions. Lord William Bentinck was at the time at the Neelgirry hills, but Lady William sent over a letter of condolence, and desired her chaplain to attend the funeral."—Vol. ii. pp. 476, 477.

Three lonely years the last of the giants traveled cheerfully on, expecting to overtake his happy comrades. He reached close on his seventieth year; bowing to his honored grave "in graceful poverty," says his son, "after having devoted a sum little short of forty thousand pounds to the mission—and that, not in one ostentatious sum, but through a life of privations." On this point the words of the old man were: "I have never had a misgiving thought for having done it, though I have two sons unprovided for." Ah! how many have, and ought to have, misgivings for not devoting thousands to such works, on the plea of providing for children—meaning, thereby, leaving them very rich! And of the sons so left, how many rear to the father who enriches and, perhaps, ruins them, such a monument as the two

noble volumes of which we are about reluctantly to take leave?

A frightful danger from which his daughter, now Lady Havelock, barely escaped with life, shook the old man. He rapidly failed:

"but he was supported by the blessed hope of immortality, and the richest consolations of the Divine presence were vouchsafed to him. The resignation of his mind and the serenity of his feelings afforded the clearest evidence of the value of Christian truth at the hour of approaching dissolution. When apparently unconscious, he repeatedly exclaimed: 'The precious Saviour! He never leaves nor forsakes.' Frequently after a night of broken rest and bodily suffering, the triumph of joy beamed in his eye in the morning, as he informed his friends that he had experienced the greatest delight in communion with God. A week before his death, the swelling began to subside, and he felt a degree of lightness of head, but his mind was still fixed on the work in which he had been engaged; he prayed in Bengalee, and conversed in that language on spiritual subjects. Soon after, he appeared to regain his strength, both of body and mind, and at his own request was carried about in his 'tonjohn,' or sedan chair, to take his last look at the various objects on the premises. On Thursday morning he caused the bearers to convey him to the chapel where the weekly prayer-meeting was held, and to place him in the midst of the congregation; and, while seated in his 'tonjohn,' he gave out in a firm voice the missionary hymn, which he and his colleagues had been accustomed to use in every season of difficulty, till it came to be identified with their names, and to be designated 'the chant of the Serampore missionaries'."—Vol. ii. p. 516.

His last act was to inquire "if there was any thing more he could do for the cause." So slept the last of the Serampore fathers, three wonderful instruments of Providence, the contemplation of whose course makes us feel that He who draws such men from the cottages of shoemakers and weavers, holds indeed in His hand the power to raise up laborers for the widest harvest. Already the lives of the three are a wonder; in a few centuries the tale told in this book will be considered a part of the history, not of the Baptist denomination, or of Bengal, but of the human race.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

T H E T W O W O R L D S .

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain—
 Whose magic joys we shall not see again :
 Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
 Ah ! truly breathed we there
 Intoxicating air—
 Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
 Whose love has yielded since to change or death :
 The mother kissed her child whose days are o'er.
 Alas ! too soon have fled
 The irreclaimable dead :
 We see them—visions strange—amid the Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing—
 The brown brown hair that once was wont to cling
 To temples long clay-cold : to the very core
 They strike our weary hearts,
 As some vexed memory starts,
 From that long-faded land—the realm of Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
 Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
 And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.
 For brighter bells and bluer,
 For tenderer hearts and truer
 People that happy land—the realm of Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
 We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand :
 What realm lies forward, with its happier store
 Of forests green and deep,
 Of valleys hushed in sleep,
 And lakes most peaceful ? 'Tis the land of Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—
 Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
 Its woods, unruffled by the wild wind's roar :
 Yet does the turbulent surge
 Howl on its very verge.
 One moment—and we breathe within the Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago
 Dwell in those cities far from mortal woe—
 Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carolings soar.
 Eternal peace have they :
 God wipes their tears away :
 They drink that river of life which flows for Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
 But lo ! the wide wings of the seraphim
 Shine in the sunset. On that joyous shore
 Our lightened hearts shall know
 The life of long ago :
 The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for Evermore.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

From the London Review.

IDYLLS OF THE KING.*

WITHOUT dispute, the first place among living poets is universally accorded to Alfred Tennyson; and perhaps he stands more decidedly in advance of his contemporaries than did ever English poet of a former generation. Of course there are many sciolists who affect to depreciate his style and genius, and some intelligent persons who from slight knowledge or imperfect sympathy incline to hesitate, or demur; but he has the suffrages of all who rightly and scrupulously exercise the poetic franchise. He is Laureate by national as well as royal favor: raised by deliberate choice of Majesty, his position is almost equally confirmed by critical award and popular assent. Indeed, there was and is no second candidate. No name rising to the lips makes the hand hesitate in placing the honorary wreath upon his forehead. It is only by an effort of recollection that we can call to mind the names of any possible pretenders to his crown; and the best (as well as the worst) among them exhibit marks of his authority and influence.

We might now distinguish ourselves by finding a thousand faults in the Laureate's new production. After so full an admission of Mr. Tennyson's poetic supremacy—not for the first time made to our readers—it would be quite in keeping with the pretensions of modern criticism to put in a handsome qualification of his merits; for how easily may the critic thus magnify his office, or suggest the inference of his own unrivaled penetration! Unfortunately—or fortunately, as the case may be—it is too late for us to avail ourselves of this admirable trick. We have already intimated in a former paper, and we repeat it now with emphasis, that the critic's office practically ceases in the case of poets of the highest order; in such presence all is admitted privilege and prerogative. This is neither blinded homage nor unmeet subservience: it is a conclusion and

conduct warranted and imposed by the fitness of things. If the position and powers of some great genius are once attained and recognized, beyond reasonable doubt, it is clear that the ordinary rules of criticism, always to a great extent mechanical and formal, are of no further use. The leading-strings of a child are more helpful to a man, the primer and spelling-book of more service to the hoary and illustrious scholar, than the critic's teaching to a truly great poet. He has left all his schoolmasters far behind—and they never, first or last, taught him any of the true inestimable lore with which he is enriching all mankind. He has gathered for himself all that is essential, and rare, and beyond price. If he comes back to us, let us sit at his feet and listen. He will enlarge for us the sphere of truth as well as the theory of art, and show us in a thousand ways how the one may rise in endless accommodation and growth towards the illimitable reaches of the other. Thus nobly taught, and richly entertained, we shall learn to repair frequently to the poet's muse, as Numa to the presence of Egeria, that we may see the features of truth in the face of beauty, have our kingly reason molded by diviner tenderness, and, ever listening with reverence and serious pleasure, find that the genius of nature is charged with lessons of justice, providence, and social virtue.

We come then to Mr. Tennyson's volume, not to criticise, but to learn, and to share its lessons with our readers. Much expectation had been raised by its announcement, and an excitement almost popular has attended its immediate issue. When the subject of the new poem became known, the public curiosity was still more busy and alert. It was then remembered that the poet had long brooded on the story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table; and that a fine fragment on the mythic hero was conspicuous among his earliest pieces. Some ground for speculation as well as for hope existed. The poem was nearly certain to be a wel-

* *Idylls of the King*. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. E. Moxon and Co. 1859.

come largess of poetic thought; but was it not also in the nature of a grand experiment? The famous legend of King Arthur was a species of poetic *cruz*. Confessedly beautiful in itself, and dimly associated with the historic muse of England, there remained considerable doubt of its poetic capabilities. It was true that Milton had long cherished the intention of making it the subject of that last effort for which he was "mewing his mighty strength;" but then Milton had himself abandoned the design, and all the critics congratulated him on his prudent resolution.

In truth, the difficulties to be surmounted in the treatment of this theme were not exaggerated. Nothing could seem less likely, on a first view, to enlist the sympathies of modern Englishmen than a revival, in elaborate poetic frame, of Arthur's shadowy and mysterious court. We must not be tempted into a dissertation on the origin of these fine legends—certainly the finest which the age of chivalry has bequeathed to us—but we may assume that they are beyond the region of authentic history. At the present time they have no hold upon the national mind, even as historical tradition. They have not even a local *habitat*. They are not associated with our laws, like the reign of Alfred, nor with a crisis in our history, like the death of Harold. They may furnish pretty fables and moralities for brief song or ballad measure; but of epic pretensions they have absolutely none.

On the other hand, the story of Pen-dragon asserts itself as the perfection of mythic history; and mythic history is the purest region of poetical romance. No great poet is original in the sense of inventing his own plots; but neither is he content to take his story ready molded and hardened into a fact of history. He borrows material that is yet in a plastic condition. However great a realist he may be, both characters and events are for him mainly *typical*, or representative; where else would be his power over the sympathies and passions of mankind, and where the value of the lessons which he distills into our hearts? It is evident that the floating legends of a superstitious but heroic age are just the sort of material he requires; something between history and allegory; some incident which fiction has early seized upon, and shaped and improved to its own needs; some character,

seen for a moment in its noblest attitude, and thenceforward transfigured by imagination into all that virtue or ambition would set before itself.

Now all these conditions, and many others hardly less essential, are fulfilled by the Arthurian legends in a very marvelous way. The incidents themselves are various and beautiful, as well as most abundant; while the theory of the whole is wonderfully elastic for the poet's special purpose. The features of British scenery, in its most primitive state, afford some appropriate hints of local color. The element of the supernatural is furnished by the stories of Morgane the faery and of Merlin the enchanter. But most available of all are the moral traits which distinguish the prime age of Christian chivalry. In spite of occasional lapse and fault—or even more strikingly because of these—King Arthur and his knights are found knit together by sentiments of loyalty and friendship, and banded in the cause of honor and religion. They severally illustrate all the social types of Christian virtue. The lowest in their scale is that Courage which ranked highest in the code of pagan honor. We have then, in beautiful gradation, Truth, Temperance, Chastity, and Magnanimity—which last may be taken as the type of Christian Charity in a rude and violent and haughty age; and as the outward link, if not rather as the crowning grace, of these high qualities, we have the most eminent and knightly gift of Courtesy, summing up all the virtues of Christian gentleness in a well-nigh perfect manner. Arthur himself was the pink of courtesy; but the peers of his court were only less distinguished than their "blameless king."

"For in those days
No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn;
But if a man were halt or hunched, in him
By those whom God had made full-limbed and
tall,
Scorn was allowed as part of his defect,
And he was answered softly by the King
And all his Table."—*Idylls*, p. 227.

We say that these are the ethical features of the great romaunt of chivalry. But they are to be traced only by a pure mind and patient study. The crude mass of fiction in which they are embedded contains abundance of exceptionable matter. There is much of gross and more of frivolous kind. Many stories occur in

which only gleams of ideal virtues are suffered to break through the cloud of opposing vices, and in which rapine, treachery, and license betray the manners of a lawless age. It is therefore that the highest qualities are demanded in the poet who undertakes to seize the spirit of this myth, and to project it on our hearts in lessons of abiding truth and beauty. Mere gifts of fancy, and light talents of description, will not suffice here. The humorist and the colorist will hardly avoid the abuse of their rich gifts: most likely they will riot in a country which they have not power to rule. Something nobler, something stronger, than the muse of Byron or of Moore is wanted to give reality and meaning to these historic dreams; but genius that is both high and true will do it for us, and do it easily, effectually, and almost necessarily. For the poet whose page does not reflect the changeless morality of social laws—often offended, but never without resistance, and recoil, and virtual triumph—is quite as much at fault as the philosopher who should question or deny the rule of wisdom and benevolence in nature. We may say at once that Mr. Tennyson has passed unseduced through this enchanted region. The purity of his muse is in admirable keeping with the dignity of his pretensions. No soil of the old licentious *trouvers* is found upon his robes.

It is high time now to let the poet answer for himself. The *Idylls* of the present volume are four in number. The first and longest is entitled "Enid," and recounts how Prince Geraint:

"A knight of Arthur's court,
A tributary prince of Devon, one
Of that great Order of the Table Round:"

won to himself the daughter of Earl Yniol, and then in suspicious mood made trial of her loyalty and temper. The story has some faint resemblance to that of *Patient Grissel*, celebrated in the pages of Chaucer; and though not so striking and pathetic in itself, we should not hesitate to assign it equal poetic rank. It is almost a sin to change the flowing beauty of the narrative for any summary of ours; but we must briefly connect the few passages which the occasion tempts us to transcribe.

Queen Guinevere, having been "lost in dreams," repairs at a late hour to join the

hunt which Arthur is pursuing; and, standing with her maid upon a little knoll, she is presently joined by Prince Geraint, who:

"Late also, wearing neither hunting dress
Nor weapon, save a golden-hilted brand,
Came flashing quickly through the shallow
ford
Behind them, and so galloped up the knoll."

While they wait together listening for the hunt, a cavalcade goes by, consisting of knight, lady, and dwarf; and the Queen, not remembering to have seen the knight at court, sends her maiden to demand of the dwarf his master's name. The churl flatly denies her, and even strikes at the maiden with his whip. Geraint is furious at this treatment:

"His quick instinctive hand
Caught at the hilt as to abolish him:
But he, from his exceeding manfulness,
And pure nobility of temperament,
Wroth to be wroth with such a worm, refrained."

Eventually the prince resolves to follow the insulting party, and takes leave for that purpose:

"'Farewell, fair prince,' answered the stately
Queen,
'Be prosperous in this journey as in all;
And may you light on all things that you love:
But ere you wed with any, bring your bride,
And I, were she the daughter of a king,
Yea, though she were a beggar from the hedge,
Will clothe her for her bridals like the sun.'"

The journey and adventure of the prince are then described—how he followed the insulting three "through many a grassy glade and valley," right through the wood, and over a high ridge behind which they sank, till coming there himself he beheld "the long street of a little town, in a long valley," with a new white fortress and a castle in decay; and how he saw the three enter the fortress, and coming to the town found all the armorers busy for some personage called the Sparrow Hawk; and could obtain no lodging till directed to the old castle, where Earl Yniol nursed in poverty the memory of better days, and vented his spleen upon "this hedge-row thief, the Sparrow Hawk." A hundred delicate traits are lost in this recital: but our readers shall follow closely the next footsteps of the prince, be arrested like him, and listen to the same enchantment:

"And while he waited in the castle court,
The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang
Clear through the open casement of the hall,
Singing; and as the sweet voice of a bird
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
That sings so delicately clear, and make
Conjecture of the plumage and the form;
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint;
And made him like a man abroad at morn
When first the liquid note beloved of men
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain, and in April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemmed with green
and red,
And he suspends his converse with a friend,
Or it may be the labor of his hands,
To think or say: 'There is the nightingale.'
So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,
'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for
me.'

It chanced the song that Enid sang was one
Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang:

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the
proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm,
and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or
frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little but our hearts are great.

'Smile, and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own
hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

'Turn, turn, thy wheel above the staring
crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.'"

The voice ceases on the ear, and Geraint makes acquaintance with the singer. It presently appears that the knight called Sparrow Hawk has wronged the old earl and his family; and the prince may now revenge at one stroke an injury to this fair maid, as well as an insult to his Queen. He soon humiliates the boastful upstart, and claims Enid for his bride. Consent is soon obtained; but the maiden is perplexed at the poor appearance she is like to make at King Arthur's court—

"All staring at her in her faded silk."

Her lady-mother comes to her relief with a splendid garment long-lost, and now recovered from the wreck of their fortunes.

"See here, my child, how fresh the colors look,
How fast they hold, like colors of a shell
That keeps the wear and polish of the wave.

So clothe yourself in this that better fits
Our mended fortunes and a prince's bride;
For though you won the prize of fairest fair,
And though I heard him call you fairest fair,
Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.
And should some great court-lady say, the
Prince

Hath picked a ragged robin from the hedge,
And like a madman brought her to the court,
Then were you shamed, and worse, might
shame the Prince,

To whom we are beholden; but I know,
When my dear child is set forth at the best,
That neither court nor country though they
sought

Through all the provinces like those of old
That lighted on Queen Esther, has her match."

Enid gladly assumes this new attire, to the admiration of her lady mother. But Prince Geraint will not have it so—he entreats that she will ride forth with him in her faded silk. The passage in which he gives the motives of this request is as full of truth as it is of beauty; but we must positively resist the temptation to borrow more, at least from this first idyll. Such a resolution forbids us to proceed with the story, which can only be told one way, the briefest and the best of any: for poetry is the most condensed as well as the brightest form of human lore, and to turn it into prose is to change gold into inferior coin—for added bulk you lose both beauty and compactness. We may add, however, a few general words. The proper subject of the idyll only begins from this point, all the foregoing being included in an episode by way of retrospect. The trial to which Enid is submitted arises from the rumors rife about the Queen, which might be supposed to affect unfavorably one so near and dear to her as Enid; but she proves a true wife and tender woman; and her lord owns it for once and all. The moment of their reconciliation is exquisitely described as the opening of a new and dearer life, by the access of profound sympathy and the dawns of a perfect confidence:

"And never yet, since high in Paradise
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came pure pleasure unto mortal kind
Than lived through her, who in that perilous
hour
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,
And felt him hers again: she did not weep,

But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist,
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain.'

The second Idyll recounts the wiles of "lissome Vivien," coiled serpent-like at the feet of Merlin, and bent on drawing from the sage enchanter the secret of his spell. It is the story of Dalilah with a difference. The contrast of youth and age, of vanity and wisdom, of sly attack and dexterous rebutter, is admirably sustained. The style, the invention, and the music are also wonderful, and the whole so linked together that extract seems impossible without fracture of the golden chain. Yet there is one lyric gem—one heart-shaped pendent—that may easily be detached. This is the song of Vivien :

"In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

"The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly molders all.

"It is not worth the keeping: let it go.
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no;
And trust me not at all or all in all."

We need hardly say that the wisdom and experience of the sage are not proof against the seductive wiles of Vivien. He parries her assaults for a time with equal skill and constancy; rebuts her slander of the knights, and rebukes her changing fits of vanity and spleen; but in all such cases to parley is to yield. Vivien is determined to have the wizard's secret. Taking advantage of a storm that breaks over their heads, and hurls its bolts at their feet, she affects terror and repentance, and clings to Merlin for safety and for pardon.

"She blamed herself for telling hearsay tales:
She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept
Of petulancy: she called him lord and liege,
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,
Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love
Of her whole life; and ever overhead
Bellowed the tempest, and the rotten branch
Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain
Above them; and in change of glare and gloom
Her eyes and neck glittering went and came:
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,
Moaning and calling out of other lands,

Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more
To peace; and what should not have been had
been,

For Merlin, overtalked and overworn,
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Then crying, 'I have made his glory mine,'
And shrieking out, 'O fool!' the harlot leapt
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed
Behind her, and the forest echoed 'fool.'

When so rare a thing as a new poem comes before us, it may be well to analyze it rather carefully. Perhaps we may learn from its texture some secret of its principle and growth.

A close examination of the *Idylls* reminds us that the elements of poetic language are the simplest possible. The author never strives to be intensely poetical in phrase or simile. No word in his poem lays claim to separate notice, any more than a single flake of snow that contributes to the beauty of a winter landscape. It is the *succession* of words and phrases that realizes the desired effect. Thus, in the commencement of a charming idyll, third of the present series—

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine the lily maid of Astolat,"

each term is separately trite and simple; and taken together they suggest only a pleasing outline of youth and grace—but that is just the preparation most suited to the artist's further purpose. Then mark the filling up. Hereafter we have no minute description of personal features; but the outline is filled in with moral traits, and a quiet course of narrative completes the portrait and the picture together:

"—High in her chamber up a tower to the east,
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;
Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray
Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam;
Then, fearing rust or soilure, fashioned for it
A case of silk, and braided thereupon
All the devices blazoned on the shield
In their own tinct, and added, of her will,
A border fantasy of branch and flower,
And yellow-throated nestling in the nest.
Nor rested thus content, but day by day,

Leaving her household and good father,
 climbed
 That eastern tower, and entering barred her
 door,
 Stript off the case, and read the naked shield;
 Now guessed a hidden meaning in his arms,
 Now made a pretty history to herself
 Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
 And every scratch a lance had made upon it,
 Conjecturing when and where: this cut is
 fresh,
 That ten years back; this dealt him at Caer-
 lyle,
 That at Caerleon; this at Camelot:
 And ah, God's mercy, what a stroke was
 there!
 And here a thrust that might have killed, but
 God
 Broke the strong lance and rolled the enemy
 down
 And saved him: so she lived in fantasy."

And so the story proceeds, leisurely, quietly, as the dawn creeps on and widens into the richer beauty of day. In this case it is the old new story of unrequited love. We must not be tempted to enter on its merits or extract its beauties; for our space would hardly serve for either, and something still better lies before us.

Another feature may be traced in the verbal structure of this poem: it is the work of conscientious, laborious, and consummate art. We may learn from this and other instances that it is the poets most favored by nature who fortify their genius with the utmost resources at their command. It is necessary, but not enough, that a poet should be poet born. Nature has often done her part when the result has been imperfect, partial, and sometimes pitiful. The truth is, that moral qualities are quite as essential to the poet as intellectual ones; and especially that moral energy which is required to exert and to coördinate all the faculties before a product of the higher imagination is perfectly matured. It may seem strange to say so of a dainty poem, which reads like the inspiration of a quiet mood, and falls from the lips of beauty in her *boudoir* in an easy, natural strain, like the silk unwinding from her silver reel—but so it is: every line in this volume has been forged at a white heat, and every dented stroke has been given with steady, true, and deliberate aim. But this comparison serves only to illustrate the amount and not the kind of labor bestowed upon the work before us. We may rather compare the poem itself to ancient tapestry of the

finest sort: every inch of it contains some portion of the legend, some web of homely stuff, some shreds of silver warp, and withal some lines of golden thread. It is honest, pure, and skillful workmanship throughout. Plain Saxon English is the artist's raw material. His words are the original names of the things for which they stand, and so appear to be thoroughly identified with them, needing no translation in the reader's mind. Our author always calls a spade a spade—not in the sense of speaking coarse ideas, but in that of using plain and simple terms. There is also the utmost clearness and directness in the narrative—no strange inversions and other licenses of grammar so frequently employed as the privilege of poetry and the chief distinction of poetic language. Mr. Tennyson stands first upon the merit of his ideas, and then upon the simplicity and aptness of the terms by which they are conveyed. It is evident that he submits the merit of his poetry to the severest test by thus declining all extrinsic show. Accordingly, his style invites only the scholar, the moralist, the student of nature, and the man of pure and cultivated imagination; and to these he yields up, without artifice or reserve, the chaste forms of truth and beauty which it is his privilege to create. The poet who discards the aid of vulgar and conventional ornament relies thenceforth on the power of more genuine attractions; and it is nearly certain that greater ethical purity will be the reward of his abstemious art. Poetry of the highest stamp, though not expressly didactic, will always be distinguished by the dignity of its moral sentiments. The poem itself may not be shaped by some determined moral purpose—that would only be analogous to the act of a gardener who should trim his yew tree to the form of a funeral monument; but just thoughts and noble sentiments will abound in his work like blossoms on the tree, not hiding its symmetry, but manifesting at once its vitality and character. This is seen in some of the choicest poems of our language. What so picturesque, so musical, so bright with images of fancy, as the *Masque of Comus*? Yet its finest passages—those that linger longest on the ear, because they have a charm for the listening heart—are tributes to the beauty and excellence of virtue. The last accents of the Attendant Spirit only betray the secret mission of the Muse,

for all the images of loveliness in which it may please her to disport :

"Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue: she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spherie chime;
Of if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

This volume of Mr. Tennyson is distinguished by a similar exalted purity of tone. The reader breathes an atmosphere of moral truth as well as of summer odors; and poetic aphorisms, glinting like dew-drops in the pure light of heaven, are scattered on all the flowers of fancy. Take a few gems:

"O purblind race of miserable men!
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here through the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!"

"And that he sinned is not believable;
For, look upon his face! but if he sinned,
The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be:
Or else were he, the holy King, whose hymns
Are chanted in the minster, worse than all."

But now we come to speak of the highest feature of this work, and that which gives harmonious expression to the whole. Mr. Tennyson has mastered the chief difficulty of his subject: in combining its loose and scattered elements he has succeeded in imparting an almost epic unity and grandeur. Though not without separate interest and significance, the idylls of this volume are associated poems, and will be read to most advantage as a connected series. Nothing can exceed the effect of their advancing power and beauty when thus studied as a whole, and followed to their magnificent close in the idyll of "Guinevere." Three principal characters are distinguished from the first; but it is only by degrees that their figures shine prominently out; then the group begins to absorb all interest and attention, and finally one prostrate but still queenly shape fixes the solemn moral on our minds forever. All trial and disaster seem to spring, more or less directly, from the conduct of the Queen. It brings her favorite Enid under suspicion, prompts the artifices and

wiles of the "lissome Vivien," and prevents the pure and tender passion of Elaine from meeting reciprocation in the breast of Lancelot; while to the Queen herself, her lord, and all his kingdom, it opens up all the sluices of ruin, misery, and rebellion. To many readers it may seem that this is a perilous theme for poetic treatment; but we are bound to say that the relations of Arthur, and his Queen, and Lancelot of the Lake, are indicated with the utmost purity and delicacy. There is no tampering for a moment with the principles of truth and honor; sin is nothing but blighting and degrading sin, and its ravages are all the more conspicuous from the exalted and shining qualities which it so fatally obscures. Sir Lancelot is the "flower of bravery," as Guinevere is "the pearl of beauty;" but a blot is on the escutcheon of the one, while passion, frailty, and remorse uncrown the other. Hear how the fallen knight, whose face is marred more with deep anguish than with wounds, soliloquizes in a moment of repentance:

"Why did the King dwell on my name to me?
Mine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,

Lancelot whom the lady of the lake
Stole from his mother—as the story runs—
She chanted snatches of mysterious song
Heard on the winding waters, eve and morn
She kissed me, saying, 'Thou art fair, my child,

As a king's son,' and often in her arms
She bore me, pacing on the dusky mere.
Would she had drowned me in it, where'er
it be!

For what am I? what profits me my name
Of greatest knight? I fought for it and have it:
Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pain;
Now grown a part of me; but what use in it?
To make men worse by making my sin known?
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great?
Alas! for Arthur's greatest knight, a man
Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break
These bonds that so defame me: not without
She wills it: would I if she willed it? nay,
Who knows? but if I would not, then may
God,

I pray him, send a sudden Angel down
To seize me by the hair, and bear me far,
And fling me deep into that forgotten mere
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills."

We learn no more of Lancelot except incidentally; but some hint is here afforded of the reality and fruit of his contrition;

"So groaned Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,
Not knowing he should die a holy man."

The character of Arthur is conceived in the happiest manner. He is the blameless King; the very type and model of restored humanity. If the poet had intended to set forth the person of Christ in relation to his faithless Church, he could hardly have chosen a better representative. But there is no hint of this occult allusion. We have to view King Arthur as a man, moving in a rude and sinful world; and in this point of view it is evident that his perfectness would have the stamp of unreality, but for one fatal drawback arising out of this very uniformity of excellence. His fault is too much meekness. In his public rule, and in his knightly character, the King is perfect; but a dash of strong humanity is wanting to make him lord of his own hearth. No infirmity of his nature awakens sympathy or calls for solace, and no warmth of passion flushes his statuesque repose. His figure throws no shadow; and so the tender partner of his throne finds no refuge from his glory in the congenial shelter of his side. The artistic value of this circumstance is very great. It provides the tragic elements of discord, error, and misfortune. It brings the impeccable and mighty King within the natural range of trouble. Above all, this feature of cold abstract perfection in the hero was necessary to protect the unhappy Queen from utter loathing and contempt. We can not withhold some human pity when she exclaims—

"I thought I could not breathe in that fine air.
That pure severity of perfect light,"

adding, with emphasis, in her new state of mind,

"——Now I see thee what thou art;
Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot nor another."

We must not conclude without showing the reader how this beautiful poem culminates to its conclusion. The idyll of Guinevere is "one entire and perfect chrysolite." We do not know in the whole compass of poetry any effort of equally sustained and brilliant flight, with no pause of dullness, and not even a momentary stoop of wing: and perhaps no three passages in any literature are comparable to the description of the birth or finding of young Arthur, the relation by the King of all the glorious measures and triumphs which the crime of Guinevere had thwarted, and his solitary

and sublime departure to a death no less mysterious than his birth.

The crime has been discovered before the dawning repentance of the lovers could take effect. Sir Lancelot has fled beyond the sea; Sir Modred rebelled against his uncle, the King; and Guinevere has hurried to a distant convent. The fugitive Queen comes unattended and unknown, and a young novice is set to wait upon her. The garrulity of this little maid, to whom all the rumors of King Arthur's trouble are known, cause infinite distress to the unhappy Queen. At length she begins to hum "an air the nuns had taught her; Late, so late!" and the new and sad inmate exclaims—

"Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep."

Then the little novice sings:

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!

Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye can not enter now.

"No light had we; for that we do repent;
And learning this the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye can not enter now.

"No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
Oh! let us in that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! ye can not enter now.

"Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
Oh! let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye can not enter now."

The little song ceases, and the little maiden resumes her prattle, hoping to soothe "the noble lady," but in her ignorance wounding only. From rumor she relates the discovery of the infant Arthur,

"A naked child upon the sands
Of wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea;"

and all the supernatural signs which were seen to herald and attend it; how a Knight of the Round Table, even the father of the little novice herself, heard "strange music" as he rode after sunset from Lyonesse to Camelot, and turning,

"There
All down the lonely coast of Lyonesse
Each with a beacon-star upon his head,
And with a wild sea-light about his feet
He saw them—headland after headland flame

Far on into the rich heart of the west;
And in the light the white mermaiden swam,
And strong man-breasted things stood from the
sea,

And sent a deep sea-voice through all the land,
To which the little elves of chasm and cleft
Made answer, sounding like a distant horn.
So said my father—yea, and furthermore,
Next morning while he passed the dim-lit
woods,

Himself beheld three spirits mad with joy
Come dashing down on a tall wayside flower,
That shook beneath them, as the thistle shakes
When three gray linnets wrangle for the seed:
And still at evenings on before his house
The flickering fairy circle wheeled and broke
Flying, and linked again, and wheeled and broke
Flying, for all the land was full of life."

These signs and many more are related
as good omens, all falsified and thwarted
by the future Queen. The little novice
still runs garrulously on till interruption
comes from without. Presently, when
Guinevere has lapsed in memories of the
past,

"A murmuring whisper through the gallery
ran,

Then on a sudden a cry, 'The King.' She
sat

Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet
Through the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell
And groveled with her face upon the floor:
There with her milk-white arms and shadowy
hair

She made her face a darkness from the King:
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a
voice,

Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's
Pronouncing judgment, but, though changed,
the King's."

The speech which follows is equal to
the occasion and worthy the speaker—
"Britain's mighty King." It is too long
for extraction; but we must make room
for a few noble lines, embodying the sub-
lime but qualified forgiveness of the in-
jured Monarch.

"Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that
fierce law,

The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here,) is past.
The pang—which, while I weighed thy heart
with one

Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,

Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinned, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?

Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and
know

I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I
leave.

Through the thick night I hear the trumpet
blow:

They summon me their King to lead mine
hosts

Far down to that great battle in the west
Where I must strike against my sister's son,
Leagued with the Lords of the White Horse,
and Knights

Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet
myself

Death, or I know not what mysterious doom."

Enough this to show with what ease
and power the poet rises with his argu-
ment; but we must continue the passage
in a final extract. The departure of the
King from that lone convent in the night
of ages, is one of the sublimest pictures in
all the realm of poetry. Arthur has said,
"Farewell!"

"And while she groveled at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And in the darkness o'er her fallen head
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then listening till those armed steps were gone
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
The casement: 'Peradventure,' so she thought,
'If I might see his face, and not be seen.'
And lo! he sat on horseback at the door!
And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
To guard and foster her for evermore.
And while he spake to these his helm was low-
ered,

To which for crest the golden dragon clung
Of Britain; so she did not see his face,
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a stream of fire.
And even then he turned; and more and more.
The moony vapor rolling round the King,
Who seemed the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom."

Throughout this volume of choice poetry are scattered many passages which the pencil of Hunt or of Millais might nobly render to the eye; and it is not unlikely that our future exhibitions will testify to its inspiring influence. But there is little need and small encouragement. There is little need, we say; for the book itself is an illuminated poetic missal; it makes pictures to the imagination which the graphic art can only faintly realize. And small encouragement; for the poet's images have already taken possession of the mind, and the chances are that the artist's conception will not answer to the reader's. With respect to the last scene of all, closing with the departure of the great Pendragon to his mysterious doom, we may safely pronounce that the most cunning hand must fail in the attempt to realize it. Its awful beauty lies in a more subtle region than any which the painter can command.

It is easy to see that Mr. Tennyson has made this theme his own, even if he should return to it no more, nor summon the dread hero from his long trance of centuries in the dim Vale of Arvalon. Who now will read "Prince Arthur, in Ten Books," although it was one time actually popular in England? Small credit, however, is due to our author for superseding the wooden epic of that blind, obtuse, and every way respectable old knight and 'pothecary, Sir Richard Blackmore; who sounded all the shoals of dullness, as Wolsey those of honor; who either was, or might, or would, or should have been the laureate of that age of lead; and whose "heroic poem" (Heaven save the mark!) has hardly served the purpose of a paste-board imitation to keep a place upon our shelves till the true book came warm and glowing from the hot-press of the nineteenth century. It is little, we say, to have pushed this thing aside, but it is something more to have filled out the glorious hints of Chaucer, and realized the poetic dream of Milton; and to have

written, perhaps, the only work which the fastidious Gray would care to read, if he should once more visit this mortal sphere. In all these writers we find exquisite allusions to the deeds and court of Arthur, and till now we might have had occasion to regret that one of the mighty three had not appropriated the theme entirely to himself. It is now done by that true "heir of fame," the author of the present *Idylls*. It is much as if the Father of English Poetry had himself performed it: for though, like every master of the art, Mr. Tennyson has a style and a region of his own, his genius has much in common with the copious and imaginative muse of Geoffrey Chaucer. What of his writings can not be paralleled out of the book of Chaucer will be found matched in the yet nobler and far richer page of Milton.

We need hardly say that we recommend this work as a rare treat and precious study. It is all true poetry and pure. If we could pour it from the page into a vial, and hold it between the sunlight and our eyes, how it would sparkle and give out! If we could shed it drop by drop upon the turf, how soon would the grass assume a brighter green, and all the air be filled with summer perfume! No matter that we can not do this. It will answer every magic purpose of the kind if we lay it up, line by line, like "sprigs of summer," to sweeten and to charm our memories; and then, like the fabled euphrasy, it may serve to purify our daily vision, giving fresh beauty to the face of nature, and discovering new attractions in the form and gait of virtue. We can all read the simple language of this poem, and almost at all times. When Chaucer is too obscure, and even Milton a trifle too difficult and grave, we can pass by the immortal *Flower and Leaf*, and put aside *Comus* with a gentle reverence, to take up this book of pure and pleasant *Idylls*; and even the child between our feet will listen spell-bound as we read.

From the British Quarterly.

PHENOMENA OF RAINDROPS.*

No water, no vegetables. No vegetables, no animals. No animals, no men.

The due irrigation of the earth is a point of vital importance in the adjustments of creation. The machinery by which this is accomplished is complex, and in many respects extremely recondite; but viewed as a great apparatus for pumping up water and sprinkling the surface of the planet, it is impossible to conceive of a happier or a more effective contrivance.

For the better comprehension of the subject, let us venture on a trifling supposition. In the interior of some continent, just on the spot where an old map-maker would have planted an elephant and castle for want of true topographical material, there lies a farm, which is far removed from lake and river, and at best but stingily supplied with springs or wells. There has been no rain for several years. How is the poor proprietor to keep it in cultivation? Noted as the agricultural mind is for discontent—always complaining of meteorological hardships and indulging in philippics against the skies—he would doubtless avail himself of his privilege of grumbling to the fullest extent, and might perhaps be disposed to abandon his ill-used freehold in despair. To dig a long canal for the purpose of conveying water from the nearest stream, and then to furrow his fields with innumerable little channels for its distribution, would be as tedious and elaborate a process as it would be to plow up all the corn-fields of Great Britain with penknives, or reap them with scissors. It would be ridiculous to think of moistening his acres by means of watering-carts, and insane to attempt it by means of gigantic squirts. Not many days ago, we watched a man who was watering a spacious area in a fashionable

town with a view to subjugate the dust. He had a force-pump mounted on wheels, with a stumpy barrel to hold the fluid, a stumpy hose to direct the stream, and a stumpy lever to expel it from the machine. Stationing his apparatus at a particular point, he slowly scattered the liquid over the ground within range of the jet, and then shifting his quarters, proceeded to operate on a new space, until a gurgling in the tub announced that the receptacle was exhausted. Away he trudged to a cistern, dragging his engine after him, and then with some effort—we thought a little groaning—drew fourteen big pails of water, with which he replenished his reservoir of rain. Returning to the area, our Aquarius executed a little more irrigation, but it was obviously as poor an apology for a shower as a peal of sheet-iron thunder at a theater is for one of those echoing crashes which seem to tear the firmament asunder. By the time that one portion of the ground was syringed, another was nearly dry; here and there were streaks and patches which had been left untouched; in fact so superficial was the sprinkling the place had received, that Beau Brummell, who professed to have caught cold when shut up in a coffee-room with a *damp* stranger, might have bivouacked on the spot without incurring a twinge of rheumatism. Toiling at this rate, thought we, if the whole population of England were converted into drawers of water and workers of pumps, they would scarcely suffice to souse a single county and maintain it in a state of vegetable prosperity.

Now nature takes all this trouble off our hands. Whilst the owner of our imaginary farm is puzzling his brains to discover how he shall procure the fertilizing fluid—comforting himself meanwhile with many agricultural growls—she is preparing for him a rich and gratuitous supply. Far off—it may be hundreds or thousands of miles away—vapor is ascending from some great expanse of liquid, or from some humid tract of land. Water is the

* *An Essay on the Causes of Rain, and its allied Phenomena.* By G. A. ROWELL, Honorary Member of the Ashmolean Society. Oxford. 1859.

The Rain Cloud: or, an Account of the Nature, Properties, Dangers, and Uses of Rain in various Parts of the World. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1846.

life's blood of the world. To keep it in circulation is not less needful for the health of the planet, than is the flow of the red rivers through our veins for the health of man. But as the fluid always seeks its level, and finds it in the ocean, how is it to be brought back and scattered over the high grounds, or hoisted to the summits of the mountains? How, too, shall it be freed from the salts and other ingredients it may have imbibed in the soil, or found in the sea, and thus return to its duty in a pure and uncontaminated condition?

The magnificent process of evaporation is the first step which is taken for the farmer's relief. Since water is a fluid of considerable gravity, being eight hundred and sixty times heavier than air, (at a temperature of sixty degrees at the level of the sea,) it is necessary that it should be rendered portable through the atmosphere. This object is accomplished by converting it into vapor through the agency of heat. The ocean has in fact been called a great still, and the sun may be regarded as the great distiller. But because water when placed in a pan over the fire does not pass into steam, properly so called, until it reaches a temperature of two hundred and twelve degrees, we must not suppose that it refuses to volatilize at all lower degrees of the thermometric scale. On the contrary, it gives out vapor at every stage, though at a tardier rate, and of feebler tension. Even ice and snow will waste away in an atmosphere cooled below the freezing point; for Boyle found that an icicle weighing two ounces, when poised in a balance in the evening, lost ten grains by morning; and Howard ascertained that a circular patch of snow, five inches in diameter, threw off one hundred and fifty grains—equal to a thousand gallons per acre—in the space of a single January night.

Of course the great sheets of water on the globe are the reservoirs from which our supplies of vapor are primarily extracted. Dr. Halley calculated that the quantity brewed by the Mediterranean alone, during twelve hours of a summer's day, amounted to not less than fifty-two hundred and eighty millions of tons. The moisture exhaled from the land must necessarily vary with the humidity as well as the temperature of the spot; but from experiments tried under different circumstances, Dr. Watson estimated that a Bri-

tish acre yielded from two to three thousand gallons in twelve hours. In hot countries, after the soil has been refreshed by showers, the emanations will of course be much more copious. And not only does the ground perspire thus freely, but it must be remembered that vegetables, as well as animals, are constantly discharging their moisture into the atmosphere. The former are extremely sudorific. The aqueous matter transpiring through their pores may sometimes be seen hanging in drops, often mistaken for dew, at the extremities of their leaves. The rate of exudation with them must also be controlled by the warmth and humidity of the air, but Dr. Hales found that some cabbages which were subjected to experiment gave off one pound three ounces during the day, whilst some sunflowers, which are still more famous hands at perspiration, threw out one pound four ounces during the same interval. Men, too—we dare not say ladies—are extremely prone to this process. Not less than two pounds of moisture are daily expelled from the skin and lungs of most individuals; and if a person happens to be flung into a particularly deliquescent mood by stress of heat and exercise, he may contribute five pounds to the atmosphere within the four-and-twenty-hours. Were this rendered visible, every one would appear to be enveloped in a little cloud. "I remember," says Watson, "having been greatly heated and fatigued in ascending the ladders from the bottom of the copper mine at Ecton. When I got to the top, I observed by the light of a candle a thick vapor reeking from the body, and visible around it to the distance of a foot or more." Yet such is nature's wonderful alchemy, that these same effusions—the sweat of sea and land, of herb and beast and man—may shortly reappear as the tender dew, the fattening shower, or the limpid gush from the mossy fountain. Reckoning the mean annual evaporation all over the globe at thirty-five inches, it has been computed that the total quantity of water poured into the air would fill a cistern ninety-four thousand four hundred and fifty cubic miles in capacity. This estimate, however, founded upon Dalton's data, is assuredly too low, for the mean annual issue of rain from the clouds all over the earth is now calculated at five feet.

But, secondly, the simple rise and fall of these exhalations on the spot where

produced would do nothing for our impatient farmer in the interior. The aqueous particles must be conveyed from the seas, and set down at his very threshold. For this purpose the atmosphere is traversed by winds which load themselves with moisture, and hurry it off in various directions. A ship freighting itself with merchandise at a foreign wharf, a train starting with luggage from a railway-station, a water-cart filling with liquid at some reservoir, is not more explicit in its mission than the current of air which takes in a cargo of vapor at a great ocean tank, and hastens into the heart of some continent to deposit its beneficent burden. There are winds, like the Harmattan of the desert, which seem to go forth only to wither and destroy. These greedily suck up all the moisture they can collect from the land, blighting the foliage so that it crumbles to dust, fissuring doors and furniture, opening great seams in the sides of vessels, starting casks of liquids and spilling their contents, and parching the human body as if intent upon reducing it to a state of mummy. But the sea-winds, some charged with rich stores of humidity, and hence those which visit the western shores of Europe from the south-west, and the north of Europe from the north-east, are the bringers of rain and the givers of fertility.

Thirdly, however, a mass of moisture floating at a height of from two to four or five miles in the air would be of as little service to yonder anxious farmer as a diamond mine in the moon to a jeweler. How is he to get it down from the skies? Now the quantity of water which can be sustained in the air in an elastic, invisible form is proportionate to the temperature. The higher the thermometer, the greater the priming of moisture required. Treating the vapor-atmosphere which surrounds the globe as a distinct envelope, its pressure may be expressed in mercurial inches—that is, by the amount of quicksilver it will support in the barometric tube. If our seas were all on the boil (212°), the steam produced would poise a column of about thirty inches; but at 80°—the temperature of the ocean in the equatorial regions never mounting much above this figure—the dose of vapor which the air will carry is only sufficient to balance a single inch. At 71° it is equal to three-quarters of an inch, at 59° to half an inch, and at 39° to a quarter of an inch. If,

therefore, any current of air heated to 80° should start on its journey with a full cargo of vapor, and be deprived of about nine degrees of caloric, it must throw overboard one fourth of its load, or if reduced by twenty-one degrees, one half. Its tonnage, we may say, is lessened by every decrement of heat. The discarded moisture will then appear in a visible shape, and if sufficiently condensed, may descend in the form of rain. In fact, whenever a humid current encounters a colder stream of air, or enters a chillier tract of sky, or whenever the atmosphere is in too watery a mood to receive further accessions of vapor, the surplus will be rejected, and must manifest itself either as mist, fog, cloud, dew, rain, hail, or snow.

But, fourthly, when moisture thus transported from a distant sea has been reconverted into a liquid, it is necessary that its precipitation should be conducted with considerable caution. As a cloud is a great cistern containing thousands of tons of fluid, it is clear that if this were all liberated at once it would inflict serious damage upon the vegetation below, and might probably drive the farmer to distraction. No crops could withstand such a local deluge. They would be beaten to the ground at a stroke. The leaves would be stripped from the trees, and a forest left standing under bare poles like a ship whose canvas had been wrenched from its masts by an unexpected gale. The soil itself would be plowed up and washed into the nearest stream. In cities, too, as well as in the country, the approach of a nimbus would be eyed with suspicion, and men would have to fly to buildings for shelter, since umbrellas, though made of sheet-iron, would afford but doubtful protection. There are cases of violent discharge which show that mischief might constantly ensue were not the breaking up of a cloud regulated with consummate nicety. Land-spouts, for example, occasionally make their appearance. One swept over a moor near Colne in Lancashire, in 1718, and tore up the ground down to the very rock, some seven feet below, making a deep gulf for above a quarter of a mile, as Dr. Richardson describes, and destroying ten acres by the flood. "The first breach where the water fell," says he, "was about sixty feet over. The ground on each side the gulf was so shaken that large chasms appeared at above thirty feet distance, which a few

days after I observed the shepherds filling up, lest their sheep should fall into them." Far more frequent, however, are hailstorms; and in some parts of the globe, particularly in the south of France, these visitors constitute a fearful scourge. Pebbles of ice, weighing sometimes as much as half a pound, and often so dense and elastic that they rebound from the pavement, are showered upon the earth, ruining the vines, crushing the corn, snapping the branches from the trees, killing poultry, lambs, dogs, possibly deer; and, worse still, breaking human heads, or even destroying human life. In a tempest of hail near Offley, in 1767, a young man was left dead, one of his eyes being struck out, and his body blackened all over with the blows he had received. In 1788 a storm traversed nearly the whole length of France, mapping out its course by a deposit of large hailstones, and battering the unhappy provinces beneath with such fury that the soil was changed into a morass, the fruit-trees demolished, and the country turned into a comparative desert, in the space of a single hour. On the 1st of August, 1846, the English metropolis underwent an icy bombardment. The crashing of windows and skylights was terrific. Seven thousand squares of glass were shattered at the House of Parliament, a still greater number at Broadwood's and other large manufactories, and in some streets scarcely a sound pane was left. Our European stones, however, are not always to be put in competition with the formidable grapeshot which is now and then rained down from an Indian sky. In 1855, Dr. Buist communicated a paper to the British Association, detailing a variety of storms in Hindostan, in some of which lumps as big as pumpkins, and in others masses of still greater dimensions, had been hurled to the ground or driven through the roof like cannon-balls. Bullocks were not only felled and men severely injured, but on the 12th of May, 1853, it is said that eighty-four human beings and three thousand cattle were killed in a tempest of hail in the Himalayas north of the Peshawur.

Happily, however, these are exceptional modes of discharge. Profitable as they may be to glaziers when they do occur, they can not fail to be intensely distasteful to the proprietors of houses and farms. Vastly more gentle and graceful is the process by which the contents of an ordi-

nary cloud are conveyed to the soil. Instead of descending in a sheet, the water trickles through the air in tiny drops, each about a quarter of an inch in diameter, as if it had passed through some finely-perforated sieve. The fluid is powdered, so to speak, in order that it may scatter itself over a large area, and alight without ruffling a leaf or crushing a blade of grass. Softly the work commences, softly it continues, as the cloud-cistern sails slowly over field after field, leaving no part untouched, but moistening every vegetable, from the idle thistle to the kingly oak. Who would not be in raptures with the process if, possessing sufficient intelligence to comprehend the wants of the soil, and sufficient experience to appreciate the difficulty of meeting those wants by artificial means, he stood and watched the disburdening of one of these ships of the sky for the first time in his life?

But however delighted our imaginary farmer may be with this particular supply, he would doubtless resume his murmuring habits, after a few days had elapsed, unless assured that clouds would be periodically raised and dispatched for his benefit. There are some tropical tracts where it never, and others where it rarely rains. In the land of the Pharaohs, and in certain portions of the country of the Prophet, a shower is almost as great a curiosity as a landspout or a fall of meteoric stones would be with us. In Peru you need never unfurl an umbrella except, perhaps, once or twice in a long lifetime. When a nimbus does visit the latter region and spill a few bucketsful upon the ground, we think it extremely likely that reporters of the phenomenon post off to the "oldest inhabitant" in order to brush up his memory and profit by the genuine antiquity of his reminiscences in any comparisons they may institute. When *la serenidad perpetua* of the district was disturbed by rain in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, so little did it agree with the people, that an epidemic broke out amongst them; and when a single shower descended upon the town of Lembeque, in 1790, it brought down several of the houses, which are so slenderly built, that a French or an Indian hailstorm would pulverize a city in a trice.

There have also been seasons of protracted drought in various quarters of the globe. In the days of Ahab the land of Israel lay withering for a time under the

spells of Elijah, for "he prayed that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months." Between 1827 and 1830 a great water-dearth occurred in the Pampas. During this *gran seco* (according to Sir F. Head) all vegetation failed, the country assumed the appearance of a dusty high road, the soil was so blown about that landmarks were obliterated, and numerous disputes afterwards arose respecting the boundaries of property; cattle perished on every side for want of food and drink, one proprietor alone at San Pedro losing 20,000; and such was the rush of animals to the river Parafña that several hundred thousand were supposed to have died in the stream, either from excessive potations, or from inability to crawl up the muddy banks.

Still, deducting these local or transitory cases, our farmer will find that Nature has provided for the due watering of the earth according to the requirements of climate and geographical position. As a general principle, the quantity of rain increases as we advance from the poles to the equator. In the regions where the sun is doing the greatest stroke of business in the evaporating way we may expect that a shower will be a very emphatic production. "A black cloud which had formed suddenly," says Mr. Burchell, "in an instant, without perhaps more than a minute's notice, emptied its contents upon us, pouring down like a torrent and drenching every thing with water. The parched earth became in the short time of five minutes covered with ponds." Some of these tropical effusions, indeed, might best be described in the graphic though inelegant language of a man who, in referring to an English storm, informed Mr. Rowell that the clouds seemed so near the earth that he could scarcely get under them: "it did not rain at all, it came down any how." Indeed, you might fancy that Kùhleborn, the water-demon of Fouqué's beautiful tale of *Undine*, was abroad with particular diluvial intentions, if these sudden cloud-ruptures were not usually as brief as they are passionate.

It is another general law in hygrometry that the fall of rain decreases as we leave the shores of a continent and travel into the interior, because we are continually receding from the Great Nursery of vapor. For the same reason the Western Coast of our Island receives a more liberal soak-

ing than the Eastern: the huge Atlantic producing a larger amount of vapor than the petty German Ocean. At North-Shields the fall is twenty-five inches in the year; at Coniston, on the opposite shore, though in nearly the same latitude, it is eighty-five inches, or more than thrice as much. The tears annually shed by the sky in the oriental half of Great Britain attain a depth of twenty-seven inches only, whilst in the other moiety of the kingdom they are gauged at fifty or fifty-five inches.

In a mountainous region the precipitation of moisture increases from the plain to the peak. Why it does so has been the subject of much discussion. Some ascribe the result to the low temperature of the hills; others treat it as a mechanical consequence arising from the arrest of the vapors; but Mr. Rowell seems to look upon the rocky spires as great lightning-rods which plunder the clouds of their electricity, and compel the watery globules to sink by depriving them of their sustaining element. Be this as it may, the mists which wrap themselves round the heads of the hills are phenomena of daily occurrence, and the lachrymose state of craggy spots has been tested by repeated observations. Thus, in the year 1845, whilst the clouds deposited about twenty inches of moisture at Durham, twenty-five at Leeds, thirty-one at Carlisle, and thirty-four at Liverpool, the quantity which tumbled amongst the mountains of the Lake district amounted to eighty-seven inches for Buttermere, one hundred and nine for Wastdale Head, one hundred and twenty-one for Grasmere, and not less than one hundred and fifty-one for Seathwaite in Borrowdale. The latter place, therefore, received from seven to eight times as copious a dousing as the staid old city of St. Cuthbert, so renowned for its mustard and old maids. Still these British outpourings are far inferior to the furious downfalls of Hindustan. Colonel Sykes reports that at Malcompait, on the Mahabuleshwar Hills, the annual evacuation of rain from the atmosphere is three hundred and two inches, and that at Cherraponjie, in the Cossya Hills, it amounted, in 1851, to the astounding quantity of six hundred and ten inches, or fifty feet ten inches! Singularly enough, too, a slight difference in locality will sometimes produce a great difference in humidity. There is a farmhouse, about a mile and a half from En-

nersdale Lake, at which there falls only as much rain as descends at the lake itself. Even forests have influence in drawing out the moisture from the air, for, when extensive woods have been reduced or destroyed, as at Marseilles, a notable decline in humidity has ensued. It is also an interesting, and to many may seem a paradoxical fact, that rain appears to increase in quantity as it approaches the earth; so that, if a series of pluviometers were stationed at various elevations, as if on the staves of a ladder, the lowest would exhibit a greater charge than the highest. There is, in fact, generally more rain at the foot of a tower than at its top. Nor is the difference trifling; for, whilst one of Dr. Heberden's gauges on the roof of Westminster Abbey indicated a fall of 12·099 inches, another at the base showed a depth of 22·608 or nearly twice as much.

In similar experiments by Professor Phillips and Mr. Gray, at York Minster, a deposit of 14·903 in. was chronicled at a height of two hundred and twelve feet, whilst 25·706 in. of fluid were found in a gauge on the ground. A difference in altitude of seventy yards thus made a difference of seventy per cent in the amount of rain. To explain this curious circumstance it is generally supposed that the drops, which are exceedingly small at the commencement of their journey from the cloud, are argued by the condensation of vapor, or that they pick up moisture as they tumble through the humid strata they must necessarily traverse. It should be observed, however, that the quantity of rain precipitated in any particular region may be great, whilst the number of rainy days is comparatively limited. Within the tropics, where the clouds are most prodigal in their effusions, there are regular seasons of dryness, when the natives can not reasonably expect any showers; but in the temperate zones, an almanac-maker might book one for any day in the calendar without appearing to violate a single meteorological law. In England it seems that you ought to be waterproof on an average for one hundred and fifty-two or one hundred and fifty-five days out of the three hundred and sixty-five; in the Netherlands for one hundred and seventy; and in the east of Ireland for two hundred and eight. In other words, it rains every other day with us, whilst in Siberia it rains only one in six; and in the north of Syria, about

one in seven. High as this estimate may appear, we have particular places in our island where it is far exceeded. There is Manchester for example. What a terrible city is that for people who love fine weather and brilliant sunshine! For six days in the week it is reputed to be in a state of melancholy drizzle; and though there may be much malice in the assertion, no one can doubt that the place is excessively addicted to sky-weeping. Its atmosphere is generally dripping with grimy tears, and the streets are lavishly laved with a strong solution of soot. In fact, the mere mention of a visit to the metropolis of cotton may elicit an exclamation similar to Fuseli's, when proceeding to inspect some humid paintings of a brother artist: "Give me my coat and umbrella: I am going to look at Mr. Constable's pictures."

Sometimes, however, showers of an anomalous description have been known to fall. Our agriculturist would look rather blank if he discovered that his rain was salt. Not wishing his farm to be put in pickle, he would decidedly object to a precipitation of brine. When such cases have occurred, the trees have been found whitened by the crystals, and the herbage has become so pungent that the cattle could not touch it until compelled by hunger; and though there could be no difficulty in ascribing the origin of these saline particles to the sea, whence they had doubtless been whirled by high winds, yet a storm of chloride of sodium has been experienced in Suffolk, at a distance of twenty miles from the ocean.

Or what would our farmer say to a shower of ashes or dust? In Zetland, a dark powder was once rained from the heavens, and grimed the faces of the people as if it were lampblack. Heavy drizzles of sand or ashes, the former whisked from the desert, the latter ejected from some volcano, have frequently been encountered at sea; and so thickly has the material strewn the decks of passing vessels that it was necessary to shovel it away like snow. The dust-storms of India are quaint productions. "The sky is clear," says Mr. Baddeley, "and not a breath moving; presently a low bank of cloud is seen in the horizon, which you are surprised you did not observe before; a few seconds have passed, and the cloud has half-filled the hemisphere; and now there is no time to lose—it is a dust-storm

and helter-skelter every one rushes to get into the house in order to escape being caught in it." It is, in fact, a revolving spout or shower, with dust for its burden instead of water.

As little would the gentleman be pleased with a fall of "sulphur." Yellow rains have happened in certain quarters of Europe; and from the color of the substance as well as the readiness with which it inflamed—matches, it is said, having been produced by its means in Germany—the good people assumed that it must needs consist of genuine brimstone. These effusions, however, are now known to be botanical. The pollen of the flowers of the pine, birch, alder, and other trees is a light, yellow material, which may be easily transported by the breezes, and deposited in the form of a gamboge shower.

More appalling still are the red rains, which have been mistaken for blood. Imagine the consternation of weak-minded people in the palmy days of superstition, when there was a witch in every hamlet, and a specter attached to every hall, if the heavens began to distil gore! In the year 1608, great red drops were observed upon the walls of various building at Aix and the vicinity; and the event so shook the nerves of the neighborhood, that the very husbandmen—fellows whose sensational fibers were probably as tough if not as thick as cart-ropes—ran from the fields in order to escape the sanguinary shower, believing it must have originated with Satan, or some of his myrmidons at least. Peirese scrutinized the marvelous occurrence with some care, and found that it was due to a butterfly, which, on passing from the chrysalis state, discharged a ruddy substance not very dissimilar in appearance to blood. In other instances of red rain, the peculiar hue has been traced to infusoria, or to the minute cells of certain vegetables. The red snow of the mountain regions is tinged with the *Hæmatococcus nivalis*; the green snow with the *Protococcus viridis*.

Perhaps, however, our farmer might be better pleased if the skies were to secrete a sort of "butter!" Such was the case, we are assured, in many parts of Munster and Leinster in the year 1695-6. According to the Bishop of Cloyne, the substance was so called from its consistency and color, being soft, clammy, and of a dark yellow; it fell in lumps, often as large as the end of a finger; the cattle

did not reject it, but fed in the fields where it lay; and country people who had sore heads anointed them with it, declaring that it healed them. This greasy exudation was supposed by some to have been chemically elaborated in the air, though it is much more probable that it was an animal product, like the honey-dew which is excreted by certain insects.

But better things than ostensible butter have been reported in the meteorological way. "On Saturday last," so runs a letter communicated to the Royal Society in 1661, "it was rumored that it *rained wheat* at Tuchbrooke, a village about two miles from Warwick. Whereupon some of the inhabitants of this town went thither, where they saw great quantities on the way, on the fields, and on the leads of the church, castle, and priory, and upon the hearths of the chimneys of the chambers. And Arthur Mason, coming out of Shropshire, reports that it hath rained the like in many places of the county. God make us thankful for this miraculous blessing." But the learned Society, instead of being grateful for the substance, concluded that it was nothing more than the seeds of ivy-berries conveyed to the spot by starlings.

Many, however, are the illegitimate forms of rain with which that poor agriculturist might be puzzled or tormented. He would feel quite cross with the world if his lands were visited by a shower of grubs or worms such as appeared in the Government of Tver, in October, 1827; or a rain consisting of herrings, such as happened at Ula in Argyleshire, in March, 1830; or falls of fish of other kinds, such as have occurred in India and many parts of the world; or, worse still, by outpourings of frogs, such as have been experienced in France. In 1804 a cloud burst near Toulouse, and a host of these reptiles came pattering to the ground, covering the fields so thickly, that in some places there were three or four living layers, and paving the high road so profusely that the diligence crunched its way through their bodies for a considerable distance, and thousands were slaughtered beneath the horses' hoofs. Could the atmosphere well be in a more diseased condition, even if it were to indulge in that oft-quoted but rarely-witnessed phenomenon—a rain of cats and dogs?

But leaving our fancy farmer in the enjoyment of a genuine shower, let us brief-

ly advert to the theory which Mr. Rowell so ably but so modestly supports. This meteorologist has quite a passion for rain. He fell in love with the phenomenon whilst a mere boy, and his affection appears to have ripened into philosophical *furor* before he became a man. From his earliest days there seems to have been for him a peculiar charm in a shower, and a fearful fascination in a thunderstorm. He thought of them whilst walking, dreamt of them whilst sleeping, and in seasons of sickness, when the body was incapable of effort, the mind was busily employed in the study of his favorite meteor. Fearing that the scientific sprite which had taken possession of his brain would exert a mischievous influence over his health, he made strenuous efforts to exorcise the intruder, but to little purpose; for a single gleam of lightning, or any passing oddity in the weather, was enough to rekindle the passion of this cloud-haunted man. Now, familiar as we are in practice with the subject of rain, the theory is surrounded with a number of difficulties—so much so, that in the opinion of many, perhaps, we may well wonder how it could ever rain at all. Seeing that water is many hundred times heavier than air, by what means, it has been asked, does it climb into the atmosphere and continue floating in the thin altitudes which the cirrhi undoubtedly attain? How is the vapor condensed into particles which become visible to the eye, and compose the various species of cloud? Are these particles simply drops of diminutive size—mere water-dust, if we may so speak—or are they vesicular, that is, little balloons, consisting of an aqueous film with air or vapor inclosed? What is it compels them to condense and occasionally to descend in torrents, accompanied by fearful explosions of electricity, or to freeze into lumps of ice as large as oranges or pumpkins?”

These, with many other questions, have been thorns in the sides of meteorologists, which theorists have endeavored to extract with various degrees of skill. Descartes supposed that the vesicles were little spheres of water rendered buoyant by the *materia subtilis* of space. Dr. Halley suggested that the rise of the vapor-atoms might be due to a “flatus, or warm spirit, or perhaps to a certain kind of matter whose *conatus* might be contrary to that of gravity.” Franklin contended that moisture was dissolved in the atmosphere

as salt is dissolved in water; but that when repudiated, the aqueous particles still remained in suspension by adhering to the molecules of air. Mr. Rowell's hypothesis is: “That the atoms of water being so minute, are, when completely enveloped in their natural coatings of electricity, rendered so buoyant as to be liable, even when in their most condensed state, to be carried off by slight currents of air; but if expanded by heat, their capacity for electricity being increased by their increase of surface, they are then rendered buoyant at all times, and are buoyed up into the air by their coatings of electricity; when, if condensed, they become positively electrified, but are still buoyed up by the electricity, till, on the escape of the surcharge, the particles fall as rain.” In other words, the water-atoms are enabled to rise when their electric charge is augmented by heat, but compelled to fall when the surplus is withdrawn. If the vapor, when condensed by cold, should be in a position to part with a portion of its electricity, the particles will approach each other by virtue of their natural attraction, and thus become visible as clouds; but if the surcharge totally escapes, they will unite into large drops, and descend as rain. To explain the peculiarities of a thunder-cloud, Mr. Rowell says that it may be regarded—

“as a vast mass of electricity interspersed with minute particles of water, the former being in the proportion of not less than one thousand to one of the latter. Let us consider what would be the consequences of a formation of rain in such a cloud. If but a few particles of vapor coalesce and form one drop, they would be no longer buoyant, and the drop in falling through the dense vapor would increase in bulk from contact with other particles. Now, as the electricity set free by this agglomeration of particles would instantaneously pass away, either to the surface of the cloud or by dispersion amongst the particles composing it, a vacuum or rarefied space would result on the instant of the formation of rain, when the sudden pressure of the surrounding portion of the cloud into the space would bring more particles into contact, and more rain would be formed.”

Now, we make no attempt to appraise the exact quantum of originality which belongs to this theory. It is true that the doctrine of electrical atmospheres has been asserted in one form or another by Eeles, Monge, Eason, and other writers, and that the influence of electricity upon the phenomena of rain has been maintained by Dr.

Thomson and several eminent men; but we can readily believe that Mr. Rowell has worked out the hypothesis from his own observations, and purely by the aid of his own intellectual funds. And a neat, handy hypothesis it certainly is. It satisfies many conditions, and harmonizes with various well-known facts. Volta, for example, discovered that when water was converted into vapor it carried away electricity; and it has been clearly ascertained that if a vessel be insulated, the quantity of moisture evaporated in a given time is much less than if it were in free communication with the earth. When this vapor again is condensed into mist, we know, from Mr. Crosse's prying into a November fog, that under certain circumstances it bristles with electric fire; and when it is suddenly precipitated, as in thunderstorm, we find the angry fluid passing from cloud to cloud in blinding flashes, or returning to the earth in death-dealing bolts.

Facts like these must necessarily afford considerable countenance to the theory. That it is free from difficulties Mr. Rowell himself would not wish to assert. With regard to the buoyant power of vapor, we think that the demand for electrical coatings is over-estimated. The well-known law by which one aeriform fluid spreads through the interstices of another as if the space were vacuous, though at a slower rate, strips the question of ascent of much of its mystery. Water-vapor is lighter than air—lighter even than the vapor of such volatile liquids as muriatic or sulphuric ether. It not only rises eagerly therefore in the atmosphere, but, in the opinion of Sir John Herschel, carries up with it much of the air with which it is intermixed, disengaging itself no doubt from it in its upward progress, to become entangled, however with fresh particles, which again it "carries upward to abandon them for others." In like manner, when the risen vapor undergoes condensation, we are inclined to believe that if it molds itself into true bubbles or vesicles, it does so by settling upon the particles of air and imprisoning them within a watery shell, and these, increasing in weight by further accessions of moisture, will sink to the earth when they become too ponderous for the medium in which they swim. But as the included air will expand if heated by the sun, we see why a cloud may rise, or its upper and exposed

portion may disappear after the fashion which these nebulous masses are known to affect. Should the particles, however, instead of being vesicular, prove to be solid, as Dr. Waller and others have endeavored to show, still the minuteness of the spherules may be sufficient to explain their suspension as clouds, whilst their increase in size and weight by further condensation should account for their fall as rain.

Mr. Rowell's theory does not, and indeed can not dispense with the agency of heat. To spiritualize the water into vapor, heat must be absorbed; to secularize it into rain, heat must be discharged: 960° F. of latent caloric must be received in the one case, rejected in the other. It is by augmenting the temperature of the liquid atoms that they are expanded, and their capacity for electricity enlarged; it is by lowering that temperature that they are subsequently brought into a state of surcharge. The question is, therefore, whether we acquire any very substantial leverage after all by assuming the existence of "coatings"—for the point does not yet admit of proof—particularly as the materiality of the electric fluid, and therefore its buoyant qualities, have never been established. On the other hand, Mr. Rowell has a right to say that, if the changes through which vapor runs, in its circulation from earth to heaven and heaven to earth, can be accomplished by the fluctuations of caloric, as the ordinary theories imply, may they not be much better effected through the combined agency of heat and electricity?

From this theory a curious corollary may be deduced. An interesting but somewhat quixotic question has occasionally been asked—Can we produce rain at pleasure? In Africa we know there are Caffre conjurors who profess to perform this feat. With them rain-making is as much a business as the manufacture of umbrellas or waterproof clothing is with us. You want a few showers? certainly! They can be had for a satisfactory fee. Hasten to the dwelling of the magician, carrying with you the most seductive presents you can command, and if your terms are liberal, the cloud-compelling man will execute a variety of incantations, and then dismiss you with instructions to return in perfect silence, never once looking back, but constraining every person you meet to turn on his steps and accompany you

home. In case these injunctions are obeyed, your lands will be speedily gladdened by a rich effusion from the sky. What may be the price of a good nimbus does not exactly appear, but doubtless there are people in Europe as well as in Africa who would pay a handsome sum if a really superior article could be procured whenever they wished.

The Caffre rain-doctor, however, does not pretend to work on philosophical principles. Others, more learned and intelligent, have proposed to accomplish the same end by strictly scientific means. Several years ago Mr. Espy of the United States suggested that clouds might be produced by kindling large fires, and inducing the air to ascend in huge columns, which would draw in vapor and insure a precipitation of moisture. This opinion was supported by the fact that where large prairies have been set alight as in Louisiana, or extensive forests burnt as in Nova Scotia, heavy discharges of wet have invariably resulted. For the same reason great battles and sea-fights are said to produce rain, though Arago's observations on artillery-practice by no means favor the conclusion; and the tall chimneys of manufacturing towns may likewise tend to excite a drizzle such as that for which Manchester is distinguished. Mr. Rowell, however, considers that a stratum of moist air may be tapped by withdrawing its electricity, and for this purpose he suggests that conductors should be raised to the clouds by the agency of balloons. In confirmation of his views he quotes Mr. Weekes, of Sandwich, who states that on several occasions, whilst operating with electrical kites under a light fleecy cloud moderately elevated, after a current of sparks had passed from the apparatus for ten or twelve minutes, he found himself bedewed with a fine misty rain, and on looking up to the cloud, discovered that it was greatly reduced in its dimensions. Of course, if we adopt Mr. Rowell's theory of rain, there can be but little difficulty in admitting that masses of vapor may be broached like beer-barrels, and, as a matter of philosophical experiment, it might be very delectable to create a gentle though a transient mizzle in a time of obstinate drought, but as a practical question we fear that, if the smoke of a great conflagration is necessary to abstract the electricity of the vapor *le jeu ne vaudra pas la chandelle*, seeing that we have no

spare forests to burn; or if the rain-making is to be accomplished by such conductors as balloons can carry, we could scarcely expect the drenching received by the soil to be either extensive or profound.

Looking, then, at water as the great agent of fertility, as the chosen element by which the world is kept sappy and verdant, we ask whether the arrangements made for the regular distribution of this fluid are not singularly felicitous? Long ago the land would have been totally drained, and every river would have run itself dry, had there been any flaw in the machinery by which the floods are uplifted from their beds, and restored in needful quantities to the soil. But nature's gigantic water-works are never at fault. Every year whole lakes are hoisted into the atmosphere and lowered with such exquisite precision that seed-time and harvest, the former rain and the latter rain, are certain to arrive in due succession. The sea is ever laboring for the land. The traffic between the billow and the furrow is conducted by the ministry of the clouds. Pleasant to think of these beautiful carriers of moisture! Filled as it were by invisible hands at the store-houses of vapor, they catch the breeze, and make for the shore, where they deliver their load, some on the plains, that the fields may rejoice in the refreshing shower, some on the mountain slopes, that the brooks and streams may be fed; and then the surplus food which the ground rejects is rolled off to the ocean only that it may return with generous obstinacy, and thus pursue its never-tiring rounds. By the same means, too, the heat and electric fire which the vapor abstracts from the surface are transported into the upper regions of the air, and thrown out in the colder strata where some equalizing process is required. And not less useful is the rain in scouring the atmosphere, dissolving foreign ingredients, sweeping down impurities, and cleansing the ground itself from much that is feculent and unhealthy. Nor is it to be forgotten that this mild gentle meteor is an active agent in the great geological operations by which the level of land and ocean is altered, and the very aspect of the planet remodeled during the long run of ages; for the soft water-drops are chisels in the hand of Time with which he indents the vales, seams the sides of the hills, and even

abrades the granite rocks, and where accessible, lowers the pride of their craggy crowns.

Spite, then, of all the discomforts which are incident to turbid skies and muddy paths and splashy streets, let us admit that rain is one of the finest and most fascinating phenomena in the universe. Touching as well as beautiful was the dying request of Saint Swithin, Bishop of Winchester in the reign of Egbert, who departed this life in the year 836: "Let me," said he, "be buried where the rain-drops may water my grave." For a hundred years, accordingly, the clouds were permitted to weep freely over his resting-place; but at the expiration of that time the monks resolved to convey the defunct prelate into the interior of the church. It was an honor for which the episcopal shade had no desire. Dead as he was, he took measure (so the tradition runs) to frustrate the pious scheme, and at the period appointed, the fifteenth of July, the floods began to descend so

lavishly that the work of exhumation was postponed. Next morning, when the attempt was renewed, the clouds gave out their contents as before. For forty days did the windows of heaven continue open; until at length, discovering that the good saint entertained a strong objection to the translation of his remains, the monks were fain to abandon their project, and leave him to his rainy repose. And if there *could* be any sense of poetry in the tomb, would it not be sweeter to rest where the clouds might cast their shadows on the grassy grave, where the showers might softly descend like the tears of lamenting friends, where the smiling sunshine might gild the fallen drops, as Faith alone can gild the griefs of life, where the winds might come and go, whispering peace and murmuring their gentle dirges for the dead—sweeter far, we say, thus to lie, than to be imprisoned in lonely state in a splendid mausoleum, like a captive lodged mockingly in some dark dungeon of marble?

From Fraser's Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON RESERVED PEOPLE.

BY A CANDID MAN.

WHEN, enveloped in a cloud, folded up by the tender care of his Goddess Mother, that pious hero Æneas, hidden from his friends, enjoyed the privilege of watching all their proceedings, he was tasting the pleasures of reserved character; they standing in the light to him and he in the dark to them. He knew all that they were about, and they knew nothing about him. Nay, they did not even know that they knew nothing; for though they were aware that their eyes did not behold him, they were not aware that he was near enough to them in the relations of space to admit of the possibility of his being seen. He was experiencing the delight without the danger of a reservation; for he was not suspected of withholding himself. Had he been suspected—had there entered into the mind of any one of that

troop of friends the dimmest, remotest, faintest notion of the cloud that concealed him, what efforts would have been made to rend it, what cries, what clamors, what supplications to the goddess to unvail him before the appointed time; for human nature has a detestation of concealment—a detestation which proceeds from many causes. There is curiosity, in itself a strong impulse; there is pride, and there is suspicion. Curiosity longing to peep behind the curtain, pride resenting the absence of confidence, and suspicion suggesting that where the lock is so rigidly secured, there must be some blue chamber with its unpleasant contents behind it. The reserved man, therefore, is an object of dislike and distrust; but he is also a subject of interest. He repels confidence, but he excites attention; and he has the

whole enjoyment of his own individuality. He rejoices in the superiority of an unimparted knowledge. Is it not agreeable from a high window to survey the movements of a crowd below?—dancing, laughing, leaping, fighting, crying, kissing—to analyze their agitations—to smile at their disturbances—to be yourself secure and still—a looker-on who is not looked at—to be audience to a drama, and to criticise the actors who can not criticise you?

This is the privilege of the reserved man.

He conceals his emotions, he buries his feelings, he masks his passions. He controls his features: every muscle is under his command; there is no such thing with him as a spontaneous movement. He revels in a continual victory. He baffles curiosity, he defeats expectation, he destroys hope. He wears his shroud before he is in his tomb. The inquisitive crowd will pluck at it, but will draw back shivering when they feel how cold it is.

They wonder, they fear, they admire—and they admire with good reason. The power of concealment is in itself worthy of admiration; the man who wears so strong an armor must needs be a strong man, and it is the consciousness of a valuable possession that suggests the necessity for a defense.

The habit of reserve has most often its origin in a disbelief in sympathy, in the existence of some qualities or some emotions with which those who are classed as fellow-creatures are not likely to have any fellow-feeling.

There is in such characters, it may be, a sensibility fine and true, that sinks itself deep; too delicate to mix with vulgar streams. If you would taste the purity of this water you must dig laboriously for it. There is, it may be, a passionate power, fervent and concentrated; too full to dribble out; too strong to dissipate itself in petty phrases and agreeable expressions of sentiment; or perhaps an intelligence high and extended, to which views are granted infinitely beyond the horizon of the general eye.

Cassandra knew too much. She was not reserved; and she was therefore thought to be mad. In her mental agony she struggled with the persecuting Phœbus.

"Why didst thou send me here?
Here in this city of the blind to dwell,
With sight too darkly clear?"

It was part of her penalty that she was obliged to express herself.

Men have been distinguished from beasts, say the loquacious, proudly, by the gift of speech. True; but have they not also been distinguished by the gift of silence? They are not constrained to purr, or to wag their tails when they are pleased, or to howl and caterwaul when they are in extremities; they are allowed to reserve their emotions. The human countenance, the most delicate indicator of feeling, the dial that may with its record fix the shadow of every fitting passion, can silence its indications at will, and become a mere blank. A decent gravity of expression may cover anger; tenderness may hide itself securely behind the wall of compressed lips; exultation may bury itself under downcast eyelids; a movement of joy may shelter itself beneath the wrinkles of the brow, or the whole features in combination may be ordered by the commanding officer to stand at ease in a position of total repose while the thoughts are full of war and tumult. No other creature but man has this power; it is a high privilege which must be used by all men more or less.

Those who use it the less are recognized as the frank and open; those who use it the more as the reserved and close.

The two characters are sometimes combined, and the skillful diplomatist is he who maintains his reserve under a free liberal semblance, whose smile is ready, whose hand is extended, whose words flow easily, but whose mind is locked up.

"Right humanitie," says the wise Lord Burleigh in a letter to his son, "takes such deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are easilier gained by unprofitable curtesies than by churlish benefits."

Now, the unprofitable courtesy is not incompatible with reserve, although the disposition of the reserved man will frequently incline him to the practice of its opposite. The very summit of exterior politeness may be reached without any revelation from within; and the Frenchman who in the bitterness of impending suffocation could not forget the polite phrase, and gasped out to his host while he struggled with his mortal foe—"Sir, I have the honor to have a bone in my

throat"—may have been as reserved in character as any Englishman. Reserve, indeed, is rather an aristocratic characteristic. And it is the ill-bred, coarse-mannered man who is the most often garrulously given, who is glib and oily, who noises his sentiments and enters into the detail of his domestic life, of his small afflictions, and of his personal history, as soon as he makes your acquaintance. Such a man will talk to you of his diseases and of his remedies, of his troubles with his servants, and of his quarrels with his wife, with unlimited and undesired freedom, if he do but meet you in a railroad-carriage. Such a man is too full of himself ever to doubt the full sympathy of his hearer.

It is not, however, with the mere gentlemanly civility that friendship can be satisfied—politeness belongs to the early stages of acquaintance, and the courtesies that friendship asks are of a different kind. Friendship will ask for a soothing, kindly tenderness; and when trouble comes, will claim some demonstration of gentle charity, some drops of sacred pity; but the reserved man will not give them. Much else he may give, but not that; and if you attempt in such a sort to draw upon his sympathies, your bill will be dishonored.

His atmosphere is incapable of radiation; the heats of emotion may travel to his heart, but they will not flow back again; they will not pass out in either words or looks. As lamps in sepulchers, they remain unseen; yet not, as those, useless. They will light the way to the act of sacrifice and self-denial; for the same man who is so much a miser in expression will be prodigal in action; will, with that noblest self-denial which denies its own existence, pour out his generous assistance. Let there be a definite, tangible good to give, and he will give it at any cost to himself. Devotion of time, of strength, of money, of thought; the sacrifice of his own pleasure, of his own comfort, his own desires—the secret sacrifice—these things may come from him in good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over: he will shrink from no service but that of admitting an acknowledgment of his service. He is a friend in ambush.

In the moment of danger and anguish when you are about to be cut down, he starts from his hiding-place to your rescue.

Your gratitude overflows, you fling yourself before him and pour it out; you lay at his feet the rich abundance of your love—to have it kicked away. He will not stoop to pick it up; his glance is averted, and he turns his back upon you; disappearing again among those mists in which it is his pleasure to dwell, though for a moment he emerged from them, and stood in that clear light of affection which made him look so radiant.

But if it be his pleasure to shroud himself again, why should you complain? What just grievance have you? Is the very nobleness of his nature to serve as a plea against him? Because he has made one sacrifice are you to claim another? Do you give him your love and then exact a penalty in return, calling upon him to give up in exchange his dear impenetrability? Should affection be a matter of barter? Should you not rather check for him the fullness of your own utterance, and do homage to his virtue by your self-restraint?

There are certain crystals which contain within them a hidden fire. Cold and silent for long, long centuries they may remain, but if you subject them to the action of heat they will gleam with a quick light—and every particle will show like a glow-worm in the night. The fire within them is only elicited at a raised temperature; they must be warmed into life. So it is with some hearts. Their vitality is only to be recognized under the influence of a sudden glow—to be recognized only so, at least, by the general eye; but to the skilled and delicate observer, the symptoms of that vitality are to be detected even in their normal condition. The philosopher understands the secret sign, and through the subtle structure he discerns the mystery of that complex nature. He discerns it with a deep and loving wonder.

It is remarkable how the impulsive nature will cling to the controlled, how the eager and flowing will do homage to the superiority of a compressed calm.

Shakspeare's Horatio is an essentially reserved man, cool and constant in exterior—a man of few words. Hamlet, impulsive, eager, swayed by contending passions, amazed with doubts, and thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls, turns to him with trust, feels a security in his repose, a dependence on his quiet judgment.

"Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please."

Such a man Horatio is, till the last dire extremity arrives, when at the fatal moment of his friend's advancing death, the secret passion of his nature is revealed. The silent depths of his sensibility are disclosed—the affections rise in revolt against the despotic rule—the emotions defy the master hand, and the man, distracted, clutches at the poisoned cup.

"I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;
Here's yet some liquor left."

Hamlet arrests him:

"As thou art a man, give me the cup—
O God! Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live
behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in
pain
To tell my story."

Horatio obeys. The obedience is evidently consistent with the whole character; but the momentary triumph of an intense suffering is not less so. Hamlet loved in Horatio, not an insensible man, but a man whose sensibilities were under a fixed control.

It was natural that he should appeal to such a man to be the vindicator of his fame. The silent, reserved, just man, would speak only to convince, he would not waste his force, he would live to tell the story truly and faithfully, and his story would be believed.

Hamlet appeals in the first instance to that strong manhood, which he with his more passionate and feminine characteristics clings to; but in the next, to the self-denying tenderness which his own fine susceptibilities have been able to recognize. And so we see Horatio survive to fulfill the last wish, to take upon himself the sacred office (and what is more sacred than this?) to defend the dead from slander, to keep the name that remains pure from taint as the life was that is gone—to preserve a high reputation from the at-

tacks of the base, from the rust and moth that corrupt, and from the thieves who break through and steal—to instruct, with a view to this end, the yet unknowing world how these things came about, not when the blow has once fallen passing into the extravagances of grief and mourning, but entering immediately upon a plain recital of facts, and addressing himself to Fortinbras with the settled composure which is becoming to a faithful messenger.

Particular qualities distinguish families, races, and nations; the northern races are the more restrained, the southern the more demonstrative. The English are noted at once as a reserved and as a poetical people.

"La nation Anglaise," says M. Ch. de Rémusat, with a just acknowledgment of our national qualities rare in a French writer, "est loin d'être un peuple sans imagination. Quel pays moderne plus fertile en grands poètes?"

The French, with their profuse words, their love of attitude, their natural tendency to display, diffuse their emotions over a wide surface, and their writers are sentimental and epigrammatic rather than passionate and poetical.

The sang froid Anglais, which, being truly translated, is English reserve, is at once a theme for the satire and the respect of the French authors. The well got-up English gentleman in French comedy is ludicrous in his composure. With a sandy wig, sandy whiskers, an eye-glass, and a stoop of the neck, he walks quietly through the most agitated scenes, never hurrying his step nor altering his favorite position. And when things have reached their dramatic climax, in the general torrent and whirlwind of passion, continuing to take his cool observation of proceedings, and uttering nothing more than these two monosyllables, "Oh! yes."

But the most eloquent, ardent, and imaginative of French writers has chosen a calm Englishman for the hero of her romance. While Lord Nevil is sailing away in serene dignity, Corinne is beating her head against a stone.

The impulsive nature is undoubtedly the more popular, but the reserved commands a higher and a deeper love. The impulsive, ardent in profession, eager in expression, in action can do no more than keep pace with promise, and more com-

monly falls below it; while the reserved and self-contained, making no promise, holding out no hope, is ever in advance of his own word, and the smallest act of kindness comes from him like a deed of grace. "Dark, and true, and tender is the north," says the poet; and "fierce, and false, and fickle is the south."

But this is rather in semblance than in fact.

The cold and silent north seems true by refraining from speech; the hot and forward south seems fickle, by speaking too much; for it is certain that no human being is altogether constant and consistent; only as long as he suppresses his opinions and feelings, the changes they undergo are not found out, while those who are given to much speaking, furnish the record of their own fluctuations, and are judged or misjudged accordingly, being often accused of insincerity where they should be the rather praised for their candor in admitting the error of a preconceived opinion, too great a haste in publication being the only fault of which they are really guilty.

The danger of the ready speaker lies in an expenditure of force. He runs the risk of being satisfied with the good word, to the neglect of the good deed; while the reserved man runs the risk of totally extinguishing the fire that he seeks to hide; for affection at last will languish to death for want of expression—and life of all kinds will lose itself in darkness.

If a nature be nobly stamped, is it not a pity to call in art to alter its face? Let vice have recourse to the screen, let the deformed visage be thickly covered, but let virtue show us something of the fairness of her aspect, and let the veil she wears be delicate, that we may discern through it the sweetness of her countenance.

Reserve is often mistaken for shyness, and sometimes for pride; with shyness it has in truth no kindred. Shyness is a timidity, an embarrassment in the presence of others, which proceeds rather from the physical condition of the nerves, than from any peculiar mental quality. Reserve is a mental effort. A baby may be shy, but a baby can not be reserved. Reserve is steadfast and not troubled; and except where the emotions are called into play, does not affect the flow of social intercourse. With the reserved man, so long as you remain in the regions of taste

and fancy, you may walk pleasantly through sunny paths and meadows, and pull sweet flowers as you go. It is only when you would enter upon the avenues of feeling that you run against the high closed gate.

Wordsworth in describing a poet has described a reserved man:

"He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.
The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley he has viewed,
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude."

But how, cries the hasty reader, can a poet be reserved? Is it not the business of his life to proclaim his passion, to detail to the public all the conflicts, struggles, and agonies of his fighting soul? Does he not confide his griefs, and open the inner shrine of his heart, to printer and publisher?

It is true, and yet he could not do it to a friend. He can address a public whom he does not see, but not the friend whom he does see, because he knows the exact boundary of his friend's sympathies; while in that large mass of unknown, there are unsounded depths of sensibility to appeal to, and to them, as the player to his audience, he may make his soliloquy aloud.

The height and depth of the love cherished towards the reserved has been spoken of. It is so deep, because we admire the more reverentially whatever is beyond the extent of our perception. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter yet." And there is "the unknown joy that knowing kills." Is not the fascination of the difficult and the dark entrancing in its kind? See how navigators are pressing on constantly to the north pole, at the risk of being ice-bound, wrecked, and miserably starved, merely because there is something to be discovered.

This affection is so high, so exalted, because it is free from the taint of self-love, and does not venture to ask for a return; content with the happiness of esteeming a true excellence and of giving without expecting to receive.

The impulsive man trusts his friend too much; the reserved man trusts only himself. The impulsive man may be despised, but can not be hated. The reserved man

may be hated, but can not be despised. He occupies the fortress; he holds the strong, impregnable position. He is behind the walls, and our shots whiz past him. He reveals no front to the foe. He will tire out the besieger. Only let him take care that while he makes his lines of defense against the enemy so strong he does not also close the way to friendly supplies.

All virtues may be carried into an excess which converts them into faults; and reserve, which is, after all, control, may pass into a repelling stoicism. Such a danger attends its constant exercise. And yet, if the present writer could be transported by the touch of a wizard's wand back into childhood, and then be

asked by too indulgent parents what he would wish to be in after-life, he would unhesitatingly reply, "a reserved man," in order to taste those peculiar pleasures, that timid homage, that proud sense of impenetrability, which have here been described. There is no wizard's wand; and no such choice is offered to him; he has nearly run his course out, and there is no turning back. He can not disguise from himself (not being apt at disguise) that he has not been hitherto a reserved man; but he may do his best with the little space that remains; and in writing at the present moment, he is conscious of viewing himself with a respectful satisfaction for the concealment that he practices while he holds back his name.

From Fraser's Magazine.

POEMS AND BALLADS OF GOETHE.*

THIS volume of translations is one of very considerable merit. The work has been well done, and it is but little to say that the material has deserved all the pains that have been bestowed upon it. Among Goethe's smaller lyrical pieces are some of the most beautiful and most characteristic of his compositions, and the present translators have brought to the task of turning them into English an unusual amount of literary skill and poetical experience. They have a fair claim to venture in so good a cause upon that most difficult form of original composition—the translation of poetry into poetry.

The two great objects and two great difficulties of all such translations may be stated as follows: We have first to give the meaning, the spirit, and tone of the original; and secondly, to make the work really native in the new language. Our labor is first to be faithful, and then to be vernacular.

Pope in his *Homer* and Dryden in his *Virgil* are conspicuous instances of success in the latter respect. They have signally

fallen short in the former. Dryden's *Virgil* is Dryden not Virgil; and Pope has utterly failed to reproduce, what he himself in his preface extols—the simplicity and directness of Homer. But he has written a real English book, quite as truly and thoroughly English as any of his own satires or epistles. Considering the extent of the work, we can not be surprised at hearing it called, as Johnson called it, the noblest version in any language. Dryden has passages of greater spirit, and here and there has performed miracles of execution. Witness some parts of the *Tyrrhena regum progenies*, and the opening of the Quarrel of Ajax and Ulysses:

The chiefs were set, the soldiers crowned the field:

To these the master of the sevenfold shield
Upstart'd fierce, and kindled with disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he rolled his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian galleys hauled aground;
Then stretching out his hand, O Jove! he cried,
Must then our cause before the fleet be tried;
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend,
But basely fled that memorable day
When I from Hector's hand redeemed the flaming prey?
So much 'tis easier, etc., etc.

* *Poems and Ballads of Goethe*. Translated by W. EDMONSTOUNE ATTOUN, D.C.L., and THEODORE MARTIN. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1859.

But Dryden is sadly negligent and dreadfully unequal; and as a whole we may say of Pope's *Iliad* that there is no translated book in which, with less absolute variation from the text, you have less sensation of the uneasy process of rendering sentence by sentence, verse after verse, and phrase for phrase, or in which you could more easily suppose that you were reading an original. Hence its popularity and the great influence it has exercised.

But in translating a great poem like the *Iliad*, or any work of a great writer like Goethe, the really important thing is to give the peculiar, individual, and distinctive character. And perhaps yet more than elsewhere is this the case where the poems are brief and lyrical—where the story is little and the style much. Even in Pope's heroics, Achilles shows who he is, and the march of events, though not of the narrative that tells them, is true to Homer. Calypso, Circe, and the Cyclops are original, though versified in Mr. Pope's manner by Broome or Fenton. But Goethe's lyrics will not be worth a great deal, if they are not presented in a style and manner very nearly approaching that style and manner in which Goethe wrote them and expressed himself. This is no case in which a pretty tale has but to be told again—a romaunt of the rose to be romanced once more. We have the portraiture of a particular human mind to re-portray, and the fine personal details of a human experience to reexpress. Some delicate autobiographical confidence is perverted by every seemingly slight alteration; some spiritual communication is recommunicated amiss; the scientific values of some subtle and exact psychology are, in the new notation, falsely conveyed. And there are bits of verse in the collection where the outlines and contours are as hard to copy as those of antique sculpture.

The translations in the present volume, made by two different hands, bear the impress of two different minds, and may be roughly divided into two classes following the two principles that have been mentioned. One of the two writers is remarkable for ease; and the other laudable for fidelity. There are efforts here, which readers tender of Goethe will find rather harsh, to make at all events an English poem out of a German. There are studies almost so careful as to be tame, to reproduce the exact original.

It should be said, however, at once that the two chief poems of the volume—both of them exceedingly difficult—have both of them been very fairly rendered. The *Bride of Corinth*, though for the sake of obtaining the essential double rhymes it deviates here and there rather widely from the letter, is in spirit faithful enough to “the awful and undefined horror” of that wonder of the critics; and *The God and the Bayaderé* is equally successful. Certainly it is not obligatory in all cases to translate in the same meter. Who would try to turn Virgil into English hexameters? But in these instances we think the translators have judged wisely that it was their duty at all hazards to make the attempt.

These two singular pieces are extremely characteristic of Goethe, and may very well serve to establish for the English reader the point of view from which the great German writer regarded the world, and the things of the world, visible and invisible, sensual and supersensual. But were we asked to name the compositions which above all others bring before us the man Goethe, and place us in communion with his mind and spirit, we should turn to such poems as *Prometheus*, *Mohammed's Song*, *The Limits of Humanity*, *The Song of the Spirits over the Waters*, and *Ganymede*. It is satisfactory to find that these, given in English, as in German they were written in rhymeless lyrical meter, have been carefully and scrupulously recomposed. They may be accepted as translations giving not the sense only, but, in kind if not in degree, the true tone and feeling of the original. They have not, indeed, the perfection either in diction or in rhythm which they have in the German, but they do produce (and that is the great thing) the same effect and impression.

LIMITS OF HUMANITY.

When the Creator,
The Great, the Eternal,
Sows with indifferent
Hand, from the rolling
Clouds, o'er the earth, his
Lightnings in blessing,
I kiss the nethermost
Hem of his garment,
Lowly inclining
In infantine awe.

For never against
The immortals, a mortal
May measure himself

Upward aspiring, if ever
He toucheth the stars with his forehead,
Then do his insecure feet
Stumble and totter and reel;
Then do the cloud and the tempest
Make him their pastime and sport.

Let him with sturdy
Sinewy limbs,
Tread the enduring
Firm-seated earth;
Aiming no further, than with
The oak or the vine to compare!

What doth distinguish
Gods from mankind?
This! Multitudinous
Billows roll ever
Before the Immortals,
An infinite stream.
We by a billow
Are lifted—a billow
Engulfs us—we sink,
And are heard of no more!

A little round
Encircles our life,
And races unnumbered
Extend through the ages,
Linked by existence's
Infinite chain.

SONG OF THE SPIRITS OVER THE WATERS.

The soul of man,
It is like water;
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven it mounteth,
And then again,
Still interchanging
Evermore, returns to earth.
Aloft it shoots,
A star in brightness,
From the beetling
Wall of rock.
Then in waves
Of graceful vapor,
On the glistening
Basalt, dustlike
Falls, and touched, and
Touching lightly,
Like a veil
It showers down, softly
Whispering, to its craggy base.

Rocks rise up,
To stem back the torrent,
And madly from steep to steep
Headlong it dashes,
Plunging in foam
To the whirling abyss.

Anon with murmurs low
It winds and wimples on,
Along the meadow vale,
And in the unruffled lake,
Heaven's stars their faces all
Contemplate, and are glad.

Wind is the water's
Favorite paramour;
Wind stirs the waves up
In foam from the deeps.

Man's spirit, oh! how like
Art thou to the water!
Man's destiny, how like
Art thou to the wind!

It is only to be regretted that Mr. Martin did not add to the obligations under which he has laid us by translating the hymn—

Edel sey der Mensch,
Hülfreich und gut.

Let man be noble,
Helpful, and good.

The English Ganymede a little disappoints the ear that is haunted by the charm of

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter.

But this is perhaps the least approachable of all the series.

Take in connection with these, though it appears in a different place, the following, which is extremely well done:

THE BREEZE.

The mists they are scattered,
The blue sky looks brightly,
And Eolus looses
The wearisome chain!
The winds, how they whistle!
The steersman is busy—
Hillio-ho, hillio-ho!
We dash through the billows—
They flash far behind us—
Land, land, boys, again!

Evening is not so satisfactory:

EVENING.

Peace breathes along the shade
Of every hill,
The tree-tops of the glade
Are hushed and still;
All woodland murmurs cease,
The birds to rest within the brake are gone.
Be patient, weary heart—anon,
Thou, too, shalt be at peace!

Neither is Mr. Longfellow's version sufficient:

Under the tree-tops is quiet now;
In all the woodlands hearest thou
Not a sound!
The little birds are asleep in the trees;
Wait! wait! and soon like these
Sleepest thou!

Listen to the original:

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh';
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Over every hill
All is still;
In no leaf of any tree
Can you see
The motion of a breath;
Every bird has ceased its song.
Wait; and thou, too, ere long
Shalt be quiet, in death.

Let one more be added to the list of failures.

It is in this serene ether of a divine intelligence that we seem most truly to meet the undying part (the *unsterbliches*) of Goethe. Here he is himself; elsewhere he is but striving to become himself. Next in value we should place perhaps the poems, such as those occurring in *Wilhelm Meister*, brief, condensed, and telling more than meets the ear, of suffering, oppression, and long endurance. To these, strange as it may seem at first reading, belongs the famous "Know'st thou the land"—

Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühen,
the perfect effect of which has not been given in any translation, though Mr. Martin's is careful and accurate. Another is Retribution, one of the Harper's fragments in the novel:

RETRIBUTION.

He that with tears did never eat his bread,
He that hath never lain through night's long hours,
Weeping in bitter anguish on his bed—
He knows ye not, ye dread celestial powers.
Ye lead us onwards into life. Ye leave
The wretch to fall; then yield him up, in woe,
Remorse, and pain, unceasingly to grieve;
For every sin is punished here below.

This also, with the labor of a year or two, might be better done.*

* Wer nie sein Brot mit Thränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette wienend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.

is thus translated by Mr. Carlyle—

From these poems we pass insensibly into the love verses. Separation, (p. 196,) has something of the same crystalline completeness which marks the products of long-suppressed feeling and thought. Mr. Aytoun, we think, has occupied himself rather too much in the pursuit of double rhymes to attend properly to subtler beauties. Yet it can not be said to be badly translated. Compare also the following:

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

I do not envy you, ye joyless stars,
Though fair ye be, and glorious to the sight—
The seaman's hope amidst the 'whelming storm,
When help from God or man there cometh none.
No! for ye love not, nor have ever loved!
Through the broad fields of heaven, the eternal hours

Lead on your circling spheres unceasingly.
How vast a journey have ye traveled o'er,
Since I, upon the bosom of my love,
Forgot all memory of night or you!

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye gloomy powers.

And the second stanza—

Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig werden;
Dann überlasst ihr ihn der Pein:
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

To Earth, this weary Earth, ye bring us,
To guilt ye let us heedless go;
Then leave repentance fierce to wring us,
A moment's guilt, an age of woe.

It is curious, as a matter of the mechanics of translation, to notice what little diversities, in languages so nearly akin as English and German, make a literal version impracticable, and send the translators off in different directions. The original words can almost be exactly given; but *mächte*, *nights*, which would rhyme to *nights*, *nächte*, must in English be turned into *powers*—*nights* must therefore in some way be paraphrased to introduce the word *hours*. There is a reluctance to force *sate* into a rhyming relation with *ate*, and an evident unwillingness to render *himmlischen* simply and without any addition by *heavenly*.

Who ne'er his bread with tears hath ate,
Who never through the sad night hours
Weeping upon his bed hath sate,
He knows not you, ye heavenly powers.

Forth into life you bid us go,
And into guilt you let us fall,
Then leave us to endure the woe
It brings unfailingly to all.

Come ye so early, Days of delight,
(p. 225,) has quite the feeling of Goethe;
and so has the following:

What stirs in my heart so?
What lures me from home?
What forces me outwards,
And onwards to roam?
Far up on the mountains
Lie cloudlets like snow;
Oh! were I but yonder,
'Tis there I must go.

But 'Yestre'en at gloaming, was I with
my dear,' and 'Ah! there is the bower
where my lady doth bide,' are surely rep-
ugnant to the taste that has been disci-
plined in Goethe's style. *Tunquam sco-
pulum, insolens verbum*. His words and
his phrases are always those of a living
language.

But in the love-poems in general, we
are haunted by a sense of the restricted
character of the passion. "Secret fatal!
il n'aimait pas." He was too far-seeing,
too transcendently intelligent, to be blind-
ly in love.* The imagination was enchanted,
the soul was agitated, the heart also
suffered; but the Mind which was the
man, revolved upon its center. There is
tenderness, there is passion—there are
longings, regrets, and desolations:

Oh! wherefore shouldst thou try
The tears of love to dry?
Nay, let them flow!
For didst thou only know,
How barren and how dead
Seems every thing below,
To those who have not tears enough
to shed,
Thou'dst rather bid them weep, and seek
their comfort so.

Infinite longings, overpowering regrets,
and profound desolations. Yet after all,
"The Sun ariseth, and they get them
away together."

The mists they are scattered,
The blue sky looks brightly,
And Eolus looses
The wearisome chain!

Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'!
As, with a slight variation, another poet
has said or sung—

* Let it be also said that he was too grave to
be lightly in love. With a little levity and
mockery the love-verses would have been more
acceptable: with less of serious purpose he
would have seemed more really human.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of — divine
intelligence,
And feed that sacred flame.

Indeed, we think the present translators
have admitted rather too many of the
love-poems. Too many also of the mere
ballads, which neither are very valuable
in themselves nor to any great degree
illustrate the character of the author.
Mr. Aytoun has had the skill to give to
many of these latter pieces a thoroughly
native (English or Scotch) effect. Who'll
buy a Cupid? (p. 190,) is really very
pretty. The Page and Maid of Honor is
ingenious. But the latter is certainly not
much like the original; and the original
is at best but a *jeu d'esprit*. Better than
these are the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus,
and The Wanderer, (p. 145,) which belong
to a different class. Yet among the mere
ballads, too, there are some which rise
into a higher region. Goethe, when he
wrote them, knew not what he was think-
ing of, and they come not from a divine
theory but from a human instinct. Such
are perhaps, The Erl King, The Fisher,
and The King in Thule. And here, too,
is something simple and beautiful:

THE WILD ROSE.

A boy espied, in morning light,
A little rosebud blowing;
'Twas so delicate and bright,
That he came to feast his sight,
And wonder at its growing.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud, brightly blowing!

I will gather thee—he cried—
Rosebud brightly blowing!
Then I'll sting thee, it replied,
And you'll quickly start aside
With the prickle glowing.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud, brightly blowing!

But he plucked it from the plain,
The rosebud brightly blowing!
It turned and stung him, but in vain—
He regarded not the pain,
Homewards with it going.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud, brightly blowing!

The portion of the volume that appears
to us least satisfactory is that between
pages 8 and 22, containing the poems in
the manner of the antique, written in the
original in hexameters or in hexameters
and pentameters.

These meters, even in the German, are, perhaps, after all said and done, not quite three quarters naturalized. The late Archdeacon Hare translated the *Alexis and Dora* into English longs and shorts; but it certainly is as yet difficult for the English ear to like them. But without saying that the translators were not perfectly right in selecting other meters in the place of the modern classical, we must say that in those which they have adopted they fail to give the rounded grace and epigrammatic neatness by which Goethe has made the rough Teutonic almost worthy of Propertius or the *Anthologia*. Blank verse, which Mr. Martin has used most frequently, is, perhaps unavoidably, diffuse and explanatory. Mr. Aytoun's trochaics, on the other hand, are turgid, and indeed bombastic. The most successful piece is one which Mr. Martin has written in Mr. Aytoun's measure :

PHŒBUS AND HERMES.

The deep-browed lord of Delos once, and Maia's
nimble-witted son,
Contended eagerly by whom the prize of glory
should be won;
Hermes longed to grasp the lyre — the lyre
Apollo hoped to gain,
And both their hearts were full of hope, and
yet the hopes of both were vain.
For Ares, to decide the strife, between them
rudely dashed in ire,
And waving high his falchion keen, he cleft in
twain the golden lyre.
Loud Hermes laughed maliciously, but at the
direful deed did fall
The deepest grief upon the heart of Phœbus
and the Muses all.

But Goethe would not have said "his falchion keen."

Here is an epigram which we have seen praised.

EXCULPATION.

Wilt thou dare to blame the woman for her
seeming sudden changes,
Swaying east and swaying westward, as the
breezes shake the tree?
Fool! thy selfish thought misguides thee—find
the man that never ranges;
Woman wavers but to seek him—Is not then
the fault in thee?

But will the admiring reader believe that the entire original, which has been inflated into this capacious balloon, is contained, as in a nut, in a brief distich, of which a very nearly literal transcript will stand as follows?

You complain of the woman for roving from one
to another:
Where is the constant man? whom she is try-
ing to find.

Here is another specimen in the same
high style:

THE SWISS ALP.

Yesterday thy head was brown, as are the flow-
ing locks of love,
In the bright blue sky I watched thee towering,
giant-like, above.
Now thy summit, white and hoary, glitters all
with silver snow,
Which the stormy night hath shaken from its
robes upon thy brow;
And I know that youth and age are bound with
such mysterious meaning,
As the days are linked together, one short dream
but intervening.

Add but a few Bon Gaultier touches here, and could we not believe we were reading the highly successful parody of some highly meretricious or spasmodic modern English composition? Is it conceivable that (by a strange Nemesis) a parodist may become his own original? Can type and anti-type, parody and anti-parody, be thus combined in one person and one poem? It seems strange; yet we could really think that the author of some of these English epigrams from Goethe had written them with the express object of proving it possible.

The best of Mr Aytoun's is

THE BROTHERS.

Slumber, Sleep—they were two brothers, ser-
vants to the Gods above;
Kind Prometheus lured them downwards, ever
filled with earthly love;
But what Gods could bear so lightly, pressed
too hard on men beneath;
Slumber did his brother's duty—Sleep was
deepened into Death.

Let the reader judge by the following
rough version of the letter of the text:

Slumber and Sleep, two brothers, appointed to
serve the immortals,
By Prometheus were brought hither to com-
fort mankind;
But what in heaven was light, to human crea-
tures was heavy,
Slumber became our Sleep, Sleep unto mor-
tals was Death.

The lines entitled Holy Family on page 22, we think should rather bear as their heading Suggested by, than Translated from

HOLY FAMILY.

O child of beauty rare!
 O mother chaste and fair!
 How happy seem they both, so far be-
 yond compare!
 She, in her infant blest,
 And he in conscious rest,
 Nestling within the soft warm cradle of
 her breast!
 What joy that sight might bear
 To him who sees them there,
 If, with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye,
 He looked upon the twain, like Joseph
 standing by.

The original (in the same rude style of rendering) is as follows:

Oh! the beautiful child, and oh! the most happy
 mother;
 She in her infant blest, and in its mother the
 babe.
 What sweet longing within me this picture
 might not occasion,
 Were I not, Joseph, like you, calmly con-
 demned to stand by!

We will end with an example of Mr.
 Martin's blank verse.

THE TEACHERS.

What time Diogenes, unmoved and still,
 Lay in his tub, and basked him in the sun—
 What time Calanus clomb, with lightsome step
 And smiling cheek, up to his fiery tomb—
 What rare examples these for Philip's son
 To curb his overmastering lust of sway,
 But that the Lord of the majestic world
 Was all too great for lessons even like these!

This is by no means the most diffuse of
 these pieces; less has been added here
 than in several other instances. Yet it is
 surely tame, and unfaithful to the spirit
 of the original, which is very nearly as
 follows:

Diogenes by his tub contenting himself with
 the sunshine,
 And Calanus with joy mounting his funeral
 pyre,
 Great examples were these for the eager off-
 spring of Philip,
 But for the conqueror of earth were, as the
 earth was, too small.

It is easy, however, to find fault, and
 very hard to avoid committing it. The
 translators say well in their preface:

It was with no small reluctance that they
 abandoned the classical measures in the case of
 the series of poems, In the Manner of the An-
 tique. But believing the idea of these exquisite
 pieces to be more important than the form, and
 to be separable from the form without serious
 detriment, they decided on adopting the meters
 which in their opinion would best commend
 them to the taste of English readers. For, after
 all, it is for them, and not for German scholars,
 that this volume has been written. Wherever,
 as in the case of the poems in irregular un-
 rhymed meters, it seemed possible to preserve
 the form without injury, and indeed with ad-
 vantage to the enjoyment of the poem, the trans-
 lators have endeavored to illustrate the rythmi-
 cal capabilities of our English speech, which
 they believe to be far greater than is generally
 supposed.

They may be assured, however, that
 German scholars will read their book with
 interest and pleasure. And, let it be re-
 membered, how large an intermediate
 class there is of *imperfect* German scho-
 lars, able to work their way, more or less
 successfully, through the original text,
 who will yet be extremely glad to have
 the assistance of a volume like this to
 guide them to the poetic purpose and sig-
 nificance of what they read, to correct and
 confirm their uncertain interpretations
 and constructions, and to give them the
 power of viewing readily, as a whole, a
 poem, every part of which, to them, it
 costs time and trouble, and the consulta-
 tion of a dictionary, to make out.

From Chambers's Journal.

AUNT JANET'S DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER I.

LOST!

"I AM glad you like the style of the setting, my love; it certainly is old fashioned; but the taste is very good, and the stones are particularly beautiful. Directly you become my son's wife, I shall give them up to you.

"You wonder I should like to part with them at my time of life! The truth is, for all their beauty, they afford me very little pleasure; their sparkling brilliancy recalls the saddest events of my life. It wants half an hour to dinner. I shall just have time to tell you the story."

These diamonds were a gift from my Aunt Janet, my mother's sister. I was left an orphan at an early age, and went to live with Aunt Janet. She had a very pleasant house on Clapham Common, with a large garden; and she possessed an excellent income, arising from various sources. Aunt Janet was a widow, and her property had been left her by her husband in her sole control. She had no children, and she had brought me up as her daughter: not that I was by any means spoiled; in truth, I was by no means as great a favorite as a little cousin of mine, Josiah Wilson, a child of my own age, who used to come and stay occasionally with us. On the plea of little Josiah being a visitor, I was always forced to give way to his whims and fancies, and let him be first in every thing. Even at that early age, I am sorry to say, I began to dislike my cousin; and my dislike was increased to positive hatred by his being constantly held up to me as a pattern-child. I believe that Josiah was naturally better behaved than I was; but even at that early age, I could perceive that he was particularly sly, and always took care to put on his best behavior in my aunt's presence. I can recollect, too, I was constantly punished for his faults: he used stoutly to deny every thing; it was useless for me to speak; he was always believed, and I received the punishment.

When my aunt purchased these diamonds, Josiah and myself were taken as a great treat to the shop—a very old established jeweler's in town. I was too young at the time to know any thing about the value of diamonds, but I perfectly recollect seeing the man in the shop show this very set to my aunt for her approval. After some demur at the price, she gave a check for the money, and took the diamonds home with her in the carriage.

It happened on that day my aunt was in excellent humor with me; and while Josiah and myself were playing in her dressing-room, she called me to her, and put the diamond necklace on my neck, in order, as she said, to see how it looked on another person. I was delighted at the glitter, and ran off to survey myself in the glass. My aunt promised me, in reply to my expressions of admiration, that if I grew up a good girl, those diamonds one day would be mine. Thereupon, Josiah began to cry furiously; and he declared, with childish vehemence, that he *would* have the diamonds.

I suppose this early recollection would never have come to mind, but for its connection with subsequent events.

As we grew older, Josiah was sent to school, and we only met during his holidays. At these periods, he was always spoiled by my aunt, and his chief amusement was plaguing and teasing me: any appeal to my aunt was useless, for she always took his part. When Josiah's education was finished, he was placed in a stock-broker's office to learn the business; and to my dismay, it was arranged that he should reside with us.

However, matters did not turn out so unpleasantly as I had anticipated. Josiah, whenever we were thrown together, was civil and courteous; and though I could never tolerate his sly manner, and the false way in which he always treated my aunt, yet we contrived, on the whole, to live harmoniously together.

At last Josiah came of age. I recollect how surprised I was, on the morning of

that day, when he presented me, in the presence of my aunt, with a very handsome bracelet. As he was my cousin, and as we had been so much together, I never dreamed for a moment that there could be any significance in the gift, and I saw from my aunt's manner that she would have been hurt had I refused it. My aunt gave a grand party in honor of the birthday, and I was still more surprised to find that all Josiah's attentions were paid to me, although there were several very pretty girls present, who, I knew, would have been nothing loth to receive the addresses of Mrs. Wilson's favorite nephew.

This most unexpected conduct greatly embarrassed me; independently of my positive dislike for Josiah Wilson, my feelings were already set in a particular direction. I was dreadfully distressed lest Mr. Huntly should fancy that I was gratified by my cousin's attention; and then I found that my aunt had been whispering here and there mysteriously that my new bracelet was Josiah's present. I would have given any thing to tear it from my arm, and strove as much as possible to bury it in my dress.

The truth came out next morning. After I had read to my aunt, as was our custom, the lessons for the day, she spoke to me in a serious tone. She felt she was growing old, she said: in the event of her death, I should be left without a protector; it was the dearest wish of her heart to see me Josiah's wife.

I trembled at her words, for I knew, with all her kindness, that my aunt was of a very determined disposition, that she could never bear to be thwarted.

I replied that Josiah's conduct had never led me to suppose that he regarded me other than in the light of a sister. "Ay," replied my aunt, "I have talked the matter over with your cousin, and he confessed that he has liked you very much for years past, but that your manner towards him has always checked any demonstration of his true feelings: I then told him," continued my aunt, "that it was for him to take the initiative in a courtship."

I was sick at heart, and escaped, as soon as possible, from the room, on some housekeeping excuse. I understood the matter clearly enough: Josiah saw how deeply my aunt had set her heart on our marriage, and he resolved, for his own interest, not to be the person to thwart her.

My persecution began from that day. I was to be taught to like Josiah Wilson. My aunt devised all sorts of plans for forcing us together: he used constantly to bring me home presents from the city, jewelry, bouquets, and the like, which I was forced to accept. My aunt frequently told her friends that we were very much attached to one another, and that she supposed, one day or other, we should ask her consent to our union. My greatest distress was to see how piqued and angry Edward, Mr. Huntly, was at the attentions I received from my cousin; he evidently thought I was on the point of being engaged. My lips were sealed; it was impossible for me to give him any indication of my real feelings. Josiah was alwas at my side, paying me the most assiduous court.

After a short time, Josiah made me an offer, and I refused him without hesitation. I was certainly astonished by the warmth with which he pressed his suit, for I had fancied he was only acting out of compliances with my aunt's wishes. He begged and prayed that I would not pronounce an ultimate decision: he had perhaps been rather premature in his declaration; he only asked further time to prove the sincerity of his love. He would take no refusal; and we parted.

As might be imagined, my aunt was very angry at my conduct: she expostulated earnestly with me; and in order to show how deeply she had the matter at heart, she detailed to me the plans she had formed for our future mode of life. We were to live with her; at her death, she would bequeath us all her property; and on the day of our engagement, she intended to present us each with five thousand pounds.

I was placed in a most delicate position: I was wholly dependent on my aunt; I had not a single relation in the world who could help me; Mr. Huntly, as was natural under the circumstances, had ceased to pay me any attention.

Things took the course I feared: my aunt, finding that her arguments in Josiah's favor were unavailing, had recourse to threats; she reminded me that the disobedience was wholly on my side; she declared that it would be the worse for me if I persisted in my refusal; and she concluded a very painful conversation by desiring me to give her my final decision after the dinner-party to which we were

going on the following evening: in the mean while, I was to think over the matter well.

When she had ceased speaking, my aunt recollected she had left the book she was reading in the summer-house, near the end of the garden: she was about to ring for the servant to fetch it; I said I would go instead of her. It was a lovely summer night, and the cool air was very refreshing after the excitement I had gone through.

I found the book in the summer-house, but I did not return immediately, the intense calm of night was so delightful. I was in a strange condition, half-musing, half-crying, when I heard voices behind the summer-house. I felt frightened, and drew back into the shade. Listening very intently, I could distinguish my cousin's voice, then another voice—a woman's—my aunt's maid, Lucy! To my utter amazement, I heard him ask the girl to meet him at that spot on the following evening, after we returned home from the party. It was my cousin's voice—I was certain of that. They passed away. This was the excellent man my aunt wanted me to marry! I was quite overcome with anger and indignation. I would denounce his conduct at once! When I had sufficiently recovered myself, I hurried back to the house; my aunt was not in the drawing-room; I had time for reflection. How did matters stand? Why, only my word against his! Of course, the girl would deny every thing: his word from childhood had always been preferred to mine; my aunt, at most, would believe I had mistaken the voice.

I resolved to hold my peace till the following evening. What a night and day of agitation I passed! Not one word did my aunt say about Josiah during the next day, but her manner was all kindness towards me.

The dinner-party was to be a very grand affair; and my aunt, as was usual on such occasions, wore her diamonds.

You may imagine how little I enjoyed myself seated next my cousin. Mrs. Huntly, Edward's mother, was at the party, and I could see she watched us very intently.

It happened after dinner, before the gentlemen came up, that Mrs. Huntly and myself were left alone together in one of the drawing-rooms. She addressed me, and laughingly said she supposed she

would soon have the pleasure of congratulating me on my engagement with my cousin. I longed to speak out to her, to tell her how I disliked my cousin, and loved her son, but I dared not. I strove to say something; my tongue was powerless; I burst into a flood of tears. Fortunately, I recovered myself before my aunt caught sight of me.

We left the party at about eleven o'clock. As soon as we got home, my aunt bade Josiah good-night, retired to her dressing-room, and sent for her maid. When my aunt wore her diamonds it was the custom for me to take them from her dressing-room, and put them away, and they were kept in a room opening into the dressing-room, which was used as a boudoir. In this room was a large fire-proof safe, which on the outside had the appearance of an ordinary chiffonnière. I was in such a state of nervous agitation when I entered my aunt's room to obtain the diamonds, that at moments I seemed to lose my head. Lucy was assisting my aunt to undress; the diamonds lay on the dressing-table; I placed them in their box, and took them out of the room without saying a word. To my dismay, I found Josiah in the boudoir. There was always some difficulty about the lock of the safe, which was very elaborate: he took the keys out of my hand, and opened the door for me, and almost before I had placed the diamonds in their usual place, he renewed his hateful offer. It was on my lips to tell him that I knew of his baseness: luckily, as events will show, I restrained myself; but I did solemnly declare that, come what might, I would never be his wife. He tried to frighten me with my aunt's displeasure. In the midst of our discussion, in came Lucy from the dressing-room with a message that her mistress wished to see me immediately.

It was a relief, at all costs, to be out of Josiah's presence.

My aunt was sitting in her easy-chair, wrapped in her dressing-gown. Her manner was all kindness towards me—she made me sit close by her. To my surprise she did not say one word about the marriage; she began talking, accidentally as it were, about the alterations she intended to make in the house; she asked my opinion of her different plans. I replied incoherently enough, I'm sure, but she took no notice of my manner.

As we lived in the neighborhood of London, it was Josiah's custom very frequently to discharge a pistol out of his bedroom window. Hearing the report, recalled to my mind that I had left the keys of the safe with him. My aunt kept these keys in a secret place in her room, and was always very careful to see that they were safely deposited before she went to bed. I was puzzling my head how to get these keys from Josiah, for I had not the courage to go for them myself, when there came a tap at the door, and Lucy brought in the keys, saying that Mr. Josiah had told her to give them to my aunt.

The conversation about the improvements was resumed, and I soon found that all this had really reference to our marriage—my aunt choosing to assume, by implication, that I had consented to the match.

It was a warm sultry night, and, on pretense of wanting air, I went to the window. How my heart beat! Looking out, I could just perceive in the breaks of light on the path, a figure hurrying down the garden; I strained my sight hard to be assured of the fact. The time had come to tell my aunt of my cousin's conduct.

I turned abruptly from the window, and threw myself at her feet. "Aunt, I can not marry my cousin!" At that moment, to my utter astonishment and dismay, there was a knock outside the door: it was Josiah; he had come to ask whether Lucy had delivered the keys.

My aunt answered Josiah's question, and he went away; then turning to me, she asked, in a severe voice, what I had to say.

I knew it was in vain for me to speak without proof. I was silent through painful helplessness. My aunt waiting a while for me to speak, sternly declared I had willfully thrown away my best chance in life; henceforth she should never recur to the subject, and she bade me good-night. I reminded her that this was my first act of disobedience to her wishes; I declared I would never marry without her consent. It was all in vain: notwithstanding my tears and protestations, I could not move her to forgiveness.

But however great my distress of mind, it was for the time lost in bewilderment at Josiah's conduct. It could not have

been more than five minutes after he had inquired about the keys, that he hurried into my aunt's dressing-room without so much as knocking at the door, and told us, in going the rounds of the house, he had found one of the dining-room windows, which opened on the garden, unbarred, and the window open. He was certain there was some collusion with people outside; thieves might even now be secreted in the house. He rang the alarm-bell which was connected with the room. His manner seemed so perfectly natural, that I began to believe I must have mistaken the voice. The women-servants, dreadfully frightened, came huddling into the room, all but Lucy! Where was Lucy? Nobody knew; she was not up-stairs. Josiah and the two men were to search the house. The butler declared he had himself shut and barred the dining-room windows. Presently, we heard voices outside in the garden, and Josiah came back to my aunt's room, laughing; he said it was all a false alarm. The butler and footman had pounced upon Lucy just as she was coming in at the window. The wretched girl was hurried into my aunt's presence, and cross-questioned, Josiah standing by quite unconcerned. What had she been doing? she was so scared and frightened. All we could gain from her was, she had gone to meet her sweetheart.

My aunt gave her warning on the spot, and declared she should leave the house next day.

I was far too excited to sleep that night. Josiah's voice! was it Josiah's voice? I could think of nothing else.

Early in the morning, Lucy came into my room, crying bitterly. She begged and prayed I would intercede for her with my aunt.

"Tell me, Lucy, whom did you really go to meet?"

"Why, miss, only my young man," she replied.

"What an hour to choose, Lucy!"

"Yes, miss; but he's at work in London all day long."

I was determined to solve the mystery about Josiah.

"Listen to me, Lucy." I watched her closely as I spoke. "The night before last, about half-past ten, I went to fetch a book from the summer-house." She blushed scarlet at my words. "I heard

the meeting between you and that man arranged! I knew your voice, Lucy, and I knew his voice too!"

She turned deadly pale, and sank to the floor.

"O miss!" she said, in a low tone, "you never can forgive me. It was very, very wrong; but if you knew all, you would pity me. Mr. Josiah promised to get my brother let off being a soldier—he did indeed! Mother's broken-hearted about poor James."

I knew it was true that Lucy's brother had enlisted.

"Have you any proof to give of Mr. Josiah's promise?" I asked.

"Only my word; but that's worth nothing now," she replied, in accents of despair. "I've told one lie; nobody will believe me."

The girl's confession, which was so greatly to her detriment, left no doubt in my mind respecting my cousin; but the motive for his extraordinary conduct was still hidden in mystery. I cautioned the girl not to say a word about the affair with Mr. Josiah, which, unsupported as it was by any sufficient evidence, would only render her case worse with my aunt.

My aunt, of her own accord, after very serious admonition, awarded to Lucy the grace of a month's warning.

Never again did my aunt allude to my marriage with Josiah; but she treated me with the utmost coldness and distance.

It appeared that Mrs. Huntly had perfectly comprehended the reason of my silence and tears when she addressed me at the dinner. In a few days, I received a letter from her son, making me an offer.

Rejoiced as I was at this evidence of Mr. Huntly's love, I could have given any thing that his avowal should have been postponed till my aunt had become more reconciled to my rejection of Josiah.

I placed the letter in my aunt's hand, telling her that I held myself fully bound by my promise not to marry without her consent. She read the letter without making any remark on the contents, told me to acknowledge its receipt, and say that the subject should be fully answered in a few days. I little imagined the reply that letter was destined to receive.

One morning, about ten days after the dinner-party, I was summoned to my aunt's room: of course I believed she

wished to see me respecting Mr. Huntly's offer. When I entered the room, I could see she was much agitated; she motioned me to shut the door.

"Where did you put the diamonds on the night of the dinner?" she inquired.

"In their usual place, at the top of the drawer," I replied.

"Find them, then!"

I knelt down, and looked into the safe; the diamonds were not in their place. I felt dreadfully alarmed; it was my fault, for letting the keys go out of my hands. I pulled out all the contents of the safe, parchments, legal documents, dusty bundles of letters, bills, plate—the diamonds were gone!

"I have had the keys in my possession from the time Lucy brought them to me the night of the dinner; I can swear to it!" exclaimed my aunt. "Why, that was the night the girl was found in the garden."

"You don't suspect Lucy, aunt?"

"I do!" she replied with decision.

I protested it was impossible Lucy could have been guilty of such a crime.

"Well," rejoined my aunt, "we women are not fit judges in such a matter. I'll send for Mr. Chapman."

This gentleman was a solicitor, and had always been a great friend and chief adviser to my aunt.

A messenger was despatched to Mr. Chapman, and the coachman sent, ~~post~~ haste, to fetch Josiah home from the city.

In about two hours, Mr. Chapman was with us. My aunt related to him the occurrences of that night, calling upon me to supply the particulars in which I was concerned.

He desired that Lucy should be sent for. I would have willingly escaped from the room, but my aunt ordered me to remain.

Mr. Chapman placed his chair so that the light from the window fell full on Lucy's face as she stood before him.

I was in a perfect agony; I knew the girl was innocent. There was a sickening presentiment weighing in my mind, strive against it as I would, that Josiah was involved in the affair.

Mr. Chapman stated to Lucy, that in consequence of something which had just transpired, it was necessary for him to know the name of the person she had gone into the garden to see.

The girl looked anxiously at me; I

averted my eyes, but I felt my face burn beneath her gaze.

She said it was her lover!

"His name?" demanded Mr. Chapman.

She refused to give any name, and though he pressed her on the point, she remained obstinately silent.

"Now, Lucy," said he, "this is how matters stand: your mistress's diamonds were placed in that press: the keys were last in your possession: the diamonds are gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed the girl in terror. "Not me, sir; you don't suspect me?"

Mr. Chapman made no reply. Lucy turned from him to my aunt, and vehemently protested her innocence.

"It is in your own power, Lucy," said Mr. Chapman, "to clear yourself from suspicion by telling us the name of your lover."

In sheer desperation, the girl uttered some name. Mr. Chapman noted it down.

"Now, the address. Mind, I shall send a person instantly to verify what you say."

She stammered, prevaricated, and threw herself in an agony of grief on the floor.

Mr. Chapman told my aunt that a constable had better be sent for.

At this juncture, Josiah entered the room; he was not himself—I could see that: he peered anxiously round.

To my amazement, Lucy started up. "I will tell you who this man is, sir," she exclaimed to Mr. Chapman. "There he is;" and pointing to Josiah, she looked him steadfastly in the face.

"The girl's mad," said Josiah with affected coolness.

"This is a sheer loss of time," said Mr. Chapman; "we had better send her off."

"I'm not mad," cried the girl. "He knows he asked me to meet him in the garden; he promised to get off my poor brother, if I would."

I saw Josiah wince at her words.

"It's a base lie," interposed my aunt.

"Mr. Josiah never went into the garden the night you were found there."

"Wretched creature, this falsehood won't serve you," exclaimed Mr. Chapman indignantly.

"But I've a witness," she retorted boldly. "We were overheard the night before."

I saw Josiah grow pale. "Really,

aunt," said he, "you won't believe this nonsense."

"Of course not," replied my aunt; then turning to the girl, she told her to produce her witness.

Lucy flew up to me, and with determined energy drew me into the middle of the room. "Speak for me," she exclaimed.

It was a terrible moment; to speak, was to criminate Josiah.

"You must speak," said the girl fiercely; "if you don't, it will be on your conscience to your dying-day."

I shall never forget the terrible ordeal of questioning and cross-questioning I underwent. Lucy, now that the truth was out, had grown quite reckless and defiant, and she positively forced the words out of my mouth. My aunt, on the other hand, was strangely calm and composed, and seized with eagerness on every weak point in my narrative. I had stated that I had heard Josiah ask the girl to meet him. "Had I seen Josiah?" inquired my aunt; "that was the great point."

"No, I had certainly not seen him."

"Then I might, after all, have mistaken the voice."

I was ready enough to confess that I might have done so.

"But how had Lucy discovered my knowledge of the affair?"

I related my conversation with the girl on the following morning.

"It seems to me only to amount to this," said my aunt: "you have been all along prejudiced against your cousin. In the first place, you fancied you heard his voice; instead of openly speaking to me, and having the matter cleared up, you allowed the idea to remain in your mind. This wretched girl, cleverly enough, perceives the nature of your vile suspicions; very likely, long ere this, has been the confidante in the feelings you entertain towards your cousin; so she endeavors to gain your favor by debasing his character, and at the same time, for her own advantage, she converts you into a witness in support of the most palpable lie ever invented."

Mr. Chapman fully assented to my aunt's view of the matter.

I was in a perfect agony at the course things had taken. I denied, with truth, that I had ever spoken to Lucy about my cousin.

"No doubt," said Josiah, with a sneer, "my very charitable relation believes I have stolen these diamonds!"

"No, no, Josiah," I replied, "I know it can all be explained."

"It *shall* be explained," said he, sullenly. "I'll go to town instantly, and have the best man from Bow street to examine into the affair."

My aunt readily assented to this, and Josiah left the room. She then ordered Lucy to go down-stairs, telling her she would be strictly watched.

From the moment my aunt and Mr. Chapman began to discredit my evidence about Josiah, the girl's boldness had ebbed away, and utter despair again took possession of her. She begged and prayed most piteously not to be sent down-stairs; they might lock her up where they liked, but she dare not face the other servants.

My aunt, without noticing me in the slightest degree, left the room with Mr. Chapman. Lucy dragged herself with effort to where I was sitting.

"O miss!" said she. "I know you don't think me guilty. But do say so; the words would do me good; it's so terrible to bear!"

I assured her that I fully believed her innocent.

"Ah!" she continued, "I know I've got you into trouble, telling, as I did, about Mr. Josiah. Any other way, they might have burnt me before I'd have told it; but to be accused of stealing those diamonds—I could not hold my tongue."

I gave the poor girl what comfort I could, and then hurried away to my own room, for I was afraid to encounter my aunt. I heard what was going on from one of the servants, who came up to me from time to time.

Josiah returned from London after an absence of about three hours; a Bow street officer was to follow him immediately. From my bedroom window I saw a strange, forbidding-looking man with a slow, heavy step, come up the house-walk from the common. He was admitted into the house. I listened anxiously over the staircase to hear what was going on below. I heard them all—my aunt, Mr. Chapman, and the man—go to the room where I knew Lucy was. The man's heavy tramp went pit-pat with my heart. I felt perfectly ill with suspense. Then I heard the man's footsteps going towards my aunt's boudoir, tramp, tramp, down the

passage; all was silent. Presently, the footsteps returned down the passage to the room where they were all assembled. There was a sudden, loud shriek—Lucy's voice. I sank down, clinging to the banisters. I don't know what time had elapsed when one of the servants rushed up, breathless.

"Thank God! they're found!" she exclaimed.

"The diamonds?"

"Yes, miss; they were all the time in the safe."

"Impossible!" I replied. "I searched it myself;" and I hurried down-stairs to learn the truth.

CHAPTER II.

FOUND.

Mr. aunt, Josiah, Mr. Chapman, and Lucy were in the room; the officer had been sent down-stairs. "The diamonds were in the safe after all," said my aunt to me the moment I entered. "The officer, on pulling the drawer right out, found them in the space behind the back of the drawer and the safe. He says, that as the drawer was crammed full, the case must have got hitched against the cover of the drawer, and when the drawer was pulled out, the case fell behind it, and so got pushed back by the drawer."

I could see vindictive triumph in Josiah's eyes. "And now," said my aunt, "I have got to perform an act of justice towards Lucy. She has been wrongfully accused of stealing those diamonds. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have felt that no reparation which I could make would be too great; but she met the accusation with an infamous story—a story which, no doubt, she had originally trumped up for the purpose of gaining the good-will and assistance of a person who should have been above listening to such wicked insinuations."

My aunt's words were positive torture in my ears.

"However," continued my aunt, "if Lucy will sign a paper, declaring that story utterly false, I will, on my part, buy her brother off from the army, give her a clear year's wages, and, as far as I dare in justice, not concealing what has occurred, give her such a character as may gain her

a respectable place. Mr. Chapman will draw out the statement."

There was a dead silence while Mr. Chapman was writing; I raised my eyes to look at Lucy. The girl was evidently so entirely unhinged by what had occurred, that she seemed quite unconscious that the matter on hand concerned her.

"Now, Lucy," said Mr. Chapman briskly, "sign this."

"Read it to her first," exclaimed my aunt.

"But it is not a lie, sir, indeed," said Lucy faintly, interrupting Mr. Chapman as he read.

Mr. Chapman paid no attention to her, but read on to the end.

"Now," said he, "we won't argue the question of it's being a lie or not; that would be an utter loss of time, for every person of common-sense must be convinced that it is. If you sign this paper, you obtain the advantages your mistress has offered; if you refuse, you leave this house a beggar, without a character. Choose;" and he offered her a pen.

"Lucy!" I cried involuntarily.

The girl turned and looked at me with unmeaning gaze.

"Silence!" said my aunt to me in a severe tone; "don't you interfere with her."

Mr. Chapman was whispering to Lucy. From what I overheard, it was evident that he merely attributed her hesitation to an obstinate persistence in her story.

But I could not keep silence. I had been forced to speak against Josiah upon strong conviction. I should never have felt convinced of my mistake if I thought that the girl had signed the paper from mercenary motives.

"Lucy," said I, "listen to me. The question is, was Mr. Josiah with you in the garden that evening before the dinner, or not? They say it was your interest once to declare he was; it is now clearly your interest to deny it. Lay aside this wretched question of interest, and speak the truth. You will have to speak the truth one day. It is better to speak it now, though it makes you a beggar, than speak it hereafter with shame and remorse."

I could see how agitated the girl was; pain of irresolution flushed her face; she abruptly left Mr. Chapman and came to my side.

"I won't sign it!" she exclaimed. "I did speak the truth."

My aunt was the first to recover from the surprise which my conduct created. She rang the bell; the butler entered. "Pay that girl," said she, "a month's wages, and turn her out of the house. Mind, she leaves this house not a thief, but a liar."

My courage had ebbed away with the words I had addressed to Lucy; I sank into a chair overwhelmed with an intense feeling of moral exhaustion; then my aunt, in the bitterest words, upbraided me for the opinion I persisted in entertaining about Josiah. She would insist upon it, notwithstanding all my assurances, that I had eagerly caught at the girl's story, in the hopes of undermining Josiah's character; but the scheme had failed—the blow had fallen on my head. She called upon Mr. Chapman to witness her words: "Not one penny of her fortune should be mine; henceforth, I should work for my bread as a governess, and cease to be an inmate of her house." Suddenly recollecting herself, she drew Mr. Huntly's letter from her pocket. "There," said she, "the sooner you answer that, the better. Now! this evening! go, and say you are a beggar, and see if he will care for you."

I was very angry—indignant at her cruel challenge. I spoke at random. "I will go," said I, and I left the room. I was far too excited to think. I put on my bonnet, hurried down-stairs, and shut the hall-door after me. Whither?—to Mrs. Huntly's—but——? I began to think as I turned on the door step, and looked forth on the common: the old home-scene, so familiar, years and years I had looked out upon it from my bed-room window. The sun was beginning to set as I lingered on the door-step; the whole scene was bright and warm, but it chilled me through and through. The feeling of home was gone—I felt I was face to face with the cold hard world. Then doubt and desolation came upon me. If my aunt had been alone, I would have returned, and swallowed my words, and prayed on my knees to be taken back; but I thought of Josiah's triumph—I dare not face that; and I turned away, and left the house.

I shall never forget the cruel doubts which beset me in that short walk to Mrs. Huntly's, the sad possibilities which

thronged my brain; not that I doubted of his love, but I knew he was not rich; he might have looked for something on my part to enable us to marry. At the very least, I was throwing myself on his generosity, not only accepting, but seizing eagerly at his offer, as a drowning wretch clutches at a straw. Then my circumstances were so totally changed since the offer was made, that my pride revolted at the idea of forcing him, out of honor, to take me as his wife. The idea of going to Mrs. Huntly's, which, on the spur of the moment, had appeared perfectly natural and proper, began to seem nothing short of utter boldness and impudence.

I am sure I must have given it up, and gone back humbly to my aunt's, had he—Mr. Huntly—not overtaken me on the common; he only bowed, and would have passed on, (he said afterwards he thought he had no right to address me till his letter was answered.) I spoke his name only very low, but he caught it, and turned. I felt terribly frightened, and could scarcely speak, but this was only at first; a few words from him, and doubt was over, and he took me home to his mother.

Mrs. Huntly was very kind to me; she called me from the very first her daughter, listening with a mother's sympathy to all I had to say. I was to call their house my home; and in a very short time it really was my own home. We were married as speedily as arrangements would permit.

I did all in my power to obtain my aunt's forgiveness, but in vain. The day after I was at Mrs. Huntly's, my wardrobe, and every thing I possessed, were sent to me, but no letter or message; and though I wrote very often, I received no reply. This was the only drawback to my happiness. Though Mr. Huntly's income was small, it was quite sufficient for every comfort. He was so thoughtfully kind: he bought Lucy's brother out of the army, and Lucy, poor girl, Mrs. Huntly took at once into her service, and she never left us till she went away to be married many years afterwards.

I had been married three months, and I had never even chanced to meet my aunt in my walks, but I heard of her from time to time from mutual friends.

One day, intelligence was brought me that she was seriously ill—a paralytic seizure. In the greatest anxiety, I has-

tened to the house; the doctor's carriage was at the door. I asked how my aunt was. The butler said she was very ill. Could I see her? The man said he had strict orders to refuse me admittance.

"Whose orders?" I inquired.

"Mr. Josiah's," was the reply. I was reflecting upon what I had better do, when the doctor came down-stairs. He had always been a very kind friend of mine.

"I'm so glad you are here," said he; "I think it might do your aunt good; she has mentioned your name several times." He begged to have a few words with me in the dining-room.

"But I'm refused admittance."

"Mr. Josiah's orders, sir," said the butler, puzzled what to do.

"I'll be responsible," replied the doctor, and I followed him into the dining-room.

The doctor did not disguise from me that it was a most serious attack. It was agreed that I should enter my aunt's room as if nothing had occurred between us, and busy myself with the general arrangements.

My aunt's face did brighten up when I approached her, and she smiled faintly. I was very distressed to see her in so sad a condition. I was on the point of referring to the past, and begging her forgiveness, but the doctor drew me back, and motioned to me to be silent.

My presence and attentions seemed to cause my aunt so much satisfaction, that the doctor expressed a strong wish, if possible, that I should remain and nurse her. I could sleep on the sofa in the room. He feared that my services would not be very long required. I was so very glad to be of any comfort to my aunt, that I readily agreed to the proposition; then I recollected about Josiah, and reminded the doctor of the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed. He promised me that I should have no annoyance or anxiety on that score. I was thus fully established as chief nurse. My first meeting with Josiah was not nearly so embarrassing as I had feared; he was certainly cold and distant in his manner, but he expressed himself very pleased that my aunt should have me with her; nevertheless, I heard afterwards, that the unfortunate butler who had admitted me was peremptorily dismissed.

At the first, when my aunt was so ill and helpless, Josiah came very little into

the sick-room; but as soon as she grew better, and began thoroughly to regain her consciousness and the use of her limbs, he was in and out of the room all day. On the plea that I should be over-fatigued, he wanted me to let the nurse sleep in the room. I would not consent to this; I said, that as my aunt was so accustomed to my nursing, I knew she would never like any body else with her. He was very reluctant to forego his proposal. The nurse slept in the boudoir, and I observed that she became far more active and attentive in the night than she had been during the worst of the illness. If I got up ever so softly to go to my aunt's bed, she was sure to be in the room; and more than that, the slightest movement always brought Josiah tapping at the door to know if we wanted any thing.

My aunt was so pleased with Josiah's attentions, she would call out as loud as she could: "Thank you, Josiah; you go to bed; it's nothing, Josiah."

I remember wanting to send a note home; there was no ink in my aunt's inkstand, so I asked the nurse to get some. She left the room, and Josiah presently came in with his own inkstand, and placed it before me. I wrote my note, which he undertook to send, and then he carried his inkstand off with him.

Some how, I could never get any ink kept in my aunt's inkstand, and whenever I inquired for ink, Josiah was sure to come into the room.

I soon discovered that every movement of mine was closely watched; but it was all done so cleverly and naturally, that I had not a word to say.

One morning, Josiah was sitting in the room with my aunt and myself; I had been up several times in the night, and was in a sort of half-doze, when I heard my aunt address Josiah in a low tone: "She has been very good to me during my illness, giving up her time so entirely. You feel that, Josiah, don't you?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Then, Josiah, forgive her, for my sake."

"For your sake, aunt, I do forgive her."

"You hear that?" said my aunt to me, "Josiah forgives you."

"From the bottom of your heart — say so, Josiah."

"From the bottom of my heart," echoed Josiah; but I could see the scowl on his face as he spoke.

"I must do something for her," continued my aunt.

"O aunt!" exclaimed Josiah, starting from his seat and coming to the bedside, "haven't I been always affectionate, and attentive, and dutiful? Did I marry against your commands? Did I spurn your kindness?"

"You have been very good, Josiah — very good," replied my aunt. "I only want to do some little thing for her, because she has been so attentive during this illness."

My pride was aroused, and but for fear of over-exciting my aunt, I should have declined any return for doing what was merely my duty.

"I can't give her any money; I've sworn not," said my aunt, addressing Josiah.

"You did swear it," he replied very deliberately; "Mr. Chapman was witness."

"But there are the diamonds, Josiah."

"The diamonds!" he exclaimed, raising his voice.

"I could give the diamonds, Josiah."

"What! your own diamonds, aunt," said he, "which you have always worn?"

"They're not money, Josiah."

"But she married out of the family. Your diamonds go to strangers?"

I could not endure this. I begged my aunt to let Josiah have the diamonds.

"She *shall* have the diamonds!" said my aunt peremptorily. "Go and get them, Josiah;" and with some difficulty, she took off her neck the key of the drawer.

Josiah, much to his discontent, was forced to obey: he went to the boudoir, and brought in the diamonds, which he placed on the bed.

I was so dreadfully afraid of some scene taking place, which I knew would be very prejudicial to my aunt, that I was greatly relieved at the doctor being announced.

"There," said my aunt, pushing the case towards me with great effort, "I said they should be yours the first day I bought them, if you were a good girl: you have been very good during this illness; take them; and do what you like with them."

"One word," said Josiah, speaking to me: "never forget that those were once Aunt Janet's diamonds, which she bought years ago. They are very precious to me. If you ever desire to part with them,

or even to modernize the setting, let me know. I will strive to scrape money together to give the full worth as they stand now."

Poor Aunt Janet! she little knew what she was doing when she gave me those diamonds.

The doctor was quite right; my services were not required very long; another seizure took place; and after lingering a few days, my aunt died. The whole of the property was left to Josiah, with the reservation that, if he died without children, the land was to go to my eldest son.

Of course, we kept up no intercourse with Josiah; but I heard quite enough of his goings-on to show that I had formed a true estimate of his character. As soon as he came into his wealth, he began to lead a very wild and dissipated life.

When I placed the diamonds in my husband's hands, I told him that Aunt Janet had given me the option of parting with them, which, if he thought advisable, I should be very happy to do, as I felt our circumstances would not permit of my wearing them. He would not listen to my proposal: he was not pressed for money, he said, and in a few years, I might be fully entitled to wear them.

Ah! my love, I am so glad that you are not going to marry a man on that horrid Stock Exchange! I am sure the dreadful anxiety I have undergone about Mr. Huntly. In those days, he was without the experience which he now possesses, and at a time when steady business was very dull, he took to speculating on his own account, and on behalf of others who were very cunning and plausible. It seemed that he was successful at first, and I used to be quite surprised at his elation of spirits. One day he came home sadly downcast; he had had very heavy losses, chiefly through the villainy of a client, whose debts my husband was bound to make good. He feared it would be necessary for me to part with the diamonds. Of course, I was only too glad to think that we yet possessed the means of setting things to rights.

According to my promise, I resolved at once to write to Josiah, and offer him the diamonds; and we agreed that I had better ascertain their value from an experienced jeweler, and so mention a sum in the letter.

Taking Lucy as an escort, I went off the next morning to a very old-established

jeweler's at the top of the Strand, where Mr. Huntly's family had dealt for many years.

I gave the case into the hands of the chief partner of the firm, who happened to be in the shop, and asked him to give me some idea of the market-value of the stones.

He made a very careful examination.

"I suppose, ma'am," said he, "you are aware that these are *not* diamonds?"

I said, with great warmth, that they had belonged to an aunt of mine, that they were bought at —'s.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he replied; "they could not have been sold for diamonds; but they are very perfect imitations; at first, I was deceived by them myself."

"Why," I replied, in a state of the greatest excitement, "I was present, years ago, when they were bought—I know they are diamonds."

"You have asked my opinion," said the jeweler kindly, "and I am very sorry to be obliged to undeceive you. The proof is very simple: I shall, if you will allow me, draw a file over one of these stones; if the stone remains uninjured, it is a diamond."

"Do it!" said I with desperation; but, as I spoke, I felt the man was right. We were ruined—my husband compromised!

Crash went the file—the stone was starred! I looked for a moment, and fainted.

When I came to myself, Lucy was attending to me.

"Mr. Josiah," she whispered in my ear.

"What?" said I, dreadfully confused.

"He took them that night; I know he did."

The shop-people were about us; I bade her be silent. We regained our coach, and returned home. I felt convinced that Josiah had changed the diamonds. Ah! me! it was very weary and sad waiting as that day dragged slowly on, and Mr. Huntly was so late. When he did come home, he was far calmer than I had expected.

"Thank God," said he, "I know the worst of it—a thousand pounds will set things straight. You told me your aunt gave more than twelve hundred for the diamonds —"

"But —" said I, in a perfect agony.

"But what?" he exclaimed impatiently.

"O Edward!" I replied, "the sooner I tell you the better. They are not diamonds: they are worth nothing!"

I recounted the events of the morning.

I shall never forget the end of that day; its utter hopelessness and despair; ay, and the bitter days that followed close upon it. How to raise that thousand pounds? Why, selling all we possessed, at the price things fetch at a sale, we knew would not realize one half; and then my husband would stand compromised for the rest, a defaulter, with his name posted up. I remember it was all so sad, that I felt I was almost doing wrong to smile at baby as he laughed and crowed in my arms.

In the absence of direct proof, my husband thought it was hopeless to do any thing with regard to Josiah; but I was determined to have Mr. Chapman's advice in the matter. That gentleman received me very kindly. I found that Josiah had given him serious offense with regard to some pecuniary transaction arising out of my aunt's will. He was greatly astonished when I told him that the diamonds were false. He confessed that, on after-reflection, he had been very much puzzled by Lucy's persistence in her statement; but if he had entertained any suspicions against Josiah, it was of course nothing beyond the supposition, that Josiah, having asked the girl to meet him, and fearing the affair had been discovered, had endeavored to shift out of it as best he might. The false diamonds gave a totally new color to the transaction. The case would stand thus—Josiah might have fallen into extravagances before my aunt's death; indeed he, Mr. Chapman, had received pretty strong proof that such was the fact. Unwilling to confess his delinquencies, he had sought some other mode of extrication. Marriage with me would have given him the immediate command of money. That failed. Then the abstraction of the diamonds. He knew that my aunt would wear the diamonds on the night of the dinner-party; Lucy is asked to meet him at the end of the garden on that night; he takes care that she has the keys of the press left for a time in her hands; the diamonds are missing; suspicion naturally falls on Lucy. Ten days have elapsed between the party and the loss of the diamonds being discovered; the diamonds are altered during that

period; and at the very last moment, the false stones are cleverly deposited in a place in which nineteen people out of twenty would never dream of looking for them. But all this supposition, urged Mr. Chapman, is worth nothing, unless we can get hold of Josiah's accomplice in the affair.

Mr. Chapman very warmly pledged himself to assist me, though he could not hold out any strong hopes of success.

"In the first place," said he, "we must ascertain whether your aunt ever purchased diamonds or not."

We found, on application, that the jeweler's books showed that certain diamond ornaments had been sold to my aunt at the price of thirteen hundred and seventy pounds. Moreover, the late foreman, an old man, who had since become a partner, was prepared to swear to their being diamonds.

In order to ascertain Josiah's cognizance of the fraud, Mr. Chapman directed me to write to my cousin; and he sketched out a letter which stated that my circumstances obliged me to part with the diamonds; and according to my promise, I gave him the first offer at the price my aunt had originally paid.

To my surprise, Josiah sent an answer almost by return of post. The letter was written in his usual hypocritical style: he deplored the necessity of my parting with the diamonds, but he was truly obliged to me for not forgetting his request. He believed that diamonds had lately risen in value; and he thought the fairest plan would be that the diamonds should be taken to his jewelers', and he would direct them to give me the highest market-price; my own jeweler had of course better be consulted.

"He knows all about it," said Mr. Chapman, reading the letter, "or he would not have made such a proposal."

"But," said I impatiently, "how will this avail us? The auctioneer is now in our house."

"Have faith, madam," he replied; "I am acting under the advice of a very clever detective."

He then directed me to write again to Josiah, and say that I had been advised that the most satisfactory mode of disposing of the diamonds would be by public competition.

Josiah did not communicate with me

again, but he wrote to the auctioneer, commissioning him to bid any fair sum at the sale.

I confess I had given up all hopes of success; but on the very evening of the day on which the sale took place, while we were anxiously waiting for the auctioneer's account of the proceeds, in came Mr. Chapman, exhibiting as much glee as his dry legal face would permit.

"Josiah's bought the diamonds!" he exclaimed.

"What! the paste?"

"No. Josiah's not such a fool as to give ten thousand pounds for paste."

We believed that Mr. Chapman must have been suddenly bereft of his senses; but he proved his words by a check on his own banker's for eight thousand pounds; and further than that, he placed in my hands a little box containing Aunt Janet's veritable diamonds.

This was Mr. Chapman's story. It had been arranged that the false diamonds should be on view with the rest of the effects; but they were to be placed under a glass case, and the detective, as an auctioneer's man in charge, was to watch narrowly all the people who came to view them. It was also agreed, on any person desiring a closer inspection, that the detective was to make excuses about the key of the case having been mislaid. Several people, evidently dealers in jewelry, had grumbled a great deal at only being able to see the diamonds through the glass, but nobody had expressed a doubt as to their being real. At last, two men came in together, and while the one was complaining about the key, the other, at a glance, told his companion that it did not matter; he knew they were only paste.

How could that man be certain at a glance that the stones were paste?

The detective motioned to Mr. Chapman, who was standing near. Mr. Chapman went up to the man, and drawing him aside, told him that he was quite right; the diamonds were only paste, and it would be worth money to any person who could say how they came to be paste.

By dint of clever examination, and promises of reward, the man confessed that he had made those very imitation stones himself! When? Somewhere about two years before. For whom? Well, he didn't mind saying that—the fellow was lately dead—Benson, the Jew

money-lender, who often employed him for that sort of job. On whose behalf was Benson acting? Ah! Benson kept his affairs very close; but it did happen there was a great press at the end to get this work done; and when he took it home to Benson's, he hurried at once into the private office, and there was the gentleman, all impatient to get possession of the false stones. Benson was angry with him for coming into the office. He never found out the gentleman's name; but he was certain he should know him again. And the diamonds? Yes, he fancied he knew where the diamonds were; the set had not been broken up; they were in the hands of a man who wanted a long price—diamonds were rising in the market; the man could bide his time.

"Now," said Mr. Chapman, "that gentleman you chanced to see is very anxious to get those diamonds back again; he will give the man his own price for them if they are brought to my office to-morrow morning, and something handsome to you in the bargain."

The man agreed. Mr. Chapman wrote to Josiah, making an appointment for the following morning, at eleven o'clock, respecting some executor business.

The man duly arrived at the office with the diamonds, and Mr. Chapman had them inspected by an experienced jeweler, who declared that they were genuine, and that they exactly corresponded with the original setting.

Josiah kept the appointment.

I can almost see Mr. Chapman before me now as he described his interview with Josiah. His features never lost their sedate business aspect, but his small gray eyes twinkled with waggish exultation.

Josiah was very ill-tempered, rude, about some proposal of Mr. Chapman's respecting my aunt's affairs.

"You are an ungrateful fellow, Josiah," said Mr. Chapman: "I'm always doing what I can for you. I heard that you were very anxious to get hold of your aunt's diamonds."

"Yes," replied Josiah; "I told the auctioneer to bid for me; but he says those diamonds have turned out to be sham."

"That's just it, Josiah; I have given myself all the pains in the world to get the real ones for you."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"Fact. They were in the hands of a

Mr. Benson. (Josiah turned deadly pale.) I find that person is dead; but I've a young man in the next office who was employed by Mr. Benson; he says he once saw a gentleman in Mr. Benson's office ——"

"I am very much indebted to you for your trouble," exclaimed Josiah, with the deepest of scowls on his countenance; "I'm only too glad to get my poor aunt's diamonds. What am I to pay?"

"Ten thousand pounds!" replied Mr. Chapman very deliberately. (Josiah made use of very strong expressions.) "Perhaps you don't think they are genuine," said Mr. Chapman. "Shall we have the young man in."

"I'll give the money," said Josiah hastily.

"Write a check."

"I have not so much money at my banker's."

"You forget," said Mr. Chapman, "that

the money for that estate is lodged at your banker's, pending the completion of the purchase: it will just suffice."

Josiah wrote the check. "Curse you," he exclaimed, as he gave it to Mr. Chapman.

"You ought to say thank you, Josiah. I'm sure I've taken a deal of trouble for you, acting as a friend. Now, if I had acted as a lawyer ——"

"Give me the diamonds," said Josiah.

Mr. Chapman placed the box in Josiah's hand. Josiah was about to leave the room. "You will excuse me," said Mr. Chapman blandly, "for making the remark; but your late aunt gave her *diamonds* — not the paste-stones — to your cousin. It is of course for you to consider what claim your cousin has to those diamonds.

Josiah considered for a moment, placed the box on the table, and skulked out of the room.

From the London Review

BUSHNELL ON MIRACLES.*

THERE are currents in human thought which, like the tides of ocean, are ever obeying some external influence; and hence each age has displayed its own type of speculation upon the grandest objects of human inquiry. Sometimes, the repose of luxury has given a dreamy character to the thoughts of a period; at other times, the trumpet-tongue of some great national danger has roused men's minds to an epic grandeur of thought and utterance; while, again, the petty distractions of civil discords have carried their influence into philosophy and literature, cramping them in the mold of their own narrowness, and depriving them of all greatness and dignity. In the same manner does every new movement of the human mind, in any

particular direction, affect every other movement; and each great revolution in science or philosophy has made itself felt in every other region of human inquiry. The revival of letters stirred the slumbering powers of intellectual life into vigorous growth and activity. The Reformation soon transfused its influence into politics, and changed the current of ordinary life. The method of Bacon realized the prediction of its originally intended title, by giving a new direction and impulse to physical inquiry, which promises to continue while mind is inquisitive and nature retains a secret. The revival of speculative philosophy in the last century has already made itself universally felt, and at this moment contends with physical science for the place of preëminence. It is in the nature of things that religious thought must share in every new influence; and as it is the deepest and most pervasive, it must share to the largest extent. Many men have little interest in physical knowledge or philosophical spe-

* *Nature and the Supernatural, as together constituting the One System of God.* By HORACE BUSHNELL. Second Edition. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1858.

Characteristics of the Gospel Miracles. By BROOKE FOSB WESTCOTT, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

ulation, but most persons feel that religion is of primary importance. If they believe it, their all of existence is bound up with it; if they do not believe it, the struggle to shake off its grasp upon the root-fibers of their nature is often life-long. And hence it comes to pass, that both in the clash of conflict, and in the quiet seclusion of meditation, the reigning or antagonistic systems of science and philosophy determine the form in which religious thought shall be conceived and expressed, and our extra-religious speculation obtrudes its presence into the sanctuary. It is idle to rebel against this intrusive presence; come it will, and it will not depart at our bidding. Indeed, it will be found, that those who have raised the loudest voice against it have usually proved themselves its greatest slaves; and the protest against philosophy has commonly been uttered by the abettors of a philosophy which was antagonistic. If religion at any point becomes a form of human thought—and if it does not, theology is impossible—then the influences of the age, which are present in the minds of thinkers, will be brought to bear upon it, and the utmost which its friends can do is, to oblige all other forms of thought to keep their place in relation to it—know the limits within which they are by their nature confined, and observe them; and thus to secure, as far as possible the higher reaches of the religious life from their impertinent intrusion.

The supernatural evidences of revealed religion have not escaped the operation of the universal law. Those who witnessed, with sincere hearts, the miracles of Christ, saw in them the action of a present God, and exclaimed, "A great prophet is risen up amongst us, and God hath visited his people;" while those who had previously believed felt their faith confirmed and their spirits comforted. Supernatural manifestations, though not much referred to by the earlier Christian apologists, must have had a powerful hold upon the Christian community; for all the earlier assailants of the faith were evidently troubled with them. In subsequent days of superstitious darkness, uncommon events were transmuted into miracles; and stories, miraculously fabulous, were circulated about the supernatural deeds of long-deceased or non-existing saints. But when the light of classic literature and a restored Bible, and sub-

sequently of renovated science, shone upon those twilight realms, those specters of dreamy imagination flitted away; and it is not difficult to discern, according to the prevalence of the humanistic or biblical element among the promoters or supporters of the Reformation, an occasional undertone of skepticism, mingling with the defiant challenge or the victorious argument of the more earnest and religious associates. The restoration of the sciences, and the discovery of fixed laws and undeviating sequences in nature, brought out a stronger antagonism to the miraculous, which, with more or less of popularity, has continued until now. In the seventeenth century, faith in the supernatural was strong and spiritual in its character. Miracles were insisted upon by the defenders of the Scriptures in such a manner as proved that they were felt to be a part of the Divine revelation, though the thought itself was not very definitely expressed. But in the eighteenth century—the age of English infidelity and cold apologetics—they had generally sunk into mere defenses of the faith, or forces which, if handled with a certain skillfulness, might do good service against the enemy. Divines regarded them as weapons of heavenly temper with which to assail and put to rout the legions of infidelity; and having, with what power they could muster, applied them to this purpose with various success, they rested content, and did not feel it necessary to examine into the nature of the instrument itself. What could be expected from this low view of these wonderful works of God, when combined with coldness in religion, and expressed in the spirit of mere advocacy, but that skepticism should turn away with increased hostility from the truth, and use all the means which science placed within its reach to overturn those defenses? Such was in reality the effect; and though the great religious revival of the last century staid for a time the full development of the antagonism, yet it existed, and in various modes has been since revealing itself amongst us. Physical science, on the one hand, has extended its conquests without pause or interruption. Nature's uniformities have been revealed in a more commanding manner; the known realm of law has been largely extended, and men standing on this vantage-ground have smiled complacently at all belief in the supernatural, because they

fancy they *know*. On the other hand, metaphysical speculation, as indulged by Schelling and Hegel, soaring into transcendental altitudes, fancies it enjoys the vision of the Absolute, and has discovered in its pantheistic reveries that a miracle is impossible. Dr. Strauss, without the shadow of a reason given, announces this admirable conclusion to the world as an absolute certainty. "Indeed," he declares, "no just notion of the true nature of history is possible without a perception of the inviolability of the chain of second causes, and of the *impossibility of miracles*."* These opinions operate with considerable force on many minds unable or unwilling to follow them out to their skeptical conclusions; and their influence can be clearly traced in our current literature, even when infidelity, as such, does not make its appearance. We expect such things in the writing of Mr. Carlyle, whose natural-supernaturalism is strongly tinged with a pantheistic element; or in the lucubrations of Mr. Smith, the author of *Thorndale*, who treats all such matters as "imaginings." But when we find men who are professed teachers of Christianity, like Mr. Gilfillan, writing as if impatient of the whole argument from miracles, and setting a host of youthful aspirants to the name of thinkers to look down upon the works of Butler and Paley as antiquated; and when we find many men, and even women, of fine and delicate minds and of pure moral perceptions, throwing the supernatural argument overboard, as not only a useless incumbrance, but a dangerous crowding of sail in a season of storm, we feel it is time to review the question seriously and earnestly; and examine, as we best can, the ground upon which our faith rests. The aspect of affairs we have now indicated is sufficient to rouse us to inquiry. We write not for the skeptic alone or mainly, but chiefly for the young, ardent, and inquiring Christian. We have felt the influence of the growing enervation of spirit, and it is now our firm conviction, that if we abandon the supernatural, we must abandon the whole of the Christian religion; for you can more easily remove from the woven embroidery its gorgeous ornaments without injury to the fabric, than you can extrude the supernatural from the whole texture of the New Testa-

ment. The atmosphere in which the sacred writers lived was full of it; and it exhibits itself as an all-pervasive presence in argument, in narrative, and in appeal. Christ himself makes his appeal to it as the ground of belief in him. "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works: that ye may know and believe, that the Father is in me, and I in him." (John 10 : 37, 38.)

To meet the demand of the state of mind we have attempted to describe, is the design of an important treatise now before us; and it is peculiarly gratifying to find, that a man of such powers as its author has come forward to meet the emergency. Dr. Bushnell has been for many years known in America as an able and fearless speculator on theological questions; and, on account of some previous publications, has ranked rather among that dreaded class, "the suspected." This fact, while yielding little immediate comfort to himself, has brought him sympathy from those who are without, enlarged his sphere of observation, and given to his experience a greater depth. Men who stand afar off, gazing at infidelity from a safe distance, and only catching on their ear the multitudinous echoes of its boasting, are much more likely to be in terror of it, and feeble in opposition to it, than those who boldly walk up to it, calmly investigate it, and even sympathetically look upon its difficulties and test its consolations. There is danger in the process; but if the man escapes without serious injury, the experience will be a lasting good to himself and the world. Dr. Bushnell's book has excited an amount of interest in America far beyond what is common. It fell like a thunderbolt upon the camp of the Rationalists, many of whom would no doubt turn upon its author with an "*Et tu Brute*." The first edition was immediately exhausted; only a stray copy of the second reached London; and we understand it is now in a fifth. But when we look into the book, we do not wonder at its speedy and widespread popularity. Independent of the known ability and eloquence of the author, the book is itself one of the most splendid contributions to theological science in our own or any age; and before we proceed in our general dissertation, we propose to give our readers a bird's-eye view of its scope and character. Its title, *Nature*

* Vol. i. p. 64, English edition.

and the Supernatural, as together constituting the One System of God, prepares us to expect that the author is not of the number of those who will succumb to the exclusive demands of physical science, or subject the high claims of religion to the dominion of any other authority. Let us hear his own purpose and aim.

"What I propose is simply this: to find a legitimate place for the supernatural in the system of God, and show it as a necessary part of the Divine system itself If I am successful, I shall make out an argument for the supernatural in Christianity which will save these two conditions: First, the rigid unity of the system of God; secondly, the fact that every thing takes place under fixed laws. I shall make out a conception both of nature and of supernatural redemption by Jesus Christ, the incarnate Word of God, which exactly meets the magnificent outline view of God's universal plan given by the great apostle to the Gentiles: 'And he is before all things, and by him' ['in him,' it should be] 'all things consist.' Christianity, in other words, is not an afterthought of God, but a forethought. It even antedates the world of nature, and is 'before all things'—before the foundation of the world. Instead of coming into the world as being no part of the system, or to interrupt and violate the system of things, they all consist, come together into system in Christ, as the center of unity and the head of the universal plan. The world was made to include Christianity; under that becomes a proper and complete frame of order; to that crystallizes, in all its appointments, events, and experiences; in that has the design or final cause revealed, by which all its distribution, laws, and historic changes are determined and systematized."—P. 31.

This is a sufficiently grand and ambitious aim, and we feel bound to say, that though the whole of what is here proposed has not been satisfactorily accomplished, yet our author's success in his high and difficult attempt is great beyond our expectation. Having set forth his object, he proceeds in the second chapter to define his terms.

"Nature," according to the definition, "is that created realm of being or substance which has an acting, a going on, or process from within itself, under and by its own laws. . . . It is still to our scientific, separated from our religious, contemplation, a chain of causes and effects, or a scheme of orderly succession, determined from within the scheme itself."—P. 36.

"That is supernatural, whatever it be, that is either not in the chain of natural cause and effect, or which acts on the chain of cause and

effect, in nature, from without the chain."—P. 37.

Thus, according to the Coleridgean definition, the natural corresponds with the necessary, traversed by the laws of causality; the supernatural corresponds with the free, transcending necessary law, and acting upon the natural externally from its own higher sphere. In this combination of things and powers the system of God consists, so that it is a blunder to speak of mere nature as that system, while consciousness, conscience, and revelation unite to proclaim that, outside of nature, a realm of free and accountable beings exists, having nature for their sphere of action, operating upon it and regulated by it, yet consciously superior to it. The same testimony is borne by the united voice of humanity in all lands and ages, in their mythologies and religious practices. But even within the realm of nature the analogue of the supernatural exists in the subordination of causes exhibited in inorganic and vital chemistry; while newly-discovered nature, according to the harmonious testimony of the ablest geologists, yields proof of supernatural action in the creation of new species, and above all, of man. Taking, then, the combined utterance of these testimonies, we have God, men, various orders of angels, and devils, forming a system of powers apart from nature, and above it.

In the *fourth* chapter Dr. Bushnell treats of "The Problem of Existence as related to the Fact of Evil," and shows that, while God could have created a universe of things, in which, as subjected to necessary law, no discord with the Divine law could have arisen, yet the creation of powers involved in itself the possibility of such discord. "Given the possibility of right, we have the possibility of wrong." But he does not rest here, he argues that, the end of man's existence being the perfection of our liberty, the schooling of our choice, that we may be fully established in harmony with God's will and character, "we must be set in conditions that invite consent, and treated also in a manner that invites the caprices of liberty;" adding, in respect to human beings: "It is a remarkable distinction, we have noted, that they are creatures perfectible only after they are made, while mere natural quantities and objects are perfect only as made." (P. 99.) From all this it follows, in Dr. Bushnell's judgment, that evil is cer-

tain. His words are: "Made organically perfect, set as full in God's harmony as they can be, in the mold of their constitution, surrounded by as many things as possible to allure them to ways of obedience, and keep them from the seductions of sin, we shall discover still that, given the fact of their begun existence, and their trial as persons or powers, they are in a condition privative, that involves their certain lapse into evil." (P. 107.) We can not stop to dwell upon this theory, and the sweeping manner in which our author applies it to all created moral beings. We regard this extreme mode of putting the matter not only as not justified by the reasonings he adduces, but as fatal to his fundamental conception of powers, and as an injurious excrescence on his system altogether unnecessary to his general argument; and we earnestly hope that no reader will be repelled by it from prosecuting the study of the volume.

In dealing with the "Fact of Sin," Dr. Bushnell shows that Naturalism generally ignores it; or, if its advocates use the term, they do not mean by it any act of man's will in opposition to the will of God; or that when such men as Mr. Parker stumble upon its right meaning, and speak of its hatefulness in terms of awful denunciation, they unanimously confound and controvert themselves: and he proceeds in a strain of solemn and resistless argument to exhibit sin as a supernatural fact—no misdirection of nature, but the deed of man's will in opposition to God's law, as witnessed in the universal imputation of blame, the self-condemnation of conscience, the general "shyness of God," "the malefactor aspect of man's conduct," and the provision which, by family, social, and civil law and government, we make against wrong-doing. Another class of proofs is drawn from the exercise of forgiveness, which without sin were an absurdity; and from the depth of the tragic sentiment in human nature, which, if guilt were not real, would reduce its most harrowing scenes to the most ridiculous comedy.

Dr. Bushnell now comes to the "Consequences of Sin," showing how, through its action, all the laws of nature can be turned aside from their benevolent purposes, and converted into evil; and here he turns with great power against themselves the argument of the naturalists respecting the retributive action of those laws. It is

not possible to read this chapter through without a shudder. Its stern truth and awful eloquence force us to realize Milton's grand figure, what Dr. Bushnell proves to be only soberest fact:

"Earth felt the wound; and nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost."

We shall give one illustration of the style in which he describes the disturbance introduced by sin into "the crystalline order of the soul."

"Give the fact of sin, the fact of a fatal breach in the normal state or constitutional order of the soul follows of necessity. And exactly this we shall see, if we look in upon its secret chambers, and watch the motions of sins in the confused ferment they raise—the perceptions discolored—the judgments unable to hold their scales steadily because of the fierce gusts of passion—the thoughts huddling by in crowds of wild suggestion—the imagination haunted by ugly and disgusting shapes—the appetites contesting with reason—the senses victorious over faith—anger blowing the over-heated fire of malice—low jealousies sulking in dark angles of the soul, and envies baser still hiding under the skin of its green-mantled pools—all the powers that should be strung in harmony loosened from each other, and brewing in hopeless and helpless confusion—the conscience meantime thundering wrathfully above, and shooting down hot bolts of judgment, and the pallid fears hurrying wildly about with their brimstone torches—these are the motions of sin, the Tartarean landscape of the soul and its disorders when self-government is gone, and the constitutional integrity of the soul is dissolved. We can not call it the natural state of man; nature disowns it. No one that looks in upon the ferment of its morbid, contesting, rasping, restive, uncontrollable action, can imagine, for a moment that he looks upon the sweet primal order of life and nature. No name sufficiently describes it, unless we coin a name, and call it a condition of unnature."—Pp. 172, 173.

We quote this passage, not for its elegance, (for in this respect it is perhaps the least attractive in the entire volume,) but for its startling presentation of the disorganizing results of sin in the soul. The argument is afterwards carried out through all the provinces of the human body, society, nations, and the lower creation, closing with a representation of the objects of unsightliness and disgust, as symbolically sympathizing with man's unnatural condition, and enabling him to gloss himself in their deformities. In this

course, he marshals all the words beginning with *de* and *dis*—as deformities, disorders, disgusts, disorders, derangements, and many more—as all representing things which sympathize with man, and are intended to “correct his sins and train into God;” and as Addison hears the beautiful order of the heavens as a glorious voice, so this, says Dr. Bushnell,

‘is indeed the tremendous beauty of God; and the strange wild jargon of the world, shattered thus by sin, becomes to us a mysterious transcendent hymn. Still it is deformity, jargon, death; and the only winning side of it is, that it answers to our woe, and meets the want of our sin.’—P. 193.

Closely connected with this portion, is the chapter on the “Anticipative Consequences of Sin,” in which our author takes us back through all the deformities and dislocations of the creation which preceded man, and regards them as all predictive of the facts of his transgression, and arranged in order to meet his abnormal condition. There is much beauty; but, we suspect also, much of fancy, in this chapter. Many of the facts which he adduces might easily be referred to a very different cause; and some are not really deformities at all, but only necessary parts of a progressive scheme. Enough had been said in the foregoing chapter to show, that nature is affected by the transgression of man, and, in many of its aspects, gives him back the reflection of his own guilty disorder.

We have now reached the point of man’s unnature, and nature’s sympathy with him; and it is time to ask, Shall there be a restoration, and by what means shall it be effected? Dr. Bushnell takes up this question in the eighth chapter, and shows with conclusive power that development can not effect man’s restoration; but that whenever a people have been left to its operation, they have sunk and perished. Neither can it be accomplished by man’s natural power. He has power to derange, but not to restore. It can only be realized as he is “insphered in God,” breathed into by His influence, and submitting to receive His life.

But if God shall interfere for man’s redemption, will He set aside nature and violate its laws, and will his own action be lawless? Our author replies in the negative. He will act upon nature from above, and call its laws into operation

toward his own intended results; and his own action will ever be regulated by the high and unchangeable law of holiness. Miracles thus seen will be only the descent of power amongst the sequences and laws of the lower realm in accordance with a higher, even a *moral* law; but the sublime unity of God’s system will remain inviolate.

The need of the supernatural, Divine interposition to restore the disorders of sin being now shown, and its ministration as a rational possibility, the question of fact arises, Has God interposed? This question is answered by presenting to view, first the character of Jesus. This, Dr. Bushnell proves, “forbids His possible classification with men;” and that in a manner so convincing, by an argument so reverent, holy, and eloquent, and rising into such a sustained epic grandeur, that we must not dare to indicate even the line of thought, lest we should mar it. If Dr. Bushnell had never written anything beyond this chapter of about fifty pages, he must in virtue of it alone take his place among the foremost writers in theology the world has seen. Others have attempted the same, but their attempts, though beautiful, are torsos; here at length is a complete work, standing alone in the finished grandeur of entireness and symmetry. Having set forth the life, which was in itself a system of supernatural powers, a full-orbed manifestation of the Divine, it is but a simple step to show, that He worked miracles, which appear, in relation to this grand miracle of Christianity, but “as scintillations only of the central fire.” A chapter follows on the rarely observed but extraordinary adaptation of the system of Christianity to the accomplishment of its end, which he describes as “water marks in the Christian doctrine.” Another, on the supernatural government of the world in the interest of Christianity, proved from the current of human history, and from the religious experience of such men as Paul, Augustine, and others. It is very refreshing to a Christian mind to find, in a book like this, such a noble, manly statement of those deepest truths of our religion which find their home in the inner man of every child of God; to find them exhibited as facts, and with a fearless faith pressed on the attention not only of the theologian, but of the philosopher, showing that no philosophy is worthy of

the name which does not include them among the bases of its speculation. Two chapters more close the work. The concluding one is an admirable summing up of what has been achieved, and a confident expression of the author's hope respecting the result, which we earnestly pray may be realized. But the chapter which will call forth the largest amount of controversy among Christians, is the *fourteenth*, in which Dr. Bushnell asserts, and endeavors to prove, that "miracles and supernatural gifts are not discontinued." We feel as much of difficulty as he does in fixing a time when such gifts ceased. We know that the subject perplexes many minds; yet, not being of sufficient importance, soon takes its place in the background, among the shadowy things which we do not care to determine. Those who have read the two sides of the question between Dr. Middleton and Mr. Wesley, respecting the ecclesiastical miracles of the earlier centuries, have generally experienced a suspense of mind as the consequence; and those who have read Dr. Newman's two treatises on the subject *pro* and *con*, the result of different stages of his thought, have not been much better satisfied; while no higher certainty has been obtained by those who have inquired among the records of Christian antiquity. The utmost we can say of this chapter of Dr. Bushnell's is, that the case is "not proven." We regret that it has appeared in the volume, as it in some measure mars its whole impression; and we fear some foolish people, who fancy they are great logicians, will think the author but a dreamer, and seem very wise in using the old argument about the chain being no stronger than its weakest link. We are happy to inform our readers, that it is not a link of the chain at all; that the chapter can be dropped out of the argument without the least detriment to its perfection—rather, indeed, with advantage. It is simply an excrescence on a vigorous growth, thrown off in the exuberance of life. For ourselves, we prefer the language of the profound Augustine in one of his higher moods. "Since the establishment of the Church, God does not wish to perpetuate miracles even to our day, lest the mind should put its trust in visible signs, or grow cold at the sight of common marvels." Yet would we not limit the Holy One of Israel. God alone is the Judge of the time and

the circumstances which may warrant His coming forth in supernatural manifestation; and in His hands we can safely leave it.

If our purpose had been only to review Dr. Bushnell's book, we should have given a much fuller analysis of its contents, and rigorously examined them as we proceeded; but, as we prefer that our readers should know the work for themselves, and as our object is of a more positive and general character, we dismiss the work by recording our deliberate judgment, that, though on more points than we have indicated we should see it needful to differ from our author, yet its blemishes are as spots on the sun in comparison with the preëminent force and beauty of the treatise; and that Dr. Bushnell has accomplished a work on behalf of our common Christianity not surpassed in the history of Christian apologetics. Its influence on the pulpit, in curbing and ultimately destroying the naturalism which has so long reigned there unsuspected, can not fail to be great, if ministers will but devote themselves to its careful and serious study.

We must now proceed to our main object, which is to show, in opposition to the tendencies we have been describing, the nature and credibility of the miracles of Scripture, and their relation to the Christian faith.

In treating of their nature, we are bound to keep as closely as possible to the account given, and the terms by which they are denoted, in the Scriptures. The term in common use comes from the Latin *miraculum*, which, however, exhibits the works in their lowest aspect. The terms used to denote them in Scripture are, *τερας*, "a wonder," corresponding with "miracle;" *σημειον*, "a sign;" *δυναμις*, "power;" and on one occasion, when the people were retiring from the presence of Christ, they said, in reference to what they had witnessed, "We have seen" *παράδοξα*, "paradoxes," "strange things to-day." (Luke 5: 26.) Christ used another word, which was peculiarly appropriate in his lips, *εργα*, "works." They might be wonders, signs, powers, and paradoxes, to men; to him they were simply his own works, no wonders or strange things at all. Following still the guidance of the Scriptures, we would define a miracle as *a sensible, supernatural, and superhuman*

fact, witnessing to a messenger or his message, and in character harmonizing with the message. We think that this will be sufficient for all purposes; and if we can show that such facts are possible, and have taken place, we shall have accomplished what was intended.

First, then, a miracle must be a *sensible* fact. We are not about to speak of opinions, or of dreams, or of visions in which the seer is not quite certain whether he is asleep or awake; but of works performed before the waking senses of man, works which come out within the sphere of the sense, however deeply their roots may lie in the invisible.

Secondly. They are *supernatural*. By this we mean something not according to the usual, observed, and understood processes and sequences of nature. It is not according to these that a dead man arises, that a man born blind is suddenly cured with clay and spittle, or that a man lame from his mother's womb leaps and walks when a few words are spoken to him. There is something here not according to ordinary sequences. It is true we are told of the constancy of Nature, and are warned not to think that there can be any suspension of her laws; and the man of science stands by to remind us of our ignorance of the laws of nature, and to guard us against the impropriety of supposing, in our ignorance, that there can be any thing supernatural at all. Now we are quite willing to concede the whole, if he will show us in operation the laws by which those things have been done; if he will walk for us on the water, and still the tempest by his command, raise up the fevered by his touch, and restore the purity of the leper's blood. But if he can not do these things, or expound those laws of nature by which they are done, what is all his fine-spun theory but an impudent assumption, based upon an ignorance as profound as ours? We do not know all the laws of nature, neither does he. We do not deny that these works may be in accordance with laws of which we are ignorant; but we do not see the wisdom of positively asserting that they are. We only content ourselves with saying that they are not according to what we have known and observed; and our advancing science, of whose power to dispel our delusions we hear so much, seems not to have got any nearer to an interpretation of them, than the "no-

science" of two thousand years ago. But if our man of science does not know all the laws of nature, if, after observing a few sequences, and rising to some higher cause, his knowledge ceases, is he in a condition to assert that he knows that all proceeds above that point with the same undeviating regularity of natural cause and effect, and that no where does an agency above nature touch the springs of that nature, and produce these results? If man may interfere with results and alter the processes of nature by introducing some new chemical element, is God so restricted that he can not do the same? If man may take the stone which nature would allow to lie forever upon the ground, and by a force above nature, though working through its laws, hurl it on high; if even a child can suspend by its vital force the action of the law of gravitation on the toy which it holds in its tiny hand, and which in the absence of its grasp that law would draw to the earth, is God to be denied the power of thus acting upon the nature he has constituted? In lifting and hurling the stone, man acts upon it as Nature in her ordinary processes never could; but, immediately on its leaving his grasp, his will has lost its control over it, and it returns to the control of Nature again; it observes the very curve assigned to it by the united influence of the law of gravitation and the force of impulsion, and falls in the very spot which is predetermined by the Author of nature in the laws which he has ordained. So also, in the raising of a man from the dead, there is the process of a momentary suspension: corruption is doing its work upon him—but the word comes, life enters in, it arrests the process of decay, and the organism which was fast passing to dissolution rises into a vigorous body through the introduction of the new power; yet the power acts upon the whole according to the laws of a vital chemistry. There is a suspension of the previous process by the incoming of the new life; but the moment it comes, all flows on again in the usual order of natural sequence. The miracle is no permanent violation of the law. It is but the introduction, at a certain point, of a power above nature, which sets nature at work toward another result upon the same subject.

Are we, however, to hold, with some who have the fear of science before their

eyes, that we must not say a miracle is *contrary* to nature, but only above the commonly observed sequences of natural law, yet operated by some higher natural law which we know not? In certain aspects, the controversy about whether we should say *above*, *beyond*, or *contrary* to nature, is simply amusing, as very much a strife of words; but in others, it is serious. If it is meant, that nature—the realm of the necessary sequence of cause and effect—is all-inclusive, then we protest with all energy against this view of nature; for man's will is bound in no such laws, and nature is not, therefore, all-inclusive. But if it means simply what we have denoted, exclusive of all free beings, then we maintain that things are constantly done in it by man's interference contrary to what would take place if Nature were left to herself. Dean Trench, in his otherwise admirable book, has, with characteristic defect of speculative power, hinted at the existence of two natures. Arguing against miracles being counted unnatural, he says: "So far from this, the true miracle is an higher and a purer nature, coming down out of the world of untroubled harmonies into this world of ours, which so many discords have jarred and disturbed, and bringing this back again, though it be but for one prophetic moment, into harmony with that higher. The healing of the sick can in no way be termed 'against nature,' seeing that the sickness which was healed was against the true nature of man—that it is sickness which is abnormal, and not health. The healing is the restoration of the primitive order."* Now this is very beautiful as poetry; but we certainly are not able to see how it serves the end for which it is advanced. The fiction of two natures is introduced for the purpose of warning us not to speak of miracles as *violations* of natural law, lest Spinoza may be too strong for us; but, as a pure fiction, it has no value. Then we are informed, notwithstanding the warning, that there are such violations; for "the sickness which was healed was *against* the true nature of man;" and we are further, on this principle, obliged to believe, that the violations of law are much more frequent than the restorations, inasmuch as the cases of sickness—and they are all "abnormal"—are, on all hands, confessed to be much more fre-

quent than the cases of miraculous restoration. Two natures are thus brought before us: one, a "true nature;" the other, of course, a "false nature:" and these are contrary the one to the other. One is tempted to ask, Whence do they both come? If from God, what has the Christian argument gained against Spinoza? Has it not grievously lost by this cumbrous mechanism of contradictory natures? How much wiser to cling to the old method, and assert God's right to interfere with the nature which he has made, when it shall appear for the interest of his moral creatures, whose sphere of being and action that nature is!

While we are engaged on this subject of nature, it is interesting and even monitory to observe how man's knowledge and power in relation to it exist in a curious inverse ratio. Lord Bacon said, "Knowledge is power," and ever since his time man, following his method, has been contradicting his apophthegm. He has extended his knowledge into various regions. He has measured the orbits of the planets, watched the eccentric motions of the comet's fiery wheel, weighed the earth in his balances, and asserted the power of his science to predict the return of the eccentric visitor, and to determine the amount of perturbation produced by the neighborhood of one orb to another; and he has even made grand discoveries by watching such perturbations. Yet all this is unaccompanied by the least power over the things he knows so exactly. He can not bid them change or move. All move without him, whether he wills or not; he knows, and that is all. Meanwhile, among those sequences of nature where he might be able to introduce new causes, and thus deflect the action of natural forces towards a different result, knowledge is often wanting. In cases where his own health, or that of those dear to him, might be secured by the employment of power which is in his hands, his knowledge falls short, and leaves him helpless still. When he is in the full pride of knowledge, he feels his littleness can not grasp the scepter; and when the elements of power are subjected to him, then his knowledge forsakes him, and the secret is still hidden. Is not all this arranged as if God through it should say to him: "Cease, my child, to pride thyself on thy great acquirements and mighty powers. I have placed thee in the midst of this universe of mine to

* *Notes on the Miracles*, p. 15.

teach thee humility—to bring thee to known thyself and the limits of thy strength. Look to the heavens, and admire their beautiful order; but learn, too, that the stars in their courses know not thy control. Look upon thyself, observe the strange complications of thy manifold nature, sway thy scepter too over the powers and elements of nature around thee; yet learn, that when thy trial comes, and the blast falls upon thee, thy power is helplessness; and let all this train thy soul to acknowledge in me thy wisdom and thy strength.” And yet the vain creature presumes to think, that he can fix the limits of the Divine action, when his knowledge and his power are alike as nothingness.

But we call Nature herself to witness that her sequences have been frequently interfered with—that new productions have come forth, and new laws and processes have been called into being. Ask the geologist what witnesses he has found in the rocks, and he will tell you, that he has gone down in his search to the foundations of the earth, where the igneous rocks have warned him that he had reached primeval creation; and in his upward journey he has met with mosses, and ferns, and palms, and higher vegetable productions; each of which, as standing at the head of a species, he is bound to regard as having been brought into existence separately and independently. Ascending higher still, he has discovered various forms of animal life, higher and lower; and he confesses, that he knew no other rational and scientific way of accounting for their existence, than that of a new creation—the action of a power above nature bringing them into nature. Ask him, if “development” is not equal to the production of these forms? and if

he is a man of science, (not a sciolist,) he will tell you, that he knows not the voice of this stranger; that some of his weaker brethren have gone after him, and have been led into sad follies; but that in all his scientific observations he has never known the occurrence of the transition from one of these forms of life to another, he has never witnessed the operation, and the earth has disclosed to him no case in which it was progressing or performed. He will tell you, that this same development is an unblushing intruder into the domain of science, unlicensed and unrecognized. Such is the united voice of all the most eminent in geology and its kindred sciences; and if these new formations exist, and if no known powers or laws with which science deals can offer or suggest a cause of their existence, what remains but that we refer them to the action of a power above nature, bringing them into existence at a fitting time for the accomplishment of their purpose in its system? *

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

* Let us hear a word, on the subject of development, from one who himself has won scientific laurels. “All the great living and recently deceased masters of physical science reject it. Does it appeal to anatomy and physiology? Cuvier, Owen, and Carpenter cry out against it. Does it evoke the aid of chemistry? Berzelius, Turner, and Liebig see its shallowness. Does it call on zoology for aid? Agassiz and Ehrenberg can refute its claims. Does it search the archives of geology for support? Sedgwick, Miller, Lyell, and D’Orbigny can show how certainly they will fail there. Or, finally, does it appeal to botany? Hooker and Lindley, Torrey and Gray, know that it will certainly glean nothing to sustain it in that flowery field. The fact is, it is only here and there that a second-rate naturalist will sympathize at all with such dreamy views.” — *Dr. E. Hitchcock in Bibliotheca Sacra*, vol. xi. p. 789. 1854.

THE Emperor Napoleon lately purchased a very beautiful mountain dog. The owner of the animal asked one hundred and fifty francs for it. “Five hundred francs,” said his Majesty, handing the money to the astonished peasant; “bring the dog to my house.” The most amusing part of the affair is, that the man, who had never seen the Emperor, spoke to him without even raising his hat. When he found out to whom he had been speaking, he

said: “O Sire! pray excuse me for having called you Monsieur.”

It is mentioned as a discovery that the secretary of Mary Queen of Scots, Sir George Bailey, is buried in a small cemetery, at La Hulpe, near Brussels. He was born in the same year as the Queen, whose execution he witnessed, and had reached the advanced age of eighty-four when he died.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HALLUCINATIONS AND VISIONS.*

M. BRIERRE DE BOISMONT is well known in England as a physician of large experience among the insane, and as an author of mark on many subjects connected with the physiology and pathology of the mind. He is also favorably distinguished from most of his countrymen by the pains he has taken to make himself acquainted with the labors of his contemporaries on this side the Channel, with some of whom he is on terms of intimacy. The latest production of his pen is now before us in an English dress. The work of translation has been faithfully performed by Mr. Hulme, who has also succeeded in condensing a work of which the chief defect was diffuseness and repetition, without impairing its value as an exponent of a very interesting and important subject.

The intellectual repast provided for us by the author consists of nearly one hundred and fifty cases selected from the best authorities, French, German, and English, arranged in order, and serving as illustrations of the principles laid down in the early chapters of his work. The cases themselves, apart from the running commentary which connects them, and serves to enhance their value, would prove full of interest for the intelligent student; but when taken with the judicious remarks of M. de Boismont, they will be found to combine the charms of authentic fact, lucid arrangement, and sound philosophy.

Before we proceed to place the author's labors under contribution for the edification of our readers, we must indulge ourselves in a brief dissertation on the meaning of the word hallucination. The discussions which took place on the occasion of the trial of Buranelli, respecting the meaning which ought to attach to the cognate words *illusion* and *delusion* must serve as our apology for the slight delay involved in this our verbal criticism.

There are three words in common use among the learned in disorders of the mind—*illusion*, *delusion*, and *hallucination*; and it would greatly conduce to clearness and precision in the treatment of a subject in which these qualities are specially required, if we could arrive at some distinct understanding respecting these terms. Now, there should be no doubt or difficulty about the two words *illusion* and *delusion*. *Illusion* certainly should mean a false sensation, and *delusion* a false idea. The one (*illusion*) is an error of the senses, in which the mind, if sound, has no part; the other (*delusion*) an error of the mind, in which it is not necessary that the senses should participate. But the word *hallucination*, though perhaps used in France with the requisite precision, has not met with such judicious treatment in England. Among scientific writers it is sometimes used as synonymous with *illusion*, sometimes with *delusion*. Our older writers, too, both classical and medical, employed the word in different senses. Addison, for instance, says, of a mere typographical error, "This must have been the *hallucination* of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the *i* for a *t*;" and Byrom tells us of "some poor *hallucinating* scribe's mistake." Boyle, too, speaks of "a few *hallucinations* about a subject to which the greatest clerks have been generally such strangers." In the first two passages the word is used somewhat in the sense of an *illusion*, but in the third in the sense of a *delusion*. The two great physicians, Sir Thomas Browne and Harvey, evidently use the word in opposite senses; for Sir Thomas Browne, discoursing upon the sight, says: "If vision be abolished, it is called *cæcitas* or blindness; if depraved, and receive its objects erroneously, *hallucination*." But Harvey, speaking of "a wasting of the flesh without cause," tells us that it "is frequently termed a bewitched disease; but unquestionless a mere *hallucination* of the vulgar." So that Harvey used the word in the sense of an error of the mind, Browne as an error of the sense of sight. As,

* On *Hallucinations: a History and Explanation of Apparitions, Visions, Dreams, Ecstasy, Magnetism, and Somnambulism*. By A. BRIERRE DE BOISMONT, M.D. Translated from the French by ROBERT T. HULME, F.L.S., M.R.C.S. London: Renshaw. 1859.

however, the learned author of *Vulgar Errors* is defining the word, while Harvey uses it without any special weighing of its meaning—as two out of the three other authorities just quoted employ it in the sense which Sir Thomas Browne attaches to it, and most modern writers give it the same meaning—we will take an hallucination to be a depraved or erroneous action of the senses.

If we are justified in so defining the word hallucination, we are perhaps equally justified in urging our psychologists to abandon the use of the term in favor of the more simple word illusion. But we are afraid that M. Brierre de Boismont would not support us in this attempt at simplification, for he employs the word illusion in contradistinction to the word hallucination, defining a hallucination as “the perception of the sensible signs of an idea,” and an illusion “as the false appreciation of real sensations.” We, on the contrary, are disposed to make the word illusion do double duty, and to release the word hallucination from all its engagements. Defining an illusion as an error of sense, we should recognize two kinds of illusion, the one consisting in the falsification of real, the other in the creation of unreal, sensations. Thus a gentleman who, fresh from turtle-soup, punch, venison, and champagne, should contrive to convert a combination of lantern, turnip, broomstick, and sheet into a ghost, would be afflicted with the first form of illusion; while another gentleman who, under similar convivial influences, should succeed in manufacturing a ghost out of the unsubstantial air of a bleak common, with no object visible for miles, would be the subject of the second form of illusion. But the question whether we shall or shall not accept our author’s definition of hallucinations and illusions must not be allowed to divert us any longer from the more important contents of his work. We shall be turning these to the best account if we attempt with his assistance, to give our own connected and continuous view of all that part of the large science of psychology which relates to the senses in their healthy and in their disordered conditions.

A man possessed of a sound mind in a healthy body, endowed with organs of sense of perfect construction, and keeping in all things within the bounds of temperance and moderation, would be absolutely

free from illusions and hallucinations. His eye would present to him none but real sights, his ear would convey to him only real sounds. His sleep would not be disturbed by dreams. The only sensations not exactly corresponding to external objects which he would experience would consist in the substitution of the complementary colors for each other if he fatigued the eye by fixing it too long on some bright object. The golden sun would appear to his closed eyes like a violet-colored wafer, a window-frame would seem to have dark panes and light sashes, and a dark picture with a gilt frame would have its light and dark features transposed.

The perfect physical organization which we have just supposed would also be quite compatible with the hearing of sounds and the seeing of sights which can only be traced to their true source by the light of science or experience. A person thus happily endowed might judge wrongly of an echo or be misled by a mirage. He might be frightened by the Giant of the Brocken or enchanted by the castles of the Fairy Morgana. His sensations would be real, though the cause might be indirect or obscure.

The next onward step in the philosophy of the organs of sense is taken if, for the healthy man, we substitute the ailing child or less vigorous adult, on whose organs of sense sensations linger after the cause of them have been removed. Our author quotes from Abercrombie one case in which the eye was the seat of such a persistent sensation; and he might have drawn from the same source another in which the sense of hearing was similarly affected. A friend of the Doctor had been for some time looking intently at a small print of the Virgin and Child. On raising his head, the two figures the size of life appeared at the end of the room, and continued visible for the space of two minutes.

From persistent sensations, or sensations reproduced involuntarily after a short interval, the transition is easy and natural to sensations prolonged or reproduced by an effort of the will. The power of bringing back the pictures of visible objects in the dark, or of restoring sounds in the silence, does not seem to be a very rare one. Many children possess it, and there are artists who are able to turn it to account. The painter whom Dr. Wigan

represents as executing three hundred portraits in one year possessed this faculty of reproduction in an eminent degree. He placed each of a succession of sitters before him for half an hour, and looked at him attentively, sketching from time to time on the canvas. Having dismissed his last sitter, he began to paint the first of the series after a method described in these words: "I took the man and sat him in the chair, where I saw him as distinctly as if he had been before me in his own proper person; I may almost say more vividly. I looked from time to time at the imaginary figure, then worked with my pencil, then referred to the countenance, and so on, just as I should have done had the sitter been there. When I looked at the chair I saw the man." This painter won distinction, and earned and saved money, but he spent thirty years of his life in a madhouse. On his release his right hand was found not to have lost its cunning; but the exercise of his art excited him too much; he gave up his painting, and died soon after.

Another step forward, and we come to the case of the child who covers himself with the bed-clothes and paints his miniature fancy scenes on his organ of vision: or of the poet who contrives, as Goethe did, to see what he fervently imagines; or of the actor Talma, who asserted of himself that he was in the habit of stripping his brilliant audiences of all covering, artificial and natural, till he left only bare skeletons behind, and that under the influence of the emotions excited by this strange spectral assembly he produced some of his most startling effects.

Such then, without making any pretense to minute accuracy, are the most familiar facts relating to the reproduction of sensations or their voluntary creation in the absence of the objects which usually occasion them.

Sensation without the immediate presence of an object of sense is assuredly a very wonderful phenomenon; but the seeing and hearing, the feeling, smelling, and tasting, of objects which have no existence, as the result of an involuntary operation of the brain, without any co-operation of the senses, (for illusions have been shown to occur after the entire destruction of the organs of sense of which they might be supposed the scene,) are among the most extraordinary facts of our complicated and marvelous organization.

It is to this involuntary work of the brain that we would now invite the attention of the reader.

If we again assume as possible a perfectly healthy and perfectly temperate man, we can imagine such a man to be absolutely free from hallucinations, for we can imagine him free from dreams; but the vast majority of men have large experience of hallucinations as they occur in that imperfect sleep which favors the free play of the fancy. In this state we know that every sense may become in its turn the theater of impressions that are not distinguishable from those which external objects occasion in the waking man; and these illusions of the senses are blended with delusions of the mind that rival them in vividness and reality.

Here let us pause a moment while we contemplate this wonderful phenomenon of dreams—this strange compound of illusions and delusions—this harmless analogue of madness—this most instructive and most humanizing plea for dealing cautiously and tenderly with the sorest trial and affliction of humanity. Fatigued by bodily labor, wearied by mental application, or tired of doing nothing, we escape from the discomfort of clothes, place ourselves in a position of rest, do our best to banish thought, shut out, if we can, both light and sound, and so fall asleep. There we lie, given up to the chemical changes and automatic movements of nutrition, circulation, and respiration, the pulse and breathing reduced to their lowest number, and every function of the frame to its lowest point of activity. Of the proximate cause of this state we know nothing, and the best guess we can make at it is that the balance of the circulation through the brain has been altered, and that whereas in our waking state the vessels conveying red blood to the head were kept filled by the more vigorous action of the heart, and the vessels conveying black blood from the head were comparatively empty, in our sleeping state the order of things is reversed, and the black blood predominates over the red. Be this as it may, a perfectly healthy change in the functions of the brain, and one not involving any permanent alteration in its structure, is found by universal experience to be accompanied by illusions of all the senses, and strange delusions of the mind, the illusions and delusions being mixed up into scenes as apparently real as the mix-

ture of sensations, thoughts, and actions, which make up the transactions of our waking hours.

When these curious compounds of illusion and delusion are brought about by very slight departures from ideal perfect health, or when they occur during the short transition from sound sleep to perfect wakefulness, and are not attended by any painful sensation of oppression, suffocation, sinking, or struggling, we call them dreams; but if that single strawberry, or that modicum of pie-crust which we were so imprudent as to blend with that otherwise moderate and wholesome supper, should happen to disagree with us, and the indigestion which reveals itself to our waking man by too familiar symptoms in stomach and brain, in mind and temper, plants a cat, a dog, or a demon upon our chests, raises us to giddy heights, plunges us to awful depths, sends us spinning like a top, or, more merciful, lends us wings to fly, or seven-league boots to clear oceans at a leap, then our dreams become nightmares, and we have opened out for contemplation the myriads of hallucinations which grow out of uneasy bodily sensations misinterpreted by a mind robbed by sleep of all its usual standards of comparison.

Of the varieties of nightmare, we have not space to speak at any length. Suffice it to state, that the sleeper sometimes betrays his trouble to the looker-on by restless tossings about, while at other times he appears to be in a sound sleep; that generally he wakes up in a paroxysm of terror struggling hopelessly for breath, for power of speech, or movement; and that, in some few instances, the unreal sensations are for a short space of time believed to be real, to the imminent danger of sleeping neighbors. For some interesting cases of nightmare repeated night after night, (in some instances at the same hour,) and of nightmare attacking a number of persons at the same time, and with the self-same hallucination, the reader is referred to M. Brierre de Boismont. Also for much curious information on dreams, somnambulism, ecstasy, and animal magnetism. We have marked some of the cases cited under the head of dreams as misplaced, but the cases are so interesting in themselves that our criticism is disarmed as we read them.

From dreams, nightmares, somnam-

bulism, and other analogous conditions fruitful in hallucinations, we pass on to abstinence, voluntary or enforced, to solitude and imprisonment, and to the complicated fatigues and privations of shipwreck. Judging by the examples cited by the author, these causes generally, but not invariably, produce hallucinations of an agreeable kind; in which respect they resemble the sensations described by those who have been rescued from drowning and hanging. The shipwrecked crew on the raft of the *Medusa*, deserted and starving, saw not only the vessels which they hoped for, but beautiful plantations and avenues, and landscapes leading to magnificent cities; and the miner shut up during fifteen days without food is comforted by celestial voices, as was Benvenuto Cellini in his prison, and, if our memory serves us faithfully, Silvio Pellico. Hallucinations of a less pleasurable kind are not uncommon in aged persons, as the result of failing strength and languid circulation through the brain.

Following still an order of our own, but availing ourselves freely of our author's illustrative examples, we next arrive at those hallucinations which are caused by poisonous substances, such as the stramonium or thorn-apple, and the belladonna or deadly night-shade. A case of suicidal poisoning by the first of these plants came under the author's notice. It occurred in the person of a musician and composer, who was first giddy, then as if drunk with wine, next entangled in a visionary ballet, then insensible, then again surrounded by hundreds of thieves and assassins with hideous faces and threatening gestures, which so frightened and excited him that when taken to the *Hôtel Dieu* he was confined as a furious madman. In three days he had completely recovered. A condensed account of the experiences of the English Opium Eater, with a singular history of an opium-eating Indian king, and a fact from Abercrombie illustrative of the power which opium administered for more legitimate reasons has of creating hallucinations; some interesting experiments with the *haschisch*, (a preparation made from the seeds of the *Cannabis Indica*, or Indian hemp;) and cases of delirium tremens produced by the abuse of spirituous liquors, complete this division of the subject.

Next in order to the causes of hallucinations which we have just been consid-

ering, we should place those disturbances of the circulation through the brain which attend diseases acute and chronic not primarily affecting the brain itself. All the forms of fever in every stage of their development, the intermittent fever commonly known as ague, inflammations of the more important organs of the body, seizures of the gout, the suppression of habitual discharges, and many other disorders and diseases which it is not our business to particularize, will come into this category. Affections of the brain itself, such as congestion and inflammation, and disorders of the nervous system—catalepsy, epilepsy, hysteria, hypochondriasis, St. Vitus's dance, and hydrophobia—would constitute another class in our ascending series, which culminates in the hallucinations and illusions so generally present in persons of unsound mind.

The short and imperfect sketch and classification which we have now given of the causes of hallucinations, will serve to show the frequency of these strange disorders of the senses, or, to speak more correctly, of that wonderful physical organ of the mind which, sometimes by an effort of the will, but much more frequently without volition or consciousness of effort, converts its own operations into sensual impressions so vivid and so like reality, as to task all the powers of the sound mind to distinguish the real from the unreal, and utterly to set at naught and confound the feeble or confused powers of minds smitten with unsoundness.

Many curious and grave questions suggest themselves to one who has succeeded in realizing this extensive prevalence of hallucinations. Seeing that, without any effort of the will, the brain, which ordinarily perceives the pictures painted on the eye, can create them out of nothing, we should, even in the absence of experience, be led to the belief that the same organ of the mind, by a similar involuntary action, might originate ideas and opinions bearing to the usual processes of thought and ratiocination the same relation that hallucination does to sensation; in a word, that delusions may spring up involuntarily in the mind, as we know that they do in the insane. But analogy would lead us even farther than this. If unreal sensations and unreal thoughts are possible as a consequence of involuntary workings of the organ of the mind, why not unreal words—words

which are not the image of any idea deserving of the name, but involuntary creations of an utterly disordered instrument of thought? If unreal sensations, thoughts, and words may be born of involuntary actions of the brain, why not strange and eccentric acts of violence—such acts as madmen themselves attribute to beings other than themselves. The protestations of innocence which these poor madmen make sound strange indeed in the ears of those who have no experience of the insane, and have no conception of, or sympathy with, that aberration of the mind which combines in one awful discord hallucinations and illusions of the senses, delusions of the mind, language of frightful violence, obscenity, or impiety, misery unutterable, and excitement uncontrollable.

But we must not be tempted to wander further into this wide field of speculation. Want of space, and the fair claim of our author to have some distinct notice taken of those views to which he obviously attaches most importance, constrain us to notice the special case of those great men who have been subject to hallucinations, but whose memory he wishes to keep clear from all suspicion of unsoundness of mind. In a chapter devoted to the class of hallucinations coëxisting with sanity, the reader will recognize many a familiar history with which he first became acquainted in the popular works of Sir David Brewster or Sir Walter Scott, or in the more scientific treatises of Abercrombie, Bostock, Conolly, Paterson, Wigan, or Winslow; and he will be reminded of some of the most curious passages in the lives of such men as Byron, Samuel Johnson, Pope, Goethe, Lord Castlereagh, Benvenuto Cellini, Bernadotte, and the first Napoleon.

The author tells us that he has purposely multiplied the illustrations contained in this chapter, and that he selected many of the cases because they relate to celebrated persons, whom no one has ever thought of charging with insanity. "Some of them," he tells us, "have correctly regarded their hallucinations as the offspring of the imagination, or as arising from an unhealthy state of the body. Others, led by their belief in the supernatural, by their vanity, or by the opinions of the period, or by superstitious feelings, have privately explained them in accordance with their own wishes; but their

conversation and their actions have given no evidence of a disordered intellect; in some they may even have been the source of their great deeds. Frequently, however, the hallucination of the sound mind may be seen to glide into the hallucination of insanity, without its being possible always to point out the boundary which separates the one condition from the other, so difficult is it at all times to establish precise limits." We recognize and fully appreciate this difficulty; but we are not sure that we quite sympathize with the author in his evident desire to acquit great historical personages of the charge of unsoundness of mind, even where they have displayed not simply hallucinations of the senses, but delusions of the mind also. Pope is not to be set down as mad because he saw an arm come out of the wall; nor Dr. Johnson, because he heard his mother's voice call "Samuel" when he knew her to be far away; nor Goethe, because he one day saw the counterpart of himself coming towards him; nor Byron, because, as the effect of over-excitement of the brain, he occasionally fancied he was visited by a specter; nor Lord Castlereagh, because he twice saw the vision of the "Radiant Boy;" nor St. Dunstan, Loyola, and Luther, because of their hallucinations; nor Joan of Arc, perhaps, because of the visions which alternately stimulated her patriotism, and were born of her enthusiasm. It is impossible, however, to read the account given of Benvenuto Cellini at page 62, without entertaining very grave doubts of the propriety of classing him with persons having "hallucinations co-existent with sanity." The remainder of the examples cited in this chapter do not appear to be misplaced. The hallucinations were only of occasional occurrence; they were dependent upon transitory causes; they did not exercise any permanent effect upon conduct; or they grew out of the excitement of great enterprises which they did not mar or

impede. It ought also to be borne in mind that, in the case of the higher order of thinkers and actors, the hallucinations were in harmony with the universal belief of the times in which they lived. They were but representations on the organs of sense of ideas admitted as indisputably true by the society in which they lived and moved. When all the world believed in witchcraft, when the learned author of *Vulgar Errors* gave authoritative evidence in its favor, when Sir Matthew Hale barely doubted, and juries were quick to convict, the man who alleged that he saw an old lady of eccentric habits and uncertain temper borne through the air on a broomstick, would scarcely have been deemed insane.

Of the instances of hallucination co-existing with sanity, cited by M. Brierre de Boismont as occurring in great men, the most persistent is that which affected the first Napoleon. He had a brilliant star all to himself, which, according to his own assertion, never abandoned him, and which he saw, on all great occasions, commanding him to advance, and serving as a sure augury and sign of success. The seeing of such a star, associated with such belief in its reality, is scarcely compatible with sanity, and the case is not improved by the adjuncts of unscrupulous appropriation of the property of others, insatiable ambition, diabolical cruelty, and inveterate falsehood. It would not be difficult, indeed, to discover in this extraordinary man that union of intellectual with moral unsoundness which makes up the history of so many acknowledged lunatics. But some allowance must be made for the times in which he lived, and the examples of craft and cruelty which he had placed before him in the early part of his career. So that M. Brierre de Boismont may be forgiven for including the name of Napoleon Bonaparte in his list of great men who preserved their sanity in spite of hallucinations.

From the Westminster Review.

GARIBALDI AND THE ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS.*

It has so often been repeated that "no man is a prophet in his own country," that the dictum is generally accepted as a truth. Yet all countries, and many periods of history, show brilliant examples to the contrary. At different epochs men have started up from among a people, and suddenly acquiring an almost unbounded influence, have raised a name, before unknown, to the pinnacle of earthly glory. Such characters are well worthy of our attention. We can not reflect on the career of Mohammed or Washington, of Luther or Rienzi, or of any other of the great religious or political agitators of the human mind, without seeking to discover by what means such men wound themselves into the hearts of their contemporaries, and what the secret springs the response of which gave them their almost magic power. We shall find, on inquiry, that their minds corresponded to a deep-felt and secret want of their time and nation, and that, however much they might otherwise differ from one another, they were all impressed with the truth and importance of what they deemed their mission. It would seem, moreover, that they were all the creations of their period and race before they became its guide. The character of each among them was formed in youth by the events of the times, his opinions being molded by those of his countrymen. The quality they all possessed in common was that of concentrating the aspirations, the passions, and even the prejudices of a whole nation into a single focus, and thus intensifying them into action, as the lava of a long-sleeping crater suddenly bursts forth into violent eruption. Then a people, recognizing in the claimant for popular sway a reflection of itself, purified and exalted by the long thought by which the process of assimilation must necessarily be completed, place in the leader a confidence which no other could inspire, and by their

faith enable him to ripen into deeds the conception they had originally engendered. For if a chief be indispensable to carry into execution a popular thought, all the genius and devotedness one individual can bring to the task of destroying a moral or material bondage are utterly thrown away, unless he find a nation to uphold his idea. It is the conjunction of the two—of the leader and the people—that have made the grand epochs of history and produced the greatest celebrities of action.

Joseph Garibaldi is essentially such a man as we describe. He may be said to resume in himself the mind and heart of Italy. His character was formed by the events of her history as they rolled out before his eyes; from early youth upwards, he has partaken her vicissitudes, his opinions have passed through the successive phases of her aspirations, often preceding the thought of his people, yet never in contradiction to it, and his sword has ever been the first to fly from the scabbard at the first symptom of a struggle, whether the enemy were the Pope or the Austrian. Thus formed by the action of Italian thought and deeds, he now in turn influences Italy, and at the present hour his name is more familiar at every cottage hearth than that of the soldier-king or his potent ally; the reputation of the chief makes service in his bands more attractive than any other to the adventurous youth of all classes, and the approach of his little army inspired the Austrian soldiers with more dread than that of the numerous battalions of the allies.

Born at Nice, on the fourth of June, 1807, he had already entered the Sardinian navy when the Italian mind was roused from its long slumber. The inhabitants of the Ligurian coasts have been known for ages as bold mariners, and, to this day, they launch out to sea and brave the perils of the Atlantic in craft that appear but ill-deserving of their confidence. The habit of relying on their own resources

* *La Toscane et ses Grand Ducs Autrichiens*. Paris. 1859.

has fostered in them a rough spirit of independence and a love of adventure, unrivaled in the rest of the Peninsula. Garibaldi, the son of an old sea-captain, was plentifully endowed with the peculiarities of his race. The constant sight of the sea, and the early habit of struggling with the elements, doubtless contributed to form his intense and passionate love of liberty; and often confined to Genoa by the duties of his service, he was naturally predisposed to adopt the doctrines of Mazzini—himself a Genoese—who at that time first appeared on the stage of Italian politics. Mazzini was not then what he has become since. He had just proclaimed that idea of Italian unity, which had seemed a fair but marble statue since the days of Machiavelli and Dante, to be a living object of desire; his countrymen were struck with admiration at the boldness of his projects, and fascinated by the eloquence with which he defended them; and the means he pointed out for attainment of the ultimate aim seemed the only ones possible, while every sovereign of the Peninsula was closely leagued with Austria and bent in lowly submission before the successor of St. Peter. Mazzini's thoughts were then in harmony with those of his nation, other and more practical men had not as yet attempted the realization of his idea, solitary and continual brooding had not deadened him to all but the suggestions of his own self-adoring and mystical mind, nor had exile dug a deep abyss between his highly-colored ideal and the practical aspirations of his countrymen. It was therefore natural that Garibaldi, already an ardent devotee of Italian liberty, should readily enter into schemes the practicability of which had not yet been put to the test.

The first attempt at the regeneration of Italy by means of the revolution was crushed in the bud, Mazzini and his chief partisans were forced to seek safety in flight, and Garibaldi, whose offense was rendered the more heinous by his rank in the Sardinian navy, soon found himself an exile at Marseilles. His character was too frank and energetic for him to partake the mole-like existence of his leader; conspiracy, however noble its object, was no occupation for one who is emphatically the soldier of Italy, and whose object through life has been to prove that his countrymen are as well endowed with all

military qualities as the most martial of European nations. For a while, Garibaldi passed over to Tunis, but finding no scope for the development of his energies, he soon sought a wider field of action in South-America, where he entered the service of the Republic of Uruguay, then engaged in a struggle for independence with Rosas, the Dictator of Buenos Ayres.

The task intrusted to Garibaldi would have been enough to overwhelm one less able or less resolute—to him it proved but the training for greater deeds. Obligated to fight by sea and land alternately, he had to create a fleet by capturing the vessels of the enemy, and to organize a military force from whatever elements happened to present themselves. It was during these years of warfare that he raised his Italian legion, a part of which following him to Europe, became the nucleus of the bands that he long afterwards led to the defense of Rome, and several of the officers by whom he is still surrounded attached themselves to him at this period. Among these we may especially note Origoni, then his second in command, and his lieutenant at sea, afterwards the companion of his wanderings, and his fellow-laborer on his Sardinian farm, lastly, chief of the staff of his little army.

It would be tedious to trace, one by one, the series of actions by which Garibaldi compelled Rosas finally to acknowledge the independence of Uruguay, a concession which paved the way to his own downfall. It is more interesting for us to mark the effects of these actions on Garibaldi himself and on the minds of his followers. Often defeated, sometimes apparently on the verge of destruction, he never despaired, never gave in. Gradually he acquired all the qualifications of a consummate guerrilla leader. Practice taught him how to harass and confound a numerically superior enemy by sudden marches and unexpected attacks, in which the bayonet played a chief part, as the weapon of most deadly effect in the hands of resolute and enthusiastic men; he learned how to take advantage of every dell and mound, and how to profit by the slightest error of his adversary. Deep study of the science of war has since added to his qualifications as a great leader, and shown him how to improve stratagem by art; but the talent he above all pos-

esses is that of inspiring confidence in his followers. His brilliant yet unconscious personal bravery, his simple hardihood, his readiness of resource in all emergencies, his strict justice, and the severe discipline tempered by affectionate care for the well-being of "his sons," as he has ever delighted to call his soldiers, all contribute to insure to him their respect and passionate devotion, which makes it their highest ambition to earn his praise, while a word from him is enough to urge them to almost superhuman exertion, since they never doubt either the success or the necessity of a movement he orders.

The war in South-America had been concluded about two years, and Garibaldi had retired with his wife (a Brazilian lady, who had shared all the perils of his campaigns) to a farm he possessed and cultivated with his own hands, when intelligence of the revolutions of 1848 reached Montevideo. Italy was in arms! The opportunity for which Garibaldi had panted through long years of exile, in anticipation of which he had so anxiously disciplined his Italian followers, had arrived at last. Accompanied by Annita, his two young sons, and his faithful band, he lost no time in setting sail for Europe, but with all his haste he did not arrive until the fortune of battle had already turned against Italy. His first impulse was to offer his sword to Charles Albert, but his reputation as a Mazzinian had preceded him, and the king recoiled from accepting the services of a republican leader. It was indeed too late; and though the local government of Lombardy readily entered into an arrangement with Garibaldi, and he accordingly took the field, advancing in the first instance as far as Brescia, and afterwards carried on a guerrilla warfare for several weeks in the mountainous district around the Lake of Como, and in the Valtellina, his exertions had no other effect than to lay the foundation of that fame which has since drawn so many volunteers to his standard, and to inspire the Austrians with a terror they have never been able to shake off. The dexterity with which he baffled all pursuit, his skillful marches, and bold attacks on points where he was least expected, above all, the manner in which he on one occasion, near Varese, made his way between two divisions of pursuing Austrians, leaving them to fight each other for some hours in the dark,

before they discovered their mistake, a repetition of a device he had once practiced at sea in South-America, led the ignorant peasants, and the no less superstitious Austrian soldiers, to believe his success attributable to means more than human.

A wider field of exertion soon presented itself. Rome proclaimed the republic after the flight of the Pope, his old friend and associate Mazzini was elected triumvir, and Garibaldi hastened to lead his band, swelled by the adventurous spirits of every part of Italy, from the Lombard hills to the smooth Campagna. The gallant resistance of the young republic was chiefly owing to him, and to the spirit he infused into all who came within the sphere of his influence. From the time of his arrival he recommended that numerous battalions should be raised, and preparations made for a siege, and had these measures been adopted, the defense, even if finally unsuccessful, might certainly have been indefinitely prolonged. But practical exertion speedily displayed the different characters of Mazzini and Garibaldi, and the effect of the lives they had led since they planned and hoped together so many years before. The one, of whom it is no reproach to say that his character fulfills the romantic conception of a conspirator's living alone, or in the society of devoted adherents, who drank in his words as the decisions of an inspired oracle, had woven for himself an unreal metaphysical world of imagination, through the mazes of which he delighted to wander, and when called on to govern the Republic, whose image he had so often conjured up, transferred his ideal of what should be to the management of public affairs. The other, frank and daring, trained in action, and tested by long habit of command, was influenced by no such illusions, and thus Garibaldi was ever urging rapid preparation and energetic arming, while Mazzini was dreaming of the fraternity of nations, and hoping that the very weakness and inoffensiveness of the State he governed would afford it protection, even after the first booming of cannon might have taught him to cast such fancies to the winds.

Thwarted in his schemes and circumscribed in his actions, Garibaldi added daily to his fame and to that of his band by continual sallies and skirmishes, testifying at once to his bravery and his skill.

At one moment he might be found discomfiting the Neapolitan army at Velletri, at another retarding the advance of the French, and repulsing their first attacks upon Rome. Wherever danger was most threatening he hastened to interpose, and victory never ceased to hover over his banner. But all his exertions could not long avert a fate called down by the faults of others; and when the capitulation was agreed to, he, disdaining to share its benefits, left Rome by one gate while the French entered by another, and took the road towards Terracina, followed by his troops. His object was to reach Venice, where Manin yet held aloft the flag of Italian nationality, and his soldiers pledged themselves anew never to desert their chief.

But the way was long, the road intercepted by many enemies. The flower of the Piedmontese army had fallen three months before at Novara, Lombardy was crushed, Tuscany and Romagna were held down under the iron hoof of Austria, the French and Neapolitans were in the rear. By a series of skillful maneuvers Garibaldi eluded pursuit, but the long marches and counter-marches among the Apennines, the apparent hopelessness of the enterprise, combined to thin his little band, and having reached the neutral territory of San Marino, he released his soldiers from their oath, himself perceiving that his only chance of arriving at Venice was to embark in a fishing-boat with a few followers. He then made his way to Cismatico, on the Adriatic shore, accompanied by Annita and his children, and also by Ugo Bassi, Cicerovacchio, and two hundred faithful adherents who had still clung to his fortunes, and had answered his offer of their liberty by the cry: "To Venice! to Venice!"

A more painful trial than any he had yet experienced, now awaited Garibaldi. His beloved and loving Annita, the wife who had shared all his toils and adventures, the heroic woman who had smiled on him through all his sufferings, and brightened every dark hour of his life, the only rival of Italy in his affections, was about to be taken from him. Although on the eve of childbirth she had ridden by his side throughout the march, and after braving the heats of the July sun and the cold of the mountain camp, she had cheerfully embarked with her husband and his friends. The little fleet of

thirteen fishing-boats were already within sight of the Lagune, when it was attacked by an Austrian brig, which succeeded in sinking or capturing eight among them. Five escaped, almost by a miracle; but previous fatigue and mental exhaustion had made this last trial too much for Annita. She was already dying, when Garibaldi, in the vain hope of relieving her, again sought the coast. To avoid pursuit, which they felt to be near at hand, the patriots separated never to meet again in this world. Ugo Bassi, Cicerovacchio, and his young sons, speedily fell into the hands of the Austrians, and were shot down like hunted beasts. Garibaldi went on his way, followed by his children and by Origoni, who now and then relieved him from the task of carrying his dying wife. At length he was fain to lay her down in a peasant's empty hut. Heedless of peril, Origoni hurried in search of medical aid, and the husband alone watched by the exhausted sufferer. Nature could bear no more, no assistance was at hand, and in a few hours there Annita died. Jealous of the right of bestowing the last cares on one so dear, with his own hands Garibaldi dug her grave, in the depths of a wild Romagnole forest, and laid her in a spot known to himself alone. Let none dare to scan his feelings. He lived for his children, *hers*, and Italy yet remained, and he looked to a day when he might avenge Annita, but the light of his life was gone forever from the earth. He wandered on, and one day the widowed husband and his orphan sons arrived at Genoa, a port of safety, how, he would perhaps be himself scarcely able to tell.

Again Garibaldi set forth on his wanderings. For a short time he betook himself to the United States, and gained his bread by daily labor; hence he again went to South-America, but he found no opening for active exertion, and the home he had once loved had lost its charm. He next undertook some commercial voyages to Genoa, and thus obtained a little money, with which he purchased the small island of Caprera, off the coast of Sardinia. He there settled down with a few devoted friends, resigned to live by the humble avocations of husbandry until a day should come when he might again draw his sword for the freedom of Italy. The only political act he performed during these long years of deferred hope was the

signature he hastened to append to the subscription for the hundred cannons of Alexandria, opened by Manin, an act slight in appearance, yet of deep significance, since by it he proclaimed his separation from Mazzini, and his adherence to the national party, under the leadership of Victor Emmanuel.

It was, perhaps, this act that induced the King and Count Cavour to turn to Garibaldi as soon as the preparations of Austria made war probable. The summons to Turin found him at Caprera, and he hastened to obey. An attachment far more sincere than is usual between a king and his subject speedily united Victor Emmanuel and the partisan chief, and Garibaldi was named lieutenant-general, and intrusted with the command of a body of volunteers about to be formed under the name of *Cacciatori delle Alpi*. These appointments were not published, but the news flew from the summits of the Alps to the extreme point of Sicily, and the effect was as immediate as when the fiery cross was formerly carried across the Scottish hills. It gave a practical aim in place of the abstract longings of the Italian youth, for the name of Garibaldi was a pledge that the coming struggle would be for the independence of Italy, not for mere dynastic ambition, and volunteers flocked to join his standard. The Minister of War, Della Marmora, a brave officer and a devoted patriot, yet one too much attached to his habits of routine thoroughly to reconcile himself to the use of revolutionary arms, and too rigid a disciplinarian to appreciate the brilliant yet somewhat eccentric abilities of the guerrilla leader, threw many difficulties in the way of the legion, and thus prevented its attaining the strength and efficiency it might have had before the outbreak of the war, but the King and Cavour lent a firm and consistent support, and Garibaldi was thus enabled to surround himself once more with his old companions in arms, and to place at the head of his regiments two exiles, Colonels Cosenz and Medici, one of whom had been distinguished at Venice, the other at Rome.

A new and more brilliant phase of the life of Garibaldi than any that had preceded it, was now about to begin. The necessity of awaiting the arrival of the French artillery for a while confined him to the walls of Casale, along with the other Italian divisions, but when the for-

ward movement was decided upon, the king wisely thought that such a leader, and such soldiers as he had formed, might be better employed than in sharing the slow advance of the regular army, and he acceded to the wish of the chief to be first on Lombard soil. Garibaldi might well feel confidence in his sons; they were not five thousand strong—they had no cannon, and only forty horsemen, but the little force was composed of nobles, citizens, artists, members of every liberal profession. The noblest names of Milan and Venice were in the ranks; every man there had received the education of a gentleman; each knew the importance of the cause he fought for, and felt deep and intelligent confidence in his chief. That faith was needful, for Garibaldi was about to lead them to as perilous an adventure as man ever conceived, and to demand from them exertions unknown to the annals of ordinary warfare.

The Allies were still behind the Sesia, when Garibaldi, after drawing off the attention of the Austrians by a feint to the north of Arona, suddenly crossed the Ticino at Sesto Calende during the night of the twenty-second of May, and marched upon Varese, a small town among the hills. From this time to his arrival at Salò, on the Lake of Garda, a month later, his campaign seems more like the pages of a romance than the sober narrative of history. During many days he was entirely cut off from all communication with Piedmont, for the Austrians held the shore of the Lago Maggiore; and his reports to the king, and the dispatches of Count Cavour, were conveyed by the smugglers; even this means being uncertain and insecure. Opposed to him were seventeen thousand foot, with six cannon and two divisions of cavalry, commanded by General Urban, supposed by the Austrians to be the only man capable of coping with Garibaldi in irregular warfare.

Such difficulties would have paralyzed one less hardy than Garibaldi; but he had confidence in himself, in his soldiers, and in the populations whom he immediately called to arms; nor was his expectation deceived. Urban marched upon Varese, and Garibaldi, who had previously caused the town to be barricaded, issued from it in the night, fell upon the flank of the attacking column, and drove it back at the point of the bayonet. This success he followed up by a sudden movement on

Como, whence he expelled the astonished Austrians after a brilliant skirmish on the heights of San Fermo. A series of marches and counter-marches between Como, Varese, and Laveno, ensued,* and sharp fights were of nearly daily occurrence, in which Garibaldi lost many brave volunteers, acquiring on the other hand a moral superiority which made the Austrian soldiers leave their quarters sure they would be beaten, although their numbers were ten to one. There were moments, however, of great peril, when Garibaldi, seeing himself surrounded and every issue from the hills closed, would bid his men disperse, appointing them a rallying-place many miles distant. At the hour fixed every man was at his place, and the whole corps, as united as though the bonds of discipline had never been relaxed, fell on the rear of the enemy, who thought to have no more to dread.

The steady progress of the Allies soon allowed Garibaldi to push on eastward. The fifth of June, he put his little force on board two steamers he had captured at Como, and steamed up the lake to Lecco, on his way to Bergamo, leaving the whole country behind him free from Austrian troops, and peaceably obeying the Sardinian commissioner, to whom every municipality had hastened to carry its homage as to the representative of their lawful king. Marching by the hills, to avoid a body of the enemy whom he knew to be posted on the high road, Garibaldi was already within a few miles of the strong and ancient city of Bergamo, when a deputation of its inhabitants came to inform him that the Austrians, terrified at his approach, had spiked their cannon, abandoned their magazines, and fled during the night. His entry was a triumph of which any sovereign might have been proud. The people hailed their deliverer as if he had been a god descended from heaven, but no homage, no ovation, could turn Garibaldi from his task. Before dis-

mounting he went to meet a column of Austrians reported to be advancing from Brescia, and put them to flight, the volunteers charging with the bayonet as gayly as if they had spent the previous twenty-four hours in repose.

At Bergamo, the Cacciatori enjoyed a few days' rest, while their general went to Milan, to receive the commands and well-merited encomiums of the king, who, in his enthusiasm, declared, that he would joyfully lay aside his crown and the cares of state, to be the leader of a free corps, the vanguard of the Italian Army. Garibaldi returned decorated with the gold medal for military valor, the choicest reward his sovereign could bestow, and loaded with crosses and decorations for his brave men, whom he was about to lead to an enterprise more daring than any that had gone before.

From Bergamo to Brescia is a distance of forty-five miles by the straight road, the Allies were not yet on the Adda, and the Austrians held fortified positions on the way. But nothing could daunt Garibaldi, and the name of Brescia, which is graven on every true Italian heart, with that of her sister-city, the martyred Vicenza, acted like magic on the soldiers. The little force, reduced in number by the continual skirmishes, and yet more by the long marches of eighteen and twenty hours, under the scorching sun, set forth by the by-roads. To Brescia! to Brescia! was the shout by which the volunteers encouraged one another, if any sank fainting on the way, and by which they replied to Garibaldi's offer to let them repose. They marched on with scarcely a halt, until they reached the heroic city—the Austrians had left Brescia undefended, never dreaming of an attack in the rear—where they were received with an enthusiasm that words are unable to describe. Brescia alone, full of reminiscences of her resistance to Haynau in 1849, yet smarting under the sense of injuries then received, could give such a reception to her deliverers, that general and soldiers felt amply rewarded for all their toils.

From Brescia, an expedition was sent to raise the district of Idro; this we will describe, as it was a curious example of Garibaldi's half-political, half-military mission. Eighteen soldiers were packed into an omnibus, two officers, Colonel Türr and Major Camuzzi, followed in a country cart. No sooner did they reach Idro,

* It was during one of these maneuvers that Urban succeeded in taking Varese, which he ordered to deliver to him all the tobacco and cigars in the town, five hundred oxen, and three millions of Austrian lire, (one hundred and ten thousand pounds,) to be paid in three installments, in two, six, and twenty-four hours. With great difficulty the municipality obtained a delay until the latter term, but before it expired Garibaldi returned from Laveno, and Urban took to flight, leaving behind him the hostages he had seized.

than all the bells were set ringing, the tricolor was hoisted on every steeple, the municipality proclaimed Victor Emmanuel, and the two officers returned with two hundred and fifty fresh recruits, eager to join the legion, leaving their own men as a garrison.

Despite his numerical superiority, Urban, hemmed in between Garibaldi, who was raising the whole country around him, and the advancing allied army, was glad to escape by forced marches. But at this moment, the volunteers, elated by their almost fabulous success, were nearly betrayed by it to their own destruction. Unused to calculate numbers, they, after leaving Brescia, attacked, at Castenedolo, a vastly superior force, during the absence of Garibaldi, occupied in leading another column. The Austrians were close to their reserves, and though beaten at first, they were soon able to repulse the volunteers with heavy loss. Yet the latter turned so fiercely to charge with the bayonet, that the victorious enemy dared not pursue them, and a few days later, Garibaldi encamped at Salo, on the Lake of Garda, within one short month of his leaving Piedmont. When the Allies crossed the Chiese, he was detached to the Valtellina, to defend the defile of the Stelvio, whence it was apprehended the Austrians might descend towards Milan, after the armies should have passed the Mincio, and General Cialdini, with his division, was sent in support to the Tonale pass, another issue from the Trentino, or Italian Tyrol, a province which the Congress of Vienna, and deep-lying political and military schemes for the perpetual subjugation of Italy, has attached to the German Confederation in spite of nature and geography.*

Throughout the campaign, Garibaldi and his sons were the favorite heroes of Italy. He was every where the precursor of the regular armies, and every other

issue for popular enthusiasm being dammed up, by the strict discipline inculcated in all the revolutionized provinces, it rushed with double force into the only channel left open. From the time Garibaldi left Piedmont, he never received any assistance from the Treasury, or the Ministry of War. Nor did he stand in need of it. The Lombard towns vied with each other in the receptions they gave him. Voluntary offerings filled his military chest, the lists of enrollment he opened in every city were covered with signatures, so that his force at last amounted to upwards of fifteen thousand men. Bergamo armed and clothed two thousand of his recruits, Como fourteen hundred, while Lodi gave fifty-two thousand francs, without specifying any number; other towns were no less liberal, and besides these special gifts, his soldiers, who often arrived in a city ragged and barefoot, (for they carried nothing but their arms and ammunition,) never left it unprovided with shoes and clean shirts. Their coarse and simple uniforms were fitted for their hard life, and it was a touching sight to see men white-handed and gently nurtured, wearing it as a distinction which cast honor on the noblest name, and gayly enduring the toils, and submitting to the stern discipline of the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*. Uninured to fatigue, they often sank under the long marches which were usually directed across country, and the hospitals were crowded with sick, yet even they were roused by the sound of the musketry. The name of their leader, at all times the battle-cry, seemed a spell potent to raise even the dying, and such was their eagerness for the fight, that on one occasion, eight soldiers, who lay ill, rose from their beds, and hurried to partake the peril of their comrades. Two fell, two were carried to the rear desperately wounded, the remaining four crept painfully back to the hospital at the close of the day.

The troops of Garibaldi were the last to exchange shots with the enemy, as they had been the first to leave the sheltering ramparts of Cassale. The chief was at the foot of the Stelvio, and had already engaged the Austrians in several sharp fights, winning successes he was forbidden to follow up, lest pursuit should lead to a violation of Germanic territory, when he received intelligence, first of the armistice, then of the convention of Villafranca.

* The Trentino is a province inhabited by Italians, lying to the south of the great chain of Alps, although inclosed by a lower range of hills, pierced by five passes, which give entrance to Lombardy and Venetia. It is thus a huge natural fortress, whence the Austrians can sally, while an army, warring on behalf of Italy, can not pursue them, if in retreat, without violating the territory of the German Confederation—a most convenient arrangement for Austria. Had the war gone on, she would probably have abandoned the open plains of Venetia, and, issuing from the Trentino, have endeavored to cut off the Allies from their base of operations.

Deep and strange was the impression that peace made on all Italy. The brief, rude, yet vague message, borne by the electric wire, flew through the Peninsula, crushing highly excited hopes, and quenching fiery enthusiasm. The aspect of cities changed as at the wave of a magic wand. Grief was as plainly legible on every face as joy had been but a few short hours before. A funeral veil seemed to have been suddenly flung over Milan, Turin, Florence, and to have enveloped all classes in its sable folds. The desolation of Venetia who shall portray? From the tower of St. Mark, the Venetians had been watching every movement of the French fleet, as it lay in the offing; from the ramparts of Verona, the citizens had been straining their eyes, to catch a sight of the tricolor flag of the deliverer, and a few curt words declared all hope to be at an end. Many there were who cut short their days in utter despair, many to whom God in his mercy sent madness as a relief from thought,* and throughout the length and breadth of Italy, the phrase, "Venetia remains under the scepter of Austria," seemed likely to prove the death-knell to hope and faith, to liberty and order.

Then was seen the struggle which shook the soul of a whole nation, as that of a single man. All the passions that can agitate a human breast contended for mastery in the minds of millions of men. Grief, rage, fear of the worse that might follow, since such misery could befall, dire suspicion of all who had been most implicitly trusted, united to render sober judgment impossible, and the people were tossed on the waves of angry passion, as a rudderless ship on a mighty sea. Men, who had ever been noted for the moderation of their opinions, cried "Viva Mazzini," as if to testify to a new-born conviction, that violence and extreme measures alone could henceforth avail to save Italy. Then came intelligence that would have seemed calculated to lighten the excitement, and which proved the means of bringing men to consider calmly what could yet be done—intelligence of the resignation of Count Cavour, of the undisguised despair of Victor Emmanuel. All learned that the

king felt with his people, that the minister had renounced power rather than consent to the hateful peace. The light of hope broke through the clouds of despair, and the future of Italy was saved. It is to the eternal honor of the Italians that they should have passed through this fearful ordeal without a single act of violence having been attempted. One moment had sufficed apparently to shatter all the hopes that had been so systematically excited, so sedulously fostered, and to deprive them of that entire independence which had been promised as the recompense for their unquestioning obedience, yet not an insult was offered to those who inflicted this crushing disappointment. Sympathy was felt for the vexation that the army was conceived to experience at the sudden interruption of its dazzling career, (an impression confirmed by the bearing both of officers and men,) and the French Emperor, though received coldly, was greeted with the respect due to one who, however he had fallen short of his spontaneous promises, had yet risked his life, and shed the blood of his soldiers for the freedom of Italy.

With his great Italian heart, Garibaldi partook all the feelings of his countrymen. In his camp, near Loverè, he shared their grief and anger, and his first impulse on hearing of the peace was to throw up his command. He wrote at once to the king, but at the entreaty of his royal master he was speedily induced to withdraw his resignation. It was well for Italy that Victor Emmanuel possessed this influence over the mind of the popular chief. The retirement of Garibaldi at such a moment would have been as fatal in its effects as that of Cavour was salutary. Count Cavour, essentially a war-minister, committed to undying enmity to Austria, could not have signed any document relative to the peace without belying his whole career; but had Garibaldi, a military leader, unconnected with politics or diplomacy, given up his commission, all Italy would have seen in the act a proof that the Sardinian monarch and government had abandoned her cause for the rich bribe of Lombardy. The faith that the hero would never serve a party interest was so strong that the intelligence of his retaining the command of his troops knit yet tighter the hearts of the people to their sovereign, and when he issued a proclamation ending with the words, "Be ever true to the cause

* Delicacy towards the survivors forbids all allusions to the names of these unhappy victims of their too intense patriotism, yet the fact is certain, and many in Milan could testify to its occurrence among the circle of their own personal acquaintance.

of Italian independence—long live Victor Emmanuel, our king!" the shout went forth from the narrow limits of the Alpine camp and was echoed back from the banks of Arno and the forests of Romagna.

Harsh and paradoxical as the assertion may seem, we believe that the abandonment of Venice was the pledge for the future of Italy. It is most painful to behold the condition of the unhappy provinces of Venetia weighed down by ruthless taxation, oppressed by a hungry and disappointed soldiery;* it is grievous to think of noble women cast into solitary confinement like Madam Contarini; of peaceful citizens torn from their homes at dead of night and shut up in the dungeons of German fortresses, their goods confiscated, and their families left in penury; but if we can divest ourselves of individual sympathy, we may deem that all the tears shed in Venetia are almost necessary to water the infant tree of Italian unity and independence. In the narrative of the Evangelist, Christ suffers for the redemption of the world—in ordinary life, individual woe is often the source of the general weal, and heavy as is the cross that Venetia now bears, it may prove the symbol of the salvation of all Italy. None could have wished this heavy burden to be cast on a city so endeared to every student of historic or artistic lore, that Venice appeals to our sympathy with a charm only less than that of our native homes. However beneficial the consequence that may ultimately ensue, yet as fate has decreed that the burden shall be borne yet awhile, it were well that none should let sorrow blind them to what compensation circumstances may admit, and we will briefly state the reasons that tend to mitigate our regret.

History shows, that the more easily a nation wins its liberty, the less likely it is to maintain what it has acquired. Had the war continued, in all human probability the Austrians would have been driven back from the Mincio to the Isonzo even more rapidly than from the Ticino to the Lombard frontier, nay, there is great reason to believe that the celebrated quadrangle

might have been taken with less sacrifice of life and time than had been anticipated. The armaments of Verona are now known to have been incomplete, and the Hungarian and Polish garrison of Mantua had arranged to open the gates at the first demonstration of an attack. Every thing was agreed upon and the day fixed, when the sudden conclusion of the armistice obliged the officer who had conducted the negotiations to send word to his confederates within the fortress, that the execution of the scheme must be delayed, and a few days later it was, of course, necessarily abandoned. Had independence been won by so slight and short an effort, had the Austrian power thus suddenly and entirely collapsed, would the Italians have been united in taking the measures necessary to prevent its return at some future period? We know that the great mass of the Italian nation is ready to make any sacrifice for independence, and that the noblest minds among her sons do not scruple to declare, that if, once freed, Italy were unable to defend her liberties and guard them with her own sword, she would deserve to fall back into slavery, but too easy victory might have engendered contempt for the foe, and opened a door to many municipal and provincial jealousies and rivalries. In the rejoicings for the conquests of a potent ally, the necessity for self-sacrifice might have been forgotten and have thrown many difficulties in the way of a strong organization of Italy. *Now*, the consciousness that the enemy is near, looking down from the ramparts of Mantua and Verona, to profit by any sign of disunion, comes home to every true Italian heart, and before many years have passed, the spirit now working will weld the different provinces so thoroughly together, that the differences between Tuscan and Piedmontese will become as little dangerous to their common character as Italians as those between Alsatian and Gascon are to the unity of France; and the union will be far more likely to prove satisfactory if the provinces join Sardinia by their own solemn and deliberate choice, rather than in obedience to the fortune of war.

No greater proof is needed than the events that have just taken place in Central Italy. But a few months since, the withdrawal of the Austrians, and the flight of the quasi-native authorities, left the populations entirely to themselves. They were unused to self-government, and mili-

* On the 5th of July last, the city of Venice was ordered by the governor, Count Bissingen, to pay 1,200,000 florins (£120,000) in six days. The yearly taxes imposed on Venetia amount to 37,288,320 lire. This year there were additional war taxes, and a forced loan of 45,000,000 of florins. The estimated income of Venetia is 65,433,361 lire.

tary power alone had restrained their passions for years. The people sent to Turin for Italian rulers, and a remarkable symptom soon made manifest their aptitude for order. Brigandage suddenly ceased, political assassination disappeared, even ordinary crime diminished in a striking degree. A Sardinian governor and a few half-drilled national guards achieved in a few hours what thousands of Austrian soldiers, aided by troops of gens-d'armes and a powerful police, had failed to do in ten years. At first sight this fact appears so surprising as to baffle all explanation. If we reflect, however, we may perceive that the people had been going through a course of education ever since 1848. Under every disguise and pretext the secret agents of Austria were constantly urging them to disorder and revolt, while her organs in the German press never ceased to portray the anarchical tendencies and municipal dissensions of the Italians. Thus the populations were enabled to see their own former errors as in a glass, they were struck by the deformity of the portrait, and perceiving at the same time that the real object of the "*agents provocateurs*" must be the advantage of Austria, they discovered what they were henceforth to avoid, under pain of eternal servitude. So deeply rooted was this conviction, that not even the deep calculation of their flying rulers, who, (with the exception of the Duchess of Parma,) anxious to conduce to the fulfillment of their own prophecies of anarchy, ordered all the persons employed under their government immediately to interrupt their labors, could sting them into momentary forgetfulness. Thus, the order and moderation we are now admiring are the direct result of the calculations and over-strenuous efforts of the Hapsburg Dukes. Whatever the secret motive of the Emperor Napoleon in drawing up the preliminaries of Villafranca, the clause permitting the return of the self-exiled sovereigns has had an effect he could scarcely have anticipated, unless, indeed, his design was to provoke a fresh and more striking manifestation of the wishes and capacities of the Italian nation.

No disorder followed the recall of the Piedmontese commissioners. Modena and Parma quietly united themselves under the dictatorship of the Roman Farini; Tuscany was governed apart by Baron Ricasoli; Romagna, by Colonel

Cipriani. History presents few spectacles more grand than that we have so lately witnessed. Even our own revolution of 1888 can hardly stand a comparison. An elective law on the broadest base was promulgated, and all classes hastened to the poll, even the less educated displaying an eagerness to take advantage of their privilege, rare in our own country. The men most distinguished for birth, name, beneficence, science, wealth, were returned by large majorities. The elections were unsullied by the slightest excess, and when the assemblies met, they with singular unanimity voted the expulsion of their ancient rulers, and the union with Sardinia; and then, their task accomplished, prorogued themselves, wisely divining that in such troubled times a dictatorship alone could hope to obtain a favorable solution.

That the smaller duchies should arrive at this decision need excite no surprise. Forming part of the vast Valley of the Po, their geographical and commercial tendencies lead them to seek union with Lombardy and Piedmont, and for the last ten years they have aspired to realize the wish revealed by universal suffrage in 1848. The Legations so abhor their priestly rulers, that even in the last century they hailed with delight their transfer to republican France by the treaty of Tolentino; and whatever Mr. Bowyer and other Irish members may be pleased to think or say, we can not doubt that they would prefer any government whatsoever to that of the Vicar of Christ. But we own that we scarcely ventured to anticipate the unanimity of the Tuscan Assembly; and we appeal to it as a testimony to the truth of our remarks on the indirect beneficial consequences of the peace of Villafranca.

The autonomy of Tuscany had for centuries been strongly marked; the people had few positive grievances to complain of; and though the princes of Hapsburg Lorraine had conferred no lasting benefits on their subjects, they were undistinguished by the positive and individual wickedness of the Dukes of Parma and Modena, and had they yielded with a good grace to the request urged by Cavaliere Buoncompagni,* on the twenty-

* His dispatch of the above date reflects equal honor on the Minister who ordered and the representative who drew it up, and is the best proof of

fourth of April last, they might at this hour have reigned undisturbed, under shelter of an alliance with Victor Emmanuel. They refused, and went their way, the departure of the Grand-ducal family making as little sensation in the country it had governed for one hundred and twenty-two years, as that of any ordinary traveler. The protectorate of the "honest" king was sought as a means of assisting in the war, but few then really thought of a fusion under his scepter, and those few had but little hope of seeing their wishes realized. The Tuscans were content to await events, and had Venetia been freed as speedily as Lombardy, we will venture to say they would never have been willing to sacrifice their administrative independence. The peace carried to all hearts the stern conviction that self-sacrifice alone could enable Italy to resist the still remaining power of Austria, and annul her influence in the Confederation, if that strange conception were ever destined to see the light. This belief bore speedy fruits; the electors asked but one pledge of the representatives to whom they confided their destiny; and when the descendants of the grand old republicans of Florence met again in the hall of the Cinque-Cento, in that palace which is as a very temple of historic grandeur, the issue was not doubtful. There they stood once more, the bearers of names that adorn the pages of Guicciardini and Sismondi. Gino Capponi, descended from that Pietro who once bearded the French monarch in his tent; Strozzi, of yet more princely line; Ugolino della Gherardesca, whose name can never die while the verse of Dante lives; with many more of kindred, if not equal fame. The old spirit of Florence seemed to descend upon them as they left that ancient hall so replete with glorious memories, and went in solemn procession to pray the blessing of God in the fane that Brunelleschi raised and Michael Angelo admired, with humble doubt of his own power to emulate. May their prayer be heard both in heaven and on earth, and the double decision they came to with such calm dignity, such resolute courage, such disdain both of secret menace and of deceitful lures, avail for the good of Tuscany and the future of Italy.

the disinterestedness of Piedmont in the Italian question.

Many of these men have lived in familiar intercourse with the Grand-ducal family, yet not a voice was raised in defense of the princes who had sought shelter in the Austrian camp, and gone forth to battle with the vanquished of Solferino. Not even under shelter of the ballot was a single vote recorded in their favor. With peculiar tact the Assembly assigned, as the motive for its vote, the simple fact that the ruler had abandoned his country at the commencement of a national war. Thus every citizen who had not quitted Tuscany was enabled consistently to adhere to the vote of exclusion. The farther question then remained—Should Tuscany unite herself to Northern Italy, or seek to become the center of a kingdom to be offered to Prince Napoleon, whose matrimonial alliance with the House of Savoy might make him almost appear an Italian prince? We are ready to acknowledge that the personal dislike of, and contempt for this candidate, dating from his earliest years, may have had something to do with the unanimity of the decision; but we believe that, after Villafranca, the union would, in any case, have been voted by a large majority. Italy for the Italians, is the one thing aspired to; and all classes have a strong persuasion, that were they once united under a single scepter, the Austrian tenure of Venetia would not be of long duration.

But all these signs of the temper of men's minds in Italy would be of small avail for the future were they not accompanied by other symptoms of far deeper import. We have no wish to depreciate the abnegation displayed by the Assemblies, or the order maintained among the people. We know how difficult a task is national sacrifice, since vanity may readily oppose it under the cloak of patriotism; we are aware how hard it was to rouse the despondent, and to bridle the indignant; to maintain order, and to unite all classes in a common effort, embarrassed as the dictators necessarily were by the uncertainties of the future, and by the intrigues of the Mazzinians, and of the priestly party, both of whom saw their only hope in disturbance. All honor is due to the populations, to their representatives, and to the dictators, men who unite great talent with singular firmness of character, and steadfast clearness of vision; but we say again, that were these the only signs

visible, so many virtues would but serve to adorn the victim, and render its fate more lamented, not to avert the final sacrifice.

Were the provinces of Central Italy content with sending deputations to offer their crowns to Victor Emmanuel, did they rest satisfied with the formal and often-repeated assurance of Napoleon III., that he will neither undertake nor sanction any armed intervention, we should even yet despair of the future of Italy. There is, indeed, a moral certainty that the French Emperor will not endeavor to coerce the nation he has so lately delivered, and if Austria be thoroughly convinced that any attempt at violence on her part will be opposed by France, the lesson taught at Solferino will probably induce her sullenly to acquiesce, for the present, in the aggrandizement of Sardinia. But this moral certainty is not enough, and the real test of the fitness of the Italians for freedom is the union of the menaced provinces, and the readiness of the inhabitants to give money and life in support of their decisions.

Fortunately this test is not wanting. In the spirit of the old Lombard league, that once saved Italy from the spoiler, the modern Italians have united themselves for a common resistance. The governments are well aware that besides the Austrians, there are many elements of mischief abroad; that the Pope, whose name in the older time to which we have alluded, was synonymous with resistance to the foreigner, has now gone over to the foe. Alexander III. formed the Lombard League, the town erected for its defense, Alessandria della Paglia, received his name, and by a strange coincidence has even lately proved a solid bulwark against German invasion. Pius IX. allowed Perugia to be sacked, and rewarded those who did the bloody deed. His troops are even now assembling at La Cattolica, and might any day invade Romagna. The banished dukes may perhaps attempt mischief with the secret assistance of Austria, and we know that the few, yet active and reckless, partisans of Mazzini are doing their best to excite troubles within the border. Union is the only defense against these divers dangers, and, in our opinion, nothing augurs better for the future, than that the three governments should have hastened to conclude a league for their

mutual support, and have united their armies under a single chief.

There are many leaders in Italy whose talents and honesty are beyond dispute, but one man only was to be found above all suspicion or cavil. That man was Garibaldi. It is not his talents, however signally proved, that give him his unequalled influence. It is his moral character that makes him the only man able to tame or bend the wild spirits that are gathering for the defense of Central Italy.* He has lived with the life of his people, and born of their breath, his turn has now come to sway their passions at his will. The boldest shrink from his displeasure, and submit without a murmur to the stern discipline he enforces, for all know his inflexible severity whenever he deems his anger just. The calmer spirits confide in his fatherly care, and all know that whenever the trumpet sounds, he will seek his place in the van, with his usual haughty defiance of death. The personal intrepidity of a leader is always sure to endear him to his soldiers, and is a necessary qualification in the chief of bands so motley as those Garibaldi now commands. But even this is not the chief cause of that general's magic power. The secret lies in the knowledge that his life is one devoted to Italy, for his readiness to engage the trained troops of Austria, or the Swiss mercenaries of the Pope, can not be questioned, and condemnation of all republican attempts come with double force from the lips of him who so long fought the battles of the republic, and first suffered for his participation in the plots of Mazzini.

Some may be disposed to mistrust the troops now united under command of Garibaldi, on account of the various elements from which they are composed. The three governments who appointed him, have, however, confidence in his ability to weld the mass into a compact army, as a skillful swordsmith forms a fine and sharp-edged blade out of what seemed

* General Fanti has also been appointed to a command in Central Italy, but it has not been officially stated whether he will be under the orders of Garibaldi or superior to him. The well-known patriotism of the general makes us hope and believe the former. His great talents and scientific acquirements will no doubt be of the greatest service in that case, but they could hardly replace the moral ascendancy which Garibaldi alone possesses.

a rough lump of iron. The elements he governs are indeed various. The Tuscan division of regular troops, disciplined by Austrian officers, numbers nearly thirteen thousand men; the corps of Mezzacapo, composed of fiery Romagnole volunteers, ten thousand to twelve thousand; that of Roselli three thousand to four thousand. Besides these troops, which have been organized some months, the gendarmerie and revenue-guards, (*guardie di Finanza*), an armed body, may be counted upon, and two fresh brigades of six thousand men each are forming at Modena, and other corps, both in Tuscany and Romagna. The little army is also tolerably provided with artillery, having three or four field-batteries of eight guns. The Sardinian government has also done what in it lay to swell the number of the central Italian army, by at once discharging the volunteers whose services it had a right to retain for a year after the termination of the war, and they are now crowding across the Po, and though Garibaldi, on accepting his new command, was obliged to set free the *Cacciatori delli Alpi*, with whose aid he had worked such miracles, we can not doubt that personal devotion to their chief and love of Italy will induce great numbers to follow his standard. In a word, to judge the future by the past, the leader is such, that while Garibaldi encamps at Modena, friend and foe may rest alike assured, that if attacked, Italy will come forth from the struggle as victor or perish after a gallant and desperate resistance. We augur this all the more confidently, as it is obvious that the sinews of war will not be wanting. The loans demanded by the provisional governments have been subscribed with remarkable alacrity, and afford a satisfactory proof that the wealthy trust in the permanence of the present order of things and are ready to make sacrifices to support it.

Will these sacrifices be indeed required at their hands? Will the rich be called upon to offer up their gold? the young and brave, of every rank, their lives, to secure the liberty of their native land? We trust not; yet we can not disguise from ourselves that great peril menaces the young independence of Italy from many quarters, and that if even the present question be settled to the entire satisfaction of her citizens, they must yet sleep with their armor on, like the knights of yore, for many a long year, and daily gird

up their loins for strife, for the foreign foe lies in his Venetian leaguer; the more secret and deadly enemy has his citadel at Rome, and a struggle must sooner or later ensue.

This is the future in the most favorable case, and perhaps it is not to be regretted. With all their many virtues, the Italians still need the baptism of fire; and it is well that they should feel the absolute necessity of organizing a strong military force. But this future is still remote, and need not now concern us. Enough for the day is the evil thereof, and the present question is sufficient to occupy the wisest heads. The answer to it lies mainly with the English government and nation.

One of the most curious results of the convention of Villafranca was the sudden revulsion of feeling towards England. Up to that period idolatry of France generally prevailed, deep resentment was expressed for the severe language Lord Malmesbury had held to Sardinia, and his successor seemed half included in the unforgiving censure. But as soon as the clang of arms was stilled, and the constitutional phase of the revolution began, this sentiment underwent a change. The people divined that their conduct would be better appreciated in England than in France. They saw that the direct protection of Napoleon III. was for the time withdrawn, that the Italian war had been but a part of, perhaps a prelude to, far greater enterprises, that his chief attention would henceforth be directed elsewhere; and though they hopefully trusted that he would defend them from external aggression if they were but able to suppress internal disorder, they yet yearned for a warmer sympathy with constitutional aspirations than a despotic sovereign could ever be likely to feel, and despite many previous disappointments they yet sought it from England.

Some writers have hastily stigmatized this change as ingratitude. We do not think it deserves this name, or that it necessarily implies mistrust of the French Emperor, who was himself the first to admit that disappointment was natural, and to excuse its manifestations. At this stage it would be impolitic to express mistrust of him, for the game has not yet been played out; it is clear that no confidence or amity at present exists between the courts of Vienna and Paris; and it has not been sufficiently remarked that how-

ever definite the promise, "Italy shall be free from the Alps to the Adriatic," no time was fixed for its fulfillment. The pledge may yet be redeemed; but in the mean while the Italians ought to do all in their power to consolidate and confirm their young liberty, and while seeking to improve the opportunity now in their hands, they have a right to seek support wherever it may be to be found.

Hitherto absolute neutrality has been the only course England could pursue with safety and honor. Respect for the treaties which constituted the public law of Europe bade her repress all outward manifestations of sympathy with the down-trodden population, whose freedom she could not but desire, while the complicated nature of the questions involved, and the singular spectacle of a despotic sovereign coming forward as the champion of liberty, made it doubly necessary to act with extreme circumspection. The aspect of affairs has now greatly changed, and we think a modification of policy should correspond to it, for the present is a great opportunity both for England and for Europe, and one not to be lightly cast away.

By concluding the convention of Villafranca, Napoleon III. tacitly avowed his inability to settle the Italian question alone, by the mere force of arms, and he thereby renounced all claim to be considered as its sole arbiter. Thus the convention, which had rather the character of an armistice than of a peace, was in fact a reference to a higher tribunal; and this we believe to be necessary, for the passage of the Ticino by the Austrian troops having virtually torn the treaty of Vienna, Europe is at the present moment without a public law, and to be valid a new settlement must be consented to by all the parties concerned.

Within the last two months, the question has made several important steps. The Italians have proved their capacity for self-government, and their representatives have stated their wants and wishes with singular clearness and unanimity. Italy throws herself into the arms of Victor Emmanuel, as a fair woman eager to recompense the long attachment of a true and devoted lover, and none acquainted with the character of the king can doubt his readiness to assume the arduous duties thus thrust upon him, and to defend his beloved, were it at the cost of his own life.

But there are considerations which make him pause, and necessarily prevent his immediate and absolute acceptance of the crowns offered to him. It is his duty to obtain some guarantee for the inviolability of the new State, and to obtain its admission into the family of European nations, ere he allow the provinces of Central Italy to bind up their fate with his. This guarantee, this admission, an European congress alone can give. On the other hand, the position of Austria is greatly changed from what it was six months ago. Her pretensions as a first-class State were then unquestioned, and if some persons, acquainted with the hollowness of her system, doubted its stability, they could bring no proof in support of their opinion. What was then an hypothesis is now a fact recorded by history. It is clear that, morally as well as financially, Austria has for the last ten years been living upon credit. By the mouth of her Emperor she has confessed her defeat, her army, the boasted engine of her power, has been beaten in a campaign of unparalleled brevity, and were additional testimony of her humiliation required, it might be found in her apathy while the changes going on in Central Italy are sapping the very basis of her dominion. But she holds Venetia as a vast fortified camp, in which she can recruit her strength at leisure, and if, as there is but too much reason to fear, Peschiera, Mantua, and Borgoforte, be left in her hands, she may at any time invade and lay waste the country on both sides the Po, unless the new organization of these provinces be sanctioned by Europe; for our readers must bear in mind that no treaty whatever has hitherto been signed between Austria and Sardinia, and Francis Joseph had the candor to declare, in his proclamation to his soldiers, dated Verona, that he intended to lead them back to Lombardy on the first opportunity.

A congress alone is competent to annul the various claims put forward by Austria, the Pope, and the princes of Central Italy, and by confirming the decision of the assemblies, to put an end to the question which has so long been a constant menace to the peace of Europe, and will continue to be so, unless it obtain a solution in harmony with the wishes and tendencies of the people. The erection of a kingdom of Etruria would merely prolong the stage of transition. No matter who the sovereign chosen, however good his government, the

people would still look on Victor Emmanuel as their rightful king, and thwarted in the present, hope for compensation from the future, thus perpetuating a state of chronic irritation.

It is for this reason that we would fain see England step forward to assert the rights of the Italian nation, and to convocate the august tribunal whose award must decide on their fate. Her isolated position, her strict neutrality throughout the contest, give her a natural right to act as umpire, and it would be great glory for her diplomacy were it to succeed in effecting what Napoleon III., at the head of all his legions, failed to achieve. Were she thus to step forward, she would possibly have both France and Russia on her side, and though we can readily conceive that Austria will make every effort to escape the necessity of vindicating her policy and system before the judgment-seat of Europe, we have yet to learn that her advantage and convenience are so important as to override all other and more general considerations.

Central Italy may be said to have special claims on the interest and sympathy of England. Holding the doctrine that every State has an absolute right over its own destiny, we think that England is bound to acquiesce in any decision the provincial assemblies may deliberately take; but we also think there is a great difference between the cold acquiescence which might have been due, had the triple crown of the Duchies been offered to Prince Napoleon, for instance, and the sympathy which the actual determination is calculated to excite. Central Italy has followed the example laid down by England herself nearly two centuries ago, and declared the exclusion of princes, who, far more criminal than James II., have actually fought in the ranks of the enemy and oppressor of their former subjects,* and we can not but sympathize with the anxious desire to form part of a kingdom which has given guarantees for the

stability of its constitutional government. Central Italy is united in this wish, Piedmont and Lombardy stretch out their arms towards her, the King is ready to accept the responsibility of welding the provinces into one nation, the sanction of Europe is alone wanting. With a clear conscience and a decisive effect, might England now claim for the Italians the reward which their perseverance and unanimity have so amply deserved. It is at once her privilege and her duty to do so. Let her boldly assert it, and strong from the very neutrality she has hitherto preserved, let her declare herself opposed to all further interference with Italian affairs, whether of France or of Austria, whether by force of arms or the intrigues of unaccredited diplomats; let her obtain the confirmation of this great principle by the European Powers, and the prosperity and happiness of millions will be chiefly owing to her.

The glory and increase of influence to be acquired by this course can not be matters of indifference, even to so great a State as England. But it is not on this account alone that we desire to see a Congress summoned, and the decisions of Central Italy confirmed. We wish the calamities to be averted which seem to us inevitable, if this solution be refused, or even too long delayed. The admirable perseverance and patience of the Italians should not be put to too severe a trial; as long as they have hope, they will maintain their present attitude, but were it rudely torn from them, there is no calculating what consequences might be produced by the madness of their despair. But we will not dwell on this painful contingency. We trust that the English Ministers who, during the debate of the 8th of August last, so nobly pleaded the cause of the Italian Duchies, will maintain the words spoken in the House of Commons before the more secret assembly of Europe, strong in the consciousness of the approval of their own country, and of the liberal party throughout the world.

To the Italians, we would recommend continued order and perseverance, but above all, let not their vigilance be laid asleep. The assurances of Napoleon III. to Count Linati, the sympathy of the English people, are calculated to strengthen them in their course; but the sole real guarantee for their liberty and independence is the organization of a numerous

* The Duke of Modena not only repaired himself to the Austrian camp, but took with him a body of his own troops, whom he had led out, in ignorance of the place of their destination, which they did not discover until they found themselves shut in between two Austrian brigades. These Modenese regiments were sent to garrison the fortresses, and relieve an equal number of German troops, who were thus enabled to be present at the battle of Solferino.

and highly disciplined army. Let the governors of the different provinces take every measure that may tend to make it as difficult as possible for the diplomatists of Europe not to confirm their union. Let the youth of every rank fly to the standard of Garibaldi, and join the ranks of the volunteers, and the future organization of Italy will soon cease to be a subject for speculation.

From Tait's Magazine.

BERTRAM TO THE MOST NOBLE AND BEAUTIFUL LADY GERALDINE.

LADY, this night for the first time my eyes,
My bodily eyes drank in with yearning thirst
Thy noble beauty, as when desert skies
By the full moon late-risen are immerst
In pure and solemn splendor: not surprise,
But troubled awe fell on my soul when first
You floated vision strange before its sight—
O long-lost star, O well-known unknown Light!

Amidst the murmurous hum and dusty glare
With which those restless throngs confused
the room,
I moved and gazed with little thought or care
So that the hours slipt smoothly through
Life's loom,
Weaving gay vesture for an old despair;
Till the unearthly sense of some great doom
Approaching near, possess me, and I thrilled
With tremors too mysterious to be stilled.

Rapt by that revelation from the crowd,
Mine eyes were lifted—to behold your face!
While, as a silver-shining summer cloud
Slow-soothed by dreamful airs through azure
space,
You floated past me, glorious, perfect, proud—
Borne gliding on with such serenest grace
By slow, sweet music, that it seemed to be
Voicing thine own soul's inward harmony—

Forthwith I knew Thee, whom I had not sought
Since youth, high-hoping, found no outward
need,
And, ignorant that high hope its own bliss
wrought,
Left Faith to die, and nurst the bitter weed
Which blooms in poisonous gauds of heartless
thought.
O sole fulfillment of my heart's great need,
Vision revealing how and whence it pined,
Blessed redeemer of my sinking mind!

Thy Presence was its own most adequate
Proclaimer, full-credentialed to my soul;
An instant—and I recognized my fate,
Yielding with solemn joy to its control.
I have been wandering in this intricate
And gloomy maze of life, without a goal,
Baffled and hopeless; but my future way
Lies straight and clear through life and death
for aye.

And more—as moonlight up some dismal
stream
May flow in silence a refulgent river,
Enchanting the dull mass with gracious beam,
Till, far back towards its source, outleaps the
quiver
Of free waves, joyous, living in her gleam;
Even so your apparition did deliver
My long dead years from blank Lethæan night,
And all lived forth in your celestial light.

All glorious dreams that beautified and blest
My fervent youth were realized in thee;
Young longings, nobler far in their unrest
Than later moods of scornful stagnancy,
Again could heave and agitate my breast;
My eyes, long world-filled, were empowered
to see
That life has sacred mysteries unrevealed,
And grander trusts than earth and time can
yield.

I saw the past arise, redeemed from death
By its pure prescience of thyself alone,
Shining in splendor of unclouded faith,
Living in pants of love: yes, I have known
Thee well in hours long faded, when your
breath
Thrilled all my frame, and when your dark
eyes shone
With holy passion and exalted bliss
Throughout my spirit tranced in ecstasies.

Yet it was not the eyes, large, solemn, deep—
The several features of the noble face—
Nor wealth of hair flung down in long-curved
sweep,
Flashing like wreathed sunbeams, whose
embrace
Doth in so warm a glow of beauty steep
The harmony severe of stately grace
Which molds thy form—nor was it that full
form
In its serene perfection breathing warm—

Not in all these can I find all the spell
Which thrilled such instant recognition, wild,
Yet doubtless as an holy oracle,
Throughout my being, torpid and defiled:

Why should I fear this joyful truth to tell,
Which love has murmured to his last-born
child?
Unaided by the mean of bodily sense
Souls can reciprocate deep influence.

O music! flow forever, soft and sweet,
Through subtler mazes, that in timeless
dream
I may forever watch her dove-quick feet
Circling in light adown thy shadowy stream,
And calm-robed form float swaying to the beat
Of the long languid pulses, while out-gleam
Her face and round arms, radiant through the
whirls,
Grand neck, white shoulders, dazzling golden
curls!

Desire by its own wild intensity
Was baffled; I stood trembling, panting,
pale;
And every eager step approaching thee
Sank back—how spirits nearing Heaven must
quail!—
Till some strong inspiration carried me,
Half-dumb to gasp my pleading, and prevail;
To sue, and stand dance-ready at thy side,
Intoxicate with love, and bliss, and pride.

O glory of the dance, sublimed to this!
O pure white arm electric, that embraced
Ethereal-lightly my unbounded bliss!
Oh! let me die on but another taste
Of that warm breath ambrosial, and the kiss
Of those whirl-wanton ringlets—interlaced
Quick frame with frame borne on, my lips the
while
Within a neck-bend of that dawn-sweet smile!

Did music measure that delirious dancing?
I heard it not: I know not what strange sway
Kept us among those spectral figures, glancing
As its poor harmonies might rule their way—
I was o'erfilled with music more entrancing,
Yet wild—how wild! I could have fled
astray,
Footing the buoyant ether's moonlight sea
Forever and forever, linked with thee.

Most pure and beautiful! what staid my lips,
When parched with thirsting near such
ænomel,
From clinging unto thine for dewy sips—
From pasturing o'er thy brow's white as-
phodel—
Sealing thine eyes in passion's dear eclipse,
With pressure on the full blue-veined swell
And thrillings o'er the lashes silken-fine,
'Mid interdraughts of their deep violet wine?

Yet, O Beloved! though thus love-distraught,
Wrong not my spirit; for I felt you there
So holy-pure, that self-condemning thought
Blighted my passionate worship with despair.

Half-shrank I from each touch, although it
brought
Such rapture with it as I scarce could bear;
As if from harp-strings ready tuned above
To vibrate forth seraphic bliss and love.

I felt you as a flower my hand; I knew
With touch the lightest-tender still must
harm;
Or gem, so lucenter than morning dew
That my least breath must sully its pure
charm:
The cold white moon cresting night's cloudless
blue
Above dark moorland, far from town and
farm,
Or few lone stars, dim-steadfast in dim skies,
Are not so dowered with awe-fraught sanctities.

Ay, while I thought—Could I seize one caress,
But one grand grape from this full-fruited
vine;
Grasp the rich ripeness, press, and press, and
press,
Till drunk with its last drain of fiery wine;
Staking the future's infinite barrenness
'Gainst one transcendent moment's bliss
divine!
Even then my wildered spirit knelt subdued
Before thy pure, calm, noble womanhood.

Subdued by thee, and yet exalted more;
Calmed by perfection of resolve and pride!
The future *was* drear-barren as a shore
Wave-wasted by an ever wintry tide;
But *now*!—Shall he whose sanest hope may
soar
To win the empire's empress for his bride
Purloin a jewel from her crownéd brow?
Be kingly, heart! the throne awaits us now.

Thou wert the farther from me as so near—
Vailed awful at a distance dim and great
In that serene spiritual sphere
To which Love lifts, that he may isolate
The truest lovers from their union here;
Hence their eternal bridal consecrate
By perfect reverence—for the loved must be
An ever new delight and mystery.

Did aught of these tempestuous agitations,
In irrepressible gust or lightning burst,
Astound thy heaven of starry contemplations,
In depths of moonlight quietude immerst?
I long for answer—but no meditations
Can realize those memories, all disperst
In such wild seething mists of joy, hope, fear—
Ah! might the earnest question reach thine ear!

But when I saw the end must come indeed,
When laggard pairs were falling from the
dance,
Surely my curbless thought found words to
plead:
"Forgive, sweet maiden! time and circum-
stance

Are lightning swift, and I must match their speed ;

Believe me that I speak, in heavenly trance,
Diviner truth than souls can reach or prove
If uninspired by seraph-sighted Love.

"The Vision sways me—I must speak or die ;

Life of my life ! I see, I know, I feel—
The inspiration can not err or lie ;
Passion does its own truth with pure fire seal
God, from the depths of all eternity,
Created us one soul, in woe or weal,
In life and death, in union or apart—
Whisper but 'Yea,' assuring my sure heart !

"You tremble, pallid with the self-same birth
Of Love—the pure eternal seraph-child ?
Flooding with fullness all our deadly dearth,
Is it not strange, and fierce, and rapture-wild ?
I have dim memory that, in yon poor earth,
Where late I groveled hopeless and defiled,
A mortal thing called Love with doubt and pain
Is reared : scarce one his sole true bride can gain.

"But time is very brief. Shall we away
Into the great calm night, bespangled o'er
With silver-throbbing stars ? My dearest, say !
And yet, so rich in years is Evermore,
That hurry were mean thrift ; we well can stay
Some further time-lives, as we staid before,
Being so certain, from this hour sublime,
Of coming union, perfect beyond Time."

Were such words borne exultant on my breath ?
Memory, which can not over-soar the deep
Which yawns between two lives in somber death,

Nor even that 'twixt wakefulness and sleep,
Brings no sure tidings. Yet, unmoved in faith,
Though sick with failing from that glorious sleep,

Whence all the Promised Land was seen so clear,
I pace time's desert with more hope than fear.

Yes, though I now feel faint and spiritless—
For when such fire of rapture burns down low

We shivering cower, unmanned by chill distress,

Over the embers, while the bleak winds blow,
With dismal dread that such rich blessedness

Will never more upon our cold hearts glow,
Till in the bitter dark we almost deem
That vanished glory a delusive dream.

Yet have I even now deep confidence

In those grand oracles of solemn bliss,
Uttered so clearly to my spirit's sense

By heavenly Love—who pure and truthful

Yet will I cherish them with reverence,
Though dearest voices from this world-abyss

Proclaim the madness of both him and them :
This staff sustains — may fruit yet crown its stem !

Perchance we never more till death may meet

You dwell on far high places of the earth,
'Midst well-befitting pomp : beneath your feet
I labor humbly, not assured from dearth—
The hard-won bread itself most bitter-sweet.
Were I your peer in wealth and worldly birth,
You still might justly scorn my love and me—
Yet none the less must I live loving thee.

It is my fate ; your soul hath conquered mine,
And I must be your slave, and glory in
The bondage, whether cruel or benign.

So must I cherish hopes even here to win,
By strenuous toil, the far-off prize divine,
And feed on visions, not so shadowy thin,
Of gaining you beneath a nobler sun,
Should I in this life's battle be undone.

And with my passionate love for evermore
Is blended pure and reverent gratitude ;
Nor might I this full sacrifice deplore
Though you could scorn me whom you have subdued,

Or know not what devotion I outpour—

Ah ! from this timeless night what glorious good

Your presence hath bestowed on me ! No less
That I am stung with my unworthiness.

Dark winter ruled a desert of drear frost ;
Spring's breath stole softly o'er its ice and snow ;

All life revives which hath so long been lost—
Trees green, flowers bloom, birds sing, and
fountains flow ;

The realm is laughing wide from coast to coast.
Dear May of its redemption ! while we know
It seemed unworthy of thy spring-love tender,
That love doth fit for the full summer splendor.

Henceforth my life shall not unearnest prove—
It hath an ardent aim, a noble goal ;

Numb Faith re-lives. You, from your sphere above,

Have planted and must nourish in my soul
That priceless blessing—pure and fervent love,
O'er which no thought of self can have control.

If with these boons come ever-longing pain,
It shall be welcomed for the infinite gain.

Be pain unnoticed in a doom like this !

I see eyes gazing on my weary night,
Like cold, strange stars from out the world-abyss ;

They gaze with scorn or pity—but their sight
Is banished from my inward golden bliss,
Floating divinely in the noonday light
Of Thee, round whom I circle. O far sun !
Through mirk and shine alike the Earth's true
course is run.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

C O U S I N J O N A T H A N .

BY CORA LYNN.

BEFORE a bright fire, in a handsomely furnished drawing-room, two persons stood one evening—a young and very lovely girl, with a merry glance and smile: she was dressed in something soft and white, that floated round her like a mist; and in her nut-brown hair nestled a half-blown rose.

Her companion was a man, past the prime of young manhood; and, perhaps, the first impression his appearance gave was that of awkwardness only. Short and ungracefully, yet powerfully made, with features far from regular, it would be difficult to describe him as other than a plain man, some five-and-forty years of age. Yet he had one charm—a voice of wonderful richness and depth; soft and gentle too, then speaking to his fair companion.

"I hope you will enjoy it as much as you expect, Alice."

"I hope I shall; but, cousin, why are you not going with us?"

"You will not miss me, and I have letters to write this evening; besides, what should an old fellow like me do at a ball?"

Alice turned round and gave him a very saucy little look out of her brown eyes.

"What a silly thing you are, Cousin Jonathan!"

At that moment, a tall, hearty-looking old gentleman entered the room, evidently enjoying some joke, much to his own satisfaction. He carried a parcel in his hand.

"See, Miss Alice, here's a queer sort of a thing come for you; can you imagine what it is? I'm sure I can't."

She unfolded the silver paper, and brought to light an exquisite bouquet of hot-house flowers.

"Oh! how lovely! how very lovely! But who can have sent them?"

She glanced at her cousin as she spoke, laughing.

"Not Jonathan, I'm sure," said her father; "he's old enough to have more sense."

"Did you send them?" persisted Alice, moving nearer to him, and her voice faltering a little.

"I! no; is it likely? See, here is a card in the paper."

She took it up, and read aloud: "With Captain Ray's compliments."

"Very polite—very proper—very kind," said her father, rubbing his hands—"very much so indeed."

Cousin Jonathan had moved away.

Mr. Braybrook took his daughter's hand, and turning her deliberately round, examined her with great apparent satisfaction.

"Not amiss, is it Jonathan?" said he, appealing to their quiet companion.

That gentleman was reading a letter, and, looking up for a moment, replied: "Certainly not, sir."

He bent over the paper again, but any one near might have seen it tremble in his hand.

Alice grew very rosy, and drew up her slender figure to its full height.

"Pray, papa, don't ask Mr. Waring to admire poor me, you disturb him from his letter; and, besides—I—I'm sure it doesn't—I don't—"

"My opinion can be of no value, I know," said her cousin, with another glance from his occupation.

"Never mind him, Puss," added Mr. Braybrook, as he thought he saw Alice's lip quiver, "these old bachelors always are cross and ill-tempered."

"The carriage is at the door," cried the footman, entering very opportunely.

Mr. Braybrook left the room, and Alice's maid came in with a warm cloak of white and cherry-colored silk.

"Good-night," said the little lady. Then this charming affair was properly put on, and a black lace veil was thrown over her head.

Mr. Waring looked up. She stood beside him, holding out a tiny white-gloved hand. He took it, saying: "Good-night; I hope your 'first ball' will be a merry one, Alice."

The hand lingered in his.

"If you were only coming, Cousin Jonathan —"

He interrupted her quickly, almost harshly.

"But I'm not, so good-night."

She went away silently, but turning at the door to say "Good-night" once more, he fancied he saw tears glistening through the shadowy black veil over her face.

He started to his feet; but a thought seemed to strike him, and he sat down to his papers again, muttering: "She'll make me make a fool of myself, whether I will or no, with that voice and those pleading eyes. Pahaw! a man at my age—ridiculous! And on went his pen faster than ever."

Hour after hour passed on, and still it was busily at work. One—two—three o'clock struck. There was a sound of bustle and hurry in the hall below. He heard Alice's clear, ringing laugh—that laugh that was like no other. He heard Mr. Braybrook's hearty voice, and another—a voice he did not know.

They came up-stairs—Alice, her father, and a tall, elegant-looking young man in uniform.

"Mr. Waring, Captain Ray," said Mr. Braybrook; and then the three began to talk over the ball, and apparently forgot the very existence of the writer at the sofa-table.

Jonathan Waring's heart grew full of bitterness. Alice glanced towards him, saw him pale, and with compressed lips.

Her eye grew brighter, her laugh more joyous: Captain Ray thought her each moment more and more lovely.

Refreshments were brought in, and soon after the Captain took leave; not, however, before he had promised to call on the morrow, and bring Alice a book he felt quite sure she would like.

"I am sorry you sat up for us," said Alice, as Mr. Waring was leaving the room, letters in hand: "you look quite tired out."

"Thank you, but I do not feel so."

"It must have been a long, lonely evening for you."

"Not at all; I was too busy to find it either. Good-night."

"Good-night, cousin. How do you like Captain Ray?"

"I think he is a very elegant man."

"So do I; very fascinating too?"

"I can well fancy it."

"Good-night."

She ran up the stairs half-way, then turned and ran down to him again.

"Cousin Jonathan, will you tell me if you think I looked nice to-night? Really I mean —"

"To me you looked just as usual."

"Well, many people told me I—I —"

"Looked lovely? no doubt; and as plenty of others told you so, there is all the less need for me to do it. Now, good-night; go up-stairs: you will be quite tired out to-morrow if you do not."

Alice, when in her own room, wept bitterly.

"He sees that you care for him, and shuns you. He wants to guard you from yourself," whispered pride.

Some weeks had passed away since the thing of Alice's first ball. It was the height of the London season; and of all the beauties fluttering nightly from one scene of gayety to another, none was more admired, more courted than the lovely Alice Braybrook. People *did* say she was a "bit of a flirt"—and perhaps people were not very far wrong; certainly it seemed so. "Legion" was the name of her lovers, and she apparently enjoyed their adoration to no small degree.

Sometimes "that quiet Mr. Waring" was seen with herself and her father, but not often. No one took much notice of him, and he did not keep with Miss Braybrook much, unless she happened to be tiring herself with dancing too long together, or resting where there was a chill draught: *then* Cousin Jonathan was sure to be near, with a kind word of warning, or her scarf ready to put on.

One morning, as she lay buried in the cushions of a luxurious sofa, trying to read a newly-published novel, Mr. Waring came into the room, and struck with the wearied, listless expression of her face, stopped, and asked if she had a headache.

"No, not much, thank you. What time is it?"

"Nearly two. May I sit with you a little, Alice? I have a great deal to say to you."

The weary look was gone in a moment: it was a very unusual thing for *him* to

ask to stay with her, and it made her color come.

He brought a chair, and sat near her, but where she could not see his face. He took up the book she had been reading.

"Who sent you this, Alice? Which of the adoring swains?"

"Mr. Craven sent it to me."

"Did you ever hear an old song—'Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! I'm afraid too many'—?"

"Hush!" cried Alice, rather pettishly; "if you talk in that way I shall send you away."

He took her hand, and held it in both his own.

"My dear little cousin, will you take a word of advice from one who really has your good at heart?"

She neither spoke, nor yet withdrew her hand.

"You have no mother to watch over you, dear Alice, and are placed in what I know must be a very, very trying position. I am sure you always wish to do right; but it is very hard to escape from the unkind remarks of the world. You are very young, very lovely; many envy you—many censure you—"

He paused a moment, and Alice hid her face upon the arm of the sofa.

"Do not think me presuming, dear Alice, in speaking thus: we are old friends—we shall always be friends, shall we not?"

Her fingers closed on his.

"Remember that you have much to answer for, many responsibilities. Above all, take care that you do not make others unhappy, or trifle with affection, which, if true, is more priceless than all the wealth of the world! You know what I mean, Alice?"

"Yes."

"Do not raise hopes unless you mean to fulfill them?"

She was sobbing, in a low, subdued manner, that went to his heart.

"You are not angry with me, Alice?"

Angry with him! If he could only read her heart!

"We old bachelors are privileged persons, you know—nay, you must not sob in this way. I only wanted to give you a word of caution before I go!"

"Go!" cried Alice, springing to her feet—"Oh! are you going to leave me?"

He was not prepared for this. He hardly dared trust himself to look upon

her, as she stood there with clasped hands and quivering lips.

"Yes, I am going back to Lescombe: I have been here too long!" he added, half to himself—but she heard the words.

"Too long! Then you have been dull, lonely with us—and now you are going! Oh! what shall I—what shall we do without you?"

"Nay, Alice, you will hardly miss me; it is not as though I were a young man, and could be more companionable to you; besides, my people at Lescombe want me; and—but, Alice, Alice, do not cry, I can not bear it, 'dear child'—"

That word recalled her to herself. It was better to hear it, though, from *him*. Yes! he thought of her as a *child*; and she, she had dared to love him, not as a child loves, but as a woman: she had poured out her whole heart at his feet, and perhaps he knew that it was so—perhaps he scorned her for it!

She dashed the tear-drops from her eyes, struggled to stay the sobs that nearly choked her, and sat down by his side.

"Tell me about Lescombe."

Lescombe was his home—the manor-house of a country village. He told her of his tenantry, and how poor some of them were; of the efforts he had made, and was making, to improve their condition; of the schools he had built, and the new parsonage then in progress; of how he visited among them, and tried to win their confidence and love; and, as he spoke so earnestly and truthfully of all this, his homely face to her seemed beautiful, with a higher beauty than that of mere form, and she felt, as she had often felt before, that to be his wife would be the happiest lot on earth, and one of which she was unworthy.

Mr. Waring was in reality but a distant connection of her father's; but Alice had known him since she was a little child, and the name of "Cousin Jonathan," given to him then, had been retained in after-years. She had always looked upon him as her friend, but unconsciously had learnt at last to love him as a woman loves but once. The very fact of his being so many years older than herself had, for a time, blinded her as to the real nature of her feelings; but when she met with that love from others, which from him she would have given all the world to possess, she knew how it was, and bitter, very

bitter, were the pangs of wounded pride and hopeless love in her young heart.

"When do you leave us?" asked Alice as she rose to quit the room.

"To-morrow," he replied, without looking at her.

That night they had no engagement. Alice made tea for them in the drawing-room.

"My darling, are you not well?" said Mr. Braybrook, taking her hand in his.

Mr. Waring looked earnestly at her for a moment. A bright crimson spot burnt on each cheek, but there was a livid circle round her eyes, and her lips were almost colorless. A strange thought came over him—a thought that made his pulse bound wildly and his hand tremble.

Could it be so? He tried to put the thought from him. He dared not dwell upon it.

The footman entered: "Captain Ray is in the library."

"Why did you not show him in here?" asked old Braybrook sharply.

"He asked to see you alone, sir."

Alice had risen and walked to the fireplace, where she stood, holding the mantel-shelf with both hands; but Mr. Waring had caught a glimpse of her face as she passed—it was deathly pale. Her father left the room.

There was a dead silence.

"She knew of this, hence her agitation," thought Mr. Waring, as he covered his eyes with his hand, to shut out the sight of her from before him.

The silence continued unbroken, and he felt his self-control deserting him.

"Alice, I shall go to my room—I have letters to see to—and—I might be in the way."

She turned to him—such a mute expression of anguish on her face that he uttered an exclamation of horror and surprise. She stretched out her hands to him, as though in wild entreaty. He sprang to her side, clasping hands like death, so cold, so lifeless.

"Alice, darling, do not look in that way: all will be well; you will be happy—you must be. God bless you and him!"

He hurried from her presence, feeling unable to bear it even one moment longer.

The morning came—the morning of a day fraught with fearful interest to Alice Braybrook—the day that must part her

from Mr. Waring, and decide the fate of Captain Ray, for Alice had petitioned time to think. She came down to the breakfast-room looking almost like a living statue, so calm, so pale. Mr. Braybrook was not yet down, but a figure stood in the deep bay window.

"Good morning, Cousin Jonathan."

He started, and turned at her voice.

"I have a beautiful morning for my journey."

"Very. What time do you go?"

"In an hour."

"Then I must give you your breakfast."

"You shall; but first I have a word to say to you. Nay, Alice, do not look afraid, it is no lecture this time—only to tell you how deeply, how fervently I pray that the lot in life you have chosen may be a happy one."

He had meant to be very calm, but his voice faltered, and, unknowingly, he almost crushed her delicate hands, as he held them in his own. She raised her calm sad eyes to his face.

"And you care this much about me, Cousin Jonathan?"

"Care, *Alice!*"

"I did not think you cared so much; I am very, very glad."

She spoke so low, it was almost a whisper; but suddenly clasping her hands, and holding one of his to her heart, she went on to speak vehemently, passionately; all her assumed calmness gone.

"I know that to you, so noble, so true, so good, I seem but as a weak and erring child; but do not think—oh! never think that all your kindness can be by me forgotten; or that my heart is not full of gratitude for every gentle word you ever spoke; and more than all, for telling me when I was wrong, which no one else beside has ever done."

She would have spoken more, but something in his face arrested her. His voice sounded hoarse and unnatural.

"Alice, hush! you know not what you do."

A change came over her. She dropped his hand, and with both her own pressed tightly down upon her breast, as though to stay its beating, stood gazing on him with wondering eyes and parted lips, from which all shade of color had faded.

He passed his hand across his forehead, and turned from her.

"Alice, leave me! in mercy leave me!"

But she stood as though rooted to the ground.

"Would to God I loved her less!" burst from him like a groan.

She heard it, and her lips moved, her arms were stretched out to him; one uncertain step forward, and she fell senseless at his feet.

Cousin Jonathan did *not* leave London that day; Captain Ray *did*.

When the winter was coming, Lescombe had its master back again, but he did not come alone. Alice lived a happy woman, for she had one ever with her who could guide her right, and sometimes she used to call him "*Cousin Jonathan*."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE THUNDERSTORM.

At last it came, as from earth's bursting heart,
A groan of thunder; then the coal-black cloud
Split open, belching fire, and flooding rain
Poured down a deluge, splashing fierce and loud.

The kitchen-door stood open, on the threshold stone
The big drops danced and leaped. How fresh
and cool
The smell of the wet earth came from the garden-beds—
The ducks raced joyous round the farm-yard pool.

Yet this was but a foretaste; darker still
The sky grew—swift the archangel brand,
Whose blade's the lightning, flashed and struck
the firs—
Swift as God's wrath upon a guilty land.

The lightning beat and splashed upon the pitchen,
The blue flame shone upon the gate and road,
The firs, low groaning in their pain and travail,
Bowed writhing underneath their dripping load.

It seemed to echo from the right-hand walling,
It shot in pulses, throbbing to and fro,
Now dark as hell's antipodes to heaven,
And then a blaze with daylight's fullest glow.

Volleys of growling thunder rolled and bel-
lowed,
Enough to split the welkin overhead,
Driving down rain in fierce and fiercer deluge,
Beating the fruit down on the garden-bed

As it would rain forever, or as if
All rain that heaven held were now released,
Turning the lines to waterfalls, the poplar-trees
To silver melting columns, oaks to water
flowers
Another clap roared out before the last one
ceased.

The roof-tiles ran like spouts, the sluicing rain,
In savage, eager wrath, raged devil hot,
The thunder-cannon volleys burst and split,
You saw no inch of sky where light was not.

Look through the dark doorway, a sudden
torch
Burnt blue and spreading, as a flame were lit;
Look through the window, and you saw a roof
Of lightning, and the tree is splintering amit

And now, as children hid their frightened eyes,
And women prayed, a lull came down like
dew,
So soft and soothing; flickering now and then,
The distant fields and vineyards came to
view.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE BALANCE OF NATURE.

It is our present design to point out, in some detail, one or two of the great fundamental laws and arrangements of the physical world, which, although from their familiarity we are too apt seldom to dwell upon their contemplation, are in truth radically connected with the stability of our world and the maintenance of that "balance of Nature," as a consequence of which the face of our globe is maintained in a state of enduring fruitfulness and beauty.

It is no paradox to say, that in the present state of things, life could not exist without death, and that the correlative processes of vitality and decay, production and corruption, formation and destruction, are so intimately connected and so mutually dependent, that their reciprocal and compensatory action alone maintains the equilibrium of our natural system and the essential conditions of its permanent well-being.

We have used the word destruction in its ordinary acceptation; but before entering upon the main part of our subject, let us briefly pursue the train of thought which it suggests. It must not be forgotten that in truth we neither know, nor can in any degree conceive of, such a thing as destruction in our universe. In common parlance we speak, indeed, of the destruction of a city, if its buildings are despoiled by an invading army or engulfed in the convulsions of the earthquake, while in reality the materials, the atoms, so to speak, of which it was built up, are but scattered hither and thither to be reërranged in other forms.

The marble column or the granite slab may be disintegrated and dispersed, till it becomes, perhaps, the sand of the seashore or the dust of the highway; yet no single particle ceases to exist, or is, in any proper sense, *destroyed*.

"Man decays and ages move," and in the course of years or centuries the very fibers and tissues of his body, the sinews which have toiled, and the brain that has thought, may reappear in the emerald

leaf of the oak or the painted wing of the insect—but no atom is lost, no single molecule destroyed; and the very signs and tokens of his dissolution, the corruption or decay of the frame once fair or strong, are, despite the innate sense of dread which they inspire, and which the upward look can alone control, but parts of a gigantic system, wherein death is the very condition of life, in itself most beautiful and wise.

Not only matter but even force appears to be indestructible, and when it ceases to be appreciable by the senses which usually take cognizance of it, is simply subdivided or resolved into different modes of action, from which the original and normal force may be in turn reproduced. The subject of the "correlation of the physical forces" has been ably treated by Mr. Grove, who has demonstrated that all the ordinary affections of matter, which form the chief objects of experimental physics—as motion, heat, electricity, light and chemical affinity—are mutually convertible and reconvertible, each being capable of generating all the rest, and that, although from the extreme delicacy of the practical researches necessary, and from the mystery which still hangs round many of the occult phenomena of the "imponderable agents," the subject must be regarded as yet in its infancy, science is steadily progressing towards the establishment of direct quantitative relations between them.

Taking as a starting-point the simplest affection of matter, motion, the apparent effect of impeded or arrested motion is the statistical condition of *rest*, while in some cases its real result is merely a subdivision of the force into channels so minute that they cease to be appreciable to the usual modes of observation; but wherever a *real* cessation of motion results, a new mode of action is generated, in the shape of heat—the intensity of which is proportional to the amount of motion merged, or in other words to the friction. This is the most familiar of all

the cases in which one force generates or is converted into another. The savage who lights his fire by rubbing together two dry sticks, illustrates it; the heated axle-tree of a railway carriage is an equally simple instance.

Mr. Joule has reduced the correlation of heat and mechanical force to a numerical expression, obtained in experiments upon the boring of metal cylinders, such as cannon, under a known application of force. He arrives at the conclusion that a force equal to the fall of seven hundred and seventy pounds through a space of one foot generates sufficient heat to raise the temperature of one pound of water by one degree of our ordinary thermometrical scale.

If, instead of being homogeneous, the bodies between which friction takes place are of different kinds, not only heat, but, more or less, electricity is generated—the principle upon which the common electrical machine is constructed, and the familiar experiment is based, in which a stick of sealing-wax, simply rubbed upon a cloth or the coat-sleeve, acquires the power of lifting or attracting small pieces of paper, or other light material.

Through electricity, heat likewise readily produces magnetism; this new force possessing the strange peculiarity that it is always developed in lines perpendicular to the direction of the electrical currents which cause it.

It is equally evident that motion may be made to produce light, whether indirectly, through the medium of electricity, or through that of heat, induced by prolonged friction: indeed, heat and light appear to be so intimately connected, and so closely parallel in their phenomena one to the other, that they might, perhaps, be consistently regarded rather as modifications, or, possibly, degrees of the same force, than as distinct and separate forces.

Motion, further, as generating heat and electricity, which in turn produce chemical action, may be regarded as creating this last species of force; and, finally, motion itself may be directly *reproduced* by each of the forces which have themselves emanated from it.

If now we take *heat* as the starting point, it will be found capable of determining all the other forms of action. First of all, motion is an invariable effect of *heat*. Many experiments appear to prove

that between *masses* heat exerts a power of mutual repulsion, involving motion; but it is in its action upon the molecules or ultimate particles of matter, that heat most palpably produces motion. All bodies, when heated, expand, whether solids, liquids, or gases; the two former classes of substances being respectively converted by a sufficient degree of heat into the superior forms of liquids and gases. It is true that many solids are not fused, while many others, which can be melted, are not volatilized by any known heat; but there can be little doubt that, could we command a heat of sufficient intensity, the most refractory solids would be forced to assume in turn the condition of liquids and gases.

Basalt fuses in the blast-furnace, but we have no means of volatilizing it; yet the intense heat of the electric arc in vacuo converts iron into a vapor—into iron steam, in fact; and were the like method applicable to the former substance, corresponding results would possibly ensue.

The motion produced by expansion of liquids is sufficiently exhibited in the ordinary thermometer, where it is made the actual index of the heat which produces it; while the gigantic power of steam, and the conversion of its molecular motion into that of masses, need no comment.

Heat, then, produces motion, and through motion all the other forms of action; while electricity is also its immediate and direct result, and magnetism and chemical affinity, if not produced, are modified by it in a striking manner.

In a similar manner, Mr. Grove demonstrates that electricity, light, and chemical affinity may each become the source of all the other forms of physical force, and traces the principle through those wonderful phases of action, to which the mutual influences of magnetism and electricity have given birth, as well as through the more familiar phenomena of photogenic and voltaic action.

Space does not permit us to follow him into the details of these interesting subjects; and we shall only refer, as illustrative of the correlation of electricity and chemical affinity, to the brilliant discoveries of Davy, who, by means of these forces, decomposed the alkalies, and for the first time demonstrated their true composition as oxides of those metals; one of which,

at least, in connection with the recent production of aluminium, has assumed a high degree of general, as well as purely scientific, interest.

An experiment devised by Mr. Grove exhibits in so beautiful a manner the production of all the other modes of force by light, that we are induced to quote his own concise description of it:

"A prepared daguerreotype plate is inclosed in a box filled with water, having a glass front, with a shutter over it. Between this glass and the plate is a gridiron of silver wire. The plate is connected with one extremity of a galvanometer coil, and the gridiron of wire with one extremity of a Breguet's helix, an elegant instrument, formed by a coil of two metals, the unequal expansion of which indicates slight changes in temperature: the other extremities of the galvanometer and helix are connected by a wire, and the needles brought to zero. As soon as a beam of either daylight or the oxyhydrogen light is, by raising the shutter, permitted to impinge upon the plate, the needles are deflected. Thus, light being the initiating force, we get *chemical action* on the plate, *electricity* circulating through the wires, *magnetism* in the coil, *heat* in the helix, and *motion* in the needles."

Photography, that new and beautiful art, whose many triumphs already achieved are but the harbingers of more varied and extensive applications, affords striking examples of the intimate, and as yet mysterious, connection of light with chemical action, from which force all the others may be with facility evolved; while the remarkable researches of Faraday upon the effect of heat, upon magnetic and diamagnetic substances, and of magnetism upon polarized light, and the more recent discoveries of Stokes and Becquerel in connection with phosphorescent and fluorescent bodies, forcibly convince us of the littleness of our real knowledge upon these subjects, and remind us that the ground as yet brought within the domain of physical research is but an insignificant spot of the infinite field of unknown territory which still awaits the exploring eye of science.

"In all these phenomena," writes Mr. Grove, "the more closely they are investigated, the more are we convinced that, humanly speaking, neither matter nor force can be created or annihilated, and then an essential cause is unattainable.

Causation is the will, creation the act of God."

These facts reveal the exquisite balance maintained in the actions of the imponderable agents of the universe, each passing readily into the other, so that each necessary force is sustained in its universality and efficiency. It is, however, to that vast series of phenomena which exhibit the intimate connection or "correlation" which subsists between the three great kingdoms of the mineral, vegetable, and animal world, that we wish particularly to refer; their mutual relations in that great cycle of changes, the interruption of which would reduce the face of our globe to a desert as uninhabitable, at least to the higher tribes of organic life, as when the trilobite and the lingula were the sole tenants of the seas which rolled around a primeval world. Consider, briefly, the chief functions of plants and animals, the sources of their food, and the character of their assimilations and excreta. Thrust any plant into the fire, and observe first the crackling and spitting which indicates the dissipation of the water which has filled its pores and sap vessels: notice then that it takes fire, and burns until nothing is left but a diminutive gray ash. Now this ash consists of the mineral substances which the plant has, during its growth, abstracted from the soil, and which, although minute as compared with the original bulk of the plant, constitute a large amount in the aggregate of a thick and serried crop.

Thus, a crop of potatoes withdraws from the soil full two hundred pounds of mineral matter per acre, while a crop of beet-root abstracts five hundred, and one of turnips six hundred and fifty pounds. Now this large amount of mineral material is wholly derived from the soil, of which it has become a constituent part by that long process of degradation, or wearing away, whereby the hardest rocks which formed the surface of our primeval world have been disintegrated and reduced to powder by the ceaseless action of rain, frosts, storms, and currents, during countless ages of past time.

The organic constituents of the plant, the parts burnt away in the fire, consist chiefly of carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen; but it is with the carbon, as by far their largest component, that we are chiefly to do. Whence does the plant derive its supplies of these elements? A moment's

consideration will suffice to show their origin. Our atmosphere consists essentially of a definite mixture of the two gases, oxygen and nitrogen. Air has been brought from a height of twenty-one thousand feet above the sea level, from the summits of Chimborazo and Mont Blanc, from the banks of the Nile and the sandy plains of Sahara, from the most desolate wilds and the most densely peopled cities, from the recesses of the "forest primeval" and the swarming alleys of London and Paris; and analysis has proved it to contain, with very minute local exceptions, the same invariable proportions. In addition, there are present, as unfailing constituents, ammonia in minute quantity, and carbonic acid—that gas which gives their effervescence to sparkling wines, and when respired acts as a deadly poison to animal life, to the extent of three to six parts in ten thousand. Minute as is the quantity of carbonic acid thus distributed through the air, it would, if collected into one layer upon the earth's surface, form a stratum full eight feet deep. Under the influence of the sun's rays, this gas is highly favorable to the growth of plants, and it is in fact from this apparently small amount that the vast mass of vegetation derives nearly its entire supply of carbon.

The gigantic trees which adorn the forests of tropical regions, with their serried undergrowth of matted creepers, the dense pine woods of more northern zones, and the abundant though less conspicuous vegetation of temperate climes, all derive their stock of carbon from this small but essential constituent of the atmosphere. It is highly probable that a far larger proportion of this gas impregnated the air at that period when the profuse and remarkable flora of the Carboniferous epoch clothed the earth with its forms of luxuriant beauty. The animal remains of that epoch belong wholly to orders of beings whose existence was compatible with this state of things, while this same circumstance would strongly favor "the accumulation of vegetable *débris* in extensive beds," such as compose our present coal-fields.

May we not reasonably add, that in the gigantic vegetation of existing tropical forests we may perhaps trace a source which, is to compensate in the lapse of ages for the exhaustion of the stock of fuel of other regions; and that the peat bogs

of our own country may possibly be great repositories of matter which may, in the course of centuries, constitute the staple fuel-stores of England?

Although carbonic acid is one of the most stable substances known to the chemist, and decomposable in the laboratory by only the most potent agents, the leaves of plants are endowed with the wonderful power of effecting this decomposition with the utmost facility, assimilating the carbon with their own tissues, and *returning the oxygen to the air*.

Were the whole surface of the earth a continuous meadow, from each hectare (two and a half acres) of which 100 cwt. of hay was yearly reaped, these meadow plants would, in twenty-one to twenty-two years, exhaust the whole of the carbonic acid in the air, and the whole living creation would at the same time come to an end. The air would no longer support plants—that is, would no longer furnish them with an indispensable condition of life. But the functions of animal are precisely the converse of those of vegetables; for the animal takes oxygen from the air, and burning by its means the carbon of his food, exhales carbonic acid as a product of the combustion, by virtue of the functions of respiration, with which our readers are already familiar. The extent and importance of its results can scarcely be overrated, when a simple calculation, based upon the average amount of food consumed per diem by adults and children respectively, gives the vast sum total of nearly two thousand tons of carbonic acid expired daily from the lungs of the inhabitants of London; a quantity sufficient to bury the entire population six feet deep in its poisonous vapors in less than five years.

A vast addition to this amount is made by the respiration of domestic animals, beasts of burden, etc.; while a quantity, probably far larger than is contributed by the above sources, is evolved from the innumerable fires and furnaces of the metropolis, every one of which is carrying on in itself the same process which, in a less intense form, is incessantly performed in the human lungs.

Now the whole of this gigantic system of "expiration" is but a restoration to the atmosphere of the carbon which has been first extracted from it by plants, whether by the pines and tree ferns of the Carboniferous epoch, and since stored

up for man's use in the form of coal, or by the grass, corn, and other vegetable products which, directly or indirectly, become the food of all extant animals; again to be extracted from the air by fresh generations of plants, and through them to become the food of a like succession of animals. Thus is perpetuated that endless cycle of metamorphoses which Infinite Wisdom has ordained for the maintenance of perfect equilibrium between all parts of the natural world.

In a like manner the ultimate source of the nitrogen which plants consume is invariably the air; and with equal certainty does the decomposition of vegetables, and of the various animal products into which they are metamorphosed, finally restore this essential constituent to the atmosphere whence it has been originally abstracted.

Nor are the mineral substances which plants extract from the ground, returned with less precision to the soil, save in so far as the necessities or usages of society are brought into direct antagonism with the laws of nature. On which side victory must lie, and what is the certain issue of a struggle between the demands of a natural law and the indifference or the ignorance of man—impoverished lands, diseased crops, and periodic visitations of disease, sufficiently proclaim. "The perpetual round of changes which the Creator has traced out, may, to a limited extent, be influenced by man, but it goes on without him."

The case in which vegetation matures and decays upon the spot where it is grown, is self-explanatory; nor does it in any degree affect the questions of practical agriculture or social economy; and that in which the dead bodies of animals themselves become incorporated in the soil upon which they have lived, comes under the same category. It is in the excreta of the living animals, those portions of the food which they neither assimilate nor expire as carbonic acid, that we are to seek the great source of compensation for the mineral substances abstracted from the soil by all tribes of vegetation.

The subject may be one which ignorance has too often dismissed with indifference or aversion, but it constitutes, nevertheless, a problem of momentous national and social importance.

"Even now, Great Britain consumes

nearly nine tenths of all the guano brought to Europe. In the actual position of English agriculture, America, by her guano beds, rules the prices of all the corn markets in Europe, and more especially of England; and should circumstances ever arise to prevent the importation of guano into England, a state of things would ensue of which the consequences might be incalculable. Bloody wars have sometimes sprung from causes of much less importance." (*Liebig: Modern Agriculture.*)

Putting out of the question that part of the problem which relates to domestic animals and farm stock, the rejected mineral constituents of whose food generally go directly to fertilize the spot upon which they are fed, consider for a moment that portion which affects more directly the great masses of food-consumers collected in our towns and cities.

The bread, meat, and other food, which forms the daily nutriment of London, are collected by a huge and complex system of supply from a vast acreage of ground in the adjacent counties, and represent a prodigious amount of mineral matter removed from their arable and pasture lands.

The annual fluid and solid excreta of a million inhabitants of large cities, contain at least 10,300,000 lbs. of mineral substances, mostly the ash-constituents of bread and meat.

"This enormous drain of these matters from the land to towns, has been going on for centuries, and is still going on, year after year, without any part of the mineral elements thus removed ever being restored to it."

The presence of these substances being necessary to the growth of successive crops, their abstraction, if not compensated by other means, induces a gradual impoverishment of the whole area of cultivation, which is slowly, but with inevitable certainty, leading to a time when the fields shall refuse to yield to the cultivator any profitable return at all. This compensation the more intelligent and richer farmer effects at great cost by the purchase of guano and other fertilizing matters, the supply of which is precarious and transient, while his ignorant or poorer neighbor leaves things to take their chance as best they may.

"The law of compensation which makes the recurrence or permanency of

effects dependent upon the recurrence or permanency of the conditions which produce them, is the most universal of the laws of nature. It governs all natural phenomena in their various phases, all organic processes, all the productions of man's industry. . . . Rational agriculture, in contradiction to the spoliation system of farming, is based upon the principle of restitution."

The natural mode of maintaining the land in a state of enduring fertility would be, however, to restore yearly to its surface the vast quantities of valuable materials which we now cast into our rivers, not only to be lost, but to become the sources of miasma and disease.

The state of that gigantic hot-bed of death which now festers in the midst of our metropolis, has irresistibly roused the attention of the nation to one aspect of the question; that to which we have briefly adverted is no less important, and demands the most earnest study of scientific men, as a question at once of profound difficulty and of the gravest national moment, for "the laws revealed by the study of the natural sciences will determine the future intellectual and material progress of countries and nations; every individual is personally interested in the questions connected with their application."

But to revert for a moment to the subject of "expiration." It will be asked how the vast streams of carbonic acid incessantly generated in the dense habitations of man can ever be dispersed so as to reach that vegetation which they are destined to feed and stimulate; and further if, as chemists tell us, this gas is half as heavy again as air, while an admixture of three or four per cent with our atmosphere is fatal to human life, why does it not fall as a heavy pall upon the localities where it is generated, converting them into so many scenes of desolation and death?

There is an innate property of all gaseous bodies, termed their diffusion, which obviates completely this otherwise inevitable result, and in which we recognize one of the most striking and beneficent provisions for the maintenance of the equilibrium of nature.

The property of diffusion consists of an irresistible tendency in all gases to intermingle, until the uniform and homogeneous mixture of the whole is effected, in spite

of their relative specific gravities, even carbonic acid being able, in this way, to ascend into an atmosphere of hydrogen, full twenty times lighter than itself, while, conversely, the hydrogen descends, until a perfect mingling of the two gases is accomplished, from which they exhibit no tendency to separate. "Gases diffuse into one another in velocities inversely proportional to the square root of their densities."

It is impossible to overrate the vast importance of this law in the economy of nature. Its first and most palpable result is the exact uniformity of the composition of the atmosphere, a condition evidently essential within small limits, to the well-being of all forms of life, while an equally direct effect of its operation is the removal of the vast supplies of carbonic acid generated by the various forms of combustion, and of the enormous volumes of watery vapor which perpetually rise from the surface of all seas, lakes, streams, and moist lands, and which, if not speedily dispersed in this manner, would form a noisome layer of fog upon the earth, rank with the seeds of decay and destruction, instead of the balmy vapors which nourish and refresh vegetation.

Having thus described the chief relations which obtain between the two great kingdoms of animal and vegetable life, and the manner in which their organisms derive a large portion of their substance from the soil, we shall, in conclusion, briefly refer to the vast cycle of changes through which the crust of the earth itself is, and for countless ages has been, passing; one consequence of which has been the production of that very soil upon which the present denizens of the globe subsist.

There was doubtless an era when there was no soil, and when rocks far older than the Plutonic masses, which now thrust their heads through superincumbent deposits of limestone, sandstone, and other strata, stood in the naked grandeur of their primitive forms on the first crust of the globe. Then water was created, and these first rock-forms were gradually furrowed by streams and ground down by ocean tides, and the *detritus* spread out in the hollows of the land to form the first approach to soil. "The amount of such denudation is to be exactly measured by the quantity of the mechanically-formed aqueous rocks, and, as our present lands

show us, vast sheets of sandstones and clays, thousands and thousands of feet in thickness, hundreds and thousands of square miles in superficial extent; and as every particle of these enormous masses of rock is the result of the erosion of previously existing rock, it follows that the amount of denudation which has affected the older or lower rocks is something inconceivably great." (*Beete Jukes.*)

But there are other processes, beside the merely mechanical one of erosion, to which we owe some of the most extensive geological formations. The great strata known as the Coral Rag attain the extraordinary thickness of several thousand feet, and are wholly composed of the remains of ancient coral reefs, while it is more than probable that a yet more extensive series of limestone beds is entirely compacted from the *débris* of minute infusorial animalcules.

Now, the depths of the ocean are crowded with living organisms, destined, it would seem, in no slight degree, to exercise functions compensatory of that vast process of degradation by which the higher portions of our earth are ever being worn down and sifted out over the surface of the land and the bed of the sea. The countless myriads of the shell-fish infusoriæ and coral polypes are incessantly abstracting from the waters which they tenant, the various mineral constituents held in solution therein, and again building them up into masses which rival in

magnitude the most enormous deposits of past eras. Witness, for instance, the series of coral reefs, which stretch in an unbroken line across the Pacific for more than three thousand miles, rising from an ocean of unfathomable depth, yet whose entire bulk is the work of innumerable minute and microscopic animals.

May not these at some future period of our earth's history, occupy one of the great "areas of elevation," and so be upraised from their ocean beds, to form dry and habitable land, which, in its turn, will again be disintegrated and dissolved, only again to undergo the same transformations—while these wondrous revolutions occupy cycles of time perhaps as gigantic as those by which astronomers have taught us to count the periods of the heavenly bodies, if we can indeed apply the word to numbers, of which the human mind can, in reality, form no definite conception whatever?

We might fortify the position we have asserted, by an almost indefinite multiplication of illustrations, each revealing fresh wonders in the mutual relation of all parts of the natural world; but space forbids: and, did it permit us to pursue the subject into its minutest ramifications, the accumulated weight of instances could scarcely add strength to the conviction, that Infinite Wisdom and equal Beneficence rule supreme in all the kingdoms of the natural as well as of the moral world.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

DESIROUS of imparting additional affluence and attraction to the ECLECTIC for January, we place a beautiful print of the Royal Family of England, as a kind of match embellishment to that of the Empress and the Ladies of the Court. The two prints will be regarded with interest when viewed in contrast with the personages they represent.

Queen Victoria is looked upon as the first Lady of the world. As the sovereign of a powerful Empire, as a Queen revered and beloved by her subjects, as a woman and a mother, she is regarded as a model

of excellence. She has filled a throne too long in the presence of an admiring world to need any extended sketch of her person or exalted character on these pages.

Queen Victoria was born May twenty-fourth, 1819. Her father was Edward Duke of Kent. Her mother was Victoria Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg. Just twenty months after his marriage, and just eight months after the birth of Victoria, her father the Duke of Kent died. This event turned the eyes of all England to Victoria as their future Queen, though yet an infant child. The

result has formed a great chapter in English history.

An English gentleman who was familiar with her childhood and youth, says: "When I first saw the pale and pretty daughter of the Duke of Kent, she was fatherless. Her fair, light form was sporting in all the redolence of youth and health, on the noble sands of old Ramsgate. It was a summer day, not so warm as to induce languor, but yet warm enough to render the favoring breezes from the laughing tides, as they broke gently upon the sands, agreeable and refreshing. Her dress was simple: a plain straw bonnet, with a white ribbon round the crown, a colored muslin frock, looking gay and cheerful, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remember to have seen from China to Kamtschatka. Her mother was her companion, and a venerable man, whose name is graven on every human heart that loves its species, and whose undying fame is recorded in that eternal book where the actions of men are written with the pen of Truth, walked by her parent's side, and doubtless gave those counsels, and offered that advice, which none was more able to offer than himself—for it was William Wilberforce.

When Victoria was fifteen years of age, there was a lad of the same age, a relative of the family, on the mother's side, who often associated with her, in her studies and her sports. In those early years a strong attachment grew up between them; and it could not be concealed that Victoria looked upon Prince Albert with more than ordinary affection. When she had attained her eighteenth year, the year of her legal majority, her birth-day was celebrated with the utmost splendor. The bells rang merry peals of joy; the nobility of the empire gathered around the princess, with their congratulations, and St. James' palace was decked with splendor, such as was never seen before. Prince Albert was also there, with throbbing heart, among the first to congratulate Victoria upon the happy event.

Four weeks had not passed away from these festivities, when her uncle, the reigning monarch, William IV., was seized with sudden illness and died, on the twentieth of June, 1837. At five o'clock in the morning, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with others of the nobility, arrived at the palace at Kensington, to communicate to Victoria the tidings of her uncle's

death, and that she was Queen of England. That day she assembled her first Privy Council. Upwards of one hundred of the highest nobility of the realm were present. It was an imposing and affecting scene. The pen and the pencil have in vain endeavored to do it justice. In the midst of the scarred veterans of war, gray-haired statesmen, judges of the Court, dignitaries of the Church, stood this youthful maiden, with her fragile and fairy form, pale and pensive, and yet graceful and queenly, in her childlike loveliness. And when the herald announced, "We publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Princess, Alexandrina Victoria, is the only lawful and rightful liege lady, and by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith," the timid and lovely maiden, overwhelmed by the scene, threw her arms around her mother's neck, and wept with uncontrollable emotion. And when her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, her father's younger brother, was about to kneel at her feet to kiss her royal hand, as he took the oath of allegiance, she gracefully placed an affectionate kiss upon his cheek, and with tears streaming from her eyes, exclaimed: "Do not kneel, my uncle, for I am still Victoria, your niece."

In a few days she made her first appearance, as Queen, before the Parliament of Great Britain, the most august assemblage in the world. Statesmen, nobles, ambassadors from foreign courts, thronged the chamber. Victoria entered, not with tall, commanding figure, but as a gentle, sylph-like, fairy child, to win all hearts to tenderness and love. She ascends the throne, and every eye is riveted upon the youthful Queen. With a clear though tremulous voice, she reads her first address to the statesmen who surround her, so distinctly as to make herself heard to the very farthest part of the House of Lords.

Soon came the hour of coronation. The eyes of England and the thoughts of the civilized world were directed to the scene. Westminster Abbey was decked with gorgeous attractions, such as never that venerable pile had seen displayed before. The rank and beauty of all the courts of Europe, glittering in diamonds and gems of every hue, were there assembled. The maiden Queen, with royal robe and golden diadem, kneeled at the altar, and fervently implored the Divine guidance. And

when those aisles and fretted arches resounded with the peal of the organ, as it gave utterance to the sublime anthem, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," there were few among the thousands who crowded the Abbey who were not affected even to tears.

The marriage with Albert soon followed. The nation approved of the match; and two youthful hearts, drawn together amidst the splendors of a palace by mutual love, were united in the most sacred and delightful of ties. Such espousals seldom occur within the frigid regions of a court. This union has been highly promotive of the happiness of both of the illustrious pair. They are universally respected and beloved, and dwell together in the spirit of harmony and affection, which is rarely experienced by those whose fortune it is to dwell in the cold and cheerless regions of elevated rank and power. But few of the cares of government rest upon Victoria. The able counselors who surround her, guide the affairs of state in her name. She has little to do, except to attend to the etiquette of the Court, to present herself as the conspicuous pageant on a gala-day, and to give her signature to those acts of Parliament which are supported by those friends in whom she reposes confidence. The romance of the coronation, and of the bridal scene, has long ago passed away. The lovely maiden Queen, who arrested all eyes, and won all hearts, is now an affectionate wife, an amiable woman, a care-worn mother. With matronly dignity she cherishes the children who have clustered around her. With exemplary fidelity, she discharges her duties as Queen, as wife, as mother; and she is worthy of the respectful affection she receives from her subjects; for there are few who have ever been seated upon a throne who are more meritorious in character than Queen Victoria. The accidents of birth have placed her where she

is. Strong temptations surround her. Every thing which this earth can furnish, of pomp and pageantry, is arrayed to dazzle her eye. And it is certainly greatly to her credit, that, in the midst of such scenes, she could have maintained her integrity as she has done.

Of Prince Albert, the honored and beloved consort of the Queen, there is but one opinion. His amiable private character and domestic traits have ministered unspeakably to the happiness of the Queen, and contributed to that most happy and illustrious example of domestic purity and peace which has won for the Royal Family of England the respect of the civilized world. His exquisite tact and discretion in reference to the exciting political questions and solicitations by which he has been surrounded, are remarkable. Not a word or look of his has ever yet compromised the independence and impartiality of the throne. The bitterest partianship has found nothing to condemn in the course of the prince. Yet has he not been an idle or indifferent spectator of the active life around him. The charitable, the commercial, and the social movements and interests of the nation have strongly attracted him, and have found in him a wise and efficient patron. The great characteristic event of our era, the International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, is distinctly traceable to his original suggestion, as well as its final realization to his perseverance and energy of character. Happy in his family, liberal in views, and unostentatiously benevolent in his feelings, his influence has been signally favorable to morality and religion.

Eight children have been added to the happy circle of the Royal Family, whose unbroken good health, admirable order, and amiable dispositions have contributed to render the Royal Family one of England's brightest treasures, and most useful and honorable traits among the nations.

A VENICE letter announces a fact which the lovers of art will hear with regret. The Hall of the Doges threatens to fall: a fresco on the ceiling is cracked across, and a portion of it has fallen. This hall is the largest in any European palace, and contains the most extensive painting in existence; it is by Tintoretto, and the subject is the Happiness of the Blessed.

A LETTER from Rome, of second November, states that the Tiber has overflowed its banks, and that the Ghetto and all the streets near the stream were flooded. The shops are shut up, and the inhabitants have taken refuge in the upper stories of their houses, where provisions are brought to them by boats. The Pantheon is completely surrounded by water.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND HER MAIDS OF HONOR.

As a leading embellishment of our first number for the new year we made choice of the very beautiful print copied with artistic accuracy and fidelity from Winterhalter's celebrated picture of the Empress Eugenie and her maids of honor. Winterhalter is the Imperial court painter, which imparts confidence to the accuracy of the portraits which make up this interesting group. It represents the Empress of France surrounded by the ladies of her court. The original painting is the private property of the Empress, by whom it was lent, as a special favor, to the eminent house of Goupil, at Paris, for exhibition there and in the United States. It was much admired, both in New-York and Boston. It has been returned to its Imperial owner, and now adorns the palace of the Tuileries.

To assist our readers in forming some adequate conception of the original painting and its artistic beauties, we give a description of it as it struck our eye when we saw it, with the origin and design of it. It will call into requisition both the fancy and the imagination of the reader to expand the engraving into an ample painting, with its gorgeous colorings and blooming roses, and almost living, breathing portraits of these celebrated and beautiful ladies of the Imperial Court. Mr. Sartain has done his best to aid the reader in this direction. He pronounces this print to be the most beautiful work of art which has ever adorned the ECLECTIC.

Winterhalter, the court painter for France and England, was specially commissioned to paint a picture that should transmit to posterity the portrait of the present Empress, and should also impart some idea of the personal appearance of the ladies of her court. The result of this commission is the magnificent picture now on exhibition at Goupil's. It is fifteen by eleven feet in size; the scene is a forest, near the palace of St. Cloud, the village of St. Cloud being visible in the distance between the majestic trees, the monotony of whose thick foliage is further broken by glimpses of sky seen here and there between the branches. In the fore-

ground is the group of nine ladies, who, in all probability, will be taken in after ages as standards of the female beauty of the nineteenth century. The Empress is seated upon a grassy bank, her calm classic features thrown into bright relief by the dense foliage directly behind; her right hand is slightly raised, in the act of passing a few honeysuckles to one of her companions, and there is an air of queenly elegance, dignity, and repose about her person that can not but strike the beholder with admiration. Her toilet is perfect. Her white dress is trimmed with lilac ribbons; and lilac and white flowers gem her golden hair. The ladies of her *cortège* are surrounding her, some standing and some reclining in easy and graceful attitudes upon the grass. They are, indeed, all beautiful women, and either by accident or design represent peculiar types of beauty. Of these ladies an American, the Baroness de Pierres — formerly Miss Thorne, daughter of Col. Thorne, of sixteen street, New-York — bears the palm. Hers is acknowledged by artists, as well as others, to be the most exquisitely beautiful face and portrait in the group. It is a very young, girlish countenance, of which the artist allows us only to obtain the side view, but this is quite sufficient to make the young New-Yorker the star of this aristocratic company. Then there is a perfect type of English beauty in the portrait of an English lady, now the Marquise de Las Marismas, whose large blue eyes, delicate features, bright golden curls, and slight, elegant figure, fill up our very ideal of Saxon beauty. Standing by this exquisite Saxon beauty is the dark-haired Madame Latour-Maubourg, who is a charming representative of sunny France. The Countess of Montebello may also serve as a type of French beauty, though there are many American ladies who strongly resemble her. She is perhaps the most prominent figure in the group, chiefly because, being in the extreme foreground, hers is almost the only unbroken full-length figure in the picture. Besides this, her dress is of green, an obtrusive color at the best, when used for any thing but foliage and grass, and here rendered

doubly so by the contrast with the white dresses of the ladies near her.

In the disposition of the figures the artist has exhibited a judicious taste. Thus the Marchioness de Latour-Maubourg, a lady with noble Italian cast of features, and dark hair and eyes, is seen leaning over and talking to the fair English blonde—the contrast between the different styles of beauty being at once striking and pleasing. The dresses of the ladies, chiefly white, are pleasantly relieved by the colored ribbons, coquettishly displayed in various parts of their costume, and by the flowers with which some of them are carelessly playing. The details of the picture are lovely; as, for instance, the vase round which vines are

gracefully growing, and on the ground, the rich roses that the ladies have amused themselves in gathering. Indeed, these flowers are worthy of a more than passing notice; they are certainly as near perfection as a floral representation on canvas can possibly be.

There will, about a group of this kind, always be a certain stiffness—an appearance of sitting for a portrait—which is almost impossible to avoid. In the present picture this stiffness of position is not as obvious as in most paintings of the kind, but still it is there to a small degree. Exception might also be taken to the unpleasant, dark sky, seen occasionally behind the foliage.

THE EMIGRANT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

OLD Ocean, wondrous ocean—as of yore,
With the same well-known voice and mobile
features,
As when in childhood, from thy varied store,
Thou brought'st deep lessons by unrecked-of
teachers!

Young were my griefs, and blithesome was my
heart,
When I first met thy glance, O glorious Ocean!
With mind unripe for thought, yet tears could
start
To trace Divine Pulsation in the motion.

To see the stamp of a Creator's Hand
In the frail seaweeds and the wondrous corals;
Or strive, with earnest faith, to understand
Old Nature's fables and their soul-deep morals.

Oh! 'tis a wondrous thing, and bright as
strange,
That He who made us gave us earth in
blessing;
Who framed the dew-drop, made the Ocean's
range,
And gave us both—to praise him in pos-
sessing.

Now, on a distant and unfriendly shore,
We meet again who have not met for ages;
But not with wondering thoughts as heretofore—
A simpler, softer dream my heart engages.

I ask thee of the *past*. I bid thee tell,
By those soft waves the pink-hued sand ca-
ressing,
How in my native bay the waters swell—
How their low murmurings chime with by-
gone blessing?

Once on that far-off strand—a thoughtless
child—
I traced my name in rudely-printed letters;
Then stood and watched, while billows harsh
and wild
Washed out the lines and bound with sandy
fettters.

Reckless I mocked at what the tide had done,
And wrote beyond another and another;
All that I loved I placed there—one by one,
And watched them vanish—parent, friend,
and brother.

Old Ocean! as in childhood did thy wave,
So has cold Time, in harsh and bitter measure,
Retaken all the loved ones that he gave,
Washed out their names and robbed me of
my treasure.

I am alone—a gray-haired man—and thou
Art young and strong as in the years long
vanished;
As at my hour of birth, so even now,
And yet wilt be the same when I am banished.

From the Eclectic Review.

BRITISH NOVELISTS AND THEIR STYLES.*

It is computed that there has been "produced in these islands, since the publication of *Waverley*," in all about three thousand novels, counting about seven thousand volumes. A goodly result of human industry. Novel-writing is at this moment a flourishing trade, and it would seem to be likewise profitable. Huge is the demand; still more huge the supply. The number of novels produced in this country is something enormous. Weekly come forth the *Athenæum* and the *Literary Gazette*, their advertising pages covered with announcements. There is no scarcity of bread for those who are a-hungred. The manufacture is even now going on. Think of it, at this moment in England some hundred or more pens are gayly careering over foolscap sheets, pursuing the fortunes of imaginary characters. How many heroines are weeping at this hour! How many heroes are cursing their hard fate! In a few months each of these young people will be married happily at the close of the third volume; and the chronicles of their misfortunes and adventures will have been printed, published, advertised, reviewed, read, forgotten; and the hundred pens will be careering over foolscap sheets as gayly as ever, pursuing the fortunes of another set of characters, who will in their turn be married; the book containing an account of the same will be printed, published, etc., etc. The wielders of these hundred pens consume bread and beer even as ordinary men and women. They employ tailors and boot-makers, and it is charitably hoped duly pay the same. To keep the wolf from the door there is but the deft flourish of a gray goose quill. The cash received for bundles of stained foolscap, delivered yearly or half-yearly, being what keeps house over head, shoes upon feet, nay, which pays poor-rates and double income-tax. Wonderful! Verily, man has sought out many inventions! Where do all these

novels go that fly before us in such interminable procession? To rest and sleep like every one of us. What strange places these books see, into what strange companies they fall, what various hands turn over their pages, what various eyes bend above them in their progress from the printing-press, to final absorption into Lethe. Salvoes of praise, like artillery proclaiming to the world that a prince is born, announce the appearance of some. Immortality is promised them by the sweet voices of the multitude. Others are received coolly, and prematurely die, unwept. There lies the three-volumed infant, fresh from the pen, radiant in unsmirked drab and gold—who will cast its horoscope? The languid lady kills a weary day with it, cutting the pages as she reads. In summer it is sent to sea-bathing quarters, and does hard duty there. It sees the moonlight, hears the sound of the sea waves, and lies for hours upon the yellow sands. For a swift stolen second, Alfred's and Sophia's hands are clasped above it, and it listens to vows and words as passionate as any within its boards. Returning, its first youth over, it is sent to the provinces, knocks about the provincial world, getting soiled and dingy, thumbled by careless hands; not altogether without a remembrance of its former conquests, when by her single candle, when work is over in the kitchen, Cinderella pores over it, blurring it with tears, conceiting herself the while to be Georgiana, and the magnificent Fitz George, her sweetheart—the pot-boy round the corner. Misfortunes accumulate upon it. Its margins, once so pure and unsullied, are scribbled over with insolent comments; it loses leaves, it gets detached from its boards, and finally in the dust-bin, like poor human mortals in their graves, it has rest from all its sorrows. "The king is dead: long live the king." The race of novels is never extinct.

Authorship, in a rich and luxurious community, in which half the men are idle, and more women, becomes a trade,

British Novelists and their Styles. By DAVID MASSON. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

and the deft workman inherits the pudding and the praise. In such communities books are manufactured for daily use, even as muffins are. Idle men and women must be amused, excited, and he who "peppers the highest is sure to please." Much skill is brought to bear on the preparations of these intellectual comfits. Others, too, than readers exist upon books. The publishing season sets in upon the world like the herring shoals upon the Hebrides. Onward comes glittering the annual army, the shark, porpoise, and dog-flesh feeding upon its edges, while the gull and cormorant hasten to the feast from afar.

The fact that at present novels are produced at the rate of *two* per week is worthy of being taken notice of, and may suggest meditation not altogether unedifying. Of this fact Professor Masson essayed to take sufficient notice in four lectures delivered last winter before the audience which is wont to assemble itself in the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh, and he now, the lectures meantime having been corrected and extended, and gathered up into a handsome volume, commends his thinkings thereupon to the readers of the entire country. Having duly perused the Professor's book, we are constrained to give it our cordial approval. It is honestly done work; full of good thinking, and not without a sufficiency of bravura passages, exhibiting a literary dexterity and an eloquence far from common. He brings to his task large knowledge, and his verdicts on the great writers of the present and of bygone times are in the main to be approved. As a book, it is singularly free from extravagance. Its tone is eminently sober and judicial. Perhaps if one might hint a fault, the writing is too uniformly serious and solemn. A little more ease and gayety might be desired. When he does break a butterfly it is upon a wheel altogether out of proportion to the task. Fashionable novels, even, he will not "laugh into Hades;" he goes at them fiercely, like the early Iconoclasts at the gilded shrines and niched saints and apostles in a Popish cathedral. Seriousness evidently is the habit of his mind. He is not a pleasure yacht, the wind sitting in its great sheet of canvas, skimming the foam like a seabird. He is rather a lugger, with bows like a Dutchman, deep in the water from a superabundance of ballast, and, if slow, he makes

gallant way, faces the curled waves bravely, going through them when he can not mount them; and when he arrives at port, from his deep hold we are sure he will unlade rich stuffs. You may object to his speed; you can not with a pure conscience object to his cargo. Professor Masson enters his protest against fun. He is plainly of opinion that there should be no more cakes and ale. He detests "comic literature," and expresses his belief that could he wish "in this age of abounding wits and humorists for that which, from its very rarity, would do us most good, it would be for the appearance among us of a great soul that could not, or would not, laugh at all; whose every tone and syllable should be serious, and whose face should front the world with something of that sublimity of look which our own Milton wore, when his eyes rolled in darkness in quest of suns and systems, or of that pitiful and scornful melancholy which art has fixed, for the reprehension of frivolity forever, on the white mask of the Italian Dante."

In his first lecture, Professor Masson enters into a variety of ingenious speculations concerning the relations existing between the epic and the novel, and discusses the question which is the better fitted for purposes of narration, prose or verse.

It may be said that, as the medium of impassioned thought, the powers and capabilities of prose have never yet been fully developed. Supreme verse has been in our literature written much more frequently than supreme prose. Perhaps, on the whole, supreme prose writing is the more difficult task. And, remembering great passages in the writings of Jeremy Taylor, Wilson, Carlyle, De Quincy, one is inclined to ask what want they in thought, or in imagination, or in music, that verse could possibly possess. Still, even admitting that prose is superior to verse in so far as it holds a wider region, and can achieve a greater variety of triumphs; that in the hands of a master it is quite equal to verse as a vehicle of passionate or imaginative utterance, we can not anticipate the time when "verse, sacred and aboriginal verse," will be driven by its rival to the "remotest fastnesses of the mountains." Drive verse to the mountain top, and, behold! she appears on the plain. Nay, is the fact not really so? During the years that prose, in the

hands of Burke, and Wilson, and De Quincey, and Carlyle, produced its most brilliant effects, verse, in the person of Robert Burns, made the grotesque satire her own, in the *Deil and Doctor Horn-book*; Cowper sang the *Sofa*; the muse of Wordsworth celebrated *Idiot Boys*, and wandered over the country with wagoners and peddlers. Byron made a successful inroad into the domain of prose in *Don Juan*, and one of the noblest poems of our own day, Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, is a veritable novel in verse, in which many of the most prosaic elements of modern social life are represented—literary *soirées* and the bald chit-chat of the “Blues.” And what means the cry so often raised in critical journals, that poets do not consider the subject matter of their song sufficiently nowadays, that they concern themselves with themes very far removed from the heroic; but that if prose has entered and taken possession somewhat of the realm that from time immemorial belonged to verse, verse has returned the compliment by transplanting her airy hosts and pitching her tents on the acknowledged territory of prose? The question proposed by Professor Masson, “What can verse do in narrative fiction, that prose can not; and, on the other hand, are there any compensating respects in which, in the same business, prose has the advantage of verse?” is not one likely to be discussed by a writer filled with the inspiration of his subject. Whether the writer chooses prose or verse depends in the first instance on the constitutional bent or proclivity of his mind; and in the second, on what he purposes to achieve. Tennyson chose verse to set forth the monotonous sorrow of *In Memoriam*; Goethe verse in *Faust*; but with a wider field before him, with a far deeper moral to inculcate, and with more stubborn and alien elements to reduce to obedience and order, in *Wilhelm Meister* he chooses, and rightly so, prose for his vehicle. Whatever passionately possesses the imagination of a writer, and which does not require for its fit setting forth the admixture of prosaic elements, will not move happily in a less elevated region than that of verse. Whatever has to work out its moral from the “thick and miscellany of things,” from the humors, prejudices, the unloveliness and ordinariness of human life, must perforce betake itself to the

lower platform of prose. To ask which, verse or prose, is the better vehicle of thought, is an inquiry somewhat useless; both are perfect in their proper place, and in such a discussion reference must always be had to the mind of the writer—what moral does he wish to inculcate, and through what medium, passionate or satirical, does he wish that moral to be made visible? Perhaps on the whole it is better to let great writers alone, and not trouble them with impertinent questionings or theories. Had the *Idylls of the King* been written in prose, they might have reminded one of Mr. G. P. R. James; had the *Newcomes* been written in verse—it would be difficult to say of what it would have reminded us.

In the second lecture Professor Masson treats of Swift, Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, in a manner singularly appreciative and manly. Of the third lecture we need only say that its subject is Scott, and that it was delivered in Edinburgh. The great man is celebrated; but there is perhaps more than sufficient celebration of the beauty of the city by night and by day; more than sufficient celebration of the men who have followed Scott in the “gray metropolis of the North,” with an amazing prophecy ventured as to the great men—their name is to be legion—who in that city are yet to appear and make their times glorious. It is not without reason that Professor Masson, in his preface, hints that “with respect to one of the lectures—the third—it might even be obliging if the reader were to remember specially that it was prepared for an Edinburgh audience.”

The fourth lecture is the most interesting of the series, in so far as it deals with contemporary fiction, and with writers who are at present alive. It is full of allusions to Bulwer, the Brontës, but is mainly occupied with a comparison of the merits of the two great rivals, Dickens and Thackeray. Here is a glimpse of both on Douglas Jerrold's funeral day:

“Perhaps there is a certain ungraciousness in our thus always comparing and contrasting the two writers. We ought to be but too glad that we have such a pair of contemporaries, yet living and in their prime, to cheer on against each other. I felt this strongly once when I saw the two men together. The occasion was historic. It was in June, 1857; the place was Norwood Cemetery. A multitude had gathered there to bury a man known to both of them,

and who had known both of them well—a man whom we have had incidentally to name as holding a place, in some respects peculiar, in the class of writers to which *they* belong, though his most effective place was in a kindred department of literature; a man, too, of whom I will say that, let the judgment on his remaining writings be permanently what it may, and let tongues have spoken of him this or that awry, there breathed not, to my knowledge, within the unwholesome bounds of what is specially London, any one in whose actual person there was more of the pith of energy at its tensest, of that which in a given myriad any where, distinguishes the one. How like a little Nelson he stood, dashing back his hair, and quivering for the verbal combat! The flash of his wit, in which one quality the island had not his match, was but the manifestation easiest to be observed of a mind compact of sense and information, and of a soul generous and on fire. And now all that remained of Jerrold was inclosed within the leaden coffin which entered the cemetery gates. As it passed, one saw Dickens among the bearers of the pall, his uncovered head of genius stooped, and the wind blowing his hair. Close behind came Thackeray; and, as the slow procession wound up the hill to the chapel, the crowd falling into it in twos and threes and increasing its length, his head was to be seen by the later ranks, towering far in the front above all the others, like that of a marching Saul. And so up to the little chapel they moved; and after the service for the dead, down again to another slope of the hill, where, by the side of one of the walks, and opposite to the tombstone of Blanchard, Jerrold's grave was open. There the last words were read; the coffin was lowered; and the two, among hundreds of others, looked down their farewell. And so, dead at the age of fifty-four, Jerrold was left in his solitary place, where the rains were to fall, and the nights were to roll overhead, and but now and then, on a summer's day, a chance stroller would linger in curiosity; and back into the roar of London dispersed the funeral crowd. Among those remitted to the living were the two of whom we speak, aged the one forty-five, the other forty-six. Why not be thankful that the great city had two such men still known to its streets; why too curiously institute comparisons between them?"

In his estimate of the two writers Professor Masson does not in the least run counter to popular feeling. He admits that Dickens is the more productive, versatile, and essentially rich mind; that Thackeray is the more cynical, melancholy, weighty, and cultured. Dickens possesses gayer spirits and more exuberant natural genius; Thackeray has the more meditative eye, and is by far the profounder artist. Dickens from his lyrical turn, and in the excitement of work,

is constantly tempted into extravagance and rhapsody. He has little command over his own creations, and they use him as they please. He is constantly wandering on the confines of existence, where the man melts into the shade. Most of his characters commit suicide, so far as the faith of the reader is concerned. They either crumble away into nothing before the book is closed, or change into something else. Mr. Pecksniff is not the same Pecksniff all through. We wonder his daughters did not express astonishment at the aspect of their changed papa. Thackeray plants himself more firmly on the reality of character, he holds his subject more in hand; and although his process is comparatively slow, his work, when finished, looks like a thing that will endure. There is nothing lyrical about Thackeray, he never loses his self-possession through enthusiasm. His tone is sober, and he seems to have made up his mind on every subject he touches, and on many subjects besides which he prefers to say nothing about. He has a quick and merciless eye for the little meannesses and vilenesses of human nature. He has the instinct of a flesh-fly for a raw. He does not care about grand passions and tragic crimes. He does not believe in them. A grocer sanding his sugar he rolls like a sweet morsel under his tongue; he can not away with Othello in his jealous rage smothering a pure Desdemona with a bolster. Reading his books is like sitting in a police-court; there is always something going on, and respectable parties in the witness-box are continually letting out the shabbiest secrets about themselves, and the judge or bench is never astonished at the amount of that kind of thing which transpires; he seems to expect it, and to consider it the most ordinary thing in the world. It would take a good deal to shock him. Dickens is the more pleasing writer, and he really awakens the most benevolent sensations in the reader. After reading one of his books you wish every day in the year Christmas, and every man, woman, and child in the world nothing to do but to sit down to a table groaning with roast meat, with a huge plum-pudding to follow. Mr. Dickens empties his pockets of their loose silver to the first beggar he meets shivering ankle-deep in the snow; Mr. Thackeray growls "tramp" from beneath his warm comforter, and buttons them more

proudly up. Yet although the Titmarshian view of life is desponding and gloomy, it is so on the surface, for the most part. Thackeray knows, as well as any man, although he does not always choose to exhibit them, the nobilities that lie deep down beneath the outer crust. There is at times a strain of most sad, serious wisdom in him. "A smile on the lip and a tear in the eye," and that proud reticence of his, that noble shame of emotion, that stern crushing down of all weak and unmanly tears, makes his pathos, when it does force its way through mockery or satire, quite overwhelming. In Mr. Dickens' pathetic passages—and they are legion—there are too many tears, and all too great a display of them. He weeps because he likes to weep. He believes in the "luxury of grief," and indulges himself pretty frequently in the luxury. Mr. Thackeray in his books displays some capacity for thinking; Mr. Dickens never does. No opinion of his carries the slightest weight with it. He can not argue, he can only call nicknames, stinging and sticking. His opinions are as extravagant as his characters. More-

over he learns nothing. Experience passes by him like the idle wind. The literary errors of his youth are the literary errors of his manhood. In his first works he attacked professors of religion, representing them as gluttons and wine-bibbers, and persons careful only of their own advancement; and in his later books the same representation is continued. Time has taught him no temperance, increased knowledge of mankind no charity. He still believes as in the days of his hot youth, when he wrote *Pickwick*, that the synonym of Christian is—Stiggins. It is only the resolutely shut eye that is competent to such a feat.

Professor Masson considers that the novel is not likely soon to lose its popularity; on the contrary, he expects that it will rise into greater importance, and that the greatest minds will yet peer into its service and accept it as one of the noblest forms of literature. He wishes its capabilities to be increased, its range widened, and that greater attention should be paid by novelists to "real life and epic breadth of interest."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

BELLS AND THEIR TRADITIONS.

WHEN the influence of the chimes of well-remembered bells is felt, we can not wonder that Whittington was lured back to London by their magic spell. Poets have sung of their influence, and it is remarkable how they agree as to the effect produced.

"They fling their melancholy music wide,
Bidding me many a tender thought recall—
Of summer days and those delightful years,
When by my native streams, in life's fair
prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into
tears;
But seeming now, when all these days are
o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no
more."

The feelings so touchingly expressed were echoed by the tender sentiments breathed by Moore in his charming melody of *Those Evening Bells*, and responded to by many a sigh from a full heart. Often, while Napoleon wandered through the beautiful grounds of Malmaison, when any wish, if not already gratified, seemed within his grasp, and when she who loved him best was by his side, he would stay his steps to hearken to the sound of the neighboring village bells, and say, with a sigh: "How they remind me of Brienné!" In all the vicissitudes of his eventful life, how often may their music have seemed to float upon the air, when far away from the scenes of former triumph and of splendor! When, as was his custom in the still hour of

night, he has stood alone, contemplating the skies, may not imagination have wafted back the sounds to which, in boyhood, he had so often listened?

The sound of the bell, announcing joy and sorrow, may well be associated with all our recollections. It proclaims the principal events of life—birth, marriages, and deaths. The effect of the funeral toll has been well described by William Howitt in his *Visit to Remarkable Places*. "The bell," he says, "calling over hill and dale, with its solemn voice, the dead to his place." The green sward, which he has so often trod, shall know his steps no more. The passing-bell falls with a mournful cadence on the ear: we know that it gives notice of the departure of a fellow-creature who is lying at the point of death. We have often listened to it as its melancholy tone seemed to keep pace with the gradual parting of the soul from the body.

A belief prevailed in Huntingdonshire and elsewhere, that the soul never left the body till the church-bell rang, so that to shorten the pangs of the death-struggle the passing-bell may have been introduced. But there are still more urgent reasons for it. According to old superstition, it was believed to have the power of scaring away the evil spirits that were hovering about to seize the spirit the moment it left the body. It was customary, too, to set the bells a-ringing when tempests or thunder and lightning were impending, as they were supposed to be under the direction of evil spirits, who could only be compelled to desist from their fell purpose of destruction by the sound of holy bells.

Ovid, Livy, and Lucan allude to the customs which prevailed in their days of having bronze instruments sounded during an eclipse, to avert the disaster which it was believed to betoken. Durandus says the church rings the bells when a storm is coming on, that the devils, when they hear the *trumpets of the Holy King*—as the bells were considered—might take flight, and so the tempest subside. Latimer alludes to this custom in one of his sermons, which is an additional confirmation of its having prevailed in England before the Reformation. Though now discontinued in Protestant churches, it still prevails in Malta and Sicily, in Sardinia, Tuscany, and many parts of France. The belief was held in many places that

all within hearing of the convent bells are safe from storms, and from the evil beings by whom they were promoted.

So strong was the impression that bells should be used on every awful occasion, that we find that a person of the name of Dow granted fifty pounds to the parish in which the great prison of Chester is situated, on condition that forever after, on the night before an execution a man should go at the dead hour of night, and strike, with a hand-bell, twelve tolls with double strokes, as near the cells of the condemned criminals as possible, and then exhort them to repentance. The great bell of the church was to toll as they were passing by on their way to execution, and the bell-man was to look over the wall, and exhort all good people to pray to God *for the poor sinner who was going to suffer death*. Southey takes notice of this in his *Letters of Esopriella*. Money was also bequeathed to insure the ringing of the curfew bell in Kidderminster, on one particular night in the year, to celebrate a thanksgiving to God, for the preservation of the life of a person, who, on his way from Bridgenorth fair, was on the point of being precipitated from a great height, when he was saved by the sound of the Kidderminster curfew, which enabled him to return by the right direction, and to reach his home in safety.

Such sanctity has been ascribed to bells, that we find that, in some countries, they are baptized and given the name of some saint. The pious Dionysius Barsalabi wrote a dissertation on bells, in which he ascribes their invention to Noah, as he has found it mentioned in several histories, that a command was given to him that the workmen employed in building the ark should be summoned to their work by strokes of wood on a bell. The direction given through Moses that the priest should have bells attached to his robe, by which his approach to the sanctuary would be announced to the people, shows the antiquity of their use. Small bells were employed by the Greeks and Romans for civil and military purposes, and were sometimes sounded from temples to summon the people to their religious duties; it is said that their first use in Christian churches was in the fourth century, by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania.

Bells have been long used on occasions less sad and solemn than those to which

we have alluded. They ring forth a joyous peal to welcome the married pair, who tread the aisle on their way to the altar to join their hands and plight their vows. The merry chimes of the joy-bells proclaim good news, or announce a royal visit. The castanets, which tinkle like puny bells, had a simple origin: as the merry peasants danced beneath the spreading branches of the chestnut trees, they picked up the fallen chestnuts, and rattled them in their hands in time to the music of their voices and their graceful movements in the dance. The castanets in use with our public dancers are an imitation of the chestnut, the name being evidently derived from *Castanea*, chestnut. The cap and bells given to fools may have originated from the pleasure which that unfortunate class of beings may have taken in the jingling of bells; this strikes us the more as we remember to have seen one to whom the light of reason and the blessed sun was denied, who took infinite delight in the sound of the triangles with which he was furnished for his amusement; though so much was withheld, an exquisite sense of hearing gave charms to the continuous sound of the triangles, to which his own voice kept time in the monotonous chant of "Ullah, Ullah," the only articulate sounds he could utter.

It is not strange that sounds, which are the prelude to communion with the unseen world, should produce an effect upon the imagination. All who have felt the effect of the Sabbath bells borne on the wind to a remote spot, may conceive how the recollection may float upon the imagination of one who is far away. In describing traveling through the desert, Eothen mentions having been awakened by the sound of a peal of bells. "My native bells, the innocent bells of Mallin, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaggon hills, and for upwards of two miles the sound continued, and then gradually died away." It is said that sailors often hear their native bells, when far out upon the seas; and there is many a tale of the mariner, who heard his funeral knell not long before his death, the foam of the surge, too, having assumed the appearance of his winding-sheet. An old man, who had with difficulty been saved from drowning, described the sensations which he had experienced: he fancied he heard the ringing of bells, and, as consciousness became less, the

sound increased till he thought all the bells of Heaven were ringing him into Paradise, and he felt the most delightful, soothing sensation; and he added, *that in the district where this happened, there was not a bell within six miles.*

There is no end to the traditions connected with bells. Sir John Sinclair, in his account of Scotland, tells of a bell belonging to the old church of St. Fillan, in the parish of Killin, in Perthshire; it usually lay upon a gravestone in the churchyard: it was supposed to possess the miraculous power of restoring the insane to their senses; the maniac was to be dipped in the Saint's pool, after which he was to be bound with ropes, and confined all night in the chapel, and in the morning the bell was placed upon his head, with great solemnity; if this remedy failed, his case was considered incurable. Other marvelous powers were attributed to this bell; if stolen, it was asserted it had the power of extricating itself from the hands of the robber, and would then return to its original place, while it continued ringing the whole way.

The belief in subterranean bells has been, from time immemorial, a common superstition in Berkshire, as stated in *Christmas, its History and Antiquity*, published in London, in 1850, where if any one watches on Christmas eve, he will hear subterranean bells. And throughout the mining districts the workmen declare that at the holy season, the mine which contains the most precious ore is supernaturally illuminated in the most brilliant manner, and high mass performed with the greatest solemnity, the whole service chanted by the unseen choristers in the most devout and impressive manner. Lord Lindsay gives a translation of a stanza from the poet Up-land, founded on the tradition of the Sinaitic peninsula:

"Oft in the forest far, one hears

A passing sound of distant bells:

Nor legends old, nor human wit

Can tell us whence the music swells.

From the lost church 'tis thought that sweet

Faint ringing cometh on the wind;

Once many pilgrims took the path,

But no one now the way can find."

Though the chapel which in former days stood by the Lake of Crassmere, near Ellesmere, has been swept away by Time, its bells are said to be still heard

whenever the waters are ruffled by the wind. Bells, it is told, have frequently rung of their own accord. It is so asserted to have happened when Thomas à Becket was murdered. The death of the King of Spain was said to have been always announced at the moment of its occurrence by the tolling of the great bell of the Cathedral of Saragossa. Collins made this the subject of some beautiful lines, beginning thus :

"The bell of Arragon, they say,
Spontaneous speaks the fatal day."

In the last stanza he turns, pathetically, to his own death, and "some simple knell" which calls him to the grave. At Raleigh, they say that, at Christmas-time, the old church bells are heard to ring deep in the earth. It was customary for the people of that locality to go into the valley on Christmas morning, and, bending to the ground, to listen to the mysterious sound. After Port Royal, in the West-Indies, was submerged, at the close of the seventeenth century, sailors told many marvelous stories of their having anchored on the chimneys and the steeples, and having heard the church bells ringing in the water, touched by no human hands.

Among the legends of bells, it is told that, many years since, the twelve parish churches in Jersey each possessed a valuable peal of bells. A long civil war had so impoverished the state, that it was judged to be expedient that those bells should be sold, to help to defray the heavy expenses which had been incurred. The bells were accordingly taken down, packed, and shipped for France for this purpose. As it were to wreak vengeance on those who had proposed such desecration, the vessel in which they were being conveyed foundered on the passage, and every thing on board was lost. Since that fatal time, the story goes, at the approach of a storm, the bells are heard to ring from the bottom of the deeps. To this day the fishwomen of Simeon's Bay go to the edge of the water before they trust their boats to the waves, that they may ascertain whether the bells are ringing. If the warning chimes are heard, nothing can induce them to leave the shore. If all is still, they fearlessly pursue their craft.

That sounds should seem to float upon the air in desolate regions, and pass along

the interminable waves, is not strange; for then the imagination has nothing to interrupt its action, and the attention is alive to the faintest sound. The great wilderness which stretches almost uninterruptedly from the Euphrates to the western shores of Africa is said to present sights and sounds that can be traced only to causes that are supernatural. In that portion of the desert between Palestine and the Red Sea, it is told that matin and vesper-bells are heard every day from some phantom convent, which has never yet been discovered to human sight. These bells are believed to have sounded ever since the Crusades. The advance and attack of armies, with their trumpets, are thought to be distinguished. The travelers who pass along in the caravans through the wide-spreading sands, are so impressed by the awful solitude, that they fancy sounds and sights to people the vast loneliness.

It has been observed by one who passed through the dreary waste, that if, by unlucky chance, one has lingered behind his party, not only will earthly sounds and forms be presented to his fancy, but fearful outcries and hideous shapes, which do not belong to this world. Walker, in his *Irish Bards*, mentions that some of the ancient poets of Ireland tell of supernatural sounds, often heard by the Irish peasantry; sometimes in loud shrieks or plaintive cries, that burst from the depth of the forest, or steal along the valley: they seem as the voices of departed bards or fallen heroes, who are, perhaps, sailing along the clouds of heaven or gliding through the mists. Many a poet and minstrel may have been indebted to those imaginary voices for the sublimest conceptions. Mozart was accustomed to compose in the open air, imagination and the music of Nature prompting his first passages, and seeming to him as the commissioned inspirers from heaven.

Tourists who visit Cornwall are sure to find their way to Minster Vale, celebrated for its loneliness. The deep valley is clothed with grass soft as velvet, and of the most vivid green, enameled with wild flowers of various hues and delicate perfume. The hills rise to a considerable height; the furze, in the season of its bloom, shining along their sides like burnished gold. The stream, which runs through the whole length of the vale, gives the most delightful sensation of

freshness and coolness, even in the hottest day in summer. From this valley a window can be discerned through the thick foliage; it belongs to Minster church, the approach to which is in another direction.

Every one who enters the romantic and secluded church-yard which leads to it, is struck by its lonely solemnity. The venerable trees cast their shadows over the grave-stones. A picturesque winding path reaches the church. The carved oak tracing in the interior is but little injured by time. The remains of painted glass in the windows show that it once formed a principal ornament.

The church has a peculiar interest besides its romantic situation, from a tradition connected with it, which runs thus: It is told that when it was being built, the Earl of Batheaux, who inhabited a splendid castle in the neighborhood, in the hope of benefiting his soul, ordered a fine peal of six bells to be cast for it. As soon as they were ready, they were embarked in a large vessel for Boscastle, the neighboring village. Forgetful that the sounds of bells on the sea was considered ominous of disaster, the sailors, before nearing the shore, set them going. The concourse of persons who were waiting on the shore for their arrival, saw the ship instantly give one lurch and sink, with its precious cargo, to the bottom of the sea. The bells were never recovered, but are often heard at midnight from the deep blue waters, pealing a mournful air. The tower where they were to have been hung has been left unfinished ever since.

We recollect to have seen one of the most interesting legends connected with bells, with which we ever met, in the *Dublin Penny Journal* for the year 1832. It told of a chime of bells, which were manufactured by a young Italian, who labored at them incessantly for many years. They were so sweet that his chief delight was in listening to them; they were, in fact, the charm and the pride of his life. He was, however, induced by the prior of a neighboring convent to part with them. With the profits of their sale he purchased for himself a little villa, where he could hear his bells from the cliff on which the convent stood. Their music was quite necessary to his happiness. His days passed cheerfully on, surrounded

by the objects of his love, and within hearing of his precious bells. But a time of trouble came, and he lost every thing—he was alone in the wide world, bereft of family, friends, and home. The convent, too, was razed to the ground; and the bells—the bells that he had loved so well—were taken to another country. For years he wandered from land to land, seeking for the place to which they had been removed. He was a sorrowful old man when he sailed up the Shannon. The vessel in which he was a passenger anchored in the Pool, near Limerick. He hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. It was an evening so lovely, that he might have fancied himself in his native home. The water was clear as glass, and the little boat glided smoothly on. The city was near; and as the Italian sat in the stern, his eyes were fondly fixed upon it. Suddenly, amidst the stillness of the hour, a peal burst forth from the cathedral bells upon the air. The rowers rested on their oars; the Italian leaned back; he crossed his arms upon his breast; the well-remembered, fondly-loved chime was heard once more. He closed his eyes; the boatmen landed him, but he was dead!

We need no legends to tell us how dear bells have ever been to our people, and what gentle feelings they inspire. In Southey's *Book of the Church* it is found that "Somerset pretended that one bell in a steeple was sufficient for summoning the people to prayer, and the country was thus in danger of losing its best music—a music hallowed by all circumstances, which, according equally with social, exalted, and with solitary pensiveness, though it falls upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilarates, and some which it softens."

The sound of the bell which summons to prayer, as the congregation pass along the pleasant green lanes and fields, is music which fits them for devotion. The funeral-toll and the passing-bell turn their thoughts to the only circumstance of life on which we can calculate with certainty—our death; but the bells which break joyously through the stillness of night to celebrate the advent of Our Lord, seem as glad messengers proclaiming life and immortality!

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S VISION.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

"Hush! do not weep: it is over, now. Patience!" they calmly said,
Vexing with words my wearied ear, and my child
in my arms dead;
I stooped, with passionate grief, to kiss the little
pallid face,
That, like to a waxen image, lay in my clasping
arms' embrace.

I passed my fingers once again through the soft,
bright, curling hair,
And drew the head to my desolate heart, that
should never again rest there;
I kissed the dimpled hands and feet, and the
broad, white, blue-veined breast,
And my heart could not feel, nor my lips confess
that "God took him for the best."

I wanted my baby all night long, to rest near my
doting heart;
I wanted to watch his cradled sleep, with his rosy
lips apart;
I wanted my baby's little hands, to play with my
loosened hair;
I wanted my baby's babbling tones, to win me
from every care.

I wanted my boy, I wanted him to grow up amid
other men;
That, as my own life waned away, I might live
in his life again;
And my heart was sore, oh! my heart was sore,
when they laid him beneath the sod;
I could not to Heaven its angel give, I grudged
him to his God.

I could not weep, but my wild complaint rang
ceaseless night and day:
"Why were all other infants left, and my infant
snatched away?"
Till at length, in the depths of the silent night,
a form before me stood,
Whose presence filled my heart with joy, though
a strange awe chilled my blood.

'Twas the little child, 'twas the little child they
had taken from me away.
From the warm clasp of my loving arms, to place
him in damp cold clay;
In snowy robes, with two soft white wings, the
flowers of the Better Land,
His brow enwreathed, while a small gold harp
he held in his little hand.

But the cherub face in his infant life, which was
ever so bright and glad,
Seemed downcast now, and his large blue eyes
were filled with tear-drops sad;
I was silent first, but strong mother's love soon
o'ercame my human fears,
And I asked my boy why angel-eyes were thus
filled with mortal tears.

"Mother," he said, "from where I was laid to
rest, 'neath the fresh green sod,
Has gone up your wild despairing cry — 'I
grudge him to his God!'
It darkens my spirit, even there, 'mid the happy
angel-band,
And the harp, which God's purest praise should
hymn, hangs silent in my hand.

"But He is love, and a pitying glance has cast
on thy sinful woe,
And to win back thy soul to peace, has sent me
to tell thee what now I know.
Mother, had I to manhood grown, my nature
fierce and wild,
Would have steeped my soul in darkest sin, and
God took your little child.

"In tenderest mercy parting us, for a few brief
passing years,
That we may meet again to know no partings,
griefs, or tears;
Then humbly bow thy will to His whose mercy
hems us round,
That the cloud from my spirit may pass away,
and my harp with His praise resound!"

As he spoke, my heart was softening fast; as he
ceased, my infant smiled,
With a ray so bright of heaven's own light, that
I scarcely knew my child;
His white wings moved, and beneath his touch
the harp gave forth a sound.
Which steeped my soul in bliss so deep I knew
not what passed around.

When it died away, the child was gone, my little
angel-son;
But I knew by the tears, now shed at last, that
God's victory was won.
With morning light, by the grave I knelt—the
dew yet gemmed the sod—
And with an humbled, contrite heart, gave him
and myself to God.

From the Eclectic Review.

ALPINE AVALANCHES.

ACCORDING to Byron, an avalanche is a "thunderbolt of snow."

Travelers are frequently disappointed on witnessing the spectacle. Brought into cheating proximity by the purity of the air, and deluded by the colossal proportions of a mountain landscape, they have been known to treat the phenomenon as one of a very trumpery description. Even poetical minds find it difficult to believe that the white spirt and thin streak which suddenly appear on a distant rock are the true representatives of the deadliest missiles contained in the arsenal of Frost. "From some jutting knob, of the size of a cricket-ball," says Talfourd, "a handful of snow is puffed into the air, and lower down, on the neighboring slant, you observe veins of white substance creaming down the crevices—like the tinsel streams in the distance of a pretty scene in an Easter melo-drama, quickened by a touch of magic wand—and then a little cloud of snow, as from pelting fairies, rises from the frost-work basin; and then a sound as of a thunder-clap!—all is still and silent—and this is an avalanche! If you can believe this—can realize the truth that snow and ice have just been dislodged, in power to crush a human village, you may believe in the distance at which you stand from the scene, and that your eye is master of icy precipices embracing ten miles perpendicular ascent; but it is a difficult lesson, and the disproportion between the awful sound and the pretty sight, renders it harder."* Occasionally, however, the spectacle is exhibited on a scale so splendid, that the cravings of the most anxious sight-seer are fully appeased. Crossing the Wengern Alp, directly in front of the Jungfrau, whose precipitous flanks are famous for their snow-falls, Dr. Cheever was privileged to behold two glorious specimens. "One can not command any language (says he) to convey an adequate idea of their magnificence. You are standing far below, gazing up to

where the great disk of the glittering Alp cuts the heavens, and drinking in the influence of the silent scene around. Suddenly, an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from the toppling outmost mountain ridge of snow, where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps two thousand feet, is broken into millions of fragments. As you first see the flash of distant artillery by night, then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din. A cloud of dusty, misty, dry snow, rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements. The eye follows it delighted, as it plows through the path which preceding avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular. Then flows the whole cataract over the gulf with a still louder roar of echoing thunder. Another fall of still greater depth ensues, over a second similar castellated ridge or reef in the face of the mountain, with an awful majestic slowness, and a tremendous crash in its concussion, awakening again the reverberating peals of thunder. Then the torrent roars on to another smaller fall, till at length it reaches a mighty groove of snow and ice, like the slide down the Pilatus, of which Playfair has given so powerfully graphic a description. Here its progress is slower, and last of all you listen to the roar of the falling fragments as they drop out of sight, with a dead weight, into the bottom of the gulf, to rest there forever."*

Avalanches admit of a certain classification. First, there are those which consist of snow recently fallen, and therefore loosely compacted. Set in motion by the

* Talfourd's *Vacation Rambles and Thoughts*.

* Cheever's *Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc*.

first competent wind which arises, the powdery mass is impelled down the mountain declivities, shrouded in its own white spray, until it finds a lodgment in some cleft or hollow of the rock. Comparatively harmless as these "drift avalanches" are, the mere rush of air they occasion has been known to whisk a vehicle containing thirteen persons over the brow of a precipice.

Class number two comprehends the rolling avalanches. These are literally great snow-balls formed of snow partially thawed, and therefore reduced to such a clammy state that the missile gradually increases in bulk as it advances. School-boys would be delighted to stand on the summit of a lofty hill, and mold a lump which would pick up fresh material at every step of its progress, until, issuing from the regions of perpetual winter, it crashed through the forests and exploded like a monster shell before it could reach the floor of the valley. Travelers who slide down mountains like the Slidehorn, or who indulge in playful excursions on a Russian ice-hill, can form some idea of the tremendous impetus which these projectiles acquire. Should a poor chalet stop the way, the frail fabric dissolves in a shower of chips, and the occupants are destroyed ere they have time to mutter a prayer. It was by a fall of this description that eighty-four persons were killed in 1820, at Ober Gestelen, in the Canton Wallis, and now lie interred in the same grave.

Avalanche number three is produced by the thawing of snow in consequence of the sun's heat or the warmth of the winds. The water which percolates through the bed renders the rock slippery, and destroys the adhesion of the mass. Resting upon an inclined plane, whole sheets are thus set in motion, and away they glide, heaping up the material before them in great waves, and then pouring over precipices in broad majestic cascades—Niagaras of snow. This species of avalanche is termed the "sliding," to distinguish it from the last, or "rolling" avalanche.

There is another form of the phenomenon. When the summer sun is playing hotly upon a glacier, it must frequently loosen some of the tall overhanging blocks which give such a jagged but piquant look to these frozen streams. Shattered into atoms by the fall, the particles stream down the slope until their

march is arrested by some obstacle, or their momentum is gradually exhausted. Passing along the far-famed Vale of Chamouni the other day, we had the good fortune to witness an admirable sample of number four. Suddenly the deep-toned snap which denotes that an avalanche is about to descend—the signal given by the mountains when they are preparing to launch their thunderbolts of snow—was heard from the foot of the Mer de Glace. Down toppled a crag of ice. It broke into millions of fragments. The course of the white stream was visible to the eye, whilst the ear listened eagerly for the grand rushing noise, which distance, however, subdued into a hail-like rustle. In a moment all was still again, except the hiss of the cascade and the clamor of the furious Arve "raving ceaselessly." But to judge of the terrors of an ice-fall, you must grapple with it on closer terms. "We had reached a position," says Professor Tyndall, in his account of an ascent of the Glacier du Géant, "where massive ice-cliffs protected us on one side, while in front of us was a space more open than any we had yet passed; the reason being that the ice-avalanches had chosen it for their principal path. We had just stepped upon this space, when a peal above us brought us to a stand. Crash! crash! crash! nearer and nearer, the sound becoming more continuous and confused as the descending masses broke into smaller blocks. Onward they came! boulders, half a ton and more in weight, leaping down with a kind of maniacal fury, as if their sole mission was to crush the seracs to powder. Some of them, on striking the ice, rebounded like elastic balls, described parabolas through the air, again madly smote the ice, and scattered its dust like clouds in the atmosphere. Some blocks were deflected by their collision with the glacier, and were carried past us within a few yards of the spot where we stood. I had never before witnessed an exhibition of force at all comparable to this, and its proximity rendered that fearful which at a little distance would have been sublime." *

Now, abrupt and capricious as snow-falls may appear, they have their times and seasons, like many a sedater phenom-

* *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers. A Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club. Edited by JOHN BALL.*

enon. Those of the first class generally occur when winter commences; the last are limited to the months of summer. Numbers two and three usually reserve their strength for the spring, because then the fetters of frost begin to relax: and when avalanches are in season on any particular mountain, the hours of descent on its several sides may be ascertained with tolerable precision. From ten to twelve is your time, if you wish to witness an exhibition on the eastern slope; from twelve to two on the southern; from three to six on the western; and still later in the day, if you expect to enjoy a northern discharge. It need scarcely be said that this regularity of action is due to the influence of the sun. Some avalanches, too, have beaten tracks; so that, by attending to the rules which govern their launching, the peasants not only known when to look out for squalls, but can traverse their paths without danger. Nor is man wholly powerless against these rushing monsters, for in some cases he can control their fury, or even guide them harmlessly away. In certain localities which are much haunted by avalanches, stout posts have been driven into the ground, in the neighborhood of their breeding-place, or embankments thrown up at perilous points, in order to divert their course, and induce them to travel in ruts of comparative safety. Some bold peasants have even ventured to build their houses, or store-huts, in the very teeth of the glacier, defending the edifices by high walls, which are furnished with jutting angles, in the hope that these will divide the snow-torrent like wedges, and compel it to flow innocuously past. Others have been known to surround their elevated sheds with sloping bulwarks, which they sprinkle with water; so that, when frozen smooth, the mountain missiles may glide over the building without injury. In some places the grass is left unmown, in order that the blades, when stiffened with frost, may serve as frail pegs to detain the winter snow; in others, the inhabitants are forbidden to cut trees within the protecting belt of forest. On many roads you pass through galleries hewn out of the solid rock, at points where the avalanche is known to stalk; and here and there, as at Leukerbad, which is provided with a rampart nearly seven hundred feet long and seventeen high, you find a village fortified against this subtle foe as care-

fully as ancient towns used to be against military engines and human depredators.

One peculiar feature in the proceedings of an avalanche is the blast by which it is accompanied. Driving the air before it with great velocity, a considerable commotion must necessarily be produced in the atmosphere. Probably the effects have been greatly overrated, but the mischief occasioned by these terrible visitors sometimes assumes a form which can only be explained on the principle of aerial concussion. Trees are frequently stripped or leveled on each side of their track, though standing far beyond the reach of the hurrying snow. "The current of air," says Friedrich Körner, "extends many hundred paces beyond the lawine, and overshoots it with a violence which the solid cliffs can scarcely resist. The strongest trees are torn to strips, men and animals are hurled into the abyss, or borne unhurt to some neighboring ridge; houses are unroofed, and beams, lumps of ice, and fragments of stone are sent clattering through the air."* It is stated that the eastern spire of the convent of Dissentis was prostrated by the breath of an avalanche, which dashed past the place at the distance of a quarter of a mile. On the twenty-seventh of December, 1819, an enormous mass swept down into the valley of the Visp from the Biesgletscher, as if eager to devour the little hamlet of Randa, which lies on the opposite slope. Fortunately the vast missile took a direction to the north of the village, marking its path with a spray of icy fragments and lumps of stone, which desolated the neighboring fields for the time. The curé of the parish was awakened by a shock which tossed up his bed as if a young earthquake were gamboling in his apartment. A terrible rush of wind succeeded, and this was supposed to be the recoil of the air from the rocks which fronted the avalanche. Chimneys were thrown down; roofs were peeled from the houses; the garnered hay was whirled up the mountain side, or strewn over the woods; a timber hovel, containing a couple of old women, was carried bodily to a distance of more than a hundred yards, without inflicting any injury upon its occupants; and upwards of a hundred buildings were damaged or destroyed. When Leukerbad—so famous

* *Die Wunder der Winter Welt.* Von FRIEDRICH KÖRNER.

for its steaming tanks, filled with a promiscuous throng of invalids, who present one of the uncouthest spectacles we have ever witnessed—was invaded by an avalanche in the year 1719, four of its inhabitants were whisked into the air, and transported by the blast to some distant meadows, where their corpses were subsequently discovered.

Frantic, however, as these great masses of snow may appear in their movements, there is at times something excessively quaint in their doings. A forest growing on one side of the Valley of Calanca, in the Canton of the Grisons, was torn up by an avalanche, and conveyed to the other, where it was left standing as if on its native site. Apparently by way of frolic a fir-tree was hoisted to the top of the parsonage house, and planted there as a souvenir of the visit. In 1800, an avalanche dashed into the Valley of Vorder Rhein, near Trons, crossed it to the opposite slope, destroying many trees and *châlets* in its progress; then rebounded, mounting the declivity which it had just descended; and thus oscillated until at the fourth vibration it fell upon Trons, where it expended the residue of its wrath. The inhabitants of the hamlet of Rueras, in the Valley of Tawich, in the same canton, went to sleep as usual on a certain evening in the year 1749, but on awaking next morning they found themselves enveloped in darkness. Concluding that the sun had not yet risen, they waited for the coming of the day. The day, however, came not. Surprised at its postponement, some of them went to their doors, and discovered, to their great horror, that their houses were buried in snow. An avalanche had swept them away in the night, yet so gently that their rest had not been disturbed. Assistance being rendered, sixty persons were rescued, but forty had already perished.

Many a wonderful case of deliverance from the jaws of the avalanche might be related. The store-hut of a herdsman in the Canton Wallis was overwhelmed by a fall from the Diablere-Gletscher—himself being in the place at the time. The roof groaned and gradually bent beneath the load, whilst the poor trembling owner, cowering in one corner, awaited the moment of fracture. At last all was still, but it was the frightful stillness of a living grave. After a while, by dint of great exertion, the captive contrived to force an

opening through the side of the hovel; but, on endeavoring to probe the snow with a pole, he found that its thickness precluded all reasonable expectation of escape. Dismayed, he shrank back into his hut, and prepared himself to die of hunger or of suffocation. Horrible were the hours he spent in solitude and despair. Recovering a little, however, he resolved to make a vigorous struggle for life. He seized his hatchet and began to excavate a path. The snow and ice were so compact, that excessive labor was required, and the great blocks of stone which the poor man encountered, compelled him to make frequent *détours*. Returning to the hut when exhausted, and supporting himself by means of some cheese which he had in store—the air contained in the crevices of the snow affording sufficient pabulum for the lungs—he persisted in his task until the edge of the axe was worn away. How time flitted in the world beyond, he could not conjecture; but reckoning by his meals, he concluded that six weeks had already elapsed, when at length the material about him became spongier in its texture, and from this circumstance he drew brighter auguries of release. Dig, dig—on he proceeded with his blunted weapon, until at the expiration of another fortnight he emerged from his prison-house, and stood, with torn clothes, swollen face, and lacerated limbs in presence of the setting sun! The joy of that moment was worth half a lifetime of woe. Rapidly he made his way into the valley, and soon reached the door of the cottage where his wife and family resided. By this time it was dark. He looked through the window, tapped gently, and murmured the words: "Open, Maria! thy husband yet lives: he is here." But nine weeks of absence had constrained the inmates to regard him as dead, and the sight of that excoriated countenance, with its two wild staring eyes peering through the casement, extorted a cry of terror. Believing that they were troubled by an apparition, they ejaculated a prayer to the Virgin for protection, and fastened both window and door upon the glowering phantom. All attempts to obtain admittance being vain, the peasant proceeded to the house of the curé, who, on hearing the marvelous tale, gave the poor wife his guarantee that the visitor was no goblin, but a genuine husband, composed like other husbands, of veritable flesh and blood.

But if a soft substance like snow is thus appalling in its effects, what must be the case when the avalanche consists of huge masses of rock? Almost every Alpine valley is strewn with great boulders, which have been torn from the neighboring cliffs, and hurled, amidst smoke and thunder, into the smiling pastures beneath. The sides of the hills are scored by stony streams, which look as if they cut their way through the fine forest zones, and had then been arrested at a stroke. Occasionally an entire mountain-top may be said to give way. Let it rest in an inclined position upon a bed of soft slippery material, like clay, and if the water should wash out sufficient soil to affect its stability, down it will rush, with that awful impetus which sweeps away men as if they were motes, and mows down whole villages as if they were grass under the scythe. The Rossberg landslide is one of black memory in the history of Switzerland. From the summit of the Righi, the eye may observe the huge scar which was made in this ill-omened mountain upwards of fifty years ago; and though the spectator stands in the presence of an army of hills, such as the world can not well match—though he sees the sun kindle each distant peak, with a light which seems unearthly in its beauty—though, glancing downwards, he perceives the morning mists floating with snowy wings over each fair lake and stream, like guardian spirits hovering over their sleeping charges—and who that has once hung over that magical map will forget its varied fascinations? yet, if the gazer has learnt the story of the catastrophe of Arth, he will turn with a shudder to the terrible wound still gaping in the landscape, and sorrowfully track the course of the great furrow along which Death drove his plowshare, in September, 1806. On the second of that month, about five o'clock in the afternoon, according to Dr. Zay,* who witnessed the scene, the upper part of the mountain seemed to be set in motion. A mass of earth and rock, three miles in length, a thousand feet in breadth, and a hundred in depth, swept madly into the vale beneath, crushing three villages wholly, and a fourth partially, beneath its stony billows. Part of the *débris* was hurled into the Lake of Lawertz, at a distance of five miles, where it filled up one

extremity, and produced a wave upwards of sixty feet in height, which deluged the villages on its shores. Flights of stones, some of them of enormous dimensions, swept through the air like showers of cannon-balls. Torrents of mud accompanied the eruption. Few escaped who were entrapped. Seven travelers from Berne, entering Goldau just at the time of the slip, were buried in the ruins. Between three and four hundred buildings of various kinds were destroyed, and upwards of four hundred and fifty human beings perished. A few minutes (not more than five) sufficed for this terrible transaction. At one moment the landscape lay placid and beautiful in the lap of the treacherous mountain; at another its loveliness had vanished, and nothing remained but a number of shapeless hillocks, beneath which hundreds of men and women had been sadly and suddenly sepulchred.

There are avalanches of mud also. A heavy shower of rain—and showers are no dainty drizzles in mountain regions—brings down a torrent of clayey material mixed with stones, and the viscid stream rolls on until it reaches some low level, where it converts the landscape into a sort of Irish bog. Travelers entertain a strong objection to this dirty phenomenon. The repairers of roads feel themselves greatly aggrieved by its appearance, and regard it as a highly indictable demonstration. Not long ago, after passing through the grotesque old town of Altorf, where William Tell shot the famous apple from his son's head—and the site of this renowned piece of archery is still indicated by two fountains—we traversed a stream of mud which had recently arrested the progress of vehicles, and still required the services of numerous laborers to keep the highway practicable. The adjoining orchards and pastures had been inundated by the filthy tide, and chalets lay miserably imbedded in the stiffening compound. On the road from Grindelwald to Interlachen, however, we were compelled to make the acquaintance of a mud avalanche on more provoking terms. After proceeding a few miles beyond the former place, the voiture was brought to a sudden halt. Entertaining some doubts respecting the perfect sanity of our charioteer, whose frantic management of the drag down-hill would have made a good point in any commission of lunacy, we were half-prepared for some

* *Goldau und seine Gegend.* Von Dr. KARL ZAY.

nice little catastrophe. What should it be? Was the vehicle—apparently as infirm a production as the Shem-and-Ham buggy over which Sydney Smith made so merry—about to founder disgracefully in the high road? Were we to be hurled into the meadows below? And, in that case, should we be let off with a sprained ankle, or must a leg and a couple of ribs be inexorably broken? Or had some real live bandit rushed out of his den, and ordered our coachman—himself a bandit on the box—to surrender his fare at discretion? On looking out, however, it appeared that several carriages before us had been brought to a similar stand. The cause was soon ascertained to be a mud torrent, which lay across the road like a huge black snake. Well, why not try to drive through it? The voituriers declared it to be impossible. Then, why not procure implements, and attempt to clear a path? The voituriers looked at you compassionately, as if you were insane. Or, could we not be permitted to pass over the neighboring fields? The voituriers seemed indignant. In short, these gentry were of opinion, one and all, that the whole file of carriages, with their passengers—French, English, Germans, Russians—must return to Grindelwald for the night; that is, in plain terms, every one must hand over a little more money to the hotel-keepers of the place, and next day pay a further fee to the cormorant coachmen themselves. Now, there is undoubtedly great pleasure in being cheated—that point is settled upon good authority; but the joy of the operation consists in its being executed neatly, skillfully, handsomely, and with a subtle sort of audacity which floors whilst it fascinates. You must be tickled at the same time that you are plundered. Metaphorically speaking, a good practitioner in the art will throw you into a pleasing state of being, by drawing a feather to and fro under your chin with one hand, whilst he plunges the other deep into your pocket. But here the artifice was too transparent. The voituriers resigned themselves so meekly to the terrors of that mud torrent—which a few British “navvies” would have vanquished in a trice—that several of the travelers resolved to abandon their vehicles, though a storm was obviously impending, and prosecute their journey on foot. Fortunately, after an hour’s walk, carriages were found at the village

of Zweilütschinen; and with the rain hissing around us, and the lightning gleaming incessantly on the brawling river beside us, we arrived late in the evening at the beautiful little town of Interlachen.

Shall we say then that the avalanche is wholly a pestilent and malignant thing? At the first glance it might seem to have no other mission in nature but to scourge and destroy. Like some fierce dragon of fabled time, the white monster lies ambushed in its mountain lair till the moment comes when it can pounce upon its human prey, and strew the green valley beneath with ruin and death. Then, moved by a sound or a sunbeam, with a roar which rouses every echo, and a rush which vies in speed with the lightning’s flight, shrouding its huge form in the foam which it scatters from its sides, as charging squadrons veil themselves in the dust and smoke of battle—it dashes headlong into the haunts of men, hurling their frail fabrics to the ground with the blast of its breath, and strangling whole communities in its stern icy embrace. But its path is not always deadly. Hundreds of avalanches fall harmlessly each day. Nature indeed has need of their services. They are her true retainers, and must be allowed to take rank amongst her liveried phenomena. For, were the vapor which is precipitated as snow above the frontier line of perpetual congelation permitted to accumulate, much valuable fluid would be withdrawn from the great system of aqueous circulation, and locked up in localities where there is neither man, nor beast, nor herb to profit by the store. But the avalanche is ever relieving the crags of their load, and transporting it from the peak to the plain. There dissolved by the warm atmosphere of the valleys, the ground gladly drinks in the soft drops, and repays the blessing by the smiling swards of summer and the golden crops of autumn. Thus the slow-footed glacier, crawling down the mountain-side with sure but imperceptible step, and the winged avalanche, whose swoop is swifter than eye can follow, are both engaged in the same important task; for the charge which has been given to them as sworn servitors, is that they should convey to the regions of human life and industry the surplus of those snowy deposits which would lie valueless if simply hoarded amongst the everlasting hills.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE patriarch of American letters is no more! WASHINGTON IRVING is dead! A great light is extinguished! A brilliant star in the western firmament has disappeared, leaving a halo of radiance along the track of life behind him! His name and memory will be held in lasting remembrance by his admiring countrymen, and by all the world of letters. He died full of years and full of honors, in the mellow evening of a useful and well-spent life, leaving a deep and abiding impression upon the world and upon the age in which he lived. His achievements in the world of letters—the fruits of his brilliant genius and his extended acquisitions, will be his monument, more enduring than marble. His works will follow his name, and embalm his memory to the end of time. At this late hour, before closing this number of the *ECLECTIC*, we have no time or room to do adequate justice to so great a theme, and to the character and memory of so great and good a man. We would refer our readers to the October number of the *ECLECTIC* for 1858, which was embellished with a fine portrait of this distinguished man, and with an extended biographical sketch of his life.

The Hon. Washington Irving died at his residence at Sunnyside on Monday evening, Dec. first, at the advanced age of seventy-six years. His funeral was attended by a vast concourse of citizens and by the Common Council of New-York. We only add a few eloquent words which he uttered soon after his return to his native land years since.

In 1832, Mr. Irving returned home after an absence of seventeen years, spent in the leading capitals of Europe. The dawning honors which he bore away with him had ripened, and he came back in the fullness of his glory. New-York welcomed him with one voice. A grand dinner was given to him at the City Hotel, under the auspices of such giants as Albert Gallatin, Chancellor Kent, Chancellor Walworth, Vice-Chancellor McCoun, Judges Jones, Oakley, Hoffman, James K. Paul-

ding, and many of our great men now living. Mr. Irving was warmly welcomed by Chancellor Kent, and in reply, paid the tribute of a son to the city of his birth, in the following eloquent words:

"As to my native city, from the time I approached the coast I had indications of its growing greatness. We had scarce descried the land, when a thousand sails of all descriptions gleaming along the horizon, and all standing to or from one point, showed that we were in the neighborhood of a vast commercial emporium. As I sailed up the beautiful bay, with a heart swelling with old recollections and delightful associations, I was astonished to see its once wild shores brightening with populous villages and noble structures, and a seeming city extending itself over the heights I had left covered with green forests. But how shall I describe my emotions when our city rose in sight, seated in the midst of its watery domain, stretching away to a vast extent, when I beheld a glorious sunshine lighting up the skies and the domes, some familiar to memory, others new and unknown, and beaming upon a forest of masts of every nation, extending as far as the eye could reach? I have gazed with admiration upon many a fair city and stately harbor, but my admiration was cold and ineffectual, for I was a stranger, and had no property in the soil. Here, however, my heart throbbed with pride and joy as I admired. I had a birth-right in the brilliant scenes before me.

"This was my *own*, my *native* land."

"I come from gloomy climes to one of brilliant sunshine and inspiring beauty. I come from countries lowering with doubt and danger,—where the rich man trembles and the poor man frowns—where all repine at the present, and dread the future. I come from these to a country where all is life and animation—where I hear on every side the sound of exultation; where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with glowing and confident anticipation. Is not this a community in which one may rejoice to live? Is not this a city by which one may be proud to be received as a son? Is not this a land in which one may be happy to fix his destiny and ambition—if possible to found a name? I am asked how long I intend to remain here. They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask me that question. I answer, as long as I live!"

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

NATURE AND THE SUPERNATURAL, as together constituting the One System of God. By HORACE BUSHNELL. Fifth Edition. New-York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand street. 1860.

THIS is no common book. It is the result of mature thought, of deep research, of rare intellectual endowments and mental strength. It is a book to be studied, pondered, and examined with no ordinary care, in order fully to comprehend and master its wide grasp of views, and its colossal problems. It has called forth criticisms and differing opinions, and it would be a difficult labor to harmonize with it the diverse views of its doctrines which have long been held by various writers. A very able review of this work will be found on the preceding pages of this Number, to which we call the attention of the reader, which is all that is intended by this brief notice. The publishers will send it by mail to any address in the United States on receipt of the price, two dollars.

SERMONS, by RICHARD FULLER, D.D., of Baltimore. New-York: Sheldon & Co., 115 Nassau street. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860.

THE simple announcement of this book will be sufficient to all who have listened to the voice of this eloquent preacher, or who know his reputation as a man of power in the pulpit.

THE GOLDEN LEGACY: A Story of Life's Phases. By MRS. H. J. MOORE. With a portrait of the author. "Therefore all things whatsoever that ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Pages 338. New-York: Sheldon & Co. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase. 1860.

We have read this book with unusual interest. It is a beautiful story, redolent of graphic descriptions, life-like delineations of character and principles, a transparent mirror in which you may almost see the living personages moving about here and there acting their various parts, and are in some hazard of calling them by name. The language is rich, easy, flowing, graceful, pure in sentiment, instructive and entertaining. The *Golden Legacy* has a golden chain of absorbing interest running through its pages, which will draw the reader from the beginning to the end without knowing where to pause. It is a good family book, good for a present at any time, especially at the holidays now just at hand. It will be sent by mail to any address on the receipt of one dollar. We will send it to order to any address.

THE BROUGHAM BANQUET AT EDINBURGH.—The arrangements for the banquet have not yet all been completed. It is fully expected that his lordship will be elected Chancellor of the University on the 24th inst., and that after the banquet he will deliver an address to the students in this capacity.

PURIFICATION OF FOUL WATER.—AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—Every one who recollects the discovery of electrolysis will also think of Liverpool and Mr. Thomas Spencer, the chemist, in connection with it. The discoverer of electrolysis appears to have made another discovery, of a different description, which bids fair entirely to eclipse even his former one in importance and value. He seems to have penetrated into nature's grand secret, whereby she converts all kinds of foul and contaminated water, as it filters through the rock strata, into the pure and wholesome spring; and not only so, but he has shed a new light on the nature of ozone in connection with this discovery. It is impossible here to do justice to those discoveries, but we may state that Mr. Spencer has experimentally ascertained that the magnetic oxide of iron, which abounds in rocky strata, and in sands, etc., attracts oxygen, whether it exists in water or in air, and polarizes it; that this polarized oxygen is the salubrious ozone; that this ozone, so formed, destroys all discoloring and polluting organic solutions in water, and converts them into the sparkling and refreshing carbonic acid of the healthful spring. Even sewage water can be thus almost instantaneously purified. Moreover, Mr. Spencer has discovered that the apparently mechanical process of filtration is itself magnetical, and it is now known that all substances are constitutionally more or less subject to magnetical influence; thus all extraneous matters suspended in water may be rapidly attracted in filtration, and so separated; and this may be done whether on a great scale or a small, either by the magnetic oxide or black sand of iron, by a mixture of this with ordinary sand, or by various other means; and Mr. Spencer has discovered a solid porous combination of carbon with magnetic oxide, prepared from Cumberland hematite, which is said to have very great filtering power.—*Builder*.

THE FLIGHT FROM VENICE.—What is called "the exodus," but which would more appropriately be termed "the flight," of the Venetians from Austrian captivity still continues. Several large bands have recently arrived in Bologna and Modena, and more than 800 have already enlisted in the various brigades of the duchies. These luckless fugitives have immense difficulties to contend with and great expense to undergo in order to smuggle themselves across the Po. They announce the arrival of new bands daily, and it seems that the whole youth of Venetia are bent upon preferring self-banishment to a longer submission to the detested Austrian rule. "This," says a letter from Parma, "must be matter of serious consideration for the Cabinet of Vienna. It was the volunteer movement in April last which drove Austria to the desperate measure of a war as the least of evils, and she must now either be prepared to give up Venetia for love or money, or else strike one more decisive, however hopeless, blow."

SIR DAVID BREWSTER ON PRACTICAL SCIENCE.—In his inaugural address, at Edinburgh, the other day, Sir David Brewster thus alluded to the progress made in practical science: The advances which have recently been made in the mechanical and useful arts have already begun to influence our social condition, and must affect still more deeply our systems of education. The knowledge which used to constitute a scholar and fit him for social and intellectual intercourse will not avail him under the present ascendancy of practical science. New and gigantic inventions mark almost every passing year—the colossal tubular bridge, conveying the monster train over an arm of the sea; the submarine cable, carrying the pulse of speech beneath 2000 miles of ocean; the monster ship, freighted with thousands of lives; and the huge rifle gun, throwing its fatal but unchristian charge across miles of earth or of ocean. New arts, too, useful and ornamental, have sprung up luxuriantly around us. New powers of nature have been evoked, and man communicates with man across seas and continents, with more certainty and speed than if he had been endowed with the velocity of the racehorse or provided with the pinions of the eagle. Wherever we are, in short, art and science surround us. They have given birth to new and lucrative professions. Whatever we purpose to do they help us. In our houses they greet us with light and heat. When we travel, we find them at every stage on land, and at every harbor on our shores. They stand beside our board by day and beside our couch by night. To our thoughts they give the speed of lightning, and to our timepieces the punctuality of the sun; and, though they can not provide us with the boasted lever of Archimedes to move the earth, or indicate the spot upon which we must stand could we do it, they have put into our hands tools of matchless power by which we can study the remotest worlds; and they have furnished us with an intellectual plummet by which we can sound the depths of the earth and count the cycles of its endurance. In his hour of presumption and ignorance man has tried to do more than this; but, though he was not permitted to reach the heavens with his cloud-capt tower of stone, and has tried in vain to navigate the aerial ocean, it was given him to ascend into empyrean by chains of thought which no lightning could face and no comet strike; and though he has not been allowed to grasp with an arm of flesh the products of other worlds, or tread upon the pavement of gigantic planets, he has been enabled to scan, with more than an eagle's eye, the mighty creations in the bosom of space—to march intellectually over the mosaics of sidereal systems, and to follow the adventurous Phæton in a chariot which can never be overturned.

VILLAGES IN BOHEMIA LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ROME.—The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, a paper which enjoys a deservedly high reputation in Germany for the general correctness of its information, and the caution it exercises in the insertion of any startling or doubtful intelligence, states, in one of its recent numbers, that a very powerful religious movement is now taking place in the northern parts of Bohemia, where (it is believed from disgust with the oppression exercised under the Concordat) whole villages are going over to Protestantism!

DISCOVERY OF A METAL SUPERIOR TO GOLD.—We extracted, a few days ago, from the Paris letter in the *Star*, an account of an imposition practiced on the Mont de Piété, and we now add further particulars: "The affair of the ingots of silver whereby the Mont de Piété had been defrauded, is taking an entirely different aspect to that which it presented at first. The 'culprit' disclaims all guilt—declares that he never presented the substance as silver, and offers to detach from the ingots a metal of far more value than either silver or gold, and which will amply compensate the amount of the sums lent upon the ingots. But he insists upon the operation being performed by himself without witnesses, as he frankly owns that he would rather work out his sentence at the galleys than yield his secret to any one. The lawyers are puzzled. An examination into the antecedents of the accused displays a most favorable result. He has lived in the greatest solitude alone with his sister, intrusted with a great portion of his secret, in an isolated house at the Petit Montrouge. A realization of the alchemists of old seized upon the imagination of the officers when they entered the laboratory where the inventor of this new element of wealth and power was at work. The atmosphere kept for months together, day and night, at the same suffocating degree of temperature, the darkened windows, and the silent labor of the two individuals who occupied the dwelling, the heaps of precious-looking metal lying about in all directions, called to mind the legends of Paracelsus and Guillaume de Postel. The question is so dubious—the point of law so delicate—that a commission consisting of a number of the first chemical authorities of the country, among whom are Déprez, Doré, and others, have been appointed to inquire into the matter. If the inventor of the new metal is to be believed, he has in reality discovered the secret of which the alchemists of the olden time were always in such fierce and hot pursuit—the generative powers of the mineral reign; and the search after this great discovery having led him to that of numerous secrets connected with the laws of nature, he has become possessed of the most marvelous secrets, which, applied to industry and art, will advance both by many centuries at one single bound. One fact, however, remains as yet a mystery. Is the man a savant or a lunatic? The examination and analyzation of his discovery can alone determine the decision, and is waited for with great anxiety."

MR. BURTON, the African traveler, has written a letter to the London Times, in which he states that the great lake supposed to occupy the center of Equatorial Africa is, in reality, four lakes: the Ujiji, visited by him in May, 1857, the Nianza, visited by Captain Speke in July, 1857, the Chama, whose position was fixed by Dr. Lacerda in 1799, and a fourth, the position of which has just been fixed by Dr. Livingstone. They lie ranged in crescent shape, with the horns toward the East.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & Co. announce a new and cheaper edition of Sir D. Brewster's Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton; second series of Horæ Subsecivæ; and a Monograph of Dura Den and its remarkable Fossil Fishes, by John Anderson, D.D.; also, by the same author, The Course of Revelation.

PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.—A recent publication of the Ministry of Algeria and the Colonies makes some curious statements relating to the pilgrimages to Mecca during the present year. The ceremonies at Mecca terminated on the 11th of last month in the presence of about 50,000 pilgrims, of whom 17,850 had come by sea, and 32,150 by land. In 1858 there were 160,000 pilgrims; in 1857, 140,000; and 1856, 120,000. This great decrease in the number in 1859 is owing, the natives declare, to the events of Djeddah last year, and also to the dread of the cholera, which made extensive ravages in 1858. As soon as the pilgrim sets foot on the soil of Mecca he must put on two pieces of white cloth, one tied round the loins with ends hanging down to the middle of the leg, while the other is thrown over the shoulders so as to leave the right arm free. He must go bare-headed and wear sandals. As long as he wears this garment he is bound to lead a pure and regular life. At Mecca he begins the ceremonies under the direction of a guide. They are as follow: 1, visiting the temple and going seven times around the Kaaba, starting from the Black Stone, which he must kiss or touch in completing each circuit; 2, drinking the water of the well of Zem Zem, at which, says tradition, Hagar and Ishmael quenched their thirst; 3, praying at the Station of Abraham, marked by a stone, on which he is said to have stood when he went to sacrifice his son; 4, stopping and praying at the place called El Madjen, the spot where Solomon stood to see mortar mixed for the building of the temple; 5, running seven times between Mounts Safa and Merwa, within the limits of the city, in commemoration of Hagar's anxious search for water for herself and her son; 6, repairing on the ninth day of the month to Mount Ararat, about twelve miles from Mecca, after morning prayer, (Mohammedan tradition says that on this hill Adam built a temple and Mohammed performed his devotions;); 7, on the following day the visitors all go in a body to the Valley of Mouna, and there sacrifice propitiatory victims; they also cut their hair and nails, devoutly burying the portions cut off. After remaining two days at Mouna, they again visit the Temple of Mecca, and then prepare for their departure.

LORD BROUGHAM, though eighty-one years of age, has undergone an amount of work this week which would have severely taxed the energies of a man in middle life. His address at the meeting of the Social Science Association on the eleventh, was a marvel of length and ability; on the night of the twelfth he took part in the anniversary proceedings of the Bradford Mechanics' Institute; on the thirteenth he paid Sheffield a visit, and delivered speeches marked by his wonted fire and vigor; and the same night he was one of the speakers at a working men's meeting at Bradford.

NOAH'S ARK AND THE GREAT EASTERN.—The following is a comparison between the size of the Great Eastern and Noah's Ark. Subjoined is the calculation: Noah's Ark, (according to Newton:) Length between perpendicular, 612 feet; extreme breadth, 85 feet; height, 51 feet; tonnage, 18,231. Great Eastern: Length between perpendicular, 680 feet; extreme breadth, 85 feet; height, 60 feet; tonnage, 23,092.

RESTORATION OF THE APARTMENTS OF LOUIS XIV.—The interesting apartments of Louis XIV., in the Palace of Versailles, which had long been closed for repairs, are now reopened to the public. The Grande Monarque's bedroom, that celebrated chamber in which he received his court, and in which he drew his last breath, has been thoroughly restored. The furniture is now as nearly as possible what it was at the time of the King's death. Especial pains have been taken with the bed, the *chef d'œuvre* of Delobel, the King's valet de chambre, who took twelve years to construct it. The bed is still covered with a counterpane embroidered by the young ladies of St. Cyr. The relic was sold during the revolution, but Louis Philippe met with it some where in Germany, and brought it back again for the State. Adjoining the bedroom is the King's library, with his large map of the world. Next comes the dining-room; and beyond that is the ante-chamber, which Louis XV. called his dog-room: he was fond of playing with his favorite dogs there before and after hunting. Around the chamber runs a frieze decorated with charming paintings of sporting subjects. In another room is the desk, ornamented with costly porcelain, upon which Louis XIV. wrote. But the most curious chamber of all is the confessional. It is divided into two small rooms. In the middle of the partition is a pane of thick but transparent glass, so that what was passing in one room might be seen from the other, though what was said in a low voice could not be heard. The first of these rooms is quite empty. When Louis XIV. was at confession it was always occupied by the captain of the guards, who, with a drawn sword in his hand, stood looking through the pane of glass. Thus, Louis XIV. was under surveillance even in the confessional. If the King, as an individual, trusted the Jesuit confessor, the state did not. The only furniture in the other room is an arm-chair, a *Prie Dieu*, and a basin for holy water. In that arm-chair sat Father Letellier, the Jesuit, and at his feet was wont to kneel, but watched, as I have said, the most mighty sovereign in the world.

SIR JOHN BOWRING ON CHINA.—Sir John Bowring has been lecturing in Edinburgh on China. With respect to the geographical extent of that vast empire, he said that the eighteen provinces of China proper extend in breadth nearly thirteen hundred miles, and in length nearly fourteen hundred; and if the dependent and tributary regions were taken into account, the distance from east to west exceeds forty-eight hundred miles, and from north to south twenty-three hundred. According to the last census, he believed the population of China was 412,000,000, while it had been represented in our books for the last forty years as amounting to 360,000,000. Whilst China was at the present moment exporting 120,000,000 pounds of tea, he believed it was in a condition to double and treble the supply if necessary. While remarking on the opposition to change manifested by the Chinese, Sir John expressed his gratification that the law of England is becoming a progressive thing, and that all parties are now happily agreed that there is in future to be "no monopoly of Liberalism"—that we are all to be Liberals together. In that he heartily rejoiced, and honored the man who proclaimed so important a truth, of which he hoped we should enjoy the fullest and completest development.

SCHAMYL IN ST. PETERSBURG.—A letter of the 22d ult. from St. Petersburg thus alludes to Schamyl: I will merely say that he lives on the fat of the land, and drives about armed to the teeth—for he is allowed to retain his arms—daily up and down the Nevoisky and along the quays, escorted by one or more Russian officers, who have him, as it were, in charge, and accompanied by his son—a most ugly specimen of Circassia—and two remarkable fur-capped individuals, called “friends,” but who are nothing more or less than the late executioners of his savage will, whether with blade or bowstring. Of course the tales are endless—true and false—in reference to his sayings and doings. Time and space only admit of my giving you one which is fact, and I shall then leave him in peace to retire to Kalonga, for which place he leaves us in a few days, there to enjoy life in company with his wives and retainers, already there, with a pension of 12,000 roubles per annum, house and comforts found. However, on arriving at St. Petersburg, which I am told surpasses, in his estimation, all his dreams of Paradise, he was courteously received by the governor, who, after having bidden him welcome, said, turning to one of his aides, “I will now hand you over to the care of my friend.” On which the warrior chief turned pale, as well he might, considering the thousands of Russians he had done to death, and asked for time for prayer and absolution. He was, however, given to understand that the friends of the governor were not precisely in the same category as the “friends” of his chieftainship; and he has since smoked his pipe, admired the Russian ladies, and quaffed his champagne in peace.

A GIGANTIC TELEGRAPH.—*St. Petersburg, Oct. 25.*—A gigantic plan, suggested by Mr. Collins, the United States Consul at Nicholaieff, on the Amoor, is destined to produce a complete change of relations between Europe and the other parts of the world if it be carried into execution. This project refers to the establishment of an electric telegraph from Moscow through Behring's Straits and Sitka to St. Louis, in the United States. In this manner a direct communication would be obtained between St. Petersburg and New-York. The author of the plan would further extend another wire from Kiachta to Pekin, and thence through Saghalien to Yeddo and Hakodadi, in Japan. The length of the proposed telegraph is estimated at 14,000 English miles, the cost of construction at £500,000. The expense of maintaining and repairing the wires is calculated by Mr. Collins at 900,000 roubles annually, and the revenue at 1,100,000 roubles, or a dividend of eight per cent to the shareholders, if a company can be formed. Mr. Collins is at present on his way to St. Petersburg, where he hopes to find the capital to carry out his plan.

SCHAMYL AND HIS SON.—A letter from Stanzopol, inserted in the *Invalide Russe*, describes the arrival of Schamyl in that town. He is a man of lofty stature, thin and broad-shouldered, with hollow eyes and a dyed beard. His walk is slow and dignified. His face bears the trace of many wounds, and its paleness and melancholy expression indicate profound grief and compressed regret. His son, Caci-Mohammed, resembles him only in his height. His face is pockmarked, and his gray eyes betray rather cunning than talent.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE 18TH JULY, 1860.—A commission appointed by the French Academy of Sciences to draw up a report on the results of the scientific expedition undertaken to observe the late total eclipse in Brazil calls attention to the very important total eclipse which will occur in July next year, and will be visible in Spain and Algeria. The celebrated Director of the Dorpat Observatory was the first to remark that at the moment of obscurity four of the principal planets—Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, and Saturn—will appear in the vicinity of the eclipsed sun as a kind of rhomboidal figure; a phenomenon of such extraordinary rarity that many centuries will elapse before its repetition. Darkness will commence and terminate on the land, the localities being California and the shores of the Red Sea. Between these extreme points the eclipse will be visible in North-America, from whence the moon's shadow will pass across the Atlantic, and traverse Spain; total darkness including the following important towns in that country: Oviedo, St. Vincent, Santander, Bilbao, Vittoria, Burgos, Pampeluna, Saragossa, and Valencia. The line of totality will then cross the Mediterranean and enter Africa, passing across Algiers, Bezan, Tozer, Sockna, Sebba, Goddona, and Mourzuk. Thus, although this remarkable eclipse will not be total in any part of the United Kingdom, it will be so in a large portion of Spain and accessible parts of Africa.—*Athenæum*.

MUSIC BY STEAM.—A musical instrument of a novel character has been exhibited at the Crystal Palace, the performance upon which excited considerable interest among numerous members of the scientific and musical professions. It is a piano, or organ, the sounds of which are produced by steam. The music produced by the instrument is described by one writer as of an unusually unearthly character. Another writer says: “After the concert, we heard some hideous sounds, apparently proceeding from the center transept; and from the supposed region ascended clouds of steam. We were informed that a steam organ was performing, and we were very glad when it ceased. We decidedly hope its boiler will burst before next Saturday, if there is any intention of reexhibiting it.”

GOOD NEWS FOR AFRICAN HUNTERS.—Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African traveler, who is at present exploring the river Zambesi, reports the valley of the Shire as abounding with wild elephants, having magnificent and most valuable tusks. In one herd he saw over five hundred of the giant game grazing on the plain. The Shire is a good navigable river for over one hundred miles from its confluence. The mountains of Merembela stand 4000 feet over the plain, possessed of a fine climate and profuse vegetation—lemon trees, oranges, and pine-apples, growing wild in the woods, promising to be had in abundance and cheap from the natives, who cultivate largely the upper third of the valley.

It is supposed that there are in existence at this hour 50,000,000 of sovereigns, and about 120,000,000 of shillings: enough, one would think, for the wants of her Majesty's lieges. But these quantities are ever being added to, and other countries are always supplementing them with their own peculiar coins.

THE SUCCESSORS OF EMINENT MEN.—It is remarkable, in many instances, how soon the line of descent of men of great genius has been cut off. We have no male descendants of William Shakspeare, Milton, Sir Walter Scott, or Lord Byron. Sir Isaac Newton left no heir. The male branch of Sir Christopher Wren's family is extinct, and the female line nearly so. The races of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Telford, and Brindley, have ceased to exist; and a hundred other famous names might be mentioned, to show to what a great extent this fact may be considered as a natural law. We had recently another illustration of this, when the grave closed upon the only son of George Stephenson without leaving any direct successor.—*Builder*.

HOW TO MEND "BIG BEN."—"S. W. S.," writing from Northampton to the *Times*, says that it is only necessary to saw along the edges of the fracture, so as to take away the jagged points, and prevent them jarring during the vibration of the bell. He has tried the plan with perfect success. The key or pitch will not suffer, and the bell itself rendered less liable to break or crack again, as the tension of its particles will be to this extent at least liberated. The timbre or quality of tone will not be lessened; and as the expense will be a mere trifle, it will be worth trying, if only as an experiment, not likely again to offer on so large a scale.

A GOLDEN WINDFALL.—The largest nugget of amalgamated gold ever produced has recently been discovered, and is a favorable augury for quartz-crushing. It was the result of a portion of sixty tons of the first quartz crushed from the Corfu Reef; it weighs ten hundred and forty ounces. All the following night the lucky owners of the claim kept watch and ward over it, armed to the teeth. A sixth share of the claim, a few months ago, could have been purchased for a score of pounds. Even after gold was struck, £10,000 would have bought the claim—a splendid purchase, considering that the first sixty tons will yield fully half the amount.—*Australian and New-Zealand Gazette*.

THE first volume of the *Travels of Ladislaus Magyar in Southern Africa*, has just left the press at Vienna. M. Magyar, a native of Maria Theresiopol, who was educated in the Imperial naval academy at Fiume, has resided at Bihe, in Southern Africa, since the year 1849, and has explored countries which are hardly known by name to the European world. The adventurous traveler married the daughter of the ruler of Bihe, and her slaves accompanied him in his first journeys into the interior. The late Dr. Charles Ritter, the geographer, accepted the dedication of Magyar's work a few months before his death.

In the Punjab, last year, five men, one woman and 293 children were killed, and two men, four women, and 166 children injured, by wild animals. Of these animals—tigers, leopards, bears, wolves, and hyenas—834 were destroyed last year.

MR. W. PARKER SNOW, in lecturing at Stepney on the fate of Sir John Franklin, said there had been 90 expeditions to the North Pole, at a total expense of £850,000.

THE veteran *litterateur*, Nicolò Tommaseo, a Venetian, who has resided in Turin for the last ten years, has now taken up his abode in the more genial Tuscan capital. We have here also Francesco Ferrara, an exile from Sicily, who was since 1849 a professor of political economy at Turin, and is now to fill the same chair at Pisa, and to become one of the greatest ornaments of that time-honored university. His colleague, Professor Mancini, a Neapolitan, is also here, and will deliver public lectures in one of the halls of the Ricardi Palace. The late emancipation of Tuscany thus brings some first-rate literary notabilities of the Peninsula into this town, which may well now, more than ever, set up its claim to the proud appellation of the Athens.

PITT'S DEATH-BED.—Pitt died at his house Putney Heath, near the spot where Canning and Castlereagh fought their duel, and in a very neglected state, none of his family or friends being with him at the time. One who was sincerely attached to him, hearing of his illness, rode from London to see him. Arriving at his house, he rang the bell at the entrance gate, but no one came. Dismounting, he made his way to the hall-door, and repeatedly rang the bell, which no one answered. He then entered the house, wandered from room to room, till at last he discovered Pitt on a bed—dead, entirely neglected. It is supposed that such was his poverty he had not been able to pay the wages of his servants, and that they had absconded, taking with them what they could.—*Once a Week*.

"THE residence of the Court at Compiègne," says a Paris letter in the *Independance of Brussels*, "is likely to have a decided influence upon the fashions of the season. At the instance of the Empress, crinoline is to be definitely abandoned, and woollen stuffs are to be adopted for walking-dresses, not worn as long in the skirt as of late, but so as to show the ankle. It is certain that ladies have of late reached the utmost limits of amplitude in their garments, and consequently, whatever change takes place must be in the opposite sense."

THE German journals contain melancholy news concerning Professor Karl Simrock, of Bonn, the eminent translator and interpreter of the masterpieces of old German poetical literature. His mind has been deranged by an excess of fear and anxiety, it is asserted, in consequence of the late political events, and his friends have removed him accordingly to a private asylum near Stuttgart.

BRIEF as was the stay of M. and Madame Goldschmidt in Cork, and slight as their acquaintance must necessarily be with the wants of the charities in that city, they employed a portion of their sojourn in inquiries as to the best quarters in which to bestow contributions, and have presented donations to several of the most useful charitable institutions in Cork.

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences the discovery of a new planet by M. Robert Luther, at Bilk, on the 22d ult., was announced. This planet belongs to the telescopic class, being of the tenth magnitude. It has received the name of *Mnemosyne*.

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sculpture, painting, and music, all of which expressed, under a thousand varied forms, what words dared no longer utter, and if the two former now are mute for a while, music, that inarticulate language of the soul, still breathes forth the complaints and the aspirations of the land which has produced so many great men and accomplished such mighty deeds. Shall we believe that a nation which, at the interval of centuries has given to the world a Virgil, a Tasso, an Alfieri, a Galileo, a Columbus, can have sunk into complete intellectual decay? "Let us not insult the genius of Italy because it slumbers," said a celebrated orator.* "The immortal spark which once lighted it, may have become faint and weak, the armed heel of foreign despots may have trodden it down, but it can not extinguish it, for it is immortal! It needs but the breath of independence to shine forth again in all its ancient lustre." When these words were spoken Italy scarcely gave a sign of life, either national or mental; she seemed crushed, body and soul; wrapped in a sort of lethargic slumber. Since then she has awaked, and who shall deny how much there is glorious and encouraging in that awakening? Who shall deny that the Italian spirit has become strengthened by endurance, ennobled by suffering, ripened by reflection? We have only to study her literature during the last half century to perceive, that if no mighty genius has sprung up to emulate the fame of a Dante, some durable conquests have been won; that a path has been opened which will probably lead to greater things hereafter. This literature likewise proves beyond a doubt the ever-increasing aspirations of Italy towards unity and independence. This once achieved, may we not hope that the "immortal spark will again shine forth"? We are well aware that liberty alone will not create poets, that poetry owes its being to some mysterious and intangible law which has hitherto baffled our researches. The era of Pericles in ancient, of Lorenzo di Medici and of Louis XIV. in modern times, may perhaps be adduced as an argument that despotism, far from crushing genius, often fosters it. We will not here enter into the much-debated question how far the lustre to which literature attained at these different epochs may be owing to the era of freedom

which preceded them. Be this as it may, the plea will not hold good in the present instance. In all the cases adduced, the potentate, however absolute, was a national potentate, linked to the people whose destinies he swayed; his interests were identified with theirs; he was, in their eyes, the personification of the realm; his glory, far from crushing, inspired their imaginations, for it shed a new splendor on the land to which both equally belonged, the ruler and the ruled. Moreover, under all, literature enjoyed a considerable degree of freedom, and its votaries, courted and honored, basked in the sunshine of supreme favor. But show us, in any age, *one* instance where genius has preserved its energy unscathed in a nation bowed, like Italy, beneath a foreign yoke, (for Austria, we know, has been, for forty years, the real mistress of the peninsula,) more especially where the oppressors are inferior in civilization and refinement to the oppressed. When, too, it is remembered that every approach towards liberty of word or thought has been denied, alike in Lombardy, Tuscany, Rome, or Modena; that literature and learning have been systematically persecuted, and every noble aspiration punished as a crime, we shall wonder, not that the intellectual condition of Italy has fallen to so low an ebb, but rather that she has still preserved so much vitality in her degradation.*

The contempt which, rightly or wrongly, has fallen on the Italians as a people has extended itself to their literature. In England especially it is little valued; our poetic affinities incline us towards the north, toward Göthe, Schiller, and the poets of the "Fatherland." Another reason for the neglect into which Italian poetry has fallen among us, is the difficulty attending its study. The Italian minstrels have adopted a language peculiar to themselves, abounding in the most daring inversions, which demand a long and careful study, and for this few of us have either

* As soon as Austria became mistress of Lombardo-Venetia, in 1814, all liberty of word and thought was at once suppressed. "I want obedient subjects, not men of science," was the observation of Francis I. When the celebrated astronomer Oriani was presented to him by the members of the Institute of Milan he turned his back on them! The documents lately discovered in the Archives of the Duke of Modena, and published by order of the provisional government, prove how well the minion of Austria follows the example of his master.

* Lamartine.

time or patience. So we turn coldly away and take for granted what detractors both abroad and at home are continually repeating, or have at least been repeating till the present moment, that Italian modern poetry is weak, affected, and inflated; even as we have been in the habit of repeating, that modern Italians, the countrymen of Balbo, Gioberti, Manin, Cavour, are all either triflers or conspirators, opera-singers or revolutionists.

Manzoni is known to us, principally if not solely, by his *Promessi Sposi*. To Leopardi's productions we are almost strangers. With two of the Italian poets of the nineteenth century alone are we familiar, Silvio Pellico and Ugo Foscolo. The long and cruel imprisonment of the former, and its narrative in his *Prigioni*, have done more to win him our sympathies than his verses; all his compositions, though distinguished by exquisite taste and delicacy, are deficient in force and virility. His *Francesca de Rimini*, still one of the most popular of Italian tragedies, owes its success rather to the elegance and purity of style than to loftiness of sentiment or development of character. It is possible, indeed, that had he not been struck down by the implacable vengeance of Austria, in the very bloom of manhood, his tone of mind might have acquired more strength and vigor. His gentle spirit was completely broken by suffering and captivity; and from the moment of his deliverance to that of his decease, but a few months ago, he remained in complete retirement, abjuring all publicity, political and literary. Despite the favor which the *Prigioni* still enjoys, and deservedly, from the touching simplicity of the recital and the evangelic resignation of the narrator, the impression is, on the whole, painful and enervating. We pity that long and cruel martyrdom, we admire that utter abnegation of human will, but we feel with a gifted contemporary,* if Italy had *such* virtues only, all hope for her would be over—that nothing would remain but to weep upon her tomb. No! the duty of the patriot is not to bow humbly to injustice; it is to renew in the holy cause of liberty and independence the protestation of Galileo in that of truth—*"E pur si muove."*

Widely different from Silvio Pellico was Ugo Foscolo. Haughty, vain-glori-

ous, but resolute and undaunted, he formed a striking contrast to his no less gifted friend and contemporary.* Foscolo's correspondence, first published in 1854, while dissipating to a certain degree the haze of romance which had hitherto encircled him, elevated his character in the eyes of all right-thinking men. It showed him as he really was; neither the ideal hero to which his partisans had exalted him, nor the sensual debauchee his enemies had painted him. To a certain degree, indeed, he partook of both characters; he was at once the stoic and the sybarite, the martyr and the man of pleasure. His genius and his virtues were alike of a high order, but they were alike incomplete. His private life is far from stainless; in youth he was the sport of every passion, in riper years he was often headstrong, imperious, querulous; but these were only spots on a nature of noble mold. To Italy his name will ever be sacred, and with justice; for he loved her with no common love, "not wisely," perhaps, "but too well," and rather than seal what he believed, and rightly, was her death-warrant, he sacrificed all—country, home, friends and fortune!

Foscolo was born at Zantè, of one of the most ancient of Venetian families. One of his ancestors had been generalissimo in the last Candian war. But, like the city of the sea herself, little was left him save the recollection of former greatness. Foscolo's mother was a Greek, and the boy was nourished from his cradle in the love of liberty and democracy. Burning for action, he fretted impatiently at the listless existence to which he seemed condemned. Venice, indeed, was still an independent state; but the degree of decrepitude and corruption into which she had fallen made the young republican blush to call himself her son. So stood matters when the waves of the French Revolution broke over Italy. Foscolo hailed it with rapture, and no sooner was the Cisalpine republic proclaimed than he flew to breathe this new air of liberty. The treaty of Campo-Formio, by which his native city was handed over to Austria, inspired him with little indignation

* Silvio Pellico had been the intimate friend of Foscolo in youth, despite the dissimilitude of their natures, and before his own captivity he frequently aided the exile by sending him sums of money under the pretext that they were the profits of his works.

* Edgar Quinet.

and still less sympathy; *his* fatherland was not Venice, but Italy; not Italy as she really existed, but as his imagination loved to picture her, regenerated, united, and independent. Entering into one of the corps formed by the French, he shared in the perils and glories of the campaigns of 1797-98, distinguished himself at Castiglione, and was promoted to the rank of captain at Marengo. After a while, however, his enthusiasm for the French began to cool; he found them less convenient allies than he had anticipated; the hopes they had excited were but partially fulfilled. So, laying down the sword, he turned to more peaceful pursuits. To while away the time—perhaps to forget his deceptions political and amorous, for the latter were not wanting—he began to write a romance. It was a safety-valve for his impetuous nature. The leading idea and the title of his work he owed to chance. A student in the University of Padua, Jacopi Ortis by name, had committed suicide; the cause was enveloped in mystery. By some it was attributed to baffled love, by others to despairing patriotism. Foscolo, whose philosophy partook more of the Pagan than of the Christian element, had always maintained the right of man to put an end to his existence when it became a burden. He selected Ortis as his hero, because he found it easy to identify himself with him, and thus give vent to his own burning and tumultuous thoughts. In many respects, Jacopi Ortis resembles Werther. But in the German romance, love, and love alone, absorbs the mind of the hero and drives him to self-destruction. In the Italian, that passion is shared by another not less ardent, patriotism. In *Werther* there are few incidents; nothing to draw our attention from the principal figures and the main action. Werther destroys himself because she whom he loves is the bride of another. Not so Ortis. There are in him two men, as in Foscolo himself. It is the phantom of an expiring country, as well as that of a rival, which places the dagger in his hand. Thus, there is not the same degree of universal truth in the Italian as the German romance. In every land and age there are men driven by disappointed affection to suicide, while those who are urged to the fatal step by despairing patriotism belong only to peculiar periods and to countries, happily few, bowed

down beneath the iron yoke of foreign oppression. The success of the romance was immense, for it touched the two chords that vibrate the most powerfully in the human heart; but that success was confined to Italy. The popularity of *Werther* was European. Foscolo's poems are less remarkable than his romances. They are powerful and fervid, like every thing he wrote, but they are, generally speaking, turbid and exaggerated. From this censure, however, we may perhaps except the *Sepulchri*, a poem in "versi sciolti," or unrhymed, composed in memory of his friend, Parini. Interment in cemeteries (a practice far more recommendable in most respects) outside the town had been substituted for the ancient custom of burial in churches or churchyards. Unfortunately those who do not leave sufficient behind to pay for a funeral monument are often confounded in the common crowd, and the very spot where their mortal relics lay forgotten. This was the case with Parini, who had died poor. The *Sepulchri* does not appear to us to merit all the eulogies lavished upon it. There is too little simplicity, too much erudition; allusions, mythological, historical, and literary, are heaped one upon the other; and these allusions are often so abstruse that the author is obliged to act as his own commentator. The verse, indeed, is exquisitely harmonious, and there are certainly here and there passages of considerable force and beauty, but they do not form the staple of the poem. The main characteristic is a reverent admiration, a deep regret for the days and the customs of antiquity. The author laments the lachrymatory vases, the "ambient flame," that, destroying the corruptible portion of the human frame, "left but its ashes to this earthly sphere." Our tombs, in the midst of shrubs and trees, watered with the tears of fond mourners and decked with flowers by loving hands, have no religious poetry for him. One of the most striking passages in the *Sepulchri* (in the original at least) is the following:

"Cypress and cedar mingled in the breeze
Their faint perfume; o'er the sepulchral urn
Bending eternal shade. The precious vase
Embalmed the votive tear; devoted friends
Sought in their loving care to steal a beam
From the bright sun to cheer that night of
gloom,
For still the dying eye with lingering glance

Turns to the orb of day. The last faint breath
 From the expiring bosom sighs for light.
 The murmuring fountains shed their silver
 stream
 On beds of violets and of amaranths,
 Which strewed the funeral grass, and he who
 came
 To offer a libation on the tomb,
 Or whisper to the dead his secret woes,
 Inhaled a fragrance sweet as that which
 breathes
 In the blessed regions of the Elysian fields."

Foscolo's tragedies, though for a time most popular, are now nearly forgotten. The thoughts are noble and the language sonorous and eloquent, but the scenes and situations are generally forced and unnatural, and the personages deficient in warmth and passion. This, strange to say, is eminently the fault of Italian tragedy. It was that of Alfieri himself, who, in his desire to avoid the reproach of effeminacy, exaggeration, or meretricious ornament, so often addressed to his countrymen, carried severe simplicity beyond even the limits the Greeks had assigned it. The outlines of his characters are always nobly and vigorously drawn, but they are often deficient both in relief and in coloring, while the excessive lacinism and terseness which is the main characteristic of the great Piedmontese poet, prevents that development of the passion, that revealing of the inmost soul, which can alone excite and maintain the interest of the spectator. The tragedies of Alfieri are perhaps more fitted for the closet than the stage. Foscolo has not attained the *beauties* of his model, while he has exaggerated his defects; but as his dramas, whatever their subject, always breathe patriotic ardor and national enthusiasm, they obtained great, if ephemeral success. Foscolo had been appointed to the chair of eloquence instituted by Napoleon, and all seemed to smile on him, when he was called from his theatrical and literary success to take part in a more stirring drama. It was September, 1813. That gigantic power which had bade defiance to Europe had begun to totter beneath a mightier than mortal hand. Foscolo had not loved Napoleon; he had never concealed his feelings, but he was too clear-sighted not to discern all that wonderful man had done and was doing for Italy. Not only did he see great works accomplished, agriculture encouraged, commerce extended, but (it is to his honor that while

rejecting the imperial favors he every where repeated the declaration) he beheld a powerful kingdom established in the very center of Italy, the government of which was confided to the Italians themselves; he beheld a national army in a country which for fourteen centuries had possessed *none*, and six millions of Italians united beneath a standard which bore the national colors; he saw equal justice every where administered, men of letters protected, encouraged, seated at the council-board and at the senate. This was not, indeed, all that had been promised, but it was much, and Foscolo had the good sense to perceive that his countrymen, degraded and stupified by centuries of servitude, effeminacy, corruption, must be regenerated ere they could be restored to national unity or complete independence. He felt, therefore, that the fate of Italy was bound up with that of the Empire. He saw at once through the falsehood of the fair promises made by the Austrians and their allies. He lamented the blindness of his countrymen—he predicted the result. For himself, his duty was clear; he resumed the sword and joined the army under the Viceroy Eugene. After the fall of the kingdom of Italy, Foscolo offered his resignation. The regency of Milan replied by conferring on him the brevet of chef d'escadron. But he felt his part was over. From that moment till his departure for exile he remained a silent but a sad spectator of those events which were to plunge his country into a misery and degradation deeper than she had ever before known. Meanwhile arrived the turning-point in his own destiny. He was called on to take the oath of allegiance to Austria. With his sentiments this was impossible. Openly to refuse was dangerous. Nothing remained but to temporize. He affected to yield—ordered his uniform, and, seizing an opportunity, escaped over the frontiers to Switzerland. "My honor and conscience," he writes, "forbid my swearing allegiance to Austria. My mother—you will not condemn me, for you yourself have inspired me with these sentiments, and bade me guard them untainted." When he left his native soil, Foscolo's literary career may be said to have terminated. True, his mind was full of vast projects—a history of contemporary Italy, a translation of Homer, epic poems, tragedies—all floated before him in bright array; but the ne-

cessity of providing for the wants of the present hour left him no time for their realization. After eighteen months' residence in Switzerland, often reduced to the very depths of misery, he found his way to London. Here at least he could enjoy that for which he had so long sighed—the liberty of writing and saying whatever he pleased; but of what avail was this liberty to an exile without friends or fortune? "In England," said Niebuhr, "the crime of not being wealthy is atoned for only by the continual and successful effort to become so," and of the means of gaining wealth poor Foscolo was utterly ignorant. Proud and independent, he submitted to the direst privations rather than let his misery be known, and thus forfeit, as he said, the "title of a gentleman." "I am living in a little country village to hide my misery from those who have invited me and continue to invite me; here poverty is a disgrace which no merit can wash out; it is a crime not punishable indeed by law, but pursued by so much the more severity by the world. Such a mode of thinking procures great advantages to the nation at large; but it prevents the unfortunate sufferer from seeking either aid or consolation; for he can do neither without exposing himself to humiliation." In these last words lies perhaps the secret of Foscolo's destitution. It would be surely injustice to our English hearts to doubt that among the admirers of the poet and the patriot, and there were many, some at least would have rejoiced in aiding him in his distress—but the general reverence for wealth which he saw around him had impressed him too forcibly, and he preferred the most cruel suffering to what he considered would have entailed degradation. He wrote articles for the *Reviews*; but he was compelled to compose in French, then have them translated at his own expense into English, which absorbed a considerable portion of his profits. How often, too, when he had put his thoughts to the torture, to express them in a foreign tongue, and had seen them torn to pieces by mercenary hands, he had the misery of finding his article rejected! He endeavored to eke out a livelihood by literary publications, criticisms, by editions of the Italian classics, etc.; but his gains were small, and his disappointments frequent. Prudence, too, was not his cardinal virtue. If for a moment Fortune seemed to smile, he was too

apt to count upon her favors for the future, and the expense of building a cottage in which he hoped to pass his declining years, put the finishing stroke to his calamities. He struggled manfully to fulfill his engagements, but in vain; and the author of *Jacopo Ortis*, the colonel in the service of the kingdom of Italy, the professor of eloquence at the University of Padua, the celebrated poet, the eminent critic, was arrested and thrown into prison for debt. Considerable obscurity rests on this melancholy period of the poet's life. Utterly deserted he was not. We know that a few faithful friends rallied round him, but the blow was struck. The degradation was too much for that haughty spirit; he never recovered the shock. He expired on the fourteenth of September, 1849. His remains rest in a little English churchyard at Chiswick. Foscolo's correspondence is the image of the man himself; sometimes full of passion, energy, firm and serious convictions; sometimes doubt, uncertainty, and discouragement. It is his very soul which he pours forth to his friends, by turns eloquent and graceful, grave and witty. It breathes a heart at once burning with patriotism, and easily seduced by love, pleasure, and vanity. In this correspondence—not meant for the public—we find much to admire, much to pity—little to condemn.

The destiny of Foscolo and alas! of many of his compatriots, would seem at first sight to contain a terrible warning to all those Italians who conceive that the poet and the citizen are one, and who would seek to regenerate their country by ennobling and elevating her literature. Exposed to the gibbet or the dungeon, at best driven forth to exile, to poverty and neglect, their works proscribed, their families persecuted—such is the fate that has hitherto rewarded their efforts. Yet these efforts, far from slackening, have become each day more energetic. Let it be the consolation of the many who, like Foscolo, have endured and are enduring a living martyrdom, for daring to express noble and patriotic sentiments for their beloved country, that the sacrifice has not been in vain, either in a national or an intellectual point of view. Already Italian literature has entered on a new and more hopeful phase, even as the Italian character is acquiring more vigorous development. Those who start with the impression that they shall find in its modern poetry no

accents save of love and tenderness, of weak complaint and ecstatic raptures, long-drawn sighs and sentimental prettyisms, will be surprised to discover that, as a general rule, its present characteristic is brevity, force, and earnestness; that conciseness and expression is often carried to the utmost, even at the risk of marring poetic beauty. This is especially the case with the school of Leopardi, which seeks to model itself as closely as possible on the antique. In that of Manzoni more attention is paid to coloring; but even there all meretricious ornament is in most instances avoided.

It is not only as a poet that Leopardi has a claim to admiration. One of the most profound and subtle thinkers of his age, he united varied knowledge to the deepest and keenest powers of observation and reflection. As a classical scholar, he was almost without a rival, and more than one of his Greek odes might pass—for a moment at least, even in the eyes of the erudite—for those of Anacreon. The characteristic and the originality of his genius, consisted in the rare alliance of vast and positive acquirements with the fire of inspiration. Leopardi was born June seventh, 1798, at Ricabuta, a village in the vicinity of Ancona; the eldest son of a noble Romagnuol family, he received a careful education under the parental roof. His progress in his studies was marvelous; at eight years old he was already no contemptible master of Latin and Greek, and at the age when others are only studying dictionaries and grammars, he was a master of erudition. In 1814 he published commentaries on the life and writings of certain orators in the second century. The following year we find an essay on the Popular Errors of the Ancients, (*Saggio sopra gli errori popolari degli Antichi*;) in which the various prejudices of the Greeks and Romans, as regards oracles, witchcraft, are treated, etc., and it concludes with an ode to religion, the enthusiastic tone of which is in strong contrast with the incredulity of his later years.

Hitherto Leopardi's life had glided away in monotonous tranquillity. He had lived not in the present, but in the past, devoting his days and nights to the study of the ancients. Confined to his native village, he knew little of what was going on around him. The conquest of his country by the French; the establishment

of a kingdom in Northern Italy; her prosperity and comparative independence during some brief years; her relapse into worse than her former degradation, had all occurred ere he had reached his sixteenth year, and had scarcely attracted his attention. A visit to the north of Italy in 1818 roused him from his apathy, but it also destroyed forever the tranquillity of his soul. Other causes tormented him. Doubts as to the justice of that providence which could condemn his beloved country to so cruel a fate, strengthened, unfortunately, by certain writings which fell into his hands, exercised a depressing influence on his mind. The trusting religion of his childhood changed into an incredulity which no argument could ever banish. Perhaps his delicate health, his personal deformity, the result of over-application in childhood, may have served, as with Byron, to embitter his mind. To this must be added the alienation of his father, who could not forgive his patriotic aspirations, and who, while rendering his residence at home unendurable, refused him the means of living elsewhere. At length, in 1822, Leopardi quitted his birth-place and repaired to Rome, where he obtained the commission of preparing the catalogue of the Greek library of the Barberini Palace. Here, too, he made the acquaintance of Niebuhr, who appreciated him as he deserved, and endeavored to induce him to settle as professor at Berlin. But to Leopardi the name of Germany was associated with that of the oppressors of his country, and he at once rejected the proposal. Yet at Rome he was far from happy; perhaps wherever he went it would have been the same; the darkness was within. Compelled by the severity of his father to have recourse to his pen for support, he had little time for original composition. A few of his canzones appeared in 1827; marked by the rare purity, the nervous eloquence, the energetic conciseness which characterize his style, and which render all translation so incapable of conveying a just idea of its beauties. At the same time his *Essays on Morals* excited attention and admiration, though pervaded by that breath of skepticism which darkened all his existence. His health meanwhile became worse and worse every day, so that in 1830, when he was but thirty-two years of age, he was already able to study only two hours a day. His position was like-

wise most painful; his liberal opinions rendering him obnoxious to the Government. By the advice of his physician, he established himself at Naples, where he slowly dragged on his existence till 1831, when he expired; consoled, however, by the devotion of a friend, whose whole life was spent in seeking to alleviate his sufferings, and whose name must be forever associated with his, Giulio Ramiro.

Leopardi is at once the poet and the philosopher of grief. His is no affection of despair. To feel certain that it is his own sorrows and sufferings he records, we need but read attentively certain of his verses, the *Queta dopo la Tempesta*, the *Canto Notturmo*, the *Ricordanze* or the pretended biography of Fillipi Ottonieri, in which he paints *himself* even as Machiavelli wrote his own history, under pretense of recounting that of Castuccio Castricani. It can not be denied that this continual suffering, physical and moral, too often bounds his horizon and lends a certain melancholy monotony to his verse, while his profound study of antiquity inclined him to regard with too much favor the condition of humanity in the days of paganism, to blind him to its demerits and exaggerate its advantages. The most celebrated of Leopardi's smaller poems—those poems on which his fame principally rests, are *Ultimo canto di Saffo*, exquisitely beautiful and touching; *Il Resorgimento*, an ode in which the very spirit of Dante breathes; *L'enfanto*, *La sera del dì de festa*, the well-known and often translated yet untranslatable *Imitazione, Lungo del proprio ramo*, and the *All' Italia*. The latter is one of the few poems in which he gave vent openly to that patriotic anguish which darkened his existence, though its traces are sufficiently evident in the tone of deep sadness which pervades all his productions. It is in versi ciolti, his favorite measure. We venture to translate a few verses as literally as the different idioms of the two languages will permit.

ALL' ITALIA.

"O Italy, my country! I behold
Thy columns, and thine arches, and thy walls,
And the proud statues of our ancestors;
The laurel and the mail with which our sires
Were clad. These I behold not—nor their
fame.
Why thus unarmed, with naked breast and
brow?

What means that livid paleness—those deep
wounds?

To heaven and earth I raise my voice, and ask
What hand hath brought thee to this low
estate,

Who, worse than all, hath loaded thee with
chains—

So that unvailed, with disheveled hair,
Thou sittest on the ground disconsolate,
Hiding thy weeping face between thy knees?
Ay, weep Italia! thou hast cause to weep!
Degraded and forlorn. Yes, were thine eyes
Two living fountains, never could thy tears
Equal thy desolation and thy shame!

Fallen! ruined! lost! who writes or speaks
of thee,

But, calling unto mind, thine ancient fame,
Exclaims—Once she was mighty! Is this she?
Where is thy vaunted strength? Thy high
resolve?

Who from thy belt hath torn the warrior
sword?

How hast thou fallen from thy pride of place
To this abyss of misery! Are there none
To combat for thee? To defend thy cause?
To arms! *Alone* I'll fight and fall for thee!
Content if my best blood strike forth one
spark

To fire the bosoms of my countrymen.
Where are thy sons? I hear the clang of arms,
The din of voices and the bugle note;

Sure they are fighting for a noble cause!

Yes, one faint hope remains—I see—I see
The fluttering of banners in the breeze,
I hear the tramp of horses and of men,
The roar of cannon—and like glittering lamps
Amid the darkening gloom—the flash of
swords!

Is there no comfort? And who combat there
In that Italian camp? Alas! ye gods,
Italian brands fight for a foreign lord!
Oh! miserable those whose blood is shed
Not for thy native land—for wife or child.
But for a stranger lord—who can not say
With dying breath—My country! I restore
The life thou givest, and gladly die—for
thee!"

The school which boasts itself as the successor of Leopardi has its leader in Mr. Marchetti, a friend of Pius IX., and his Minister of Foreign Affairs during the perilous movements of 1849. Mr. Marchetti's principal work is *Una Notte di Dante*, a poem in four cantos, which has been the object of considerable eulogy. Yet it is difficult to assign it a very elevated place in Italian poetry. The style indeed is rich and polished; but it is wanting alike in unity of design and vigor of execution. Far superior are his *Canzones*, his odes and his sonnets. Despite the analogy of name, the canzone has nothing in common with the chanson or

song; we must renounce all attempts of translating this word, for the *idea* it awakes is exclusively Italian. It was invented, it is said, in Provence, by Giraud de Bornell, the father of the troubadours. The canzone had no difficulty in naturalizing itself in that fair land of Italy, of which Provence was, so to say, an extreme province. Forgotten by the heirs of the troubadours, who adopted a style of poetry more in harmony with the genius of their new country, the canzone soon became in the hands of the Italians an instrument of inexpressible value for the utterance of graceful and poetic thoughts. Marchetti is not *par excellence* a patriotic poet, the independence of Italy is not the one great theme of his verse, but, as with all his countrymen, it occupies a prominent place in his thoughts; he does not curse her tyrants, and urge her to break her fetters; but he dwells with tender melancholy on her ancient glories, and implores heaven to restore them. In his *Canzone* to the celebrated Archeologue Eannio Visconti, he exclaims:

"Upon the shore deserted and oppressed
Stands Italy, once queen of realms, begirt
With diadem of glory! humbled now,
And strewn with ashes—see, she wrings her
hands
And groans in agony—but it is well,
At length she feels her suffering and her
shame."

The canzone *a la tomba de Petrarca* is considered by the Italians themselves as one of the finest lyric poems which has appeared since the death of that illustrious writer. This praise seems to us exaggerated, but the verse is exquisitely harmonious, and the sentiment is just and touching. Mr. Marchetti acknowledges that the lover of Laura is the involuntary cause of that taste for exclusively amatory and effeminate poetry, which long prevailed in Italy, which has called down upon her so many contemptuous reproaches; but the fault he declares lies in those imitators without force or genius, who disdained the Latin works in which the poet had poured forth his noble thoughts, and devoted their whole attention to his sonnets. The canzone consists of a conversation between Love and Poetry. Both lament the degradation to which they have been respectively reduced, and mourn over that great master, the honor and glory of Italy.

Less celebrated, and yet perhaps more

richly gifted than Marchetti, was Alexander Poerio, the brother of that Charles Poerio, whose virtues and sufferings, so nobly endured in the cause of constitutional freedom, have rendered him the object of admiration and sympathy throughout Europe. In 1815, Alexander Poerio, then thirteen years of age, left Naples as an exile with his family, and returned only in 1826, when the Neapolitan revolution gave some brief hopes of liberty and law. The momentary dream was soon quenched in blood by the bayonets of Austria, and the young Poerio was once more forced to fly his native land. He took refuge first in England, then in France, and afterwards in Protestant Germany, and thus had an opportunity of cultivating that marvelous gift of languages, which not even Cardinal Mezzofanti himself possessed in a higher degree. At Weimar, he became acquainted with Goethe, who though caring little enough about any nationalities, even his own, was touched by the misfortune, and attracted by the amiable qualities of the young exile. Restored to his country by the revolution of 1848, he shared in the brief hopes of Italian independence. Under the command of General Pepe, he hastened to the defense of Venice, and was one of the little band who followed their venerable chief into the besieged city instead of obeying the orders of a triumphant reaction. Wounded in the attack on Mestre, twenty-third of October, 1848, he died at Venice the third of November following. Few of those who mourned the patriot imagined that they had also lost a poet of no mean order. Exiled almost in childhood, condemned by the rigorous prohibition of which his works were the object throughout the whole peninsula to a very limited sphere of popularity, the modest Poerio was little known even in his native land. His productions can not be called *chef d'œuvre*; but they prove that the spark of inspiration existed, and was kindled at a noble shrine, and his poem entitled the *Resurrection* is animated by the loftiest spirit of patriotic ardor. In another poem entitled *Speranze*, and somewhat resembling in its tone the more celebrated *Terra dei Morti* of Giusti, he, too, protests against the declaration of foreigners that Italy is dead, and exclaims:

"Why then these Austrian hosts which night
and day
Watch every movement, menace every word?

How! Can the dead arise in armed array,
Can the dead seize the lance or wield the
sword?

No, no! 'Tis not the silence of the grave,
Hark! o'er our shores the waves of hope are
breaking,
We yet have hearts to beat and hands to save,
They only need the signal for awaking!

The iron tread of despot's armed heel,
The long and bitter martyrdom of years,
'Twas needed—all—the patriot's heart to steel,
Freedom must be baptized in blood and tears.

Italy dead! The memory of the past
Still bids us hopes of brighter days to cherish;
Strike then, my lyre! thy loudest note—thy
last,
And bid her sons throw off the yoke, or
perish."

Mr. Mammiani owes, perhaps, some portion of his literary renown to the part he has played in the history of his country. Born in the Papal States, he early consecrated his life to the cause of constitutional liberty, and when, in 1848, that cause obtained a momentary triumph, he was called on to put its principles to the test as Minister of Foreign Affairs to Pius IX. We know how brief was that golden era, when it seemed as if the Vatican was to become the center whence the light of regeneration was to radiate over Italy. On the retirement of the Pope to Gaeta, Mammiani remained at his post; but finding his efforts to prevent the proclamation of the Republic unavailing, he retired to Piedmont, where he has become a distinguished member of the Legislature, and—happier than A. Poerio—has lived to see at least one great step towards the renovation of Italy. As a poet, Mammiani is distinguished rather for grace, delicacy, and exquisite finish of style, than for strength, originality, or vigor. The composition by which he is best known, is the *Violetta*, an allegory, partly rhymed—partly in *versi sciolti*, presenting the religion of the past and the present—the former personified in the angel Ithuriel—the latter by a sylph. The sylph entreats the angel to repose—

"Upon this grassy bed
Beneath the shadow of the spreading trees;
Meanwhile I'll fly where yonder violets shed
Their balmy fragrance on the evening breeze,
And steal their dewdrops sweet
To bath thy sacred feet."

The angel entreats her rather to aban-

don *these childish sports*, and devote herself to prayer and contemplation. The sylph thus replies:

"'Tis not alone to play,
O angel pure and holy!
That 'mid these bowery glades I stray,
Or stealing to yon dwelling lowly,
Enter upon a moonbeam bright,
Or on a ray of morning light;
No! 'tis to gaze upon a scene
That seldom eye may hope to see,
Charity, virtue—love serene—
Worthy of heaven itself, or thee.
None e'er approach that sacred spot,
But half their sorrows are forgot:
An aged widow dwelleth there,
A son of generous soul possesseth,
A partner, gentle, modest, fair,
With a sweet infant at her breast.
To all she gives—but most to those
Who dare not ask. The virgin rose
Is not more pure."

The angel smiles and turns his glance towards the house indicated to him. A young girl, who has been imploring alms for her sick mother, steps over the threshold. She holds in her hands a paper; she opens it; it contains a piece of gold. The maiden kneels down, pours forth a blessing on her benefactress. The angel repeats the benediction, and renouncing his desire of conversion, wings back his flight to heaven. The details of this little poem are charmingly touched, and the protestation in favor of the virtues and charities of daily life, as opposed to the excess of asceticism, and detachment from all human ties or interest, which it too often inculcates, is at once moderate and energetic. But if the *Violetta* is the most celebrated, the *Rispetti d'un Trasteverino* is the most popular of Mr. Mammiani's compositions. In this love-song the author reproduces with skill and truth the peculiar features which mark the Roman peasant, his mixture of good-nature and haughtiness, love and ferocity. After having adjured his cruel mistress by every flower that blooms on hill or meadow to listen to his suit, the lover thus continues:

"Thou art very wrong in sooth, my little heart,
To scorn me thus because I am but poor,
Nor have a sequin always in my purse.
How! seest thou not that neither count, nor
lord,
Nor Monseigneur, give themselves airs with
me?
Because, by heavens! my blood is Roman
blood!
I am Roaster at St. Andrea, but what then?

I do not owe a farthing in the world :
 If I am poor, I am honest ; and can fast.
 I wear no mortal livery on my back ;
 I am neither Palfrenier nor flatterer,
 And yet 'tis not but that on gala days
 I have my plumed cap, my pointed shoes,
 My velvet jacket, and my silver chain,
 And thus arrayed, I'd match me with the
 best.

Show me the arm more deftly flings the ball,
 Or on the Corso stops the fiery steeds ;
 Show me the foot that's lighter in the dance.
 In force and courage I will yield to none.
 As to my verses ! like a stream they flow.
 Hadst thou but heard me, sweet, the other
 day

I sang the fair Virginia—Scaevola,
 Who plunged his right hand in the Tuscan
 fire ;

I sang Lucretia and her deadly wrongs,
 Ay, to the very geese of the capitol !"

Feeling, however, that all this does not touch the heart of his belle, and suspecting a rival, he concludes with a terrible and characteristic menace, and asks what her feelings will be when she sees him brought back captive writhing under the hand of the executioner.

The disciples of Manzoni are more numerous than those of Leopardi. Happier than his illustrious rival, the venerable poet has lived to behold—not indeed the complete independence of his country, but at least a new and brighter phase in her destiny. Manzoni's principal work, the *Promessi Sposi*, has been translated into almost every living tongue. His tragedies are feeble, but his *Carmagnuola* contains some magnificent bursts of lyric poetry. It is not, however, with him, but with his followers, that we have now to do. The most celebrated of these are Berchet and Giusti. By many they have been ranked together as poets of the same class, closely resembling each other in characteristics and genius. To a certain degree this appreciation is correct, but to a certain degree only. Both, indeed, are patriotic poets. Both have devoted their muse to one great aim and end—the deliverance of their native land from a foreign yoke. But Berchet, in his passionate enthusiasm, beheld the sufferings of that country only ; Giusti saw likewise its errors. Berchet believed that independence would at once bring with it regeneration ; Giusti, that regeneration must precede independence, and indeed was indispensable to achieve it. Berchet threw all the odium of his country's misery on the oppressor ; Giusti rightly deemed that a portion at least

might be referred to the vices of the oppressed—those vices generated by slavery and corruption. Both were the apostles of national liberty ; but Berchet was the patriot only. Giusti was likewise the satirist, whose lash fell as unsparingly on his own compatriots as on the Germans and their myrmidons. If he detests the latter as tyrants and interlopers, he is indignant with the former for their cringing, cowardice, and hypocrisy. Giusti exercised perhaps a more lasting and more salutary influence over his countrymen ; Berchet enjoyed the greater immediate popularity. Perhaps this popularity and the celebrity attending it may seem exaggerated to English readers. But to judge impartially on this subject, we must not forget the position in which Italian poets are placed, the difficulties which surround them. The public know these obstacles, and are not only indulgent but grateful to those who brave them. A mightier charm than that of mere literary merit attracts the reader towards the writer. He knows that here at least he shall find—often indeed timidly expressed or veiled under some ingenious allegory—the reflections of his own feelings ; he knows, too, that beneath that which is uttered lurks that which dares not find utterance. Thus he accepts all, excuses all, forgets the errors of the poet in the enthusiasm of the patriot. Through her literature, at least, Italy has begun to realize in a certain measure that unity which seems to fly from her political destiny. Manzoni's glory belongs no less to Naples than to Rome ; Leopardi is not a Romagnole but an Italian. This voluntary participation in glory as well as in suffering proves the depth and truth of that aspiration to which—as existing events amply attest—every day lends new force and vigor. We must know all this fully to understand the almost rapturous enthusiasm of the Italians for the poetry of Berchet. To this may be added the charm of mystery which attached to his works. They long circulated in manuscript only, and among those whose devotion to the cause of their country was beyond the shadow of a doubt, while the author, suspected, tracked, and persecuted, wandered for twenty years an exile on a foreign soil. His suffering enhanced his popularity. Not to love Berchet—not to love him without restriction—was to be false to the cause of Italy. To judge of a writer with whom imagination is the

mere instrument of conviction, we must begin by fully understanding, if not sharing the feelings and sentiments of which he is the apostle. This will not blind us to the faults of the poet, but will enable us to read him rightly, to sympathize with him more completely, and to form a more correct estimate of his errors and his merits. It can scarcely be denied, that in beauty of poetic form, in wealth and variety of imagination, in finish of execution, Berchet is deficient. His simplicity sometimes degenerates into prosaism. Engrossed exclusively with his subject, he neglects the form in which he clothes it. Imagery he casts aside as vain and superfluous. Doubtless fine phrases do not make a fine poem. It is better to have noble and original thoughts carelessly expressed than mere commonplace truisms decked out in the richest garb that fancy can devise. A rough diamond is more precious than the best-cut pebble. But the real poet knows how to combine the two—the purest outlines with the most exquisite finish of detail, the noblest conception and the most perfect execution.

But despite his faults, Berchet is one of those whose works go to the heart, because they come from the heart. He wrote not for fame, not for wealth, but from the fullness of his own soul, overflowing with fire and patriotic ardor; and it was on this account that his feelings communicated themselves, as by an electric touch, to his readers. The most considerable composition of Berchet, and, in a literary point of view, perhaps the best, is *I Profughi di Parga*, the Song of Parga, which narrates the struggles and the destruction of a tribe of Thessalonians, abandoned in 1819 to the Turks, we are ashamed to say by the English, whose aid they had implored. Hellenism was then in fashion. Subjected like the Greeks to a foreign yoke, the Italians felt that sympathy for their sufferings with which the woes we have ourselves endured so easily inspire us, and the enthusiasm with which the poem was hailed was great and general. But it is his *Romans* which has most contributed to popularize his name, because there he defends no longer by allusion, but openly pleads the national cause, and depicts the political misery of Italian life. In *Giulia* he paints the anguish of a Lombard mother, who beholds the youngest of her sons forced to enlist under the Austrian banner, while the other, long-exiled, returning at

last in one of the many insurrections by which the Italians have sought to recover their liberty, finds himself in arms against that very brother whom he so fondly loves, and whose sentiments are as patriotic as his own. The *Remorsa* presents us with a picture, the truth of which will be recognized by all who have been introduced into Italian society, and which more than the most eloquent discourses attests what was, until this very moment, the melancholy condition of that unhappy land. A woman, young, pure, and lovely, yet shunned by her countrymen, because—almost unheard-of fact—she is the wife of an Austrian officer. We have ventured to present our readers with a few verses of this romance almost word for word, in order to give some idea of the sentiments of the Italians depicted by their national poet, conscious as we are how much it must lose in so literal a translation.

She is alone, though many are near her,
Alone in the brilliant and glittering crowd,
With none to comfort, with none to cheer her,
Beneath some mysterious agony bowed.
The mazy round is just beginning,
But none has asked her to join the dance;
Each word is gentle, each look is winning,
To her is turned neither word nor glance.

A lovely boy through the circle presses,
Close to his mother's embrace he flies,
And kisses away, with fond caresses,
The tears that tremble in those bright eyes.
The boy is fair as the summer morning,
Yet none on his infant glee have smiled;
No! the mother hating and scorning,
How can they look on the innocent child?

If ye should ask with kindly feeling,
Who is that lady so young and fair,
Sadly her beautiful face concealing
Under that cherub's golden hair.
See! how their brows are scowling upon her;
Hark! how their voices echo the word;
She has forgotten her country—her honor!
She has wedded an Austrian lord.

In these brief hoursthus snatched from sadness,
In God's own temple—while prayers arise—
Amid a people stung almost to madness,
Tortured, imprisoned, surrounded by spies,
Still she can read in their darkened faces
The hatred their lips can scarcely suppress—
Cursed be she who with her embraces,
Dared her country's oppressor to bless!

In *Matilda* we are presented to a young girl who even in her dreams is tormented by the dread that to insure his own safety, her father may be induced to

give her to an Austrian lord—a fear that exists only in her own heated imagination. She implores him not to mingle “the blood of the oppressor and the oppressed;” to remember Italy and its sufferings, not to force her into the arms of one “on whose odious visage, in whose harsh language, brutality, violence, and base submission to servitude are alike depicted.” But of all his poems the *Fantasia* glows with the most patriotic ardor, the most passionate love for his country, the most intense hatred towards her oppressors. Here, too, we find him urging the women of Italy to devotion to the holy cause. Berchet well knew that if the love of independence is to survive centuries of degradation and servitude, it is in the heart of women that it must take its deepest root; that the mother must instill it with her first lesson to her offspring; that the maiden must whisper it to her lover at the hour of betrothal; that the wife must recall it to her husband at the altar. But his exhortations were scarcely needed. Every page in modern Italian history tells us how truly Italian women have fulfilled the great task imposed on them. Who can forget the courageous devotion of the Countesses Bentevolia and Giustiniani, of the Marchese Casseli, the Countess Grisani, of Emilie Manin, Maria Corneli, and so many others of less note, but not less heroism? When bread ran short at Venice in the memorable siege of 1848–49, the women were the first to suggest that what remained should be reserved for the use of the hospitals; to give up their own portion to the defenders of the city; to endure every suffering, every hardship, rather than consent to a surrender. When the fire of the Austrian batteries drove the inhabitants of the quarter Santa Croce from their abodes, the women were seen calm and fearless among the falling bombs and blazing houses, with their infants in their arms, or in their hand, soothing their childish terrors. “They may force us to quit our homes, but they can not terrify us,” they exclaimed to each other. Every where the same spirit animates them, despite the brutal treatment with which the slightest expression of patriotism has been, and at Venice is still, visited, despite imprisonment and flagellation.*

* Only three months ago a woman of Como was brutally flogged at Milan, because her son had entered the service of Garibaldi. At this moment some of the noblest men and matrons of Venice are linger-

Like Berchet's, Giusti's works for many years circulated only in MS. and anonymously. It was not till the year 1847 that he ventured to publish them, and, as may be supposed, they were suppressed the moment the Revolution was vanquished. Of his private life little is known, or at least little has come down to us. His biographer, Gualterio, represents him as a gay, joyous lad, often led into scrapes by his over-vivacity, and at times rambling in the meadows or reading Ariosto under the shadow of a tree, when he ought to have been poring over the Pandects. His course of study completed, he settled himself at Florence as a law-student. Celebrated as a jurisprudent he never became. Indeed, a career less fitted for his ardent spirit can scarcely be conceived. Italy, “flung back by Europe into its old servitude,” but no longer soothed and flattered by those old traditional recollections which had once softened that servitude, fretted and chafed beneath the yoke. Insurrections had broken out in various States; all had been crushed—not by the rulers of those States, but by Austria, to whom the maintenance of absolutism throughout the Peninsula was necessary for the security of her own dominion in Lombardy. Thus the rule of the House of Hapsburg became gradually as abhorrent to the rest of Italy as it was to Milan or Venice. It was felt that while it existed on that side of the Alps, good government, reasonable freedom, was out of the question. One common suffering brought about one common hatred and one common desire—that of national independence—a feeling awakened during the comparative regeneration of Italy under Napoleon, but which now took complete form and shape, never to disappear again.

The first of Giusti's productions which attracted public attention, though it circulated in MS. only, was the *Stivale*, or Boot, a favorite illustration of the fate and fortunes of Italy.* The boot narrates

ing in the prisons of Josephstadt on suspicion—of what?—of loving their country.

* During the Revolution in 1848, when Germany, thrilled with delight at her own acquisition of liberty, sympathized for a moment with the Italians, the journals were full of caricatures representing Ferdinand of Austria trying in vain to draw on an old weather-beaten boot, and exclaiming, in his Austrian patois: “Devil take the boot! For forty years it has gone on well enough with a few hard tugs now and then, but to-day it cracks and turns, bursts, and there's no managing it. Devil take it, I say!”

how, after passing for centuries from leg to leg, not one of which had the slightest right to wear it—after all sorts of ill-usage and patching—it has at last fallen into its present deplorable condition. It demands instant repairs, but neither

“From German nor from Frenchman—both I scorn,

By my own countrymen I must be worn.
True, once there was a sire with giant foot,
Who might in me have had the strongest boot
Man ever wore, had he but staid at home,
Nor 'mid the ice of Moscow dared to roam.

There a fierce snow-storm caught him one fine day,
And froze his limbs and stopped his march half-way.

And now 'twill be a costly work to mend me;
Take care, for heaven's sake, to whose hands you send me.

You see yourself I'm full of shreds and patches;

There's not one color, one material, matches.
If you'd repair me, bid this botching cease,
And let my colors be all of a piece.”

The ode on the Coronation of Ferdinand at Milan, in 1837, is in a different tone. Stern, passionate, full of the keenest irony, the most intense indignation. The occasion was one which may well have called forth every bitter feeling in the heart of a patriot. By a show of clemency, the promise of an amnesty, and above all a magnificent display, the Austrian government had contrived to get up a strong momentary enthusiasm among the population—a sort of fictitious popularity—which could not, indeed, deceive any keen observer, but which, nevertheless, tended to reflect humiliation on the nation which could be induced by so poor a bribe to forget, if for a moment only, its sufferings and its wrongs. To attempt any translation in the brief limits assigned to us would be useless. The poet introduces, one by one, the Italian Princes who figured, or, as he believed, were to figure at that ceremony, loading them with the obloquy they merited; then, throwing aside the pen of the satirist and seizing that of the patriot, he passionately exhorts his countrymen to remember their triumphs, in other and nobler days, over the tyrant Barbarossa—to recall the glories of the past—to blush at their present degradation and the frenzy which he compares to that of the madman who “laughs while his clothes are in a blaze, and murders him who would extinguish the fire.”

From these lines, and many others, we perceive that at this period, (1837,) despite much partial discontent, though the dominion of Austria was hated by the more intelligent portion of the nation, the population at large did not thoroughly share this feeling, or at least did not venture to confess it. How great was the change in the next ten years! in 1848, when all Italy, as if moved by one electric shock, rose, though in vain, to break her fetters. Are we wrong in attributing some portion of this change at least to the influence of Giusti and his brother poets?

Giusti did not confine his irony to political themes. The social condition of his country furnished him with matter enough for satire, and he did not spare the lash. The *Gingenello*, or *Rascality in Office*, is one of the most keen, fierce, cutting sarcasms ever directed against that swarm of vile, abject officials which a bad government so sedulously fosters, knowing that the surest means of enslaving a people is to debase and corrupt them. Giusti was no democrat; he did not belong to that numerous class which overthrows existing forms of government and institutions without having any thing ready to replace them. His political faith may be said to be contained in a short poem, supposed to be a reply to certain accusations: “We are neither destructives nor conspirators. I can tell you in two words what we want: we want every son of Adam to count for a man—we want no Germans. We wish the heads of our affairs to have brains—we want no Germans. All, all we want is Italy for ourselves, and no Germans!” This poem is dated December, 1846. Another year, and the hopes here expressed seemed more than realized. Giusti, who, thanks to his own prudence and the comparative mildness of the government of Florence, had hitherto escaped persecution, now ventured to publish a small volume of poems, and to append his name, adding a hope that, “instead of tolling the funeral bell, as he had hitherto done,” he might now be enabled to ring the peal of rejoicing for a new birth. These bright illusions were soon to be dispelled. Giusti did not long survive them, but yet long enough to see his expectations disappointed, alike for Italy at large and for Tuscany—to see the Grand Duke, whose assurances he had believed, and for whose return he with so

many other true patriots had voted, fling himself and his country at the feet of Austria; but the anticipation of a better future never deserted him. "It will come too late for me," he murmured, "but it will come!"

Thomas Grossi, the beloved disciple of Manzoni, was a poet of a different stamp. Not but that his heart likewise burned with hatred to the foreign despot. Indeed, as a youth, he had produced a satire in the Milanese dialect which exercised a powerful and baneful influence on his future career. Napoleon had been vanquished at Waterloo. The Lombards, forgetful of all past benefits, and lured by the promises of complete independence, turned against the Viceroy and demanded an Austrian archduke. In the violence of the reaction, the finance minister, Prina, an honest and talented man, was ruthlessly massacred, and the murder was regarded as a propitiatory offering to their new masters. The pleasant delusion did not last long. It was at the moment when the scales began to fall from the eyes of his countrymen that Grossi ventured to rebuke their guilt and folly by a satire, in which humor, keen and cutting, good sense, and right feeling emulate each other. He supposes that the shade of the unhappy minister appears in a dream to one of those Milanese of the lower order who have become the popular type of puerile superstition and naïve malice, the personification, or rather the caricature of the Lombard character, something like "John Bull" in England, "Jacques Bonhomme" in France. Sur Roch (it is thus the poet calls him) narrates the vision which appears to him. The specter, pale, bloody, with dabbled hair and torn garments, thus addresses him: "What has happened to the Milanese from the twentieth September, 1814, to this day—what have they gained by killing me like a dog?" "Nothing, I replied, but a little more aid in St. Fideles."* "How! he exclaimed, and the independence so solemnly promised!" "Hush, Excellence, hush! or they will throw you into prison." What a world of satire is conveyed in this last line. Sur Roch then naïvely describes the melancholy condition of Milan. That the "Patatouches," (the vulgar name for the Austrians,) being tired of repeating

their "Zürück, zurück," had begun to talk with the stick, a language with which long practice had made them peculiarly familiar. "We are dying with hunger," he continues, "nevertheless the holy council is deliberating at Vienna, if we may be permitted to eat, and as it never acts without long deliberation, it puts a bone in our mouth *en attendant*. It preaches resignation and religion; very good things when our stomachs are full. As to plebeian merit it has now no chance. It is not talent that is demanded, but ancestors, baseness, and intrigue. These pills we swallow as best we may, for the love of our little Francis,* for he is an Italian, and his wife too—was she not born under the shadow of our dome? We are well-intentioned towards him and he towards us; we are incapable of doing any harm, and he of *doing us any good*; still the truth has once or twice almost reached him." "What has he done for you, then?" asks the minister. "Why," says Roch, "truly—till now—he has done nothing. He is very slow, poor man, and rather deaf—he can not hear our cries, but it will come in time, if we are patient, for our little Francis is the king of good fellows and of honest men." "Of honest men!" retorts Prina indignantly. "Where then is the independence he promised you? What mean all these German faces? What the bastinado and the dungeon?" Prina concludes his harangue with an epithet applied to the Emperor absolutely untranslatable. Sur Roch, terrified, does not let him conclude the word, but, he continues, with malicious *naïveté*, echo took care to add the syllable that was wanting.

This satire, to which the Milanese dialect lent additional force and vigor, flew like lightning throughout Lombardy. Though published anonymously, the police had no difficulty in discovering the author. Grossi was thrown into prison and menaced with that corporal punishment which the paternal affection of the House of Hapsburg had substituted for the Code Napoleon. His youth, the intercession of certain influential individuals, saved him from the results which were at first apprehended; he escaped with a few months' imprisonment, and a prohibition to enter into any civil career whatever. Many a

* The palace of Prina which was destroyed by the populace, was opposite the church of St. Fideles.

* At the beginning of 1814 Francis was regarded as a simple-minded man, whom Metternich led by the nose.

nature would have been roused to tenfold hatred by this severity. Grossi was of gentler mold. Thankful to escape so easily, he retired completely from the public gaze, supporting himself as best he could by giving lessons, and confining his poetic effusions to themes which could by no possibility excite the susceptibility of his masters. On the death of the Emperor Francis, Grossi, with considerable difficulty, obtained permission to purchase the business of a notary, and in this modest position passed the remainder of his existence. Even 1848 could not rouse him from his lethargy. The only part he took in that Revolution which stirred Italy to its very depths, was, at the desire of the provisional government to prepare the act of union between Lombardy and Piedmont. Since the death of Grossi, Prati, Aleardi, and Tomaseo alone have maintained the honor of Manzoni's school. The style of the first is diametrically opposed to that of Bérchet and Giusti. It is fluent, elegant, elaborate, but deficient in nature and simplicity, often overburdened with ornament. Besides, Mr. Prati has adopted a preconceived system of philosophy which he reproduces on all occasions, whether in its place or out of it. He does not perceive that he who regards his verse only as the vehicle for embodying new theories or abstractions, run the risk of being neither philosopher nor poet. This system is the struggle which is perpetually going on in the heart and mind of man between the genius of good and evil, God and the devil, peace and fatality. All that we do well is due to God acting with us; for all that we do ill, Satan is responsible. Maidens can defend themselves against the temptations of the evil spirit by the Latin of some monk only. For youth Mr. Prati sees nothing possible but a wild course of pleasure; for age an expiation by penitence and devotion; all his men are Rénés or Werthers, their lives a long course of satiety, desire, or remorse; his women are invariably weak and tender, the victims of seduction, full of the most passionate devotion towards those they love, but utterly incapable of self-control or mental discipline. Surely the days for despair without aim or end are long over. It would be unjust to deny Mr. Prati considerable fancy, command of language, and harmonious versification; but contrary to the rules imposed on themselves by most of his contemporaries, he is fond of exag-

gerating and multiplying his images, and in his attempt to astonish and to dazzle, he fails to touch the heart.

Inspired by a nobler aim Aleardo Aleardi has devoted his muse to loftier themes—to the sufferings of his country and humanity. In 1849, though still very young—he was scarcely twenty-three—his verses had already brought on him the persecution and suspicion of the Austrian authorities. Accused not untruly, of hatred to the yoke, he was thrown into prison, subjected to personal ill-usage, and a severe inquisition made in his lodgings, in the hopes of discovering something which might seriously inculpate him. Luckily he had a sister, devoted like himself to the cause of independence, and the watchful guardian of her brother's safety. With courageous resolution she burned all his papers, and the police unable to find any evidence against him which animosity itself could construe into crime, was compelled, after many months of weary captivity, to set him at liberty. But he has ever since been the object of jealous surveillance. Still, though writing under the very cannons of the Austrians at Verona, he ventures to be faithful to that law of literature which compels the Italian poets to gravitate invincibly towards the one national thought—independence! Mr. Aleardi has a peculiar predilection for *versi sciolti*, or blank verse, a form, indeed, which, free from the trammels of rhyme, adapts itself with peculiar facility to every poetic inspiration.

A few verses from a piece entitled *An Hour of my Youth*, (*Un ora della mia Gioventù*), shows us at once the man and the poet:

"Restore me, Lord, one single day of youth,
Let me behold, if but for one brief hour,
Those parents whom my heart so fondly loved,
Whom now the churchyard's tall rank grass
conceals.

Still do I hear my much-loved father's voice,
And listen to his counsels; still I see
My mother's gaze so fondly fixed on mine—
That eye so dark, so chaste, so sadly sweet!
My mother! it was from thee, from thy pure
breast

I drew that fervent love of poetry,
Which is the ruling spirit of my life.
And if that Italy my heart adores,
Wreath but one laurel leaf amid my locks,
It shall be laid upon thy hallowed tomb,
For 'tis to thee, thee only, it belongs."

A little further the pious and tender son becomes the ardent and devoted citizen.

"The hoofs of Italy's victorious steeds
Shall tramp on my forgotten sepulcher!
My spirit, roused at that long hoped-for sound,
Shall burst its stony bonds, and raise a hymn
Of joy and triumph to the glorious band!"

Tomaseo is better known as the patriot and journalist, the defender of Venice, than as the poet. The interest which attaches to his life may perhaps have lent to his works a charm which in themselves they scarcely possess. The friend and confidant of Manin, he stood side by side with him during that heroic defense which has forever illustrated the name of Venice in modern times. During the two years that she remained free from the Austrian yoke, Tomaseo was chosen by his fellow-citizens as ambassador to Paris, in the hopes that his celebrity as a writer, and his political friendships, might enable him to render useful services to the Italian cause. But the French Republic, despite the brilliant declamations of Lamartine, was either unable or unwilling to aid the unhappy city. Tomaseo returned from his embassy to share the struggles and sufferings of his unfortunate country.

The choice of Tomaseo as an ambassador was not perhaps a happy one. For a true poet—that is to say, a man of fiery imagination, of inspiration—to be a good diplomatist, is almost impossible. Till the Revolution of the twenty-second of March, Tomaseo had lived in almost complete retirement, devoting himself to those intellectual pursuits he so much loved. With the most loyal and chivalrous nature that ever existed, he had much of the susceptibility of a man accustomed to live alone. The tortuous paths of diplomacy, the puerility of form, the mania of protocols, the patience demanded, the thousand and one nothings which compose so large a portion of that mystic science, were little suited to his free and haughty spirit. The slightest delay irritated him. One day having called on General Cavaignac, he was requested to wait for his turn, when perceiving the Princess B. quitting the General's apartments, he set off immediately, exclaiming aloud: "I have a pen which can wound worse than a sword." Previous to leaving Paris he had requested an audience of the President of the Republic. Louis Napoleon received him most graciously, spoke to him of his works, which he had read—of the Italian cause, for which he himself had fought—of Venice, which he loved and admired. "Un-

fortunately," he added, "the majority of the Assembly will not leave me at liberty to prove my sentiments by my actions." When Tomaseo left the palace of the Elysée, "It is easy enough to see," he exclaimed, "that this one is a prince, and the other only a parvenu." When, after eighteen months' glorious struggle, Venice sank beneath the combined force of famine, cholera, and the enemy, Tomaseo accompanied Manin and a few other noble exiles to France, in a vessel freighted by the French consul, Vasseur, who had shown throughout the most generous sympathy with the unfortunate city. There he still remains. Worn by long suffering, half-blind, prematurely old, his soul still burns with a patriotism equally fervent as in youth, though tempered by time, suffering, and experience. When, but a few months ago, his long-cherished hopes seemed on the eve of fulfillment, he warned his countrymen not to expect too much. Now that these hopes (as regards Venice) are so badly blighted, he does not suffer this cruel disappointment to blind him to the advantages which have been secured to Italy as a nation, and of which his beloved city may, let us hope, ultimately share; and his letter to the French army and its Emperor is a model of nobility of soul and of generous self-sacrifice. Who shall despair of the future destiny of a nation for which such men have lived, thought, and suffered?

The list of Italian poets of the nineteenth century is far from complete, but our limits will allow of but brief mention of those who remain, though many occupy, and deservedly, a high place in the opinion of their countrymen. The *Campo Santo di Brescia*, a poem of considerable length, in *versi sciolti*, is much admired for the sustained and religious loftiness of its sentiments and the harmony of its versification, and the lessons of wisdom, patriotism, and union which the writer draws from the history of the past, which he records. The ballads of Carrel and Perticari are full of fire and energy. The *Urta de Cosacci*, by the former, has been not undeservedly compared to the famous song of Béranger, and his sonnets, particularly that beginning *Perché tu scenda ò Notte*, are remarkable for the perfection of their form, and their melancholy sweetness. The *Per Monaca* of Vitorelli will be familiar to most of our readers by Byron's translation. Emileo Carcano is perhaps

better known by his romance of *Angiola Maria*, than by his poetry; yet among his compositions two merit peculiar notice from the chastened tenderness of the style and the purity of the sentiments, *La Sposa* and *La Madre*. The *Esule*, or Exile, of Mr. Cautu, is at once touching and noble, and possesses a deeper interest when we know that is not the inspiration of the poet only, but the real adieu of the exile to the land he loves. The names of Rosetti, the fiery apostle of liberty, whose verses "All' anno dell' grand speranza," poured forth in banishment, but glowing with fire and patriotic ardor, have thrilled many an Italian heart; of Bellini, Scholari, and a crowd of others attest, that despite the systematic discouragement thrown on their efforts by all the governments of Italy, (Piedmont the last ten years excepted,) despite the perils which attend, or have till now attended, every generous aspiration, every lofty sentiment, lest their expression should awaken a feeling of nationality, contemporary poets are not wanting to Italy. If none of them can claim genius of the loftiest order, great originality of thought, or wealth of imagination; if none attain the heights of sublimity or sound the abysses of passion, if some mistake noble enthusiastic emotions, clad in harmonious rhyme, for the real music of the soul, it would be unjust to deny that many possess poetic qualifications of no mean order, glowing picturesqueness, mellowness of coloring, power and pathos; and that nearly all display a pleasing talent of description, elevation of soul, an eloquent earnestness which touches the heart more than the most brilliant and elaborate painting. If we are told that their productions

can boast comparatively little variety of tone or theme, that with certain exceptions they are generally mere variations on the same tune—modulations in the same key; let it be remembered that this key is the only one to which the hearts of true Italians respond, and will remain so till better and happier days. Surely we should hail as the best and surest evidence of Italy's regeneration, both national and intellectual, that no work of imagination, however admirable in itself, which does not touch the chord of patriotism and national independence, can expect popularity or attention. This is a hopeful symptom; it proves that Italy has awoken from its slumbers—awoke to a new and healthy existence.

The poets of the south feel that the moment for songs of love and tenderness is past, their lyres are tuned to martial music only, as were those of the Germans during the war of liberation in 1813; when—and that day will surely yet arrive—the Peninsula has forever broken the galling fetters of Austria; when continued independence and free political institutions have restored that peace and tranquillity which are necessary to permit of our feeling an interest in the descriptions of domestic life and home enjoyments, doubtless her poetry will take a wider range and enter into another phase. May we not hope that without losing that lucidity, conciseness, and energy which now distinguish it, it will acquire greater variety in form and expression, more analysis, more imagination, that it may thus blend the tendencies each so admirable in itself, each so prone to mislead when followed alone to an extreme—the real and the ideal?

From Chambers's Journal.

DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

FROM the earliest period of the world's history, mankind have attached an arbitrary and marvelous value to precious stones, such as the diamond, the ruby, the opal, the sapphire, and the amethyst. In itself, the beauty of these gems is very great. The rainbow, the sea, the clouds, the most gorgeous flowers, the varying tints and coruscations of the forest, are surpassed by the splendor of these jewels, which man digs up painfully from the bowels of the earth, and polishes with the rarest skill. Sometimes as we search amid the ruins of ancient cities, jewels of exquisite brilliance flash forth upon us from the rubbish, and seem to reveal more than arch, architrave, or column, the greatness of the people who dwelt there in ages past.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century a poor Arab, unable to earn a comfortable subsistence by labor, who possessed neither house nor lodging of any kind, after working all day in the fields, habitually passed the night among the tombs. Once when the summer was hotter than usual, he happened to be engaged in the corn-fields by a wealthy peasant, who lived near the ruins of Achoris. As soon as night fell, the south-west wind blowing like the breath of a furnace across the Great Desert, drove every person to seek for shelter within doors, or behind some wall or rock. The individual of whose indigence we have spoken was called Sibbi, and he had no friends or relatives to whom he could apply for assistance in his distress. When the hour for closing the doors of the cottages arrived, therefore, he found himself excluded from every dwelling, and wandered away sorrowfully in the dark towards the mountains which overhang the valley on the eastern side. Arrived at the rocks, panting, and half-stified by the hot wind, he climbed up a little in search of coolness. The higher he mounted, the pleasanter it became. Through the great gaps in the rocks which at times brought

down a current of east wind upon the city, nothing now came but a sort of eddy of the night-air, less scorching than the fierce furnace-blast upon the plain below. Sibbi felt refreshed by this slight improvement in the state of the atmosphere, and continued toiling up through rents in the face of the precipice till he reached the edge of the great cistern which once supplied twenty thousand persons with their daily allowance of water. Here he sat down, thinking the air absolutely delicious. Even the wind of fifty days was tempered into sweetness by that elevation, and sported and played among the honey-combed crags like a breeze of Enna or Arcady. Refreshed and soothed, Sibbi at length slept; and the sun was already lighting up the desert, and sheathing the broad river with gold, when he awoke. Sibbi was not a worshiper of the picturesque. He was hungry, and hunger is insensible to the charms of scenery. The hour, he knew, would soon be at hand when he must descend into the hot valley, and moisten his coarse black bread with the sweat of his brow; too happy even so to ward off the threatened visit of death. But as he sat in this quiet and breezy spot, he experienced extreme reluctance to renew his labors. Why not enjoy hunger and idleness for one day? He could lie in the shadow of the cliff, and look down proudly upon the slaves, scorching and frying among the dhourra stubble below. He resolved to enjoy this luxury, and remained sitting on the edge of the cistern, gazing at the heaps of whitish dust with which two thousand years had nearly filled the mighty reservoir. His eye at length alighted on a small object, that immediately riveted all his attention. It looked like a fragment of lunar light gleaming softly and serenely in the rich sunshine. What could it be? It was by no means easy to descend into the reservoir, and when there, it might prove still less easy to climb out again. But the love of adven-

ture is generally the feeling uppermost in the mind of an Arab. Without taking much counsel of prudence, Sibbi leaped into the cistern, and with beating heart approached the object which had lured him into the gulf. There, flanked by two pieces of chalky stone, it lay drinking in the morning light, and then reflecting it upon the eye softened and subdued as if by magic. With the experience which seems common to all orientals, he understood it was some rare gem, and the word which he beheld engraven on its surface might, for aught he knew, be the Great Name by which Suleiman transported the treasures of Kaf into his regal palace among the cedars.

Sibbi had some scruple about touching this wonderful amulet, whose powers might shake the mountains, and call up around him all the terrible legends of the Jinn. But courage came to him as he gazed. If it be not supernatural, he thought, it may still sell for a great deal in Cairo; and emboldened by this practical consideration, Sibbi picked up the gem, and concealed it carefully in his bosom. The next question was how to escape from the reservoir. The rock all round was smooth, polished, and perpendicular, and little less than three times his own height. But every body is acquainted with the mother of invention, who now came to the aid of the captive Arab, so that by heaping up great stones and quantities of dust against the smooth and slippery rock, he contrived to escape from his prison.

Sibbi now believed himself to be in possession of wealth, and his heart was elated accordingly. He descended hastily into the valley, and without noticing whether the wind that blew was hot or cold, hurried along the path by the river's side towards the Mother of Cities. No one who has ever considered the Oriental mind can fail to have been struck by its strong propensity towards building castles in the air. Half the pleasures of life in the east spring from this faculty, which levels mountains, dries seas, fills up valleys, and creates at the least touch a paradise in the desert. During his first day's journey, Sibbi was indebted to his imagination for immunity from hunger and thirst; but on the second morning he was fain to have recourse to the proverbial hospitality of his countrymen, and

beg a little bread to preserve his stomach from a complete collapse. The more he pondered on his situation, the less enviable did it begin to appear. Who would be the purchaser of the gem he had found? Might he not be suspected of having stolen it, be taken before the *cadi*, and by way of investigation, be bastinadoed upon the soles of his feet till he should be half-dead? Who would give credit to his story of the cistern and the ruined city? "Verily," thought he, "they will say it is an imposture; and I may be condemned and put to death as a thief." Being, nevertheless, persuaded that nothing can happen but what is written, he comforted himself with the reflection, that if he were hanged, it could only be in accordance with destiny. On, therefore, he went, and in due time arrived at Cairo.

In that great city, which, in miniature, represents the whole East, he found a caravansary suited to his wants, and entering, was waited on by a young woman, who served all travelers, especially the poor and humble for charity. At first, he had some thought of imparting his secret to her, and taking counsel of her—and well would it have been for him had he done so—but he reflected that the owners of great wealth are surrounded by snares, and that this woman might be in league with the children of the wicked. Accordingly, he accepted her kindness, held his peace, and departed on the morrow, bestowing on her nothing but his blessing, which, in fact, except the gem, was all he had to bestow. With many doubts and much trembling he approached the shop of a lapidary in the south-eastern angle of the great bazaar; and taking out the jewel from his bosom, which he did with the air and aspect of a convicted thief, he presented it to the master, and inquired what he would give for it. The jeweler was one of those crafty and cruel men who build up their own opulence on the ruin of others. He immediately said to himself: "This Arab is a robber, who has broken into some mosque and stolen this marvelous opal from the sacred treasury. I will threaten to take him before the *cadi*; conscious of guilt, he will effect his escape, and the gem will become mine." But the delight imparted by this guilty scheme could not repress the jeweler's admiration for the extraordinary beauty of the opal, amid the streaks of whose clouds the cunning hand of some ancient

engraver had interwoven, as it were, the letters of the Great Name. Sibbi, though no proficient in physiognomy, yet saw enough in the jeweler's face to warn him of his danger, and while he turned round and loudly gave orders to a slave to fetch the *wali*, or police magistrate, the poor Arab snatched the opal from the jeweler's hand, and rushed forth into the street, followed by the wicked master of the shop, and a whole posse of slaves, shouting "Thief, thief!" Sibbi's worst fears now presented themselves to his mind, and lent wings to his feet. Dashing along without looking before him, he overthrew three donkeys, two blind men, and an old female cake-seller, who called him a pig and an infidel, and preferred sundry accusations against his innocent mother, now in her grave. Sibbi heeded her not, but plunging into the crowd, he found himself in the midst of a procession of dervishes who struck him with the palms of their hands for interrupting their public devotions. Escaping from these ostentatious penitents, he slipped into a dark passage, but upon emerging at its further extremity into the street, he found himself face to face with the jeweler, who was in the very act of laying his complaint before the *wali*. "Ha!" exclaimed the wretch, "behold, there is the thief; seize him, and you will find the gem upon his person." An aged dervish, with long white beard and majestic countenance, stood by chance close to Sibbi as the words of this accusation were uttered. He did not speak, but giving the Arab a look, unperceived of the bystanders, held his hand half-open by his side. Understanding his meaning, Sibbi put the opal into his hand, upon which, calm and unperturbed, the dervish passed on. Reduced to his original penury, Sibbi felt his courage revive. "Are you mad?" he exclaimed, addressing the jeweler with a fearless countenance. "What do you talk of? Gems! I am an Arab so poor as not even to possess an asper. Search me," he continued, to the *wali*, "and you will immediately perceive the truth of my statement. The worthy magistrate had learned, in the course of his dealings with mankind, to distinguish an honest face from a false one. "I believe your words," he said to Sibbi; "but be frank with me: something has passed between you and this jeweler; explain what it was, and you have the assurance of a believer in the Book that no harm

shall befall you on account of your confidence."

Thus appealed to, the unfortunate Sibbi related his whole story; upon which the *wali*'s countenance assumed a terrible expression, and he exclaimed: "Verily, the wickedness of mankind is great! I took you to be an honest man, whereas it seems you are a shameless impostor. Produce the gem instantly, or prepare for a dungeon, the bastinado, and the bow-string." In spite of his protestations, Sibbi was dragged to prison, and the jeweler, with all his friends, was invited to witness his torture and execution on the following day:

Meanwhile the dervish, who lived at the college of the Mosque of Flowers, shut himself up in his oratory, and placed the opal before him on a table of black jasper. Never had he beheld any thing so magnificent. Nature, when making this stone, seems to have chosen as a pattern one of those pearly clouds which, filled with soft light, hover about the rising moon, veined, streaked, and fretted with the pale glimmer of the dawn. It has upon the sight the effect of a section of the sky when beauty is filling it to overflowing. But in the estimation of the dervish, the loveliness it had received from the hand of the great Archetype was nothing compared with the charm derived from that great Archetype's name, composed of four letters—the tetragrammaton of the western world—by pronouncing which, with suitable rites, man may command the services of all spirits. The dervish, as might be supposed, was no connoisseur in precious stones, but being possessed by a strong sense of beauty, his admiration increased as he placed the opal in various lights, and held it up between his finger and thumb towards the sun. Sparks of crimson, purple, and violet appeared to flash from it as he gazed, till they were concentrated and lost in a ruby-colored flame, which glanced and coruscated into all the hues of the rainbow as he changed the position of the stone.

Quitting the Medresi, the dervish proceeded to the house of an honest jeweler with whom he had long been acquainted, and showing him the opal, demanded to know its value. "It is worth the revenues of a pachalic," replied the lapidary; "but there is no jeweler in Cairo sufficiently wealthy to purchase it." "Supposing

it were shown to the governor," inquired the dervish, "might he not, since he is extremely rich, be inclined to buy it at its full value?" "I would not be the man," whispered the lapidary, "to manage the negotiation—he would certainly seize upon the gem, and bastinado me to death." "What, then, is to be done?" said the dervish in perplexity. The jeweler mused awhile, and then exclaimed: "There is here in Cairo a rich merchant from India, who leaves to-night with the caravan for Syria: he will buy the opal, and enrich its owner with fifty thousand dinars of gold." "It would endow a college," exclaimed the dervish. "It would purchase a pachalic," rejoined the lapidary. These suggestions were merely parenthetical. The jeweler carried the opal to the merchant, who gave for it a still larger sum than had been named. The dervish, when he had received the money, offered to reward the lapidary for his trouble; but unless he could purchase the office of a pacha, he was already sufficiently opulent to be regardless of gain: he therefore refused the dervish's offer. The latter, causing the gold to be tied up in two leathern bags, had it borne before him by slaves to his apartment in the college, where he carefully locked it up. He then proceeded to the house of the wali, who was asleep, and his slaves, apprehensive of his severity, refused to wake him. Being questioned, however, they informed him that their master had left with his lieutenant orders respecting the Arab, who, according to the best of their belief, was to be strangled in the morning. Having received this cheering information, the dervish hastened to the lieutenant's house, and found him surrounded by spies and executioners, and furiously intoxicated with beng. With such a man he perceived there was nothing to be done; so he repaired to the prison, and through the influence of his sacred character, easily obtained admittance. Having consulted with Sibbi, it was agreed that escape from injustice should be purchased with money. The jailers were bribed; and the Arab found himself at liberty with a fortune larger than that of any other man in Cairo. Leaving the bulk of his property in the hands of the dervish, he proceeded to Constantinople, where he purchased from the sultan the office of cadi, and returned to reform the manners of his native country. He received his reward. Having

pronounced a righteous judgment in a difficult cause, he was stabbed by the unsuccessful suitor, and was soon followed to the grave by the old dervish. The bags of dinars became the property of the Mosque of Flowers, and were employed in building that beautiful oratory at the door of which two hundred poor persons still receive a loaf daily by the posthumous charity of Sibbi.

What became of the opal? The merchant who had purchased it was killed near Alexandria, among the ruins of which the gem was lost; some years later it was picked up by a fellah, who sold it for two or three piasters to Roboly, the dragoman of the French consulate. This man, who understood nothing of its value, asked Hasselquist, the Swedish traveler, how much it might be worth, but received no satisfactory answer. It afterwards passed into the hands of Lirancourt, French consul at Cairo, who carried it to Constantinople, where it seems to have been bought by the French ambassador. Lastly, some time before the Great Revolution, it became the property of the famous Duc de Nivernois, who used to exhibit it to admiring visitors at his gorgeous soirées in London. According to some, it afterwards passed into Russia; but we are altogether unable to trace its fortunes beyond the troubles which broke out in France after the storming of the Bastille.

Two other opals have obtained some celebrity—one, which belonged to the Emperor Leopold II., for its extraordinary size and beauty, it being said to have been an inch in diameter; the other, for the singular adventures with which it was connected. When the great Afghan conqueror, Nadir Shah, made his descent upon India, stormed Delhi, and rendered himself master of the Peacock Throne, he is said to have entered a Hindoo temple, where he was inspired with admiration by the jewels that blazed on the great idol. Its eyes were made of gems of different colors, and one of them was an opal of rare splendor and brilliance. Even in the best days of antiquity, sculptors, when fabricating statues of the gods, sometimes formed the eyes of precious stones; but they were in these cases artistically made, the pupil being of black jasper, the iris of turquoise, and the white of diamond; the face, neck, and bosom were of the finest ivory, which appeared

to acquire additional fairness by contrast with the robes of gold in which they were folded, and which in one instance were valued at a quarter of a million sterling. The idols of India have been chiefly remarkable for their ugliness and grotesque magnificence. The Mohammedans abhor these symbols of a rude superstition, and it has always been one of their chief claims to be regarded as reformers to make war upon the gods of India through their images and fanes; but Nadir Shah was instigated much less by piety than by cupidity. Like a true Oriental, he would have ravaged a whole continent in order to render himself master of what the Asiatics denominate the gem of gems—a milky opal. On his return to Persia, the conqueror was careful always to have his jewel-caskets with him in his tent; and it has been said by some of his eastern biographers, that after cutting off the population of a whole city, he would sit down peacefully in the cool of the morning to gaze on the ensanguined ruby, the deep vinous yellow of the beryl, the mimic flame of the carbuncle, or the soft sweet green of the emerald. In the opinion of most men, there is a mystery in the interior structure of these stones, which, when one set of rays strike upon them, appear serene and calm to their greatest depths, whereas, when viewed by the aid of others, they flash and sparkle, and seem to flood the surrounding air with emitted splendors. Nadir was fully sensible of the charms of this kind of poetry, the only thing, perhaps, except power and carnage, that could strongly move his soul. Charles I. of England was, it is well known, distinguished as a virtuoso, and laid out immense sums in collecting works of art. Among his curiosities there was an engraved diamond, the rarest ever known, which was probably transported to the continent by Henrietta Maria, to purchase powder and great guns. There it fell into the hands of a French traveler, who carried it with him into Persia, and there sold it for a large sum of money to the shah. When the House of Sefi was subverted by Nadir, this exquisite jewel became his property, and, in all likelihood, was in his tent with the great opal on the morning of his assassination. Many of the crown jewels of Persia then disappeared, having no doubt been stolen by the soldiers. We now lose sight of the opal till it reappears in Russia, as the proper-

ty of Prince Potemkin, who enriched himself by the plunder of whole provinces.

In ancient times, the opal occupied the place now conceded to the diamond, though far more numerous specimens of it than are now to be found existed. It was a special favorite among the Romans, and the senator Nonnius, during the proscriptions, was offered exemption from exile if he would relinquish his celebrated opal to Mark Antony. He preferred banishment with his gem, to Rome without it; and no wonder, when we consider into whose hands supremacy over the Eternal City had fallen. Nonnius probably chose Egypt for his place of exile, and there lost the jewel, which, after more than seventeen hundred years, was found in the reservoir of Achoris, if we may, in truth, venture to identify that stone with the one shortly afterwards discovered in the rubbish-mounds of Alexandria. However, it is only by conjecture that we can attribute the opal of Roboly to the senator Nonnius. The descriptions left us of the ancient gem do not exactly correspond with those given of the modern stone. It had an olive hue, they say, when exposed to the sun's direct beams, but became opaque when contemplated in its slanting rays. Placed between the eye and the light, it assumed a deep ruby tinge, throwing off sparks of fire in parallel lines. Many of these peculiarities may perhaps be attributed to the force of imagination, which transforms to its own likeness every object in nature.

The flaming opal, which rivals the carbuncle, the ruby, and the chrysolite, was once found in various parts of the world, but is now so rare that it has been doubted by some lapidaries whether it ever existed at all. We ourselves, however, have seen it amid a collection of gems in Italy, where it occupied the chief place. Most of its neighbors had been engraved, and owed their principal value to the skill of some ancient artist of Corinth, Rhodes, or Sicily; but the flaming opal lay enshrined in its own beauty, having no facets, but simply long slab-like planes on the side, and converging into a crown above. The light played through it as through the intricacies of a labyrinth, reflected, refracted, ascending, descending, and glittering through a thousand diminutive channels, assuming every instant new tints and hues which again became confused with each other.

An extremely well-informed traveler returning from the East brought with him what he conceived to be an inimitable treasure. This was a flaming opal of the largest size and richest brilliance, but on showing it to a jeweler at Florence, he was informed that it was only the imitation of an opal in glass. He had embarked nearly his whole fortune in this venture, and, in the extremity of his irritation and disappointment, determined to destroy both the false gem and himself. Late in the evening, he shut himself up in his apartment, where he kindled a strong fire of charcoal, into which he resolved to cast the glass, and then to choke himself with the burning embers. He took the beautiful imposture into his hands, which, as the light of the lamp fell upon it, threw off into the air so many gorgeous tints that it seemed to swim in a sea of splendor. As he turned it round and held it up before his eyes, its loveliness increased—now a bright flame played in its center, and now a white incandescence shot along its surface. But his heart was steeled against

its beauty, and he was about to cast it into the censer, when he heard a gentle knock at the door. On throwing it open, he beheld before him a man in a leathern garment, begrimed with smoke and soot. "I bring you," said the stranger, "a welcome piece of news—your gem is no counterfeit; I heard my master say so after you left his shop this morning. I am an admirer of precious stones; and have brought you this intelligence, lest the despair which I saw in your countenance should induce you to inflict some injury on the noblest opal in the world." The traveler, in raptures, would have forced on him a handsome reward. "No," exclaimed the workman; "I only desire to behold the gem once more; to take it in my hands, to press it to my lips, as the most precious of nature's works." He then took his leave; and the traveler, proceeding to Vienna, sold the gem to the Emperor. This was the famous opal of Leopold II., whose large size we have mentioned above.

From the London Review.

BUSHNELL ON MIRACLES.*

THE production of man upon the earth is the greatest witness for the action of the supernatural upon nature. It is admitted on all hands, that he is the latest, or one of the latest animals. How he came, science knows not; but that he did not come in the ordinary way, is absolutely certain. If he came full grown, then there was a miracle. If he did not come full-grown, but as a baby, then his nursing must have been miraculous; for we have never heard of a beast that could be safely intrusted with the care of a human infant: and if such a beast did exist, it was itself a miracle; for it stands out contrary to all the known laws of the nature of such creatures. But why waste time with this? Only the most egregious half-knowledge

and vacuity combined have ever resorted to such suppositions; and unless they are true, the supernatural has been. Science is found to acknowledge it; and we only ask: "Why not confess that it might appear again, and assume other forms?"

A favorite form of illustrating the occurrence of the miraculous according to some higher law of nature, is that brought into notice by Mr. Babbage, founded upon his calculating engine. This instrument is so arranged, that it will count by successive units until it has reached the vast number of one hundred millions and one, when a new law comes into operation, which continues for a lengthened series, and finally gives place to another and another. Now if this is meant simply to illustrate the fact that variations may occur without permanently disturbing the

* Concluded from page 62.

sequences of nature, we may accept it for what it is worth. But if it is intended (as it is sometimes employed) to illustrate the manner in which the universe is arranged from the beginning for the production of so-called miracles, then we affirm, that a more strangely destructive illustration has never been used; for it can not be shown that any such thing has ever taken place in God's economy, as Mr. Babbage shows to take place in his engine. So far as we can know, the same laws are still in operation which existed from the beginning—there is no change. But the movement of Mr. Babbage's machine produces a change of law—a change so far permanent that the old never returns; and if the new fails, it is for some law still more distant from the old. In fact, the only law which permanently governs it is a law of change. Surely no maintainer of miracles as against natural law has ever thought of any thing so destructive to science, or so revolutionary of law, as this. But we altogether protest against this mechanical view. It is a piece of the old Naturalism, which makes God no more than a skillful machinist, who constructs a very large and ingenious engine, and, having set it in motion, stands aside to see it grind out ordinary occurrences and occasional miracles. This theory will not satisfy either our judgment or our affections. Our hearts cry out for "the living God;" for a God who is not less but more than His own creature; for a Ruler whose administration is a present power, and who can suspend, adapt, or modify at will that constitution of nature which He has been pleased to give. This view does not disturb the order of the world; it does not interfere in permanence with the beautiful and harmonious adjustment of forces and laws; while at the same time it preserves us from the other error of binding up the Divine Being in the chains of his own stereotyped unalterable system—a system in which there is no place reserved for himself, no sphere for the further and constant operation of his character and will.

We come now to the third distinction: a miracle is *superhuman*. This does not require much elaboration; as, whether we admit the existence of a miracle or not, we agree that it must be something beyond human power to effect. But we make the remark lest any should fancy that, because man can come in with his

action upon the processes of nature, from without and from above, he can therefore perform a miracle. We agree with Dr. Bushnell, that man acts supernaturally on nature; and we have used his action as an illustration, but without the most remote intention of regarding his power as miraculous.

As to the close of our definition, that a miracle witnesses to a messenger or his message, and in character harmonizes with the message, we have it also from the Scriptures. When Moses was commanded to appear before Pharaoh, he expressed his doubt whether Pharaoh would believe; and God gave him a sign by changing his rod into a serpent, which he should repeat before the King. (Exod. 4 : 1-3.) Pharaoh demanded a miracle as evidence that he had a Divine commission, and he worked it. (Exod. 7 : 9, 10.) Miracles were the expected accompaniments of a messenger of God; and hence we find in Deut. 13 : 1-5, and 18 : 20-22, God specifies the *criteria* by which such works should be judged. Elijah placed the great controversy between God and Baal upon the issue of a miracle. (1 Kings 18 : 21-39.) And a greater than all these, the Lord Jesus himself, rests his claims to our belief upon the same ground. When John's disciples came to him to inquire, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" his reply was in deeds. "And in the same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind he gave sight. Then Jesus answering said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." (Luke 7 : 21-23.) And when subsequently addressing the unbelieving Jews on a critical occasion: he said: "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works: that ye may know, and believe, that the Father is in me, and I in him." (John 10 : 37, 38.) It has lately become fashionable in certain quarters to say, that Christ himself made no account of miracles, nay, even made light of them, and rather directed men's minds to spiritual truths. This belongs to that class of misrepresentations which

have much currency, because they look so like the truth. It is true that Jesus did rebuke the vulgar longing for wonders, when he said: "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." (John 4 : 48.) But the reader will see that this was in Galilee, after his return from Jerusalem, when the fame of his mighty works at the capital had gone before him, and a nobleman came to ask him to heal his son. The last time Jesus had appeared near to Cana, where he then was, his townsmen had cast him out. Now Galilee was ready to receive him for the sake of his mighty works, though previously it had rejected him when he only spoke blessed words. The occasion demanded a severe rebuke to those who only looked upon a miracle as a mere exertion of power. When the Jews asked a sign from heaven, he gave no heed to their demand. It was not his design to show them something which would make them stare with astonishment, but which had no character in harmony with his office and work. Such a taste for miracles as wished them separated from truth, or which looked for them as mere wonders in the sky, Christ did make light of. He came not into the world to gratify, but to save it. His test was, "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not;" and this test involves miracles, but such as should be recognized as the works of his Father. Miracles, then, as we view them, are witnesses to the claims of a messenger. Of the accordance of Christ's miracles with his message, we shall treat toward the close.

The credibility of miracles now demands our attention. To those who were spectators of the events, nothing more was necessary than to satisfy themselves that they were not deceived, that no imposition had been practiced upon them; and in most cases of the Gospel miracles this would be no difficult task. But for those who live at a later time, the belief in miracles must depend upon credible testimony. Here, however, we are encountered at the outset by what skepticism has regarded, ever since its invention, as an argument of invincible force. In Mr. Hume's *Essay on Miracles*, he arrays our experience of the constancy of nature's phenomena against our belief in miracles, by an argument which may be thus summarily expressed: "We have experience of the constancy and regularity of the sequences of nature, but we have not equal

experience of the truthfulness of man. Whether is it more probable, that the course of nature should be altered, or that man should tell a lie?" And Mr. Hume regards it as more probable that men should lie. Many answers have been given to this celebrated argument; but though it has been often refuted, it has a marvelous vitality. Mr. Hume's use of the term "experience" is rather sophistical. If he meant *universal* experience, then his argument is a *petitio principii*; for it assumes the point in debate. But it is contradicted by all witnesses of miracles, who say, that their experience is that nature's constancy has been violated. If he meant *his own* experience, then he must have been present in all times and countries; he must have seen all forces in operation, and must have known all the laws which controlled them; or even, on his own showing, when referring to the people of India disbelieving in the existence of ice, he "can not reasonably be positive." And if he meant that miracles are contrary to *general* experience, it is not denied. But it proves nothing; for if ninety men protested that they had never seen a miracle, and ten men protested that they had, the evidence of the ninety would be of no avail against the ten, unless they had equal opportunity of being present in the same place, and of seeing and judging; for nothing is contrary to the experience of any one, unless he has had the opportunity of experience where others had, and has failed to realize the same. But another reply has occurred to us. How did Mr. Hume collect this general experience? It was not his own; he had not been able to collect it in person from all men; and even if he had, it is still but matter of testimony; and as he had not, much of it must be, of course, testimony at second, or third, or thousandth hand, and therefore liable, in various degrees, to the same failure of truthfulness with all other testimony. So that the argument is at length reduced to a conflict of testimonies, Mr. Hume's own experience being the ultimate determinant; and as his experience was that men are sadly given to lying, we do not see how it will greatly assist the decision: we rather think it destroys the whole force of his reasoning. Apply it to the following. "It is experience only," he tells us, "which gives authority to human testimony; and it is the same experience which assures us of the laws of na-

ture. When, therefore, these two kinds of experience are contrary, we have nothing to do but subtract the one from the other, and we have an opinion either on one side or the other, with that assurance which arises from the remainder. But according to the principle here explained, this subtraction with regard to all popular religions amounts to an entire annihilation; and therefore we may establish it as a maxim, that no human testimony can have such force as to prove a miracle, and make it a just foundation for any system of religion." But where is the force of this conclusion, if it is all in the end an experience of human testimony? It is only, however, to miracles wrought in support that Mr. Hume objects. On this subject he is very explicit. "I beg the limitations here made may be remarked, when I say that a miracle can never be proved so as to be the foundation of a system of religion." He acknowledges "that otherwise there may possibly be miracles, or violations of the usual course of nature, of such a kind as to admit of proof from human testimony;" and furnishes the following illustration: "Thus suppose all authors, in all languages, agree, that from the first of January, 1600, there was a total darkness over the whole earth for eight days. Suppose that the tradition of this extraordinary event is still strong and lively among the people; that all travelers who return from foreign countries bring us accounts of the same tradition, without the least variation or contradiction. It is evident that our present philosophers, instead of doubting the fact, ought to receive it as certain, and ought to search for the causes whence it might be derived. The decay, corruption, and dissolution of nature is an event rendered probable by so many analogies, that any phenomenon which seems to have a tendency towards that catastrophe comes within the reach of human testimony, if that testimony be very extensive and uniform."

Mr. Hume had evidently a great love for the vast. The whole world must be affected, and all men must testify. This might be sufficient to satisfy any man. But we can not see why the satisfaction should be diminished if it were a current part of the report, that the darkness occurred in obedience to the voice of a prophet, and in attestation of a certain religious truth. It seems difficult to understand in what manner that additional

fact could operate to the rejection of the whole; and one is led to suspect, that an abhorrence of every thing savoring of religion had more to do with Mr. Hume's rejection of miracles than any defect of evidence.

Again; we think that, with the single exception of the universality both of the miracle and the testimony, we can produce stronger evidence for the miracles of Scripture than that which, in this non-religious and quite aimless and purposeless wonder, would be sufficient to satisfy Mr. Hume. We preface our arguments by the common-sense and masterly reply of Dr. Paley:

"But the short consideration which, independently of every other, convinces me that there is no solid foundation in Mr. Hume's conclusion, is the following: When a theorem is proposed to a mathematician, the first he does with it is to try it upon a simple case; and if it produces a false result, he is sure that there must be some mistake in the demonstration. Now, to proceed in this way with what may be called Mr. Hume's theorem. If twelve men, whose probity and good sense I had long known, should seriously and circumstantially relate to me an account of a miracle wrought before their eyes, and in which it was impossible that they should be deceived; if the governor of the country, hearing a rumor of the account, should call these men into his presence, and offer them a short proposal, either to confess the imposture, or submit to be tied up to a gibbet; if they should refuse with one voice to acknowledge that there existed any falsehood or imposture in the case; if this threat were communicated to them separately, yet with no different effect; if it was at last executed; if I myself saw them, one after another, consenting to be racked, burnt, or strangled, rather than give up the truth of their account; still, if Mr. Hume's rule be my guide, I am not to believe them. Now I undertake to say, that there is not a skeptic in the world who would not believe them, or who would defend such incredulity."

Now this is just the case of the apostles of the Lord Jesus, but put in its weakest form, except as appealing to an eye-witness of their suffering testimony. Let the miracle be the resurrection of Christ from the dead—the great foundation miracle of Christianity. It was a sensible event, in which it was impossible for these men to be mistaken. They had been for a number of years with Jesus, and knew him thoroughly. He had been crucified before their eyes, and pronounced dead by those whose duty it was to ascertain the fact, and who were his enemies. He had

been buried by secret disciples; but care was taken that no one should steal his body, and that no imposture should result: the governor's seal, and a Roman guard, secure us against such imposture. His disciples did not expect his resurrection, their hopes were utterly stricken down by his death; so that, when intelligence of the fact that he was risen reached them, they were astonished and confounded; even the very joy of many when they saw him produced that trembling anxiety of doubt which hangs over the mind in the presence of some great and unexpected good. He visited and abode with them for the space of forty days; and then, according to their testimony, was taken up before their eyes into heaven. It was no vision of a moment, which immediately departed when they had cleared their sight; but in their belief—and they had abundant opportunity of testing it—a real, substantial resurrection of their Lord and Master. This was their position in relation to it. If they were deceived, they were self-deceived; they could not fail to be conscious of it: they were even the most self-conscious self-deceivers that ever existed.

Now let us look on the other part of the evidence. Those men who, during the life of their Master and his residence with them, were so timid, and irresolute, and ignorant, all at once became bold and enlightened. Ten days after he was taken away from them, they proclaimed his resurrection in the very city where it had occurred; they proclaimed it as a demonstration of his Messiahship: they were brought before the Sanhedrim which condemned him, were charged not to speak in his name, were scourged, imprisoned, threatened; and yet still they desisted not; but daily, and with all publicity, and for many years, until most of them died as martyrs to their testimony, they continued. The testimony was borne clearly, emphatically, with the most entire harmony; there was no retraction, not a renegade in their ranks. It brought them no honor, no wealth, no comfort, no human estimation. They were, as the result of their position in relation to this testimony, devoted to unparelled labors and privations, to sufferings and to death. Is Dryden's question inappropriate here?

"How or why

Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gains, and martyrdom their price."

Does not the altogether singular conduct of these men more command our faith in their truthfulness, than the contrariety to experience of the fact to which they testified restrains it?

Nor is this all. These men, in whom a very singular miracle is wrought to make them what they became, were never encountered by a single opposing testimony. If such could have been produced, it would. The Sanhedrim felt the necessity of silencing them. They knew whereto this belief would tend: "Ye intend to bring this man's blood upon us." They saw that if Jesus had risen, they were murderers—murderers of the Messiah, and, therefore, the vilest of miscreants. This was a sufficient motive to lead them to get up a contrary testimony; and if Christ's body was not risen, but stolen, or in their hands, it was easy. If they had the body, why not produce it, and confound the liars? If it were stolen, why not produce the evidence of the fact, and confront the robbers? But they did no such thing. Could any thing more fully declare, that the testimony of the disciples was incapable of refutation? The Sanhedrim did not decline to confute, because the thing was trifling—they felt it otherwise—nor yet because the report (as Mr. Hume insinuates) soon ceased of itself, or became ineffective; for it was preached through all Jerusalem, and made thousands of converts. Its importance was felt; and that it was so, is proved by the rigor of the persecution against it. What can we conclude, but that its irresistible truth was felt, when it proceeded without a show of contradiction from those whose whole interest was involved in proving it false? Thus, its first and greatest enemies, bound by their position, their fame, their character, and their interest, to prove its falsehood, virtually testify to its truth by their silence; and in every punishment inflicted on its maintainers proclaim aloud their utter incompetence to produce a witness against it. Is there not a miracle wrought in these men too, such as might lead Mr. Hume to conclude, that they were acting in direct contrariety to all we know of the principles of human nature? Is not the miracle of the resurrection itself as easy of belief as the miracles wrought in these two classes of men, supposing it had not taken place?

Again: the disciples not only preached

this fact in Jerusalem, and throughout Asia Minor, and many portions of Europe, without ever meeting a contradiction, but also published, within the lives of that generation, a number of narratives of Christ's life, filled with accounts of supernatural works wrought by him in public. These accounts, given independently, are characterized by a marked substantial agreement. Their apparent discrepancies have all been satisfactorily reconciled; while the existence of such discrepancies is itself a proof of genuineness, as it evinces independence, and forbids the supposition of collusion. In these narratives, he is represented as pointing to these works in evidence of his high claims; men are represented as believing in consequence of them, that he was "a Teacher come from God," and also "that great Prophet that should come into the world;" and his enemies are represented as repeatedly acknowledging the reality of his miraculous works, either in controversy with himself, when they ascribed them to the power of Beelzebub, or in stirring each other up to take away his life. But though these books were published among them, there never was an attempt at refutation. And subsequently, even when Christianity had, in a great measure, conquered the then civilized world, and arguments were used against it by some of the most acute and able adversaries Heathenism could furnish, they had no contemporary contradiction to advance. Celsus and Porphyry, while sometimes denying the supernatural accounts, and always trying, with bitter reviling, to make them appear false, are both compelled to acknowledge their reality, but ascribe them, with the late Jews, to magic. Hierocles, the governor of Bithynia, under Diocletian, about A.D. 300, wrote against Christianity; but, incapable of denying these works, opposed to them the fictitious works of Apollonius; and, when he could not thus accomplish the perversion of the Christians, incited his master to persecute them. Jamblichus published the life of Pythagoras, eight hundred years after that philosopher's life had ended, setting off its reports of wonderful works against those of Christ. What can be more satisfactory than these tacit testimonies, where every feeling which led the men to write would have led them to overthrow if they had the power? Is this not evidence worthy of belief, that a few

poor, trembling men should become suddenly inspired with unwonted knowledge and courage, preach and publish these truths which reflected upon enemies in power, leaving every where thousands of converts to suffer and die for the truth of their testimony; and, through all the centuries when their testimony could have been contradicted, if false, should have it positively believed or tacitly admitted? Assuredly, when friends and enemies, alike against their own interests, proclaim or admit the facts upon which depended a revolution in the religious thought of the world, we have an amount and character of evidence superior far to Mr. Hume's supposed consent of all writers of all countries to a fact of no human interest whatever, and where no motive existed to produce contradiction.

But we rest not merely on all this. We have, over and above, the existence of that Christianity, whose foundation was laid in these works. This is the witness, to the present day, of the truth of the history from which we have drawn, and the satisfactoriness of which no intelligent and honorable skeptic can resist. The story at which Mr. Hume would sneer, won its way. Its preachers, unlearned and unarmed, without the sustenance of any human power, and giving themselves up to labors, dangers, and death, won for it a place in the belief of men. It grew and spread. Ancient religions were displaced by it, and disappeared. Proud philosophies, after attempts to modify, that they may more successfully oppose its progress, are compelled to pass into oblivion. The mightiest empire the world has seen, after using all the resources of its power for centuries to crush this humanly unsupported thing, itself succumbs, and the banner of the cross floats over the armies of Rome. And now, wherever intelligence spreads, and science is cultivated, and progress realized, the religion which reposes upon these facts is the highest thought of the loftiest minds, and the one inspiring impulse of the noblest and most beneficent deeds. How is this? The miracle of the resurrection, or any or all of the Gospel miracles together, is but a trifling contradiction to experience in comparison with this, if truth and divine power had not accomplished it. That men should, at the bidding of a few fanatical impostors, abandon their most sacred convictions, leave their most cherished

vices, surrender their dearest pleasures, render themselves obnoxious to punishment and death, resign their hopes of the present, and look for their reward only in the future: that this should be done, not only by the outcast, and poor, and ignorant, but by the thoughtful, the learned, the men of imperial intellect, the judge, the warrior, and the prince, until the most sagacious of emperors felt that, whatever its numerical position, Christianity was the greatest power in the empire, and on its universal adoption depended the integrity and stability of the Roman greatness: these are facts incomparably more wonderful than the original facts to which the preachers of Christianity witnessed. The man who, with this evidence before him, hesitates to receive the witness to the miracles of Jesus Christ, is either wanting in candid consideration, or in those faculties which are essential to the true belief in any thing beyond the evidence of his senses.

Having now treated of the nature and credibility of the miracles of the New Testament, it is time we should turn our thoughts to their relations to the Christian faith. And here a question of extraordinary interest, which we can not pass by, meets us on the threshold. Are all works which are sensible, supernatural, and superhuman, to be regarded as Divine; or are the terms which are used throughout the Scriptures to designate the works of God used also to designate other works, not God's? It is well known that reports of miraculous events are among the commonplaces of the religions of mankind; and it is well known also, that many divines have been afraid of admitting that any work could wear to man the appearance of a miracle, and have a real character, if it were not divine; and therefore they have defined a miracle to be "a divine work," and have excluded all other things, however attested, as juggleries, or impositions on sense. Perhaps, indeed, this is at present the current belief. When such a man as Dr. Wardlaw could teach his students to the close of life what appears on this subject in his posthumously published *Systematic Theology*, we may expect that the general sentiment will not be much higher or more courageous. But the Scriptures are more fearless than the theologians; and though many, and those among the highest, are on the other side, it must be confessed that Dr. Wardlaw

was in the majority. If, then, we take the Scriptures for our guide, (and we are addressing those who do,) we find that they distinctly admit the possibility of the signs of an idolatrous prophet coming to pass. Let us look at Deut. 13 : 1-5 : "If there arise among you a prophet, or dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder; and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee saying: Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them: thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams: for the Lord your God proeth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul." The sequel shows that that prophet should be put to death who could turn them away from him who had brought them up out of the land of Egypt; and by the series of miracles of deliverance which he had wrought, and by the holy teaching he had imparted in connection with them, had established his right to an unreserved and unwavering loyalty to himself. Dr. Wardlaw tries to show that the *criterion* laid down in Deut. 18 : 21, 22, is a decided negative to the belief that any such sign should come to pass. But this is to make the passage contradictory, and therefore affords but little relief. A careful examination of the latter passage will show how hastily and inaccurately he judged. "But the prophet that shall presume to speak a word in my name, which I have not commanded him to speak, or that shall speak in the name of other gods, even that prophet shall die. And if thou say in thine heart, How shall we know the word which the Lord hath not spoken? When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken; but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously: thou shalt not be afraid of him. The discrimination is now very simple. They did not need to be told how to judge of the prophet who said, "Let us go after strange gods," even though his sign should come to pass: they had an infallible criterion in his idolatrous teaching. But if a man came in the name of the Lord, how were they to know he was not authorized? God tells them, the criterion was — the thing (or sign) would not come to pass. If God had not authorized the man who came to speak in his

name, he would withhold the power, so that the pretense of using that name should not deceive them. Does not this clearly show, that the latter passage treats of a different character of messenger from the former? and does not their union show in still clearer light, that God indicates that the signs of those false prophets should come to pass; so that the only safeguard of the people lay in their power of discriminating by the false doctrine which accompanied it?

The works of the Egyptian magicians fall to be considered here. They are recorded in Exodus, chapters seven and eight, and if we are willing to take the words of Scripture as authority, they were imitations of the works of Moses and Aaron. When his rod became a serpent, "they also did in like manner with their enchantments," (7 : 11.) "When he made the water of the Nile to become blood throughout all the land, so that the people dug in the neighborhood of the river for water to drink; they did so with their enchantments." (7 : 22.) When Aaron stretched out his rod, and frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt, "the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt." (8 : 6, 7.) And when "Aaron stretched out his rod, and smote the dust of the earth, and it became lice [gnats] on man and beast;" "the magicians did so with their enchantments to bring forth gnats, but they could not." Here they failed, notwithstanding their enchantments; but does not the record of their failure, joined with the terms used before in recording their success, proclaim to us the reality of that success within its limits? If the whole thing had been juggling, it is hard to see how this trick should have been more difficult than the former. And does not the exclamation of the men, "This is the finger of God," show that they were conscious of a failure in the power which had hitherto supported their pretensions? Whether the rods they carried were rods, or rigid snakes, (as some suppose,) the visible effect produced by them was similar to that produced by Moses; the difference being in the superiority of his miracle—his rod swallowing up theirs. In the other cases, their work was on a smaller scale; but the narrative gives no hint that what they did was not real; and any attempt to make it appear unreal will react against the works of

Moses. How then are we to account for them? Only on one ground can we render a reason for these strange transactions; namely, that superhuman beings were engaged in the work.

The contest was not between Moses and Jannes and Jambres, but between Jehovah and the gods of Egypt. How often did he declare, "They shall know that I am the Lord (Jehovah)!" and did he not declare in the final scourge, "Against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment?" (Ex. 12 : 12.) Who then, we may ask, were these gods? Were they mere names, or existing powers? Paul, who tells us, "An idol is nothing in the world," (1 Cor. 8 : 4,) yet tells us too, that "the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God." Here, we think, is the solution of the difficulty. These works of the magicians are the revelation of a world of evil and hostile powers, in league against God and against his people, to frustrate his purposes concerning Israel. Against the gods of Egypt—the symbols of these evil powers—were all the miracles directed; and the feebleness of their power was shown in the fact, that the works of the magicians were not reversals of the plagues of Moses, but imitations on a small scale; and not only, in the first instance, visibly overmastered, but ultimately completely terminated.

Dr. Wardlaw has very much to say, *a priori*, against the supposition of diabolic miracles. His grand argument is, (as most briefly expressed on page 322,) "that created powers, being all under the control of Deity, his permitting those powers to be put forth in the supposed circumstances of appeal to himself is, in effect, the same with his own intermediate interposition." Now we are not able to see the force of this argument on any principle which does not involve most painful consequences in relation to our thoughts of God; for if the simple general proposition which underlies it is true—that all created power which is put forth with his permission is, in effect, the same with his immediate interposition—then, as man's created powers are put forth to sin, and to tempt and deceive his fellow-man, this must be the same with his immediate interposition. Is God, then, the great tempter and deceiver? Is he who declares that "neither tempteth he any man," the only tempter after all? Surely

the good Doctor's philosophy must be wrong. But he has an argument still. He admits temptation by men; but argues, that their allurements, being visible, are open to our examination; but these spirits being invisible, the case is quite otherwise. But did he forget, that just here lies the great stress of the Christian conflict? "We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in high places." (Eph 6:12.) Is God more implicated in their doing an outward act, which will appeal to the sense and deceive the soul, than he is in allowing them to work directly and by invisible and unknown methods upon the soul itself? And if he is implicated, as the argument seems to assert, in all working of invisible agents, then we can not acquit him of being the great tempter. But we are certain Dr. Wardlaw never meant this; and if he did not, and could not, then the argument from which it legitimately follows must be abandoned; and his *a priori* objection to the reality of diabolic signs and wonders loses all its force.

But the reality of these signs is too deeply written in Scripture to be passed over so easily as it has been by many. Not only does the Old Testament contain it, as we have seen, but it occupies a very prominent place in the New. In Matthew 24:24, the Master himself informs us: "For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." Christ does not say they shall be only apparent. He never hints at such, as some of his timid followers would. He uses the very terms which describe his own acts; and the word "great" shows that they should be in no ordinary degree imposing. The apostle Paul also, in 2 Thess. 2:9, speaks of him "whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders," or "lying signs and wonders." It is not a question of the slightest importance to our argument who this "wicked" may be, whether the emphatic expression represents a person, or a principle, or a dispensation. We are concerned only with the fact that such things shall be done in connection with the appearance of "that wicked:" and it is further of great importance to note,

that this wonder is after the working [*ἐνέργεια*, "energy"] or power of Satan. Most distinctly, then, if there is any force in words, do the Scriptures teach us the awful truth that acts of such a character, as to have applied to express them the very words which express the wonderful works of Christ, may be done by the power of Satan; and in the expression we find our reason and our sufficient vindication for attributing the works of the Egyptian magicians to their diabolic gods.

We have now reached that high and solemn end to which this subject has been conducting us step by step. It is no question of curious interest, but of awful practical importance; and we fancy we can hear some timid one say: "If what shall appear to all intents and purposes real miracles may be wrought by Satan, what security have we against deception in the most important questions from which are suspended our eternal destinies?" And we reply, that if mere naked miracles, mere signs, and wonders, and powers, were our only evidence, we can not tell. That those who look merely to these shall be deceived, we are distinctly told; that those who receive not the love of the truth that they may be saved, shall perish through their deceivableness of unrighteousness, is the awful announcement of the apostle: nay, that they have even a judicial bearing against those who "believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness," is most emphatically announced. But is there not, in this fact, thus awfully put before us, and in that "if it were possible" of Christ's, the indication of a higher principle of judgment than the mere sense of a miracle—a principle to which the holy love and godlikeness of the elect is related sympathetically, and from which the whole nature of the ungodly is averse? Can we look at the Saviour's own life and acts, and the very diverse appreciation of them by those who beheld them, and not feel that more, much more, is required than merely the sight of such wonderful works to produce a pure and cordial faith? When a large number of the Jews beheld the grandest of his miracles, the resurrection of Lazarus, "many believed on him. But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees, and told them what things Jesus had done." (John 11:45, 46.) The souls of some, more sympathetically alive to his

majesty and love, received with gladness the conviction of his Messiahship; while others had only their hatred intensified. The evidence of a miracle then lies not merely in itself, but in it as a demonstrative work of power, and wisdom, and love, appealing to a judgment capable of discrimination, in alliance with a heart of higher and purer moral sympathies. The Pharisees, who would use any evil means for the accomplishment of their purposes, refer his power over devils to a league with Beelzebub; while the simpler and purer-minded people see in him the devil's great Antagonist, the Vanquisher of the powers of hell.

We have not space to enter largely into the *criteria* by which pretended miracles, or diabolic miracles, are to be discriminated from those which appeal to us as Divine. Most of the things which have been reported as miraculous, must be discarded for want of evidence. The wonders of Alexander of Pontus, exposed by the witty and sarcastic Lucian, were wrought under the gloom of night, amongst the ignorant Paphlagonians, and could not bear the light of day. Those of Apollonius of Tyana were not recorded till nearly one hundred and fifty years after his death, when Philostratus, a rhetorician, wrote his life, at the suggestion and under the patronage of Julia Domna, the wife of the Emperor Septimius Severus—a princess most devoted to heathenism and hostile to Christianity. Those of Pythagoras were written by the Neo-Platonist Jamblichus eight hundred years after the reputed worker of them flourished. Those of Vespasian, which Mr. Hume pronounces the best attested of the heathen miracles, were not even believed by their recorder Tacitus. He gives them on the authority of the Alexandrians, whom he pronounces “a race most superstitious;” while the whole facts recorded by both Tacitus and Suetonius show, that no faith can be reposed in these wonders. Of the miracles attributed to Ignatius Loyola, there is no record in the first and second editions of his Life by his intimate friend and fellow-worker, Ribadeneira; but rather reasons are given why he did not perform such works; and it is rather suspicious after this to find the Jesuits, in growing power, producing miracles to support the canonization of their founder. The noble Francis Xavier, self-consumed with missionary zeal, is made the subject of equally lying

pretensions; but, apart from the fact, that the records were written in Europe, and the works were said to have been done in India and the East, his own letters contain not a trace of the pretensions. For the particulars of these fabrications, and others resembling them, we can only refer our readers to the works of Douglas, Campbell, and Paley, in the former of which particularly they will find a full, scholarly, and conclusive investigation of the miraculous claims of Heathenism and Popery. Nothing can be more unlike to the publicity and unchallengeable reality of the miracles of Christ than many of these pretended wonders; and assuredly it is needless for us to say that testimony centuries after the fact, or borne to heathenism in power of emperors in authority, or to a religious society grasping the scepters of Europe, is infinitely differenced from the immediate, local, and suffering testimony on which we receive the works of Jesus as true works of God.

Only one part of our design now remains to be executed. The miracles of Jesus harmonized with his message, and the whole object of his appearance in our world. There is a constant conjunction of the work and the word in the life of Jesus, which no thoughtful reader of the Gospels can fail to trace. When John's messengers came, he worked the miracles before them, and added to the demonstration of power the words of wisdom and love: “To the poor the Gospel is preached.” He who came to redeem men's souls from the curse and bondage of sin, does works of redemptive energy on their diseased bodies and demon-possessed minds. These are the true marks of the Messiah. He who came to provide all spiritual blessing, gives witness to a sensuous and needy people of the fullness which dwelt in him, as the water changes into wine, and bread multiplies in his creative hands. And the variety of his works proclaims the width of his dominion. The tempest hushes at his high command, the yielding wave bears his form as firmly as the everlasting granite. Every form of disease submits to his control. The fever owns his touch and flees. The shaking palsy gives place to renovated vigor. The lunatic looks up with the calm clear eye of reason on his face of love. Blindness acknowledges the bidding of him who first said, “Let there be light;” and he who came to charm trembling souls with the whisper of peace—

inspiring compassion, unstops the ears of the deaf. Cripples, long bound, receive from his hands the free play of health, that they may run in the way of his commandments; and those who were bowed down with a spirit of infirmity, rise to possess, in gazing on the heaven of his countenance, the beginnings of the hope with which his grace inspires them. Death, too, confesses his supremacy who "has the keys of death and of hell." The scarcely departed spirit of the daughter of Jairus, just hovering to fly, returns to animate her frame and cheer her parents' hearts. The son of the widow of Nain is borne forth to burial, but the tyrant must even here relax his prize and give back his captive to the crushed heart of the mother; while incipient corruption is arrested in the body of Lazarus, and the grim grave itself reluctantly yields up its prey to him who is "the Resurrection and the Life." The spirit-world owns his authority, and devils, unclean and furious, with horrid outcry or submissive pleading, acknowledge him "the Holy One of God," or plaintively inquire of him as their Judge, whether he is coming to torment them before their time. Thus, in every form in which a redemptive power needed to be demonstrated to the eyes and hearts of men, Jesus declared it. His works were redemption accomplished in the inferior regions of man's natural life.

And what a beautiful light they cast on that great fundamental mystery of the Gospel, the Incarnation! While the Divine dignity of Christ is often expressed in the commanding "I," which indicates his will, as "he speaks, and it is done;" his human tenderness has many separate varieties of expression. Is it not a human heart that yearns with compassion over the unshepherded multitudes who follow him into the wilderness? and that sigh which breaks from his bosom as he touches the dumb man, and looks up to heaven, and cries, "Ephphatha," does it not tell of a spirit that mourns in sympathy with human sorrow produced by sin? But there are also works which display the Divinity and Humanity of Christ in beautiful conjunction and mutual relief. He has retired with his disciples from the crowd and the tumult; but when they are on the lake of Galilee, the storm comes down from the surrounding hills, and the little vessel almost founders amid the yawning billows, dark with tempest. Je-

sus, worn out with the fatigues of the day, lies asleep in the hinder part of the ship, his every muscle relaxed, and unconscious of the wild storm and of the wilder terror of his disciples—a perfect image of human weakness; until, wakened at length by the impatient cry, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" he rises in calm majesty on that vessel's deck, and says to the winds, "Peace," and to the waves, "Be still;" and the Lake of Galilee lies in glassy calm around that vessel's sides, and yields in rippling softness to its prow. Or see him, as he advances under Mary's guidance to the grave of Lazarus, and as he marks her silent sorrow pointing the way, and remembers the half-reproach of the words she uttered, "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," "Jesus wept." The tenderness of a human sympathy is here, and dry-eyed Jews remark upon its depth. But soon the uplifted hand, and the "Lazarus, come forth," attest the presence of a power Divine. Or again: follow him as he journeys with a goodly train through the lonely central land of Palestine, until he reaches a city whose beauty lies embosomed at a mountain's base, and, as he approaches its gates, is met by another company, amidst whom, conspicuous, is the tottering form of a widowed mother, whose last human support lies dead upon that bier. Can we mark the kindly sympathy of the dust-soiled and weary traveler, and hear that voice which penetrates the dull cold ear of death, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise;" and watch that last act of gentlest tenderness, as he restores the living son to his mother, without joining with the awe-struck multitudes in the exclamation: "A great Prophet hath risen up amongst us, and God hath visited his people?" We do not envy him who can look upon these works, and still fail to acknowledge, in the person who performs them, "the living God, who was manifest in the flesh."

Another characteristic quality of our Saviour's miracles is their vital connection with his spiritual work. This appears in those large classes which are connected with the requirement or the strengthening of faith. The humble centurion—whose faith, reasoning from the low ground of human authority, has apprehended the power of Jesus to bid even distant disease depart—has his faith commended and confirmed; while the proud

nobleman—who thinks that only by his presence Christ can work a cure—is sent away to learn that distance diminishes not his divine energy, and to rise to a more spiritual faith. The poor father, who brought his possessed boy to be cured by the disciples, and whose disappointment and fear have almost reached their climax as he makes his last appeal to Christ, “If thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us and help us”—hears from those calm lips the assurance, “If thou canst believe;” and soon the poor man, recalled in some measure to calmness, is at his feet with the confession and the prayer, “Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.” The Syrophenician woman, who interceded for her daughter, is treated with neglect and seeming repugnance; but we are made to understand the reason of this strange conduct on the part of Jesus, when he grants her request with an “O woman, great is thy faith!” And does not this design reveal to us the reason of that still stranger conduct of the Master, when the devoted sisters of Lazarus sent him the message, “Lord, behold he whom thou lovest is sick;” and he tarried still two whole days where he was beyond the Jordan? Does he forget the hours of peaceful gladness and gentlest communion he had enjoyed with the lonely family? Can he forget how, after the besetments of enemies and the toils of labor in the city, he has returned to Bethany, and found in that circle of loving hearts his highest human solace? Will he allow those gentle spirits to be bruised, not only with the crush of a brother’s death, but with the added pain produced by the seeming coldness of their most trusted friend? He will; for he has a higher object to attain than their ease and comfort. He wants to supplant in their hearts the predominantly human and sensuous affection, of which he is the object, by a faith and a love more spiritual. He wants to teach them, through suffering, and sorrow, and deliverance, his higher character; to bid them look up from the very gloom of the grave to him as “the Resurrection and the Life.” All

things are, with Jesus, subordinate to this faith in him. By it only can sinful man be saved; and to the production of it in his heart all his ways and his works are tending.

We have now reached the close of our remarks on this great theme. If we have succeeded according to our desire, we have produced the conviction that the miracles of Scripture are not mere wonders to be gazed at; but works of God of wondrous potency, not only to impress, but to instruct. We have shown that in mere wonders there is no safeguard to the faith of the simple; but that God’s works are wonders of truth, wonders of love, by their character illustrating his, and shedding light on his designs of mercy; and that to understand them aright, and feel the conviction they are given to produce, required the purged eye and the humble heart. Many are turning away from miracles in disgust, because they regard them only as violations of natural order; and if we can but reclaim one such wanderer, or help by our representation to lay an arrest on such a mode of contemplating these works of God, we shall feel that an end has been accomplished of the utmost value and importance.

We have omitted all notice of Mr. Westcott’s valuable work; not because we did not think it worthy, but because we were unwilling to break in upon our train of thought. The object of the writer is to exhibit the miracles of the Gospels as *epiphanies*, or manifestations of Christ’s character and relations, and mainly corresponds with the closing section of our article. He classifies them as miracles upon nature, upon man, and upon evil spirits; deducing from them their several lessons upon Christ’s relation to man; and closing with a view of Paul’s conversion, as illustrative of divine communion. It is refreshing to find that attention is beginning to turn in this direction; and we take this elegant, thoughtful, and scholarly little volume as a pledge of a better future.

From the North British Review.

MEMOIRS OF LIBRARIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

THERE was a period when the substance of two thousand large and closely printed octavo pages would have constituted a respectable library in itself; but since that time, which was not very many generations ago, things are so much changed, that a literary gentleman has felt himself justified in devoting that space to the history and economy of libraries. And, to do Mr. Edwards justice, he has inserted, in his two prodigious volumes, little which is not of some interest and value to the professed librarian or collector, on a large scale. There is here and there a passage, disquisition, book-list, or series of details, which might, we think, have been omitted, without loss to the reader; for example, the complete catalogue of the library of the Benedictine Monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury, dating about the end of the thirteenth century, and occupying one hundred and ten pages of "Appendix;" but the total of all the deductions which would seem to us to be advisable, does not amount to a fifth part of the entire work, the remaining four fifths constituting a body of information which every librarian ought to possess, if not in his brain, at least upon his book-shelves. At the outset, it will probably occur to our readers to ask, Is there a public for such a book? are "librarians" so large a class, as to justify its publication? To this question, which is, however, one that concerns Mr. Edwards and his publishers much more than any one else, we do not hesitate to reply in the affirmative. If all persons, at home and in the United States of America alone, who ought to become possessed of a copy of this book, do actually purchase it, we doubt not that the undertaking will prove a remunerative one. Even twenty-five years ago this as-

sertion would have been absurd: but the creation of what either now are, or soon will be, considerable libraries, has been going on at such a vastly accelerated pace during our time, that the title of "librarian" has become almost that of a new profession. To illustrate this matter by two instances alone, Mr. Ewart's "Public Libraries' Acts," since 1850, have been the means of initiating important and rapidly increasing public collections, requiring learned superintendence, in many of our towns; and in the library of the British Museum, the development of the collection has been so vast, that the staff of scientific librarians at the beginning of the time we have named, has had to be increased to probably something like *eightfold*. (See Edwards, vol. ii. p. 955.) In the United States the formation of public libraries, on a large scale, has gone on to a far greater extent than in our land, although there is no collection on the other side of the Atlantic, which can be, for a moment, compared with the collections in the British Museum and at Oxford. In all these libraries, and in all private libraries of more than ten or fifteen thousand volumes, Mr. Edwards' book would find appropriate place.

As we can not, in this article, attempt a general analysis of the work before us, we must content ourselves with prefacing our remarks on its contents by a glance at the headings, which show the nature and extent of the information which Mr. Edwards professes to give. He commences with a very full reproduction of whatever information remains to us concerning the libraries of the ancients, including every passage at full, in which any Latin or Greek writer has made any mention of literary collections. The first Book concludes with an account, somewhat deficient in lucidity, of the destruction and dispersion of ancient libraries, and of the researches which have been made in modern times after their fragments. To these points we shall presently recur. The sec-

* *Memoirs of Libraries: including a Hand-Book of Library Economy.* By EDWARD EDWARDS. 2 vols. London, 1859, 8vo

A List of the Books of Reference in the Reading Room of the British Museum. Printed by the order of Trustees. 1859, 8vo.

ond Book treats of the libraries of the middle ages, the "foundation and growth of the monastic libraries, with special notices of the libraries of the English, German, Flemish, Swiss, Italian, and French Benedictines, and the libraries of the mendicant orders." This Book contains an interesting chapter on "the Economy of the Monastic Libraries," of which, likewise, we shall say something by and by. The decline of learning in the monasteries, their dissolution, and the dispersion of their libraries, together with the mission of John Leland, as "King's Antiquary," whereby the Bodleian and British Museum are now possessed of many treasures, which, but for his researches and collections, would have perished; and full accounts of all royal, noble, and other collections made during the middle ages, complete this part of the subject. In the first five chapters of Book III., we have what goes some way towards supplying the want—remarkable in these book-making days—of an authentic history of the British Museum; but the account does not include any but the library departments; nor does it go deeply into details of the great crisis of the history of the library, which may be considered to have taken place about the commencement of Mr. Panizzi's keepership. Ample materials for this most interesting part of the history of what is now, perhaps, the noblest library existing, are to be found in the Evidence and Report of the Committee of 1835-36; and we are somewhat surprised that Mr. Edwards has not made more use of them. The extent of his omissions in connection with the Museum library may be ascertained by any who will be at the pains to consult a remarkable article on that subject in Knight's *English Cyclopædia*. After giving full and interesting accounts of the various great collections of which the Museum library has become possessed, Mr. Edwards proceeds to a similar analytical description of the Bodleian collection. The minor university and collegiate libraries follow; and then a detailed, individual notice of every other considerable public or semi-public collection in England, including the cathedral libraries. Vol. I. concludes with a valuable account of the hitherto working of Mr. Ewart's Library Acts. The libraries of Scotland and Ireland are then described historically and analytically. We have then an account of all the most important British private

libraries which have ceased to exist; and a succeeding chapter informs us of the extent and character of the principal existing collections of the same kind. In Book IV. Mr. Edwards takes us to the United States, and we have interesting histories and descriptions of the Astor, Smithsonian, and other literary institutions and libraries. Three hundred pages are occupied with the continental libraries of Europe; and with these Mr. Edwards closes the first of the two great divisions of his work. Part the second treats at similar fullness of what Mr. Edwards calls the "Economy of Libraries." We almost regret that this division was not made to constitute a separate work, since its contents are, for the most part, of an exclusively technical and professional character, whereas nearly the whole of the first division is matter for the "general reader" of the higher and more studious class. "Rudiments of book-collecting, with especial reference to public libraries;" the history of "copy-right taxes" in every country; the extent to which gifts and bequests, "public historiography and public printing," international exchanges, and other sources, may be relied on, as partial means of supply, by the public librarian; the rules by which purchases should be made; "the causes of fluctuations in prices;" the architectural arrangements proper in buildings intended for libraries; the architectural description of all the principal libraries of Europe; "fittings and furniture;" "classification and catalogues;" "difficulties, rules, and details;" "internal administration and public service;" "routine duties and finance;" "regulations of reading-rooms," and the like, are clearly not subjects calculated to amuse or edify any but persons immediately concerned in the creation or administration of great libraries. Accordingly, in the following pages, we shall concern ourselves almost exclusively with the contents of the first division of Mr. Edwards' work.

The "Library of Osymandyas," mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, was the first collection of written documents, of whose existence we have any authoritative vouchers. The name and the locality is almost all we know of the "Sacred Library" of the "Memnonium." Some of the "libraries of the ancients" have descended to us in the much more palpable form of the cart-loads of inscribed bricks, which at

present enrich some of the public museums of Europe. Most of our readers must have seen specimens of these primitive books. "The inscriptions," writes Mr. Layard, "on the Babylonian bricks, are generally inclosed in a small square, and are formed with considerable care and nicety. They appear to have been impressed with a stamp. . . . This art, *so nearly approaching to the modern invention of printing*, is proved to have been known at a very remote epoch to the Egyptians and Chinese. . . . No kind of letter can be better adapted to resist the ordinary process of decay than the Assyrian, when well sculptured. Simple horizontal or perpendicular lines, deeply incised, will defy for ages the effects of decay." M. Jules Oppert, the French Government commissioner for examining and reporting on the Layard antiquities in the British Museum, came to the conclusion, that a large proportion of them constituted a "public library in clay." He reads one very remarkable inscription thus: "Palace of Sardanapalus, King of the world, King of Assyria, to whom the God Nebo and the Goddess Ourmit have given ears to hear and eyes to see what is the foundation of government. They have revealed to the kings, my predecessors, this cuneiform writing. The manifestation of the God Nebo, of the god of supreme intellect, I have written it upon tablets, I have signed it, I have put it in order, I have placed it in the midst of my palace, for the instruction of my subjects." Aulus Gellius affirms, that Pisistratus founded a public library at Athens; and other personages are mentioned by the same writer, as having been great collectors of books. "According to Strabo, Aristotle was the first known collector of a library." It seems probable, that a portion of this collection found its way into the famous Alexandrian library, founded by Ptolemy Soter, that library itself being said, by some writers, to have owed its existence to Aristotle's suggestion. Additions were made by the succeeding Ptolemies to this library, until it reached a number of volumes, on rolls, variously estimated, by different authors, at from one hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand. It is suggested that this discrepancy is to be accounted for by supposing, that "whilst the smaller numbers refer to one library only, the larger refer to more libraries than one." M. Silvestre

de Sacy maintains that there were four separate libraries at Alexandria, namely, the library of the *Brucheion*, collected by the early Ptolemies; that of the *Serapeum*; that of the *Sebasteum*, or Temple of Augustus; and the much later one of the *School of Alexandria*. Zenodotus the Ephesian, Callimachus the poet, Eratosthenes of Cyrene, and Apollonius Rhodius, were among the successive librarians of the first great Alexandrian library, between the years B.C. 280 and B.C. 183. The Library of Pergamus, founded probably by Attalus I., gradually became a formidable rival to the library of the Ptolemies, though the latter did all in their power, by the prohibition of the exportation of papyrus, and other means, to check its progress. The Pergamean collection "survived its rival, but only to supply its rival's place at Alexandria, being sent thither by Antony, as a trophy of successful war, and as a gift to Cleopatra. At the time of this donation, or spoliation, it is said by Plutarch to have contained two hundred thousand volumes." The library of Lucullus seems to have been the first collection of a public character at Rome. Plutarch speaks of it as remarkable for extent and fine condition, and says that it was open to all. Other Roman libraries of a public nature are mentioned by Plutarch, Aulus Gellius, and others; but we have few details concerning them. Besides these, there were several private libraries of considerable extent in Rome. "The collection of Tyrannion amounted, according to a passage in Suidas, to thirty thousand volumes. With that, the most famous of all, which was the delight and pride of Cicero, every reader of his letters has an almost personal familiarity, extending even to the names and services of those who were employed in binding and placing the books." Constantine founded a library at Constantinople, but does not seem to have collected more than about seven thousand volumes. This library gradually grew, under his successors, until it reached an extent, variously estimated at from one hundred thousand to six hundred thousand volumes.* The library of the Ptolemies was totally destroyed in the conflagration

* Mr. Edwards does not seem to be aware that the numbers attributed to ancient libraries have been accounted for on the supposition that they applied to the *libri*, not the *works*, or *rolls*; in which case the *Iliad* would count for twenty-four, the *Æneid* for twelve, and so on.

caused by Julius Cæsar in Alexandria. The library of the Serapeum is said to have been destroyed at the instigation of Theophilus, archbishop of Alexandria, the worthy predecessor (if this statement be true) of the Caliph Omar. The great Alexandrian library, which was destroyed by this fanatic, on the famous plea, that "if these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed," was probably a library of comparatively modern formation. This, however is an obscure subject, the vastness of the extent of the collections, which fueled the baths of Alexandria for months, being all that is certainly known about it. In the middle of the last century, the excavations at Herculaneum gave promise of laying open to the world a vast treasure of ancient literature. A roll of papyrus was dug up from a depth of a hundred and twenty English feet; and shortly afterwards some two hundred and fifty additional rolls were discovered. "The books appear to have been arranged in highly decorated presses." The next "find" consisted of three hundred and thirty-seven Greek and eighteen Latin volumes. Camillo Paderni, who made this discovery, thus writes of it: "As yet we have only entered one room. It appears to have been a library, adorned with presses, inlaid with different sorts of woods, disposed in rows, at the top of which were cornices, as in our own times." Immediately after these events, Mr. Locke, and other members of the Royal Society, repeatedly brought the subject before its notice. The rolls were in a condition which rendered the effective recovery of their contents almost hopeless. They are described as being "like roots of wood, all black, and seeming to be only of one piece." One Antonio Piaggi invented a machine, by which the papyrus was unfolded; but the process seems to have been too wearisome and costly to allow of its being extensively proceeded with. A whole year was consumed in the labor of unfolding half of a single roll, containing "a small philosophic tract, in Plutarch's manner, on music." In the early part of the present century, the English government took great interest in this matter; but the missions of Mr. Hayter, Dr. Sickler, and Sir Humphry Davy, produced no results of importance. Sickler

utterly destroyed many MSS. in his attempts to unfold them. Davy reported that these rolls "had not, as is usually supposed, been carbonized by the operation of fire, . . . but were in a state analogous to peat, or Bovey coal, the leaves being generally cemented into one mass by a peculiar substance, which had been formed during the fermentation and chemical change of the vegetable matter." The great chemist succeeded in unrolling the papyri with much more facility than Piaggi had done; but the rolls operated upon, when not wholly illegible, failed to afford any very complete or important results. The publication of the contents of the disinterred papyri has taken place chiefly through the royal press of Naples. During the past sixty years, eight folio volumes, "*Herculaneum voluminum quæ supersunt*," have been issued.

Such is the summary of the somewhat meager information which has descended to us concerning libraries properly ancient. On entering upon the new period, and perusing Mr. Edwards' very full account of "The Libraries of the Middle Ages," we are most struck with what does not seem to have struck Mr. Edwards at all, as he calls no attention to the fact, namely, the absence, up to the time of the invention of printing, of any collection of an extent worthy to be compared for an instant with that of the ancient collections above noticed. Almost all the libraries of any consequence, during the period of the middle ages, were the creations of the monasteries. The class of "palatial" libraries (as Mr. Edwards calls them) during that period, was altogether insignificant, as compared with the monastic; but the libraries, even of the latter order, scarcely ever attained the proportions of the "book-room," which is now to be found in almost every British country-house.

Literature owes more to the Order of St. Benedict than to any other monastic denomination. Monte Cassino was the center from which this great Order sent forth its branches.

"The Sinai of the Middle Ages," as Monte Cassino has been termed, "is yet as worthy of the traveler's attention as it was when Tasso made it the object of a pilgrimage. . . . Here we behold the cradle of a long line of monks who were for many generations the missionaries and the organizers of our European culture. From this citadel-like convent amidst

the wild Apennines, sprung the celebrated English monasteries of Jarrow, Wearmouth, Bury St. Edmunds, Croyland, Glastonbury, Whitby, Reading, St. Albans, Tewkesbury, besides almost all those great monastic institutions which were the foundation of our present cathedrals. . . . Nearly all possessed libraries more or less famous in their day."

Some of the monastic libraries still in existence, have an antiquity of a thousand years—that of St. Gall being an eminent example. The Annals of Fleury mention a tax imposed on all the priories and dependences of the Abbey of that name, for the furnishing of its library. "Much earlier than this [that is, the fourteenth century] there are instances of a library-tax levied on all the members of an individual monastery. . . . In many houses each novice regularly contributed writing materials at the outset, and books at the close of his novitiate." The library of the Benedictine Monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury, was probably one of the largest of the English monastic collections. Mr. Edwards prints, from the Cottonian MSS., the original catalogue of this library, representing its condition at the close of the thirteenth or commencement of the fourteenth century. It contains the names of somewhat under five thousand works, which are brought together in about seven hundred volumes. The ancient classics formed a considerable proportion of most of the monastic collections. "In the eleventh century," says Mr. Edwards, "the monks of Monte Cassino became famous for the industry with which they transcribed, not only the theological and ecclesiastical MSS. they had amassed, but also Homer, Virgil, Horace, Terence; the *Idyls* of Theocritus; the *Fusti* of Ovid, and not a few of the historians of Greece and Rome. The copies thus made were widely disseminated." Mr. Edwards' chapter on the *economy* of the monastic libraries, contains much valuable and curious information. We have space for only here and there a hint. "In many of the monastic communities, both the library (*armarium*) and its great feeder, the writing-room (*Scriptorium*) were under the immediate charge of the 'Precentor and Armarius.' The very usual conjunction in one person of these officers of Leader of the Choir and Keeper of the MSS., grew naturally enough out of the fact, that at first the only books which had to be taken care of were brevi-

aries and service-books." Each volume being a MS. representing a vast amount of labor, the rules for the loan of books seem to have been strict. The Rule of St. Benedict contains express laws to regulate the annual delivery of books, and these laws were observed in almost all Benedictine Monasteries.

"The precise day on which this annual partition was to be made, depended at first on the will of the Abbot or other superior; but after the Cluniac and Cistercean reforms, it was usually fixed by statute. Howsoever fixed, it then became the duty of the *Armarius* to spread out on a carpet in the Chapter-House the books assigned for circulation during the coming year. After mass, the monks were assembled; the appropriate sections of the Rule and Constitution were read; and the *Armarius* then proceeded to call over the names of the monks, each of whom had to answer his name, and to return the book he had borrowed a year before. In certain communities it was the practice for the Abbot to put some question on the contents of the book so returned, with a view to ascertaining that it had been read carefully. If the answer was satisfactory, the borrower was then asked what other book he desired to have; if unsatisfactory, the book was delivered with an intimation that on the next occasion a better result would be expected. The *Armarius* (or his assistant) kept a *brevis librorum* or register, an example of which may be seen in Herrgott's *Vetus disciplina monastica*. In the Carthusian houses the issue of two books at a time seems to have been permitted."

The contrast of the "Rules" of these, the only medieval "circulating libraries," with the regulations of Mudie's and Rolandi's, is amusing; but, perhaps, the sum of information gained by the monk from his one, well-studied, annual tome, and that acquired by the "general reader" from his one or two hundred hastily read volumes, might not be so dissimilar in amount after all! That notion of examination was an excellent one; but how impossible to revive! Even in the "good time coming," we can not conceive of a Charles Edward Mudie, Esq., refusing to hand us Mill's Logic until we had "passed" in *Sartor Resartus*, which we had out the week before!

When all books were MSS., transcription was of course frequently the object with which a volume was borrowed, and another usual part of the "Economy of Medieval Libraries" was the custom of stipulating that a copy of the borrowed MS. should be returned with it as payment for the loan. "The early monastic

writers," says Mr. Edwards, "had a deep sense of the responsibility which attended the transcribers' path, and took pains to impress it on those who should follow them." Such cautions as the following, from a MS. of Ælfric's Homilies, were often inserted in the chief books of the Scriptorium: "I adjure you who shall transcribe this book, by our Lord Jesus Christ, and by his glorious coming, who will come to judge the quick and the dead, that you compare what you transcribe, and diligently correct it by the copy from which you transcribe it, *with this adjuration also*, and insert it in your copy."

The Royal Library of Munich contains a large collection of the original catalogues of conventual collections. Most of them are mere inventories, the variety and extent of these libraries being far from necessitating the famous "ninety-one rules" of cataloguing which the authorities of the British Museum found it necessary to fix, before commencing their catalogue.

The literary reputation of Henry VIII. deserves to suffer more than it has done for the little care that was taken by him, on the dissolution of the monasteries, to preserve their invaluable MSS. from dispersion and destruction. John Bale, afterwards Bishop of Ossory, writing to King Edward VI., in 1549, says: "But this is highly to be lamented of all them that have a natural love to their country, either yet to learned antiquity, which is a most singular beauty to the same, that in turning over of the superstitious monasteries so little respect was had to their libraries, for the safe-guard of those noble and precious monuments. . . . A great number of them which purchased those superstitious mansions, reserved of those library-books, some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots; some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers, and some they sent over the sea to the book-binders, not in small numbers, but at times whole ships full, *to the wondering of the foreign nations*. . . . I know a merchant-man that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price. This stuff hath he occupied in the stead of gray paper by the space of more than these ten years, and yet hath he store for as many years to come." Fuller joins in this lamentation with bitter and indignant sarcasm: "As brokers in Long

Lane, when they buy an old suit, buy the linings together with the outside, so it was conceived meet, that such as purchased the buildings of monasteries should, in the same grant, have the libraries, the stuffing thereof, conveyed unto them. And now these ignorant owners, so long as they might keep a ledger-book or terrier by direction thereof to find such straggling acres as belonged unto them, they cared not to preserve any other monuments. The covers of books, with curious brass bosses and clasps, intended to protect, proved to betray them. . . . What heart can be so frozen, as not to melt into anger thereat? . . . What monuments of mathematics all massacred together; seeing every book with a cross was condemned for Popish; with circles for conjuring! Yea, I may say that then holy divinity was profaned, physic hurt, and a trespass, yea, a riot, committed on law itself. And, more particularly, the history of former times then and there received a dangerous wound, whereof it halts at this day, and, without hope of a perfect cure, must go a cripple to the grave."

John Leland was made "King's Antiquary" two years before the first of the two dissolutions; but "there is no satisfactory evidence," Mr. Edwards tells us, "that it (Leland's commission) had for its direct object the preservation of the monastic archives." His visitations to the localities of the monasteries appear to have been made some years after their suppression; that is to say, when the irretrievable harm had been done. The incredible barbarism which inspired the councils of the time, and which was upon an exact level with that of the Caliph Omar, may be further exemplified by the fact that, in 1550, a King's Letter authorized certain commissioners "to cull out all superstitious books, as missals, legends, and such like, and to deliver the garniture of the books, being either gold or silver, to Sir Anthony Aucher." The library of the king (Edward VI.) was not excepted. The university libraries were similarly "purged;" and, if we still possess the Romance of the Sancgraal and the *Summa* of Aquinas, it was no more the fault of some of the reformers of those days, than it was the fault of Omar that Sophocles and Horace have come down us.

Mr. Edwards devotes a chapter to the Private Libraries of the middle ages; but

we find nothing in it requiring record here, beyond the fact of the extreme rarity and insignificance of such collections. Until towards the close of that period, no private library of which there is any record seems to have rivaled any of the principal monastic collections; but the fifteenth century witnessed the formation of the three really magnificent libraries of Lorenzo de Medici, Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary, and Frederick, Duke of Urbino. In these the zeal of the Ptolemies once more seemed to be revived. Lorenzo's book collectors, according to a cotemporary witness, were "sent to every part of the earth, for the purpose of collecting books on every science." Lorenzo was "as liberal in affording access to his treasures as in acquiring them. Both Corvinus and Frederick of Urbino were permitted to keep transcribers fully employed in the library of Lorenzo. The former is said by Matthias Belius, the historian of Hungary, to have maintained there and elsewhere thirty copyists." At the death of Corvinus, in 1490, his almost exclusively MS. library amounted to nearly fifty thousand volumes—a number scarcely exceeded by the MS. departments of the greatest national libraries of the present day. This famous collection was pillaged by the Turks, thirty-seven years after the death of Corvinus; the gems and precious metals were torn from the bindings, and the library was set on fire. Many volumes escaped, to figure among the chief "show-books" of the national libraries of Europe. The curious will find, in Mr. Edwards' work, a table of all the existing MSS. of the Corvinian collection, with the names of the libraries in which they are now to be found. Of the library of the Duke of Urbino we have a full cotemporary account, from the pen of its first librarian. The Duke may be said rather to have created than collected this library. His thirty-four transcribers were kept perpetually occupied in the production of the most splendid copies of almost all extant literature, and, for "condition," the collection must have been the finest ever made. "The Duke," writes Vespasiano, his librarian, "made it a rule that every book should be bound in crimson, ornamented with silver. . . . It is thus a truly rich display to see all these books so adorned—all being manuscripts, on vellum, with illuminations, and each a complete copy—perfections not found in

any other library." A large portion of the Urbino library is now in the Vatican, where books are about as accessible as if they were at the bottom of the sea.

Thus far the history of libraries, it should be remembered, has been the history of collections of manuscripts. When we reflect that a thousand volumes of MSS. would probably represent, in labor and money-value, at least twenty thousand volumes of print, our respect for the libraries of our ancestors must be considerable. We now come to speak of some of those vast collections of volumes which have been the result of the invention of Guttenberg.

First among the libraries of the world stands that of the British Museum; for although it is surpassed in actual bulk, by probably about one fourth, by the Imperial Library of France, its inferiority in this respect is a positive advantage; for it arises from the circumstance of its formation having been mainly systematic instead of mainly fortuitous. Hence it contains comparatively few unnecessary duplicates, and the whole circle of literature is represented in a proportionate manner, which could never have been the case with any library, however vast, originating as the chaotic accumulations of the great Parisian library have done. We do not think that Mr. Edwards, in speaking of our national collection, lays sufficient stress upon this preëminence—indeed, he has scarcely recognized it, although it is an unquestionable and most creditable fact.

The Library of the British Museum, which was made public, for the first time, exactly a hundred years ago, was formed, in the beginning, by the amalgamation of four different collections of MSS. and printed books, namely, the Royal, the Cottonian, the Harleian, and the Sloanian. Other collections, scarcely inferior to these, were subsequently incorporated; but these constituted the foundation. In the time of Henry VIII. the "Royal Library" appears to have contained some three or four hundred volumes, many of them having been collected by Henry VII., who, according to Lord Bacon, "read most books that were of any worth in the French tongue." Edward VI., with the assistance of Sir John Cheke and of Roger Ascham—the first King's Librarian—made considerable additions. Un-

der Elizabeth and Mary small progress was made. In the reign of James I. the royal collection was increased by the addition of the important library of John, Lord Lumley. Selden speaks of the books and MSS. which, in his time, constituted the royal collection, saying: "There are not the like of them, except only in the Vatican, in any other library in Christendom." Richard Bentley was appointed keeper in 1694, and immediately distinguished himself, like his successor, Mr. Panizzi, by the energy with which he claimed the copy-right privilege. During Bentley's keepership, there was issued a remarkable paper, probably written by him, called *A Proposal for Building a Royal Library, and Establishing it by Act of Parliament*. From this paper we gather that the library "was in the time of James I. in a flourishing condition, well stored with all sorts of good books. . . . But in the succeeding reigns it had gradually gone to decay. . . . There has been no supply of books from abroad for the space of sixty years past, nor any allowance for binding." The writer proceeds to make various suggestions for the formation of a *public* library of two hundred thousand volumes. When, however, "the royal library was incorporated with the other collections of the British Museum, by letters patent of George II., in the year 1759," this collection appears to have consisted of only about twelve thousand volumes, including eighteen hundred of MSS. The Cottonian Library was commenced by Sir Robert Bruce Cotton about the year 1588. His son, Sir Thomas Cotton, and his grandson, Sir John Cotton, continued its formation with diligence; and it was made public, by act of parliament, in 1700, under the name of the Cottonian Library. It was moved from place to place several times, and suffered greatly from the fire at Ashburnham House, where it was located in company with the royal collection. Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, commenced the formation of his great collection about 1705, and, at his death, it contained six thousand volumes of *manuscript*, besides fourteen thousand charters, and five hundred rolls. Under the second earl, the collection reached eight thousand volumes of MSS., and about fifty thousand volumes of printed books. The country bought the MSS. of the Duchess of Portland for ten thousand pounds, but the magnificent

collection of printed books was suffered to be dispersed. Finally, Sir Hans Sloane directed by his will that his museum and library should be offered to the country for twenty thousand pounds, a sum greatly below its value; and in 1753, an act was passed, authorizing the said purchase, together with that of the Harleian MSS., and for "providing one general repository for the better reception and more convenient use of the said collections, and of the Cottonian Library." Montagu House was accordingly purchased by the government, and the "British Museum" became a fact.

As the National Library had thus been, in the first instance, formed from the agglomeration of private collections, so, for a long series of years, its increase depended chiefly on the same source. Thomas Hollis, Da Costa, and George III., were the first on the long list of benefactors to the museum library. The gift by the king of the *Thomason Tracts*, was a very important one. The collection consists of somewhat under thirty-five thousand pieces illustrating the revolutionary epoch, 1640-1680. It had been formed by George Thomason, the Royalist bookseller, of the "Rose and Crown," in St. Paul's Churchyard, with a degree of zeal and perseverance, under circumstances of some danger from the Puritan censorship, which would have been rewarded could he have foreseen the ultimate destination of his treasure. Among other matter obnoxious to the party in power, was a large collection of MS tracts on the king's side, which no one dared to publish. "At one time, when the Parliament forces were approaching from the north, the books were hastily packed up in trunks and sent into Surrey; and when the army was in the west, in apprehension of its return that way, they were as hastily sent back again. The poor collector, not daring to keep them under his own roof, forwarded them to a friend in Essex; but, on hearing of the famous march to Triploe Heath, was again induced to order their return. He then formed the plan of sending them to Scotland; but, thinking 'what a precious treasure it was, durst not venture them at sea, and so had tables made with false tops, in which he hid them in his own warehouse, continuing his collection the while without intermission.' " On another occasion they were sent for security to Oxford, "and a

colorable transfer of them to the university was effected, under the impression that they would be more safely guarded than they would be in the hands of a private individual. This precaution against one danger proved to be the means of saving them from another, in the form of the book-destroying fire of London." The collection was ultimately purchased for a very small sum by George III. Dr. Thomas Birch and Sir William Musgrave followed with bequests and donations, which, like the gift of George III., possessed the great advantage of being more or less *special* collections. The next benefaction was the legacy of the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode's fine library, which, to this day, occupies one of the stately halls of the Museum under the name of the "Cracherode Room." Owing to "intrinsic worth, beauty of impression, elegance of binding, rarity of occurrence, 'pleasures of memory' as respects former possessors," Mr. Cracherode's books have been valued, one with another, at more than two pounds a volume for the entire library. The next accession was still more remarkable. The library of Sir Joseph Banks, amounting to sixteen thousand volumes, on or in connection with the natural sciences, was bequeathed by him to the establishment of which he had been a trustee, and the "Banksian Room" constitutes his abiding monument. The splendid collection of old plays made by Garrick was presented by Mrs. Garrick. A great special library on Italian topography was given by Sir Richard Colt Hoare. A collection on the history and doctrines of the Jesuits, made by Hollis, with the view of lodging it in the museum, was lost to the national library, in consequence of offense taken at the sale by auction, among duplicates, of a book which he had formerly presented. He gave his fine collection, together with funds for extending it, to the public library of Zurich. It was fifty years after the act which founded the museum, that the first parliamentary grant was made to the library. The purpose of this grant was the collection called the "Lansdowne manuscripts." Five years afterwards, there was a second grant, "for the purchase of works relating to the history and topography of the British Islands." The valuable legal library of Francis Hargrave was acquired in 1813 for eight thousand pounds. In 1818 Dr. Burney's

library was bought for thirteen thousand five hundred pounds, being about half its original cost. In this collection are to be found invaluable materials for the history of the stage and of periodical literature. Special collections of Italian literature and of French revolutionary tracts were the next purchases of importance; and 1829 forms an era in the history of the national library, for in that year it acquired from George IV. the truly magnificent collection which at present occupies the hall, three hundred feet long, known to our readers under the name of the "King's Library." The collection had been made by George III. at an outlay of about one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, and, as Mr. Edwards says: "Probably no library so extensive was ever formed with greater taste and judgment." Some of our readers may not be aware that this "gift" of George IV. to the nation was not altogether an act of spontaneous generosity. It was upon the point of being sold to increase the accumulations of the Imperial library at St. Petersburg; and it is understood that this national disgrace was only averted by the opposition and vehement expostulations of Lord Liverpool and Lord Farnborough. The condition of the King's gift is understood to have been, "that the value of the rubles the books were to have fetched should be somehow or other made good to him by ministers in pounds sterling." The next accession of importance was the collection of MSS. known as the "Arundel MSS.," which was purchased in 1831 from the Royal Society. About this time, the occasional parliamentary grants for the extension of the library became far more munificent than they had hitherto been. Nearly seventeen thousand pounds were voted between 1833 and 1837, and the purchases included several special collections of more or less significance. In 1835, a select committee was appointed "to inquire into the condition, management, and affairs of the British Museum;" and vastly beneficial results were secured, on the representation of Mr. Panizzi and others, concerning the deficiencies of the printed-book department. During the years 1837-1845, the average annual grant for the extension of the library was £3443. Nearly 40,000 separate works were purchased during this period. Nor did the stream of donations cease. The Lords of the Admiralty presented a libra-

ry of no fewer than 12,000 Chinese volumes, of which, we may mention, by the way, the odd fact that *rhyming dictionaries* constitute a considerable element. In 1843, Mr. Panizzi, with the aid of Mr. Winter Jones and Mr. Thomas Watts, drew up a most elaborate survey of the contents of the library: and it has been mainly owing to a series of purchases, in accordance with the indications of this paper, that the museum library owes its present preëminence, as representing fully and equably the entire range of extant literature. A parliamentary grant of £10,000 a year, for the purchase of printed books, was agreed to; but so great an influx of volumes as this produced required more room than the building afforded, and, after a few years, the annual demand of the trustees for this object was reduced to less than half that sum. In 1846, the museum acquired, by bequest, the library of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, a collection only second, in general importance, to the "King's," and in some respects, more especially in the condition of the books, its superior. This library contains more than 20,000 volumes, which cost Mr. Grenville, on an average, the very high sum of nearly three pounds each; yet, so select is the collection, that their present market value is supposed to be nearly *double* that amount. Space for space, this collection constitutes by far the most splendid portion of the Museum library. During the twelve years which have elapsed since this bequest, the library has been growing at the regular and prodigious rate of nearly 20,000 volumes a year. The crowning glory of the national library was the addition of the new reading-room and adjacent libraries, which were opened in May, 1857. These buildings are a triple triumph of splendor, convenience and economy. There is probably no apartment in any secular edifice in the world which is so imposing in its effect on the eye, as the new Reading-room, with its vast dome of blue and gold, its double range of gilded gallery, its three tiers of books, all bound with an express view to their *architectural* effect; and its vast system of circular and radiating tables, which afford luxurious accommodation and ample elbow-room for above three hundred readers at a time. In the center of this apartment are now located the thousand folio volumes which constitute the first moiety of the learned

and world-famous catalogue, on which the whole strength of a large staff of librarians has been expended during a period of some five-and-twenty years. The numerical magnitudes which represent the details of this work are scarcely less than *astronomical*. The entries, each of which is a piece of finished bibliography, when the work is completed, will be reckoned by millions; the laws on which they are compiled are, written and unwritten, hundreds in number; and the result is a catalogue which is simpler for consultation than the commonest bookseller's "list."

We have no space to follow Mr. Edwards in his account of the Bodleian, and the other university and public libraries of Great Britain. He gives a full history and description of every collection of any significance; indeed, in some cases, it seems to us, his accounts are quite unnecessarily and disproportionately ample. For example, he devotes an entire chapter, of fifty-five pages, to the library founded by Humphrey Chetham in Manchester, a collection of about eighteen thousand volumes, not eminent for any extraordinary rarity; whereas only forty pages are given to the Bodleian, which, both for magnitude and value, constitutes one of the first collections in Europe.

Mr. Ewart's "Libraries Act," which received the royal assent July 30, 1855, and which, in justice to the real first-mover in the matter, should be called *Edwards' Libraries Act*, was a notable epoch in the history of English libraries. This act applies to all municipal boroughs, districts, parishes, or combination of parishes, including populations of more than five thousand persons; and permits the levying of a library or museum rate, not exceeding one penny in the pound, on the rateable value of the property assessed in such places, by a vote of a public meeting of the persons assessed — the consent of at least *two thirds* of the persons present being necessary to constitute an affirmative decision. Manchester took the lead in the establishment of town libraries; Liverpool and Norwich followed. The question was then put to the vote in Exeter, and rejected by a majority of *seven to one*, the affirmative votes in Norwich being in the proportion of *twenty-one to one*. How are we to account for this extraordinary difference of opinion on such a matter? Can it be that the good people of Exeter are one hundred and

forty-seven times stupider than those of Norwich — as this test would lead us to infer? If this is a safe conclusion, it is at least satisfactory to learn that no other town in which the vote has been taken indicates any thing like the Exeter level of illiterateness, the affirmative votes having been usually in the proportion of at least ten to one. The Libraries' Act, up to the beginning of the present year, appears to have been adopted in seventeen towns. The city library of Manchester already numbers nearly forty thousand volumes. The Borough Library of Salford, opened in 1850, now possesses twenty thousand five hundred and three volumes. The Liverpool Library, opened in 1852, contains more than forty thousand volumes.

"To sum up, in few words, the first results, apparent at a glance, whilst these libraries are still in the cradle: In the nine or ten towns in which the Act has been not only adopted, but already fairly set to work, 150,000 volumes of books have been permanently secured for public use; with ample funds for their preservation, increase, and well-ordering, and also for the replacement, from time to time, of such as become worn out. These books have been made thoroughly accessible, under proper regulations, to every respectable inhabitant of the towns to which they belong; are actually used to so large an extent that, on an average, each volume of the 150,000 is either delivered to readers or lent to borrowers, as the case may be, ten times within each year. The management of these libraries has been made wholly independent of sect, party, or clique, in religion or politics."

This is certainly a highly promising commencement. It has been elsewhere suggested that these libraries should take for their model, in the first instance, the library of reference, consisting of about 20,000 volumes, which is open to readers in the New Reading Room of the British Museum. We imagine that the great governmental difficulty, in the provincial public libraries, must be that of selecting the right books. This difficulty would be at once removed by the general adoption of the admirable Museum model, a step which is much facilitated by the one-volume catalogue which has just been issued by Mr. Winter Jones, the present Keeper of the Printed Book Department.

We must pass over Mr. Edwards' account of the public and collegiate libraries of Scotland and Ireland, and of the minor public libraries of London, with the re-

mark that these last seem to be singularly few and insignificant in comparison with the secondary libraries of other metropolitan cities, especially Paris. Nor must we stop to consider "British private libraries which have been dispersed." If Mr. Edwards' information is any where below the demands of his subject, it is on the point of existing private libraries in England. Some of these are of vast magnitude and importance. The libraries of Sir Thomas Phillipps and Lord Ashburnham, each of which emulates the national library of the British Museum in its manuscript department, are both disposed of in the space of less than a page. Of Sir Thomas Phillipps' collection our author's principal remark is the trifling one that its "most striking peculiarity of aspect lies in the long range of boxes tier above tier, and of uniform size, each with its falling front, in which nearly all the books are lodged." Concerning Lord Ashburnham's library, Mr. Edwards merely tells us that it is even richer than Sir Thomas Phillipps', and flings a natural sarcasm at the well-known peculiarity of his Lordship in keeping his library literally "private." This peculiarity is some excuse for Mr. Edwards' taciturnity in relation to this library; but how as to that of Sir Thomas Phillipps, whom Mr. Edwards commends for his unlikeness to Lord Ashburnham?

Mr. Edwards is much more satisfactory in his descriptions of the principal libraries of the United States. The Harvard, Astor, and Smithsonian libraries have wide reputations, and require a few words from us. The library of Harvard College, at Cambridge Massachusetts, was founded in 1632. This collection owed its early importance rather to Englishmen than to Americans. Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir John Maynard, Dr. Lightfoot, Dr. Gale, Richard Baxter, and Bishop Berkeley were among its chief benefactors. But the collection created by the contributions of these and others, was wholly destroyed by fire in 1764. Munificent native subscriptions were immediately raised for the renewal of the Harvard library. A single benefactor, Christopher Gore, besides extensive donations during his lifetime, bequeathed £20,000 to this institution, which, at present, contains nearly a hundred thousand well selected volumes. The Astor Library likewise owes its birth to foreign benevolence. John Jacob

Astor was a German by nativity, but had been for a long time a Londoner by abode, when he embarked in mercantile dealings with America, which resulted in his accumulation of a great fortune. By a codicil in his will, dated August 22, 1839, he left £80,000 for the establishment of a public library in New-York. Fifteen years afterwards, the library was opened to the public, with 80,000 volumes to commence with, a fine new building to hold them, and reading-rooms, said to be capable of accommodating 500 persons. James Lewis Macie, afterwards called Smithson, a natural son, apparently, of Sir Hugh Smithson, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, ambitious to "live in the memory of men when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percies are extinct or forgotten," left a fortune of about £100,000 "to the United States of America," by a will dating October 23, 1826. This money was devoted, by an Act of Congress, to the foundation and endowment of the celebrated "Smithsonian Institution"—a sort of combination of public library, literary institution, and scientific academy. The trustees of the fund allowed the capital to remain until interest accrued to nearly the original amount. The building was completed in 1855 at a cost of £60,000; at this date £28,000 of surplus interest were added to the untouched capital, to form an endowment fund, of the value of between £6000 and £7000 a year. The library is not at present large, but the circumstances of its foundation seem to promise that it will, in course of time, become one of the leading collections of the United States.

Returning, now, to Europe, we have yet to speak of what is, numerically, the greatest library in the world, namely, the Imperial Library of France. Passing over the long period during which this library was a comparatively insignificant collection, we find that, during the superintendence of Colbert, the library grew, from fewer than seventeen thousand volumes, inclusive of MSS., to the respectable number of forty thousand printed books, and the magnificent figure of twelve thousand MSS. Colbert attended to the library with zeal and system, and, at his death, in 1683, the collection had not suffered from the spirit of indiscriminate accumulation, as it has since done. During the succeeding centuries, the collection steadily grew, by a long series of im-

portant and well-considered acquisitions; and in 1782, Le Prince, in his *Essai Historique sur la Bibliothèque du Roi*, states that the MSS. alone amounted to twenty-five thousand. The effect of the Revolution was to disturb the regular sources of supply, to increase, beyond all management and estimate, irregular accessions "from the vast stores of the suppressed monasteries, churches and other corporations which the Revolution submerged in its onward course, and from the libraries of many wealthy persons, who either perished by the guillotine or emigrated." The librarian of the Hôtel de Ville, Ameilhon, is said to have collected no fewer than eight hundred thousand volumes from the above sources. Of these a vast proportion came to the National Library, but as to this day, "many of these books are still uncatalogued, unclassified, and even unstamped," no one knows how far their selection was governed by system. Owing to this disorder, the losses which the library has suffered are understood to be enormous. Nor have things gone better with the manuscript department. In fact, according to the official report of M. Taschereau in 1854, the bulk of the collection in both kinds is in a condition appallingly chaotic, and hence it has been, in large part, practically inaccessible to students, from the period of its acquisition to the present hour. The most splendid acquisitions of the Napoleonic era had to be disgorged in 1815, and returned to the respective owners, from whom they had been purloined. Mr. Edwards says: "The best accounts agree in the assertion that the library at the outbreak of the first Revolution, contained about two hundred thousand volumes of printed books; and it is further stated, on the best possible authority—namely, that of the Minister of Public Instruction who was in office when the Revolutionary acquisitions had been definitely arranged—that the 'confiscated' books added to the library amounted to two hundred and forty thousand volumes." To this total of four hundred and twenty thousand volumes we have to add some seventy thousand or eighty thousand for MSS.

In 1836, the date of the death of the famous Librarian Van Praet, the Library was stated to contain 650,000 volumes of printed books, but as the sum annually spent in the purchase of books had been small, and as no other source of vast and

irregular accession had been in existence, it is difficult to credit this alleged increase; and, in our opinion—which does not seem, however, to be that of Mr. Edwards—all more recent statements of the extent of the library have been more or less fallacious and untrustworthy. The statements even of the highest authorities seem to have been disingenuous and purposely misleading. The report of the minister of public instruction, prefixed to a portion of the catalogue recently published, speaks of the contents of the library, as amounting to 1,500,000 volumes and *printed articles*. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has pointed out the utterly misleading character of this statement, and the sheer falsity of certain semi-official representations (founded on this report) of the contents of the library as being 1,500,000 *volumes*; and, further, that our own national library—separate “printed articles” being counted as *volumes*—would nearly, if not quite, reach the above figure. At all events, we may comfort ourselves with the knowledge that the systematic nature of our national collection, and its perfect order and accessibility, place us far above the necessity of haggling about a doubtful numerical superiority. We can not help noticing, in this place, the somewhat unpatriotic tendency, in Mr. Edwards, to over-rate the literary wealth and resources of other countries, and to under-rate those of his own. In speaking at large of the report of the French Library Commission of 1857, we think it was no less than due to his readers and to his own character as a good citizen, not to have omitted, as he has done, all notice of the repeated recommendations of that Report that, in the new arrangements of the Imperial Library of France, the Library of the British Museum should be in almost every thing copied as closely as possible—surely a very remarkable testimony from a nation so engrossed as France is, by “la gloire.” Mr. Edwards, in his next chapter, on “the minor Libraries of Paris,” makes the most of the inferiority of London in secondary libraries, and an opportunity of drawing unfavorable comparisons of this kind is seldom overlooked by him.

The library founded by Cardinal Mazarin, and called after him, is at present stated to contain 132,000 volumes and 3000 MSS.—volumes or separate MSS., Mr. Edwards does not tell us, though the difference is important. The library of

St. Genevieve, was founded about 1624 by the Cardinal de Rochefoucauld. This library now contains, inclusive of 3500 MSS., about 188,000 volumes. The library of the Arsenal is said to consist of about 200,000 printed volumes, and 6000 MSS. Besides these, there are several other public libraries of between 40,000 and 80,000 volumes in Paris. Some of the provincial libraries of France may rank with these secondary Parisian libraries for magnitude, but there is nothing in them to call for special notice here, except the incredible neglect which has in some cases reduced hundreds of thousands of volumes to tens of thousands, and which is totally unparalleled in the history of British libraries.

In collections of the second class, Italy is very rich. The famous library of the Vatican is less remarkable for the number of volumes it contains than for the value of its MSS., and the inaccessibility of its treasures. The number of printed books is variously stated at between 30,000 and 500,000! The former number is, however, understood to be much nearer the truth than the latter. The value of the MS. collection, which is believed to number about 25,000, can not be over-estimated. Its very “show-books” form a collection beyond price, including, as they do, the oldest MSS. in existence. The books are kept in closed cases, and there is no catalogue—two great causes of the mystery which surrounds the collection. The principal gallery of this library is about a thousand English feet in length—an imposing fact, until we recall the stupendous one, that the British Museum contains more than *forty miles* of bookshelves. Besides the collection of the Vatican, Rome contains no fewer than eight libraries of from 30,000 to 200,000 volumes. Italy has several other noble libraries of the second class. The Imperial Library of Vienna probably contains somewhat under 400,000 volumes, including MSS. The Royal Library of Berlin, about half a million; Munich, somewhat fewer; Copenhagen, about 400,000; Breslau, 350,000; Dresden, 300,000; the University Library at Göttingen, 360,000. The Imperial Library of St. Petersburg stands next after that of the British Museum, (the Paris Library stands first,) and contains about 580,000 volumes. Into the histories of these great collections we have no space to enter. It

may, however, be safely affirmed that, though some of them approach our national collection in magnitude, the British Museum Library far surpasses the noblest of them, in the all-important qualities of *universality, proportion, and accessibility*.

The second main division of Mr. Edwards' work, treating of the "Economy of Libraries," does not contain much that is of a nature to interest our readers, nor does it, indeed, contain so much practical information of a technical kind as we might have expected from the author's long experience as assistant in the Library of the British Museum, and, subsequently, Librarian of the Manchester Free Library. We think that the hundred and ten pages which Mr. Edwards has devoted, in the first part of this work, to the printing of the catalogue of an old monastic establishment at Canterbury, might have been infinitely more usefully occupied with a catalogue of a model modern library of reference and general information of from seven to ten thousand volumes. This, if well executed, would have been of great service to those who are or may be engaged in the formation of those town libraries, the prosperity of which, Mr. Edwards seems to have so much at heart. We know, however, few tasks which would require so much judgment, and such well-arranged stores of knowledge as this; and perhaps Mr. Edwards thought it better not to attempt an undertaking so difficult and responsible. The catalogue just published by Mr. Winter Jones, moreover, supplies the desideratum in point, and Mr. Edwards may probably have known of the approaching publication of this most important contribution to the "Economy of Libraries." We can not but think that the tabular "schemes" of universal knowledge which Mr. Edwards has given in this second part of his work, may prove very dangerous temptations to Librarians of an over methodical turn of mind. A theoretically perfect representation of knowledge in all its departments, as far as the number of volumes would admit, would be as bad a selection as could well be made for the purposes of a small public library. We know of no safe guide in this matter, but the experience of many years of what books are most asked for by the greatest number of *serious students*. It is this experience which has dictated the selection

of works contained in the catalogue compiled by Mr. Rye, and edited by Mr. Winter Jones—the assistant-keeper and keeper of the Library of the British Museum. To a certain extent, however, the town libraries which are now in process of formation, ought to pursue paths of their own. Mr. Edwards most justly urges the propriety of forming, in such libraries, "special collections on local topography." "This," he says, "should be one of the first departments to receive attention in the formation of new libraries for the public. Every thing that is procurable, whether printed or MS., that bears on the history and antiquities, the fauna and flora, the trade and politics, the worthies' and notabilities, and, generally, on the local affairs of whatever kind of the parish, town, and county in which this library may be placed, and of the adjacent district, should be carefully collected. Wherever unprinted materials of this sort are known to exist in other libraries, whether public or private, transcripts should be obtained. If the town or district have any great staple trade, every book and pamphlet relating to that trade—generally as well as locally—should be procured, as opportunity may offer. It will also be of advantage to collect the productions of local printers on whatever subject, however trivial, especially if the town or city have been the seat of an early press." Mr. Edwards omits to warn small public libraries of the kind in point, against the danger of receiving miscellaneous donations, without careful discrimination. People generally give away books of little value. To become public benefactors by the presentation of batches of books which are incumbrances to ourselves, is charming, but let librarians beware how they commit themselves, and their successors, to the keepership of bulky trash which will, some day or other, inevitably stand in the way of the extension of the collection in the right directions. Another danger to this kind of library is that the persons charged with the purchase of books may seek at the same time to purchase a little transitory popularity by making the permanent public collection more or less a substitute for the book club and circulating library. Let it be carefully borne in mind, that, although 20,000 is a large number of volumes for a library of standard literature, it is nothing for a library that ventures to in-

dulge in the general and almost wholly ephemeral literature of a period in which Great Britain, France and Germany alone issue that number of new books every year.

We conclude our notice of Mr. Edwards' work, with the repetition of our opinion that, although it contains a good deal which might have been omitted

without loss, and omits some things which ought to have had a place in it, the book will prove a serviceable one to a select but increasing class of persons. It is evidently the result of a large amount of labor and experience, and it would give us pleasure to hear that its reception had been equal to its merits.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE MARSHALS OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

THE Marshals of Napoleon the Great! What grand ideas are suggested by those few words! The wondrous events of a generation of the highest military glory rush on the memory, and one involuntarily sees, as it were, an unparalleled panorama unrolled before the mental vision—a resplendent world-picture of mighty captains, of terrific battles, of shaking thrones, of changed dynasties, of victories, of defeats, of revolutions, of the marvelous history, in fine, of Europe, from the invasion of Egypt to the field of Waterloo! Central figure of all, uprears the demigod Napoleon, and a matchless group of self-made warrior-kings and marshals proudly encircle him. Ney, Murat, Bernadotte, Soult, Massena, Berthier, Davoust, Marmont, and almost a score of others, more or less renowned—we see them all—children of Mars, baptized in fire and blood—a constellation of war-stars. What a halo, ruddy with the reflection of a thousand battle-fields, gleams around the grim warrior-heads of Napoleon and his marshals! What a Master and what Men!

Another Napoleon has arisen—one who, whether for good or for evil, bids fair to emulate the founder of his race. Already he is “the foremost man of this our world;” he has just fought on the very ground where Napoleon the Great won his earliest, his brightest, his most enduring laurels; already he has achieved victories, and created marshals of his own on the field of their glory. Is it not a fitting time to pass briefly in review the lives of

the predecessors of the living marshals of the Empire?

After the Revolution of 1789, the dignity of Marshal of France was abolished. It was restored when the Empire was established. Not more than sixteen marshals were to be chosen from among the most distinguished generals, independently of marshals who were senators; and the various honors to which they were entitled in virtue of their rank were precisely expressed by an imperial ordinance. At the same time the Emperor named a hall of the Tuileries *la Salle des Marshaux*, where the portrait of each was placed during life, and after death was removed to a gallery at the Invalides. On the twenty-ninth Floréal of the year XII. (to use the jargon of the Republic) fourteen marshals were nominated in the following order: Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Masséna, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, Bessières. By the same decree four senators who had commanded in chief were also elevated to the dignity of marshals, namely, Kellermann, Lefebvre, Pérignon, Serrurier. During the Empire seven generals only were created marshals—Victor, Oudinot, Marmont, Macdonald, Suchet, Gouvion St. Cyr, Poniatowski. One more, Grouchy, was gazetted marshal during the “Hundred Days,” but his nomination was not fairly recognized until 1831. It will thus be seen that Napoleon's marshals, in all, numbered twenty-six. The batons of the marshals of Napoleon I. and of Napoleon III. were and

are a pine or fir roller, thirty centimètres long, and four to five in diameter, covered with velvet, starred with gold, capped with gold at the ends, on which caps are inscribed, the words "*Terror belli—decus pacis.*" The arms borne by the marshals were a sword and a pair of pistols.*

How shall we commence our task? We must not, like Leynardier, sketch the marshals in alphabetical order, for divers good and sufficient reasons, principally, however, because having only a comparatively very limited space at command, it will be our best plan to award precedence to those who stand forth preëminent for deeds and fame, and to dwell at greater length on their lives and achievements than on those of their less illustrious brethren.

Place aux dames! cry our gallant allies. *Place aux Rois!* echo we on the present occasion. Kings! ay, twain. We have Bernadotte, who died quietly in his bed, a popular sovereign, at the age of fourscore; and Murat, who was shot, ex-king of Naples, in the prime of life. Bernadotte, therefore, shall open the ball.

Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte was born January twenty-sixth, 1764. He was the son of a respectable citizen of Pau. He entered the Royal Marines at the age of sixteen, and after nine years of service he was a sergeant. Then came the Revolution, and the sergeant of 1789 became the colonel of 1792, and general of brigade, and general of division in one little twelve months more. He held the latter rank in the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse in 1794, when he greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Fleurus. In 1797 he and his division went to Italy, where Napoleon commanded in chief. Even before then, Bernadotte, who beyond all doubt was a jealous and selfish man, is said to have become envious of his future Emperor, who although one of the youngest generals of the Revolution, already had surpassed them all. In Italy he speedily gave a significant proof of his ill-will towards Napoleon, but at the same time he affected extreme Republicanism, which induced the Directory at Paris to

order him and his division to leave Italy, and proceed to Marseilles, where a Royalist insurrection was threatened. He put it down in blood, and owing to his absence from Italy on this account, he did not share the marvelous campaign of that year, and this circumstance yet further embittered him against Bonaparte. The Directory itself also began to be jealous of their future Emperor; and when he left Italy, leaving the command to his friend Berthier, the Directory sent their "red, red" Republican officer, Bernadotte, to supersede him. Bernadotte set forth, but before he could assume command, Bonaparte had interest enough to change his mission. Arrived at headquarters, General Bernadotte found himself commissioned only to go out to Vienna as Ambassador Extraordinary! He at first refused to go, but at length obeyed. He managed matters very badly at the Austrian capital, owing more to ill-will and surly dislike to his appointment, than to any lack of ability to perform the duties committed to his charge. Yet on quitting it, the Directory still retained such an opinion of the man that they offered him the embassy to the Hague, which he refused.

In 1799, war being declared against Austria, Bernadotte was appointed General-in-Chief of the Army of Observation of the Rhine. He acted with energy, and displayed his patriotism by the severity of the measures he instituted against Austrian interests and French emigrants. He subsequently became Minister of War, and is admitted to have filled that very important office with eminent success. The Directory, nevertheless, took umbrage at something he did, and replaced him by General Moreau.

When the Consulate replaced the Directory, Bernadotte firmly resisted all the offers of Bonaparte, refusing to be his coadjutor, and defying and denouncing him. How much this conduct was dictated by a pure love of country, and apprehension that its liberties were menaced, and how much was owing to Bernadotte's envy and hatred of the First Consul, is a matter of controversy; but with every wish to judge charitably, we can not award any other than very dubious praise to Bernadotte's extremely bold, not to say audacious conduct, on this "Brumaire" crisis, bearing in mind as we are bound to do, his former and subsequent open

* Our main authority for the facts embodied in this article is the admirable *Histoire des Marechaux de l'Empire*, by Camille Leynardier; but we have also freely availed ourselves of the historical facts contained in various other works, French and English.

hatred of Bonaparte and his treason to France. The First Consul was too powerful to fear the denunciations of his enemy, whom he magnanimously forgave, and made a Councilor of State and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the West. Still Bernadotte sullenly scorned these friendly advances, and rested as before and as ever, the enemy of "Napoleone Buonaparte"—to write his name for once in its genuine native Italian.

About this period, Bernadotte, and several other general officers, were suspected of plotting a Royalist "reaction," and, whether innocent or guilty, he had the boldness to ask for the command of the expedition to Saint Domingo. Bonaparte sternly refused the request, and bestowed the command on the unfortunate General Leclercq.

Notwithstanding all the past ominous signs and tokens of Bernadotte's inappeasable hatred and jealousy, Bonaparte, on ascending the Imperial Throne in 1804, created his enemy a Marshal of the Empire, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. Subsequently he nominated him to the command of the army of Hanover, and Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor. Bernadotte accepted these honors, although he had previously opposed the creation of the legion.

In 1805, Bernadotte and his army were recalled to serve against Austria, and the campaign earned him the title of Prince of Ponte-Corvo. In 1806, he fought at Austerlitz, and afterwards defeated the Prussians at Schleitz and at Saafeld. Other victories ensued, and he, in conjunction with Soult and Murat, after a bloody battle, utterly defeated the Prussians under Blucher and the Prince of Brunswick, near the walls of Lubeck. He then entered Poland, and fought during the campaign of 1807. Next year, being in command of a mixed corps of French, Spanish, and Dutch troops, he passed from Hamburg into Swedish and Danish territories, and conciliated the inhabitants by kind and judicious government. In 1809 he again fought against the Austrians, at Wagram; but although the Saxon troops he commanded behaved badly, he issued a proclamation to them, lauding their courage in the highest degree. This angered the Emperor Napoleon, who sent Bernadotte back to France.

The great epoch in Bernadotte's life was now at hand. In the spring of 1810,

the heir to the throne of Sweden died, and the succession was vacant. The Swedes applied to the "king-maker," Napoleon, to give them a sovereign. He told them to choose one of his great captains. Bernadotte being known to them personally, and very favorably by his conduct in 1808, and he also being related to the imperial family (his wife, Eugénie Clary, was sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte, then king of Spain,) was naturally enough selected. A deputation went from Stockholm to Paris to announce to Bernadotte the election of himself. He at once accepted the offer, subject to the Emperor's assent, which was duly accorded. Napoleon, however, seems instinctively to have feared that evil to himself and to France would result. "It appeared to me," said he, in latter times, "that Bernadotte, would become a serpent nourished in our bosom. With this idea I said to him: 'I hope that you will never forget that you are a Frenchman, and that you owe the crown of Sweden to the glory of the French armies you have commanded.' He replied: 'I shall ever glory in being a born Frenchman, and never forget it, Sire, in becoming subject to a foreign monarch.'"

The Emperor gave the embryo "serpent" a million francs for an outfit, and Bernadotte triumphantly entered Stockholm, where he renounced the Catholic faith, and avowed himself a good Lutheran, assuming the title of Charles John, Crown Prince of Sweden.

In 1812, a treaty between Sweden and Russia was signed, by which Bernadotte engaged to war against his old master. In 1813, he is said to have planned the campaign, with Leipzig for a "rendezvous," and history has recorded the great part he played therein. Our French author distinctly affirms, that Bernadotte, at this period, nourished the idea of supplanting Napoleon on the throne of France; but we can not well conceive how even his ambitious brain could seriously give birth to such an idea. When the utter downfall of Napoleon was assured, Bernadotte, according to M. Leynardier, intrigued with agents of the Emperor, offering to betray the allies, and once more fight for France—a very apocryphal story. Certain it is that Bernadotte entered Paris with the allied sovereigns, and the reception he met with from his countrymen, was so little flatter-

ing, that he quitted the city as speedily as possible.

Charles XIII., King of Sweden, died early in 1818, and the Crown Prince, Bernadotte, was proclaimed King of Sweden and Norway by the title of Charles John XIV. As King of Sweden, he proved eminently popular, as we can personally testify; and yet we have been assured by Swedes, that he could not, or would not, learn to speak the language of his subjects. He died, March eighth, 1844, at the ripe age of fourscore. He was succeeded by his son, Oscar, a remarkably fine-looking man, of a very amiable disposition; and he now is dead, after a long affliction. He married the eldest daughter of Eugène Beauharnais, and had a fine family, who, with himself, have hitherto been almost idolized in both Sweden and Norway.*

Frenchmen execrate the memory of Bernadotte—and not without reason. France has confirmed the indignant denunciations and predictions of the Great Napoleon, who, when in exile, according to Las Cases, repeated that Bernadotte was a “serpent nourished in his bosom.” “Vainement,” (to quote his own burning language,) “dira-t-il pour excuse qu'en acceptant le trône de Suède il n'a plus dû être que Suédois: excuse banale, bonne tout au plus pour la multitude et le vulgaire des ambitieux. *Pour prendre femme, on ne renonce pas à sa mère, encore moins est-on tenu à lui percer le sein et à lui déchirer les entrailles.* On dit qu'il s'en est repenti plus tard, quand il n'était plus temps et que le mal était accompli. . . . C'est là une de ces fautes qu'il paiera chèrement: *il sera flétri par la postérité.*”

Our next marshal is the chivalrous Murat; the veritable beau idéal of a modern soldier, imbued with the most fiery valor; one who would head a forlorn hope, or gallop up to the mouth of grape-charged cannon, as gayly as he would walk to a banquet, or lead a fair lady to a ball-room. His Emperor summed up his character in a very few words. “Murat,” said Napoleon, “je dirai toujours à ta louange, que tu fus le meilleur officier de

cavalerie de mes armées: tu étais un héros devant l'ennemi, une femmelette dans ton cabinet !”

Joachim Murat was born at La Bastide, Frontonnière, (Department of Lot,) March twenty-fifth, 1768. His father was an innkeeper. He was destined for the priesthood; but his military predilections speedily induced him to enter the army. In 1791, he joined a cavalry regiment, and soon became a sous-lieutenant. He so distinguished himself that he rapidly rose, and in 1796 he joined the army of Italy, with the rank of general of brigade. Napoleon, on that occasion, made him one of his aides-de-camp. Throughout the wondrous campaign that ensued, Murat preëminently distinguished himself. He followed his future Emperor to Egypt, and at the battle of the Pyramids, where he was seriously wounded, he won his grade of general of division. So valiantly did he subsequently fight in the Syrian war, that Bonaparte officially declared that Murat's cavalry had performed an impossibility. Returning with Napoleon to France, he zealously aided the projects of his ambitious friend, who rewarded him with the hand of his sister, Caroline Bonaparte. He commanded the whole of the cavalry at Marengo in 1800, and in 1801 he forced the Neapolitans to evacuate the States of the Church.

When the Empire was established, Murat received his Marshal's baton, and early in 1805 was made a Prince and Grand-Admiral of France, and Grand-Eagle of the Legion of Honor. His next dignity was that of Grand Duke of Cleves and of Berg. He fought with astonishing valor at most of the great battles of this period, and in 1808 became General-in-Chief of the Army of Spain; but when Joseph Bonaparte was placed on the throne of that country, Murat (first August, 1808) was proclaimed King of Naples and the Two Sicilies, by the title of Joachim Napoleon. Thus, in the space of seventeen years, the innkeeper's son rose from the grade of an obscure soldier to be a European sovereign, and brother-in-law of the mightiest Emperor the world ever knew. His subjects welcomed him with enthusiasm; and with the approval of his imperial master (for in effect, the Great Napoleon's kings continued *his* subjects) he commenced a series of reforms and improvements, but after a while

* The kings of Sweden adopt a motto for their coins. Bernadotte's was, “*Folkets Kärlek min Belöning*”—“People's love is my reward.” Oscar's was, “*Rätt och Sanning*”—“Right and Truth.”

he introduced measures which Napoleon strongly condemned.

Murat commanded all the cavalry of the enormous army assembled for the invasion of Russia in 1812, and throughout the horrible campaign signalized himself by acts of almost incredible daring and sublime valor. When the wreck of the army escaped the pursuit of their pitiless foes, Murat suddenly threw up his command and returned with all speed to Naples. This act has been severely censured. "With the army," it was said, "Murat was not a king, but only a captain; he was a French citizen and not a Neapolitan." This reasoning is plausible, but open to the gravest objections. At any rate the Emperor was bitterly indignant, and denounced Murat's "desertion" in the *Moniteur*, and wrote to his sister, Caroline, declaring that her husband was a traitor, an ingrate, a political fool, and deserving of public and severe punishment. To this Murat replied by a very angry letter; but he did not yet desert France in her hour of need. He fought through the long and disastrous campaign of 1813, and then bade a friendly and last adieu to his illustrious brother-in-law.

On returning to Naples, Murat seems to have been bewildered by his position as a king and ally of Napoleon. He signed an alliance with Austria, January 11th, 1814—signed his own death warrant! He maintained an attitude of armed neutrality—thus being indirectly hostile to Napoleon. When, however, Napoleon escaped from Elba, all his old spirit and love for his chief revived, and he attempted to head all Italy against Austria, but utterly failed in the desperate struggle. He then fled to France, but never more to draw sword on its soil. After Napoleon's final overthrow, he remained for months hiding for his life.

We have not space to follow in detail his further adventures. Suffice it, that after escaping to Corsica, and being received with acclamation, he had the infatuation to land on the coast of Calabria, after most of his little flotilla had deserted him. We may quote Alison's description of his landing.

"He then ordered his officers to put on their uniforms; and as the wind was fair, and the day fine, he steered into the bay of Pizzo, and cast anchor on a desert strand at a little distance from that town. His generals and officers, five-and-twenty in number, wished to precede him

in going ashore, but the King would not permit it. 'It is for me,' he exclaimed, 'to descend first on this field of glory or death; the precedence belongs to me, as the responsibility; and with these words he leaped boldly ashore.

"Already the shore was covered with groups of peasants, whom the unwonted sight of the barks in the bay, and the uniforms of the officers landing, had attracted to the spot.

"Among them was a detachment of fifteen gunners, who came from a solitary guard-house on the shore. They still bore Murat's uniform. 'My children,' said he, advancing towards them, 'do you know your King?' And with these words he took off his hat; his auburn locks fell on his shoulders, and the noble martial figure which was engraven on their hearts appeared before them. 'Yes, it is I,' he continued: 'I am your King Joachim: say if you will follow and serve the friend of the soldiers, the friend of the Neapolitans.' At these words the officers in Murat's suite raised their hats, and shouted, 'Vive le Roi Joachim!' and the soldiers mechanically grounded their arms; but a few only exclaimed: 'Vive Joachim.' Meanwhile the inhabitants of Pizzo, under the direction of the agent of the Duke del Infantado, who had great estates in the neighborhood, and who was ardently attached to the Bourbon family, assembled, and, while Murat was vainly awaiting a movement in his favor, declared against him. While still uncertain what to do, two peasants arrived, and informing Murat of what was going on in town, offered to guide him to Monteleone, where the garrison might be expected to be more favorable, and the possession of a fortified place would open to him the gates of his kingdom. This offer the King accepted, and the party, consisting in all of forty persons, were soon seen in their brilliant uniforms wending their way over the olive-clad summits by which the road passed. They were soon met by a colonel of the royal gendarmerie, named Trenta Capelli, a noted chief of the Calabrian insurrection, and the fate of whose three brothers slain on the scaffold by the French, had inspired him with inextinguishable hatred towards them. Murat knew him, and called him by name to join his cause. 'My king,' said he, pointing to the flag which waved on the towers of Pizzo, 'is he whose colors wave over the kingdom.' "

Murat in vain addressed the crowd, which answered by shouts and a discharge of fire-arms. Several of his little suite were killed and wounded. The unhappy ex-monarch called out to the captain of his bark to steer in-shore to take him on board, "but the perfidious wretch, instead of doing so, put out to sea, carrying with him the arms and gold. . . . In this extremity the King threw himself into a fishing-boat, moored at a little distance from the coast, but the bark, stranded on the sand, resisted all his efforts to set

it afloat. He was soon surrounded by a furious crowd, which broke into the vessel, and dragged him, disarmed and bleeding, ashore, where the soldiers had the barbarity to strike the wounded hero on the face with the butt-ends of their carbines, and tore from his breast the ensigns of his glory, which he wore in that hour of his fate."

His doom was at hand. Almost immediately tried by a sham court-martial, he was condemned to be shot forthwith. Never had the hero-soldier been so heroic as in this last sad scene. He wrote a letter of farewell to his wife, and four children, so tender, so loving, so exquisitely affecting, so resigned, so kingly, that one can hardly read it without tears. No sooner was sentence announced than execution followed. From his chamber to his death-ground was but a step. He stood so close to the twelve soldiers appointed to execute him, that the muzzles of their muskets almost touched his breast. "Do not tremble," said he to them, "do not strike me in the face, aim at my heart." In his left hand he held a medallion of his wife and children, and was shot dead whilst gazing on their beloved images.

"Poor dear Murat," sighed Byron, "his white plume used always to be the rallying-point in battle!" Will not every reader of sensibility echo, "Poor dear Murat?" He was preëminently a fighting soldier, and the best and greatest cavalry officer of modern times. He was not a statesman like the Emperor; but, on the other hand, he was not a despot. His faults were not of the heart, but of the head.

Next on our glorious roll stands the "Bravest of the Brave." Michel Ney was born in Sarrelouis, January 10th, 1769. His father was an ordinary artisan, who had sense enough to give his son a tolerably good education. In his youth the future Prince of Moscow was a notary's clerk. At seventeen years of age he joined a regiment of hussars, and when the Revolution broke out he at once became a sub-officer. In 1796 he was Adjutant General, and seized every opportunity to display his indomitable energy, his matchlessly cool courage, his utter contempt of danger, and above all, the prompt military genius which he possessed in an uncommon degree. He served under Bonaparte in the glorious Italian campaign, and on returning from Egypt

the First Consul caused him to marry a friend of Hortense Beauharnais, and showed him singular honor in other respects. When Napoleon became Emperor, Ney was the second on the list of newly-created Marshals. In 1805 he led the sixth corps of the army against the Austrians, and earned his title of Duke of Elchingen by his brilliant conduct at the battle of that name. At Jena and Friedland he won his name of "Bravest of the Brave," and Napoleon himself emphatically confirmed the surname. Much has been written concerning the comparative valor of Ney and Murat. An able writer, author of *Hints to a Soldier on Service*, speaking of these two illustrious captains, observes, that "the difference in their respective claims to military superiority was remarkable. Murat, with glorious audacity, at the head of his noble cavalry, conspicuous by his white-plumed cap, and found always where the contest was the hottest, won, even from his wild opponents, (the Cossack guard,) their boundless admiration; while Ney, in ruin and defeat, was greatest: as, half-buried in a snow-wreath, he examined his maps, and calmly, when all beside despaired, pricked the route out that saved France the *debris* of her magnificent army. To which of these unequaled soldiers should the palm of moral courage be awarded? To him of Moskwa, undoubtedly."

Ney served in Spain until recalled to take part in the fatal Russian campaign of 1812, yet this very campaign proved the crowning glory of the great marshal. His conduct was literally sublime. Valor and grand military qualities for once were united in absolute perfection. In one of the battles during the retreat he found his little band of six thousand opposed to Kutusoff's whole army of eighty thousand. The Russian general sent a flag of truce, and summoned him to surrender, but Ney replying, "A French marshal never surrenders!" the battle began by a terrible fire of musketry from the Russians. During the fight Ney himself several times led on two thousand men against eighty thousand, and returned the fire of an immense artillery with only six pieces. Though obliged to fall back, he succeeded in holding out till dark, under cover of which he effected his escape by a circuitous route.

We believe it was on this occasion that the Emperor, who, with the rest of the

army, had given up Ney for lost, exclaimed, on hearing of his safety: "I have two hundred millions in my treasury, and I would have given them all for Ney."

Leynardier has a brief passage as striking as it is literally true: "The conduct of Ney during this terrible retreat was one episode of sublime devotion, of incredible bravery; it lasted forty days and forty nights. During all this time, Ney, a musket or a sword in hand, general and soldier at the same time, provoked by innumerable troops, always beaten and always returning to the charge, in the midst of the most awful trials with which an angry heaven ever afflicted an army, Ney was always the last fighting, and more than a hundred times risked his life to save that of others. . . . Admirable as was the unconquerable bravery of Ney during this fatal retreat, his solicitude for the miserable soldiers was yet grander. Amidst scenes of death, of despair, and of affliction, he encouraged the one, he stimulated the other, recalling to all their past glories, and showing them as the goal of this life of fatigues and dangers, France, the object of their ardent vows."

The Emperor created Ney Prince of Moskwa as a reward, or, at least, an acknowledgment of his priceless services. The desperate efforts Ney made in defense of his now-falling Emperor during 1813 and 1814 are well known. All in vain: the star of Napoleon had set forever in the snows of Russia.

The one great error of Ney's life now was consummated. He swore fidelity to the Bourbon monarch; he promised to give proofs of his loyalty whenever occasion should arise; he inspired confidence, and was rewarded with a cross, a peerage, and several high military appointments, including the command of the sixth corps of the army. A few months passed, and Napoleon, comet-like, landed from Elba. All Ney's devotion for his old master was resuscitated. In a fit of uncontrollable enthusiasm he cast to the wind all his vows of fidelity to the King of France, and joined the invader, heart and soul. Let Frenchmen gloss this act, and justify it with a logic and sophistry peculiar to themselves, we must nevertheless denounce it, in plain words, as treason. Ney fought with all his natural gallantry at Waterloo, and led on the Old Guard—to its destruction. He subsequently sought refuge—being proscribed—at the house

of a lady related to him, residing at the Château de Bessonis, in the Department of Lot. She concealed him, but some of her visitors saw in her saloon the magnificent Egyptian saber, adorned with precious jewels, which Bonaparte had presented to him on his marriage. This led to his arrest by the police. His trial, condemnation, and execution, are matters of universal history. The Duke of Wellington has often been blamed for not interfering to save Ney's life—and, doubtless, he *could* have done that—but the Iron Duke throughout life made duty his watchword; and he felt that Ney had committed a most deplorable act of treason through the infatuation of his attachment to Bonaparte. Nevertheless, all things considered, the Bourbons would have acted wisely to have pardoned such a man as Ney. They injured their own cause very much by his execution, which has been deplored to this day throughout France, and by every man of the army of which he was the idol. A few years ago a grand monument was erected to him at Paris, and opened and consecrated with all the pomp that the army and the church could confer.

Jean-de-Dieu Soult was born at Saint Amand, March 29, 1769; and he lived to be the last survivor of the eighteen marshals created in 1804. The year 1769 was also the birth-year of Napoleon, Wellington, Walter Scott, and other very eminent men. Soult's father was a small notary, and he himself volunteered as a private soldier in his sixteenth year. Solely by his bravery and his talent he rose to be a general of brigade in 1794. Five years subsequently, after many a hard fight he became general of division. He then fought under Massena in Switzerland, and in 1800 served in the army of Italy. After serving in the kingdom of Naples, he returned to France at the Peace of Amiens, and in 1804 he commanded the camp at Boulogne, assembled for the invasion of England. That attempt (real or pretended?) having blown over, war with Austria ensued, and at the great battle of Austerlitz Soult commanded the right wing with such effect that Napoleon told him he was one of the "*premiers manœuvriers*" of Europe. In 1806 he served against Prussia, where he earned his title of Duke of Dalmatia, and in 1808 was sent to Spain to "drive the English leopards into the sea!" How he succeed-

ed, the history of the Peninsular campaign will ever attest; and yet it is but justice to this subtle chieftain to admit that had he had almost any other opponent than our own Wellington, the result might have been very different.

After the Russian campaign, Soult being driven out of Spain, was recalled to organize new levies of conscripts, and he commanded the center of the French armies at the sanguinary battles of Lutzen and Bautzen. Foreseeing the impending invasion of the "sacred soil" of France, Soult was sent to defend its southern frontiers. He made determined stands, but could not long check the advance of the enemy. He did not hesitate about tendering his sword to the restored dynasty, and was rewarded with honors and commands. In truth, Soult, in addition to his other bad moral qualities, was destitute of gratitude, and never faithful any longer than served his own interests. Give him rank, pay, and honors, and he would draw his sword for an emperor, a king, or a republic, with supreme indifference. In December, 1814, his subserviency obtained him the office of Minister of War; and when Napoleon returned from Elba, he issued an order of the day to the army denouncing his old master in violent language as a wicked "usurper," an "adventurer," a "madman," and other choice epithets. The "usurper" reentered the Tuileries, and Soult at once accepted from his hands the rank of a peer of France and a high military rank. Soult fought for the "adventurer" at Fleurus and Waterloo, but no sooner was the "madman" a second time dethroned than our military "Vicar of Bray" once more turned round, and had the disgusting audacity to publish a document justifying his own shameless tergiversations, and in it he actually expressed unbounded scorn and contempt, and even "hatred," of "that man"—the ex-Emperor whom he had so lately served right valiantly. Whether the Bourbons had grown suspicious of this hypocrite, or whether he overshot the mark by his mean, infamous ingratitude to the "adventurer," certain it is that he was exiled for some years, but in 1819 was pardoned, and his *bâton* of marshal restored. In 1827 he again obtained the restoration of his rank as a peer—principally, it is said, by pretending to be very devout, to please Charles X., who was priest-ridden. This hypocritical time-serving marshal even

used to go about in religious processions carrying a wax-taper. For this he earned the "Order of the Holy Spirit!"

After the Revolution of 1830, he again became Minister of War, an office he held till 1834, when he was compelled to resign, owing to clamors about his maladministration (and worse!) concerning money matters. He wriggled into employment after the lapse of a few years, and was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to England at the coronation of our Queen. He was President of the Council of France from 1839 to 1845, when he retired with the title of Marshal-General. He died in 1851 at a great age, leaving any thing but a savory memory. He was the greatest "plunderer" of all the French generals, and that is saying much. He pillaged every country where he held command. After his death, the pictures which he had stolen from Spain alone sold for the enormous sum of sixty thousand pounds. As a soldier, Soult ranked high among his brother Marshals—as a moral man, he ranked the lowest—as a wholesale plunderer, he surpassed them all.

A splendid contrast to Soult was the noble-hearted warrior whom we will next introduce.

Jacques Etienne Joseph Alexander Macdonald was born at Sancerre, September 17, 1765. We have repeatedly read that he was descended from a Scotch family—as his name indicates—long settled in France; but Leynardier says he was of an ancient noble Irish family, which followed James II. of England when he sought refuge in France. Perhaps Leynardier was drawn into an error by the fact that Macdonald was a Second Lieutenant in Dillon's Irish Regiment at the beginning of the great Revolution, and remained behind, although the rest of that corps emigrated. For his bravery at Jemmapes, he was made a colonel of a regiment of infantry, and rose to be general of division in 1795. He served as such in the armies of the Rhine and Italy, and in 1798 was made Governor of Rome. Passing his many subsequent services, we find that he seconded Bonaparte with all his heart and soul, and in 1800 was General-in-Chief of the Army of Reserve. This "reserve" army performed most important services in actual warfare, especially in the Tyrol, and Macdonald so distinguished himself, that he was sent in 1803

as Minister Plenipotentiary, and was made a Grand-Officer of the Legion of Honor. Soon after he fell into disgrace, having compromised himself in the deplorable affair of Pichegru. But in 1809 he was again in favor, commanding a division of the army in Italy. At the battle of Wagram he materially aided to win a brilliant victory. After the battle, Napoleon embraced him and said: "It is to you and to the artillery of my guard that I owe this day." And on the field of battle he created him a Marshal of the Empire.

We have not space to chronicle the victories and services of Macdonald up to the Russian campaign, in which he commanded the tenth corps of the army; and after the fatal campaign was ended, he fought at Lutzen, Bautzen, and Leipzig, where he performed "prodigies of valor." He took part in the defensive campaigns of 1814, and when Napoleon was compelled to abdicate, he significantly said to Macdonald: "I am not rich enough to recompense your last services, but at least I will give you a souvenir which will remind you that I have not forgotten that which you have done for me." The ex-Emperor then presented Macdonald with a saber which had been given to himself in Egypt by Mourad Bey, and which he had borne at the battle of Mont Thabor. "See!" said he, "something which will, I think, give you pleasure." "If I had a son," replied the chivalric Macdonald, "this would have been his best heritage." "Give me your hand!" said Napoleon, and opening his arms, Macdonald threw himself on his master's breast, and they embraced and separated in tears.

Macdonald gave in his adhesion to the restoration, not in the despicable spirit of a Soult, but as a brave warrior, "without

fear and without reproach," yields to events beyond his control. He was confided with appointments, and continued as faithful to the restored sovereign as he had been to Napoleon. In July, 1815, he was named Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, and during ten subsequent years he bore many honors and commands. He died September 24, 1840, in his sixty-fifth year.

The two noblest qualities of Macdonald — "the terrible Macdonald," as he was termed by contemporaries — were his golden devotion to his Emperor, and his bravery in action. He was not a great general, but to carry out the commands of others he held the very first rank. His greatest merit was not his bravery, but his truly noble fidelity. The English translator of *Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire* says of Macdonald: "He was not only one of the bravest men in the French army, but he was also a man of uncommon genius; and had he not been kept down by the jealousy of rivals, might have risen like Murat, Soult, or Bernadotte, to the highest military rank and favor. His mind had been formed by the theories of the old school of war; and Macdonald's retreat through Tuscany was equal to the famous retreat of Moreau through the Black Forest. . . . After the Restoration, Charles X. asked Macdonald how it happened, that serving in Dillon's regiment, which had emigrated *in toto*, he himself had remained in France? Macdonald replied: 'Sire! it was because I was in love; and I am glad enough I was, since to that circumstance it is I owe the honor of now sitting at table with your majesty: for if I had emigrated, I should most likely have had to live in rags, and might still be a poor man.'"

From the Edinburgh Review.

B A I N ' S P S Y C H O L O G Y . *

THE scepter of Psychology has decidedly returned to this island. The scientific study of mind, which for two generations, in many other respects, distinguished for intellectual activity, had, while brilliantly cultivated elsewhere, been neglected by our countrymen, is now no where prosecuted with so much vigor and success as in Great Britain. Nor are the achievements of our thinkers in this obstinately contested portion of the field of thought, merely one-sided and sectarian triumphs. The two conflicting schools, or modes of thought, which have divided metaphysicians from the very beginning of speculation—the *à posteriori* and *à priori* schools, or, as they are popularly rather than accurately designated, the Aristotelian and the Platonic—are both flourishing in this country; and we venture to affirm that the best extant examples of both have been produced within a recent period by Englishmen, or (it should, perhaps, rather be said) by Scotchmen.

Of these two varieties of psychological speculations, the *à posteriori* mode, or that which resolves the whole contents of the mind into experience, is the one which belongs most emphatically to Great Britain, as might be expected from the country which gave birth to Bacon. The foundation of the *à posteriori* psychology was laid by Hobbes, (to be followed by the masterly developments of Locke and Hartley,) at the very time when Descartes, on the other side of the channel, was creating the rival philosophical system; for the French, who are so often ill-naturedly charged with having invented nothing, at least invented German philosophy. But after having initiated this mode of metaphysical investigation, they left it to the systematic German thinkers to be followed up, themselves descending to the rank

of disciples and commentators, first on Locke and more recently on Kant and Schelling. In England, the philosophy of Locke reigned supreme, until a Scotchman, Hume, while making some capital improvements in its theory, carried out one line of its apparent consequences to the extreme which always provokes a reaction; and of this reaction, another Scotchman, Reid was the originator, and, with his eminent pupil, Stewart, also a Scotchman, introduced as much of the *à priori* philosophy as could in any way be made reconcilable with Baconian principles. These were succeeded by Dr. Thomas Brown, (still a Scotchman,) who drew largely and not unskillfully from both sources, though, for want of a patience and perseverance on a level with his great powers, he failed to effect a synthesis, and only produced an eclecticism. Meanwhile, the more elaborate form of the *à priori* philosophy which the whole speculative energy of Germany had been employed in building up, and which the French had expounded with all the lucidity which it admitted of, was in time studied also among us; and according to what now seems to be the opinion of the most competent judges, this philosophy has found in a Scotchman, Sir William Hamilton, its best and profoundest representative. But the great European philosophical reaction was to have its counter-reaction, which has now reached a great height in Germany itself, and is taking place here also; and of this, too, in our island, the principal organs have been Scotchmen. Mr. James Mill, in his *Analysis of the Human Mind*, followed up the deepest vein of the Lockian philosophy, that which was opened by Hartley, to still greater depths; and now, in the work at the head of this article, (we say work, not works, for the second volume, though bearing a different title, is in every sense a continuation of the first,) a new aspirant to philosophical eminence, Mr. Alexander Bain, has stepped beyond all his predecessors, and has produced an exposition of the mind, of the

* *The Senses and the Intellect.* By ALEXANDER BAIN, A.M. London. 1855.

The Emotions and the Will. By ALEXANDER BAIN, A.M., Examiner in Logic and Moral Philosophy in the University of London. London. 1859.

school of Locke and Hartley, equally remarkable in what it has successfully done, and in what it has wisely refrained from—an exposition which deserves to take rank as the foremost of its class, and as marking the most advanced point which the *à posteriori* psychology has reached.*

We have no intention to profess ourselves partisans of either of these schools of philosophy. Both have done great things for mankind. No one whose studies have not extended to both, can be considered in any way competent to deal with the great questions of philosophy in their present state. And though one of the two must be fundamentally the superior, there can be no doubt that, whichever this is, it has been greatly benefited by the searching criticisms which it has sustained from the other. But as the Lockian, or *à posteriori*, psychology has for some time been under a cloud throughout Europe, from which it is now decidedly emerging, and giving signs that it is likely soon again to have its turn of ascendancy, there may be use in making some observations on the general pretensions of this philosophy, its method, and the evidence on which it relies, and in helping to make generally known a work which is the most careful, the most complete, and the most genuinely scientific analytical exposition of the human mind which the *à posteriori* psychology has up to this time produced.

In these remarks no complete comparison between the two modes of philosophizing is to be looked for. Psychology, with which we are here concerned, is but the first stage in this great controversy—the arena of the initial conflict. The account which the two schools respectively render of the human mind is the founda-

tion of their doctrines; but the crowning peculiarity of each resides in the superstructure. That the constitution of the mind is the key to the constitution of external nature—that the laws of the human intellect have a necessary correspondence with the objective laws of the universe, such that these may be inferred from those—is the grand doctrine which the one school affirms and the other denies; and the difference between this doctrine and its negation, is the great practical distinction between the two philosophies. But this question is beyond the compass of psychology. The *à priori* philosophers, when they inculcate this doctrine, do so not as psychologists, but as ontologists; and some distinguished thinkers, who, so far as psychology is concerned, belong essentially to the *à priori* school, have not thought it necessary to enter, except to a very limited extent, on the ground of ontology. Among these may be counted Reid and Stewart, as well as other more recent names of eminence. Indeed, the grand pretension of the *à priori* school in its extreme development, that of arriving at a knowledge of the Absolute, has received its most elaborate and crushing refutation from two philosophers of that same school—Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Ferrier—the *à posteriori* metaphysicians having in general thought that the essential relativity of our knowledge could dispense with direct proof, and might be left to rest on the general evidence of their analysis of the mental phenomena. Yet the philosophers whom we have named are not the less, up to a certain point, ontologists. They all hold that some knowledge, more or less, of objective existences and their laws, is attainable by man, and that it is obtained by way of inference from the constitution of the human mind. Reid, for example, is decidedly of opinion that Matter—not the set of phenomena so called, but the actual Thing, of which these are effects and manifestations—is cognizable by us as a reality in the universe; and that extension, solidity, and other fundamental attributes of visible and tangible Nature, known to us by experience, are really and unequivocally qualities inherent in this actual thing; the evidence of which doctrine is, that we have, ineradicable from our minds, conceptions or perceptions of these various objects of thought, of which conceptions or perceptions the existence

* To these writers may be added another, of kindred merit, Mr. Herbert Spencer, of whose able and various writings, his *Principles of Psychology* is one of the ablest. Though the dissertation prefixed to that work is the very essence of the *à priori* philosophy, the work itself is wholly of the opposite school; but Mr. Spencer, though possessing great analytic power, is a less sober thinker than Mr. Bain, and, in the more original portion of his speculations, is likely to obtain a much less unqualified adhesion from the best minds trained in the same general mode of thought. We have therefore chosen Mr. Bain's work rather than Mr. Spencer's as the subject of this article, though the latter deserves, and would well repay, a complete critical examination

is inexplicable, save from the reality of the things which they represent. Thus far Reid, who is therefore in principle as much an ontologist as Hegel, though he does not lay claim to as minute a knowledge of the constitution of "Things in themselves." On the legitimacy of this mode of reasoning, the other school is at issue with them. The possibility of ontology is one of the points in dispute between the two. It is one into which we do not here enter.

On the ground of simple psychology, the distinction between the two philosophies consists in the different theories they give of the more complex phenomena of the human mind. When we call the one philosophy *à priori*, the other *à posteriori*, or of experience, the terms must not be misunderstood. It is not meant that experience belongs only to one, and is appealed to as evidence by one and not by the other. Both depend on experience for their materials. Both require as the basis of their systems, that the actual facts of the human mind should be ascertained by observation. It is true they differ to some extent in their notion of facts; the *à priori* philosophers cataloguing some things as facts, which the others contend are inferences. The fundamental difference relates, however, not to the facts themselves, but to their origin. Speaking briefly and loosely, we may say that the one theory considers the more complex phenomena of the mind to be products of experience, the other believes them to be original. In more precise language, the *à priori* thinkers hold, that in every act of thought, down to the most elementary, there is an ingredient which is not given to the mind, but contributed by the mind in virtue of its inherent powers. The simplest phenomenon of all, an external sensation, requires, according to them, a mental element to become a perception, and be thus converted from a passive and merely fugitive state of our own being into the recognition of a durable object external to the mind. The notions of Extension, Solidity, Number, Magnitude, Force, though it is through our senses that we acquire them, are not copies of any impression on our senses, but creations of the mind's own laws set in action by our sensations; and the properties of these ideal creations are not proved by experience, but deduced *à priori* from the ideas themselves, con-

stituting the demonstrative sciences of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, statics, and dynamics. Experience, instead of being the source and prototype of our ideas, is itself a product of the mind's own forces working on the impressions we receive from without, and has always a mental as well as an external element. Experience is only rendered possible by those mental laws which it is vainly invoked to explain and account for. *A fortiori* do all our ideas of supersensual things, and all our moral and spiritual judgments and perceptions, proceed from our inherent mental constitution. Experience is the occasion, not the prototype, of our mental ideas, and is neither the source nor the evidence of our knowledge, but its test; for as what we call experience is the outward manifestation of laws which are not to be found in experience, but which may be known *à priori*, and as the effects can not be in contradiction to the cause, it is a necessary condition of our knowledge that experience shall not conflict with it.

We are now touching the real point of separation between the *à priori* and the *à posteriori* psychologists. These last also for the most part acknowledge the existence of a mental element in our ideas. They admit that the notions of Extension, Solidity, Time, Space, Duty, Virtue, are not exact copies of any impressions on our senses. They grant them to be ideas constructed by the mind itself, the materials alone being supplied to it. But they do not think that this ideal construction takes place by peculiar and inscrutable laws of the mind, of which no further account can be given. They think that a further account *can* be given. They admit the mental element as a fact, but not as an ultimate fact. They think it may be resolved into simpler laws and more general facts; that the process by which the mind constructs these great ideas may be traced, and shown to be but a more recondite case of the operation of well-known and familiar principles.

From this opinion, which ascribes an ascertainable *genesis* to that part of the more complex mental phenomena which derives its origin from the mind itself, instead of regarding it, with the *à priori* psychologists, as something ultimate and inscrutable, there arises necessarily a wide difference between the two as to what are called by the *à priori* philosophers *neces-*

sary elements of thought. M. Cousin, one of the ablest, and (Fichte excepted) quite the most eloquent teacher of the *a priori* school, deems it the radical error of Locke and his followers to have raised the question of the *origin* of our ideas at the opening of the inquiry, without first making a complete descriptive survey of the ideas themselves; which if they had done, he thinks they must have recognized, as involved in all our thoughts, certain necessary assumptions, inconsistent with the origin which Locke ascribes to them. The difference, however, between the two theories is not as to the fact that these assumptions are made, but as to their being *necessary* assumptions. The Lockians think they are able to show how and why the mind is led to make these assumptions. They believe that it is not obliged by any necessity of its nature to make them. They think that the cause of our making the assumptions lies in the conditions of our experience; that those conditions are often accidental and modifiable, and might be so modified that we should no longer be led to make these assumptions; and even when the assumptions depend upon conditions of our experience, which do not, so far as our faculties can judge, admit of actual modification, yet if by an exercise of thought we imagine them modified, the supposed necessity of the assumptions will disappear. For example: the transcendentalist examines our ideas of Space and Time, and finds that each of them contains inseparably within itself the idea of Infinity. We can of course have no experimental evidence of infinity; all our experiences, and therefore, in his opinion, all our ideas derived from experience, are of things finite. Yet to conceive Time or Space otherwise than as things infinite is impossible. The infinity of Space and Time he therefore sets down as a necessary assumption; and if his philosophy leads him (which Kant's did not) to regard Space and Time as having any existence at all external to the mind, he proceeds, as an ontologist, to infer from the necessity of the assumption, the infinity of the things themselves. The *a posteriori* psychologist, on his part, also perceives that we can not think of Space or of Time otherwise than as infinite; but he does not consider this as an ultimate fact, or as requiring any peculiar law of mind or properties of the objects for its explana-

tion. He sees in it an ordinary manifestation of one of the laws of the association of ideas—the law, that the idea of a thing irresistibly suggests the idea of any other thing which has been often experienced in close conjunction with it, and not otherwise. As we have never had experience of any point of space without other points beyond it, nor of any point of time without others following it, the law of indissoluble association makes it impossible for us to think of any point of space or time, however distant, without having the idea irresistibly realized in imagination, of other points still more remote. And thus the supposed original and inherent property of these two ideas is completely explained and accounted for by the law of association; and we are enabled to see, that if Space or Time were really susceptible of termination, we should be just as unable as we now are to conceive the idea. This being once seen, although the mental element, Infinity, still remains attached to the ideas, we are no longer prompted to make a “necessary assumption” of a corresponding objective fact. We are enabled to acknowledge our ignorance, and our inability to judge whether the course of Things, in this respect, corresponds with our necessities of Thought. Space or Time may, for aught we know, be inherently terminable, though in our present condition we are totally incapable of conceiving a termination to them. Could we arrive at the end of space, we should, no doubt, be apprised of it by some new and strange impression upon our senses, of which it is not at present in our power to form the faintest idea. But under all other circumstances the association is indissoluble, since every moment's experience is constantly renewing it.

In this example, which is the more significant as the case is generally considered one of the main strongholds of the *a priori* school, the two leading doctrines of the most advanced *a posteriori* psychology are very clearly brought to view: first, that the more recondite phenomena of the mind are formed out of the more simple and elementary; and, secondly, that the mental law, by means of which this formation takes place, is the Law of Association. Though not the first who pointed out this law, Locke was the author of its first great application to the explanation of the mental phenomena, by

his doctrine of Complex Ideas. The idea of an orange, for example, is compounded of certain simple ideas of color, of visible and tangible shape, of taste, of smell, of a certain consistence, weight, internal structure, and so forth; yet an idea of an orange is to our feelings and conceptions one single idea, not a plurality of ideas; thus showing that when any number of sensations have been often experienced simultaneously or in very rapid succession, the ideas of those sensations not only raise up one another, but do this so certainly and instantaneously as to run together and seem melted into one. In this example, however, the original elements may still, by an ordinary effort of consciousness, be distinguished in the compound. It was reserved for Hartley to show that mental phenomena, joined together by association, may form a still more intimate, and as it were chemical union — may merge into a compound, in which the separate elements are no more distinguishable, as such, than hydrogen and oxygen in water, the compound having all the appearance of a phenomenon *sui generis*, as simple and elementary as the ingredients, and with properties different from any of them; a truth which, once ascertained, evidently opens a new and wider range of possibilities for the generation of mental phenomena by means of association.

The most complete and scientific form of the *à posteriori* psychology is that which considers the law of association as the governing principle, by means of which the more complex and recondite mental phenomena shape themselves, or are shaped, out of the simpler mental elements. The great problem of this form of psychology is to ascertain not how far this law extends, for it extends to every thing; ideas of sensation, intellectual ideas, emotions, desires, volitions, any or all of these may become connected by association under the two laws of Contiguity and Resemblance, and when so connected, acquire the power of calling up one another. Not, therefore, how far the law extends, is the problem, but how much of the apparent variety of the mental phenomena it is capable of explaining; what ultimate elements of the mind remain, when all are subtracted, the formation of which can be in this way accounted for; and how, out of those elements, and the law, or rather laws, of association, the remainder of the

mental phenomena are built up. On this part of the subject there are, as might be expected, many differences of doctrine, and the theory, like all theories of an uncompleted science, is in a state of progressive improvement.

This mode of interpreting the phenomena of the mind is not unfrequently stigmatized as materialistic; how far justly, may be seen when it is remembered that the Idealism of Berkeley is one of the developments of this theory. With materialism in the obnoxious sense, this view of the mind has no necessary connection, though doubtless not so directly exclusive of it as is the rival theory. But if it be materialism to endeavor to ascertain the material conditions of our mental operations, all theories of the mind which have any pretension to comprehensiveness must be materialistic. Whether organization alone could produce life and thought, we probably shall never certainly know, unless we could repeat Frankenstein's experiment; but that our mental operations have material conditions, can be denied by no one who acknowledges, what all now admit, that the mind employs the brain as its material organ. And this being granted, there is nothing *more* materialistic in endeavoring, so far as our means of physiological explanation allow, to trace out the detailed connections between mental manifestations and cerebral or nervous states. Unhappily, the knowledge hitherto obtainable on this subject has been very limited in amount; but when we consider, for example, the case of all our stronger emotions, and the disturbance of almost every part of our physical frame, which is occasioned in these cases by a mere mental idea, no rational person can doubt the closeness of the connection between the functions of the nervous system and the phenomena of mind, nor think any exposition of the mind satisfactory into which that connection does not enter as a prominent feature.

It is undoubtedly true that the Association Psychology does in many cases represent the higher mental states as in a certain sense the outgrowth and offspring of the lower. But in other cases, philosophers have not considered as degrading, the formation of noble products out of base materials, and have rather been disposed to celebrate this as one of the exemplifications of wisdom and contrivance in the arrangements of Nature. Without

undertaking to determine what portion of truth lies in this philosophy, and how far any of the nobler phenomena of mind are really constructed from the materials of our animal nature, it is certain that, to whatever extent this is the fact, it ought to be known and recognized. If these nobler parts of our nature are not self-sown and original, but are built or build themselves up, out of no matter what materials, it must be highly important to the work of the education and improvement of human character, to understand as much as possible of the process by which the materials are put together. These composite parts of our constitution (granting them to be such) are not for that reason factitious and unnatural. The products are not less a part of human nature than their component elements. Water is as truly one of the substances in external nature as hydrogen or oxygen, and to suppose it non-existent, would imply as great a change in all we know of the order of things in which we live. It is only to a very vulgar type of mind that a grand or beautiful object loses its charm when it loses some of its mystery, through the un veiling of a part of the process by which it is created in the secret recesses of Nature.

The aim, then, which the Association Psychology proposes to itself is one which both schools of mental philosophy should equally desire to see vigorously prosecuted. It is important, even from the point of view of transcendentalists, that all which can be done by this system for the explanation of the mental phenomena should be brought to light. For, in the first place, all admit that there is much which can be so explained. The law of association, every one allows, is real, and a large number of mental facts are explicable thereby. But further, the sole ground upon which the transcendental mode of speculation in psychology can possibly stand, is the failure of the other. The evidence of the *a priori* theory must always be negative. There can be no positive proof that oxygen, or any other body, is a simple substance. The sole proof that can be given is, that no one has hitherto succeeded in decomposing it. And nothing can positively prove that any particular one of the constituents of the mind is ultimate. We can only presume it to be such, from the ill success of every attempt to resolve it into simpler

elements. If, indeed, the phenomena alleged to be complex manifested themselves chronologically at an earlier period than those from which they are said to be compounded, this would be a complete disproof, at least of *that* origin. But the fact is not so; on the contrary, the higher mental phenomena are so well known to unfold themselves after the lower, that sensational experience, which is so violently repudiated as their origin and source, is, from the necessity of the case, admitted as the occasion which calls into action the mental laws that develop them. The first question, therefore, in analytical psychology ought to be, how much of the furniture of the mind will experience and association account for? The residuum, which can not be so explained, must be provisionally set down as ultimate, and handed over to observation to determine its conditions and laws.

On the other hand, it is necessary to be *exigeant* as to the evidence for the validity of the analysis by which a mental phenomenon is resolved into association. Much has been tendered on this subject, even by powerful thinkers, as proved truth, to which it is impossible soberly to assign any higher value than that of philosophical conjecture. The rules of inductive logic must be duly applied to the case. When the elements can be recognized by our consciousness as distinguishably existing in the compound, there is no difficulty. When they are not thus distinguishable, the gradual growth and building up of the complex phenomenon may be a fact amenable to direct observation. In the case of the higher intellectual and moral phenomena of our being, the observation may be practiced on ourselves. In the case of those of our acquisitions which are made too early to be remembered, the observation may be of children, of the young of other animals, or of persons who are, or were, during a part of life, shut out from some of the ordinary sources of experience; persons, like Caspar Hauser, brought up in confinement and solitude; persons destitute of sight or hearing; especially those born blind and suddenly restored to sight. This last is a precious source of information, which unfortunately has been very scantily made use of. In the case of children and young animals, our power is very limited of ascertaining what actually passes within them. But in so far as we are able to in-

interpret their outward manifestations, we have some means of ascertaining what, in their minds, precedes what; we can often, by sufficiently close observation, perceive a mental faculty forming itself by gradual growth; and in some cases we can, to a certain extent, ascertain the conditions of its formation, which are often such as to bring it within the known laws of association. Though the product may, to our consciousness, appear *sui generis*, not identical in its nature with any or with all of the elements, yet if the mode of its production be invariably found to consist in bringing certain sensations or ideas to pass through the mind simultaneously or in immediate succession, and if the effect is produced *pari passu* with the number of repetitions of this conjunction, we may conclude, with considerable assurance, that the apparently simple phenomenon is a compound of those ideas united by association. For we know that it is the effect of repetition to knit all conjunctions of ideas closer and closer, until they so coalesce as to leave no trace in our consciousness of their separate existence. One of the most familiar cases of this remarkable law, is the case of what are called the acquired perceptions of sight. It is admitted by nearly all psychologists that when we appear to see distance and magnitude by the eye, we do not really see them, but see only certain signs, from which, by a process of reasoning, rendered so rapid by practice as to have become entirely unconscious, we infer the distance or magnitude which we fancy we see. No alleged transformation of mental phenomena by association can be more complete, or more extraordinary, than this. Yet it is one of the few results of psychological analysis which can be brought to the test of a complete Baconian induction; for the case admits of an ample range of experiments; and the result of them is, that wherever the signs are the same, our impressions of distance and magnitude are the same; and wherever the signs are different, our impressions are different, although the real distance and magnitude of the object looked at remain all the while exactly as they were. Hardly any theory of the formation of a mental phenomenon by association can deserve, after this, to be rejected *in limine*, for inherent incredibility, or inconsistency with our consciousness. There is hardly any mental phenomenon (except those which association itself pre-

supposes) of which we can say that, from its own nature, it could not possibly have been produced by association. But, from the intrinsic possibility of its having been so produced, to its actually being so, is a wide step; and unless the case admits of actual experiment, or unless there be something in the observed development of the individual mind to bear out the conjecture, it can be ranked only as an hypothesis, of no present value except to suggest points for further verification.

There is, however, a large class of cases — and these are among the most important of all — in which the explanation by way of association is not attended with any of these difficulties and uncertainties. The mental fact which is the subject of dispute may be, not any one mental phenomenon, but a conjunction between phenomena. The thing to be explained often is no other than the fact that some one idea is suggested by, and apparently involved in, another; and the point to be decided is, whether this happens necessarily, and by an inherent law; as infinity is said to be inherently involved in our ideas of time and space, and externality in our ideas of tangible objects. In such cases the evidence of origin in association may often be complete; and it is in such that the greatest triumphs of the Association Psychology have been achieved. A conjunction, however close and apparently indissoluble, between two ideas, is not only an effect which association is able to produce, but one which it is certain to produce, if the necessary conditions are sufficiently often repeated without the intervention of any fact tending to produce a counter-association. It is, therefore, in these cases, sufficient if we can show that there has really existed the invariable conjunction of sensible phenomena in experience which is necessary for the formation of an inseparable association between the corresponding ideas. If, as in the case of Time and Space, already examined, this can be shown to be the fact, then that conjunction of sensible experiences is the real cause. Formation by association is the true theory of the phenomenon, and it is in the highest degree unphilosophical to demand any other.

These few observations on the nature and scope of the Association Psychology generally, were necessary for fixing the position of Mr. Bain's treatise in mental

science. Belonging essentially to the association school, he has not only, with great clearness and copiousness, illustrated, popularized, and enforced by fresh arguments all which that school had already done towards the explanation of the phenomena of mind, but he has added so largely to it, that those who have the highest appreciation and the warmest admiration of his predecessors, are likely to be the most struck with the great advance which this treatise constitutes over what those predecessors had done, and the improved position in which it places their psychological theory. Mr. Bain possesses, indeed, an union of qualifications peculiarly fitting him for what, in the language of Dr. Brown, may be called the physical investigation of mind. With analytic powers comparable to those of his most distinguished predecessors, he combines a range of appropriate knowledge still wider than theirs; having made a more accurate study than perhaps any previous psychologist of the whole round of the physical sciences, on which the mental depend both for their methods, and for the necessary material substratum of their theories; while those sciences, also, are themselves in a far higher state of advancement than in any former age. This is especially true of the science most nearly allied, both in subject and method, with psychological investigations, the science of Physiology; which Hartley, Brown, and Mill had unquestionably studied, and knew perhaps as well as it was known by any one at the time when they studied it, but in a superficial manner compared with Mr. Bain; the science having in the mean while assumed almost a new aspect, from the important discoveries which have been made in all its branches, and especially in the functions of the nervous system, since even the latest of those authors wrote.

Mr. Bain commences his work with a full and luminous exposition of what is known of the structure and functions of the nervous system. What may be called the outward action of the nervous system is two-fold — sensation and muscular motion; and one of the great physiological discoveries of the present age is, that these two functions are performed by means of two distinct sets of nerves, in close juxtaposition, one of which, if separately severed or paralyzed, puts an end to sensation in the part of the body which it supplies, but leaves the power of mo-

tion unimpaired; the other destroys the power of motion, but does not affect sensation. That the central organ of the nervous system, the brain, must in some way or other coöperate in all sensation, and in all muscular motion except that which is actually automatic and mechanical, is also certain; for if the nervous continuity between any part of the body and the brain is interrupted, either by the division of the nerve, or by pressure on any intermediate portion, unfitting it to perform its functions, sensation and voluntary motion in that part cease to exist. That the memory or thought of a sensation formerly experienced has also for its necessary condition a state of the brain, and of the same nerves which transmit the sensation itself, does not admit of the same direct proof by experiment; but is, at least, a highly probable hypothesis. When we consider that in dreams, hallucinations, and some highly excited states of the nervous system, the idea or remembrance of a sensation is actually mistaken for the sensation itself; and also that the idea, when vividly excited, not unfrequently produces the same effects on the whole bodily frame which the sensation would produce, it is hardly possible, in the face of all this resemblance, to suppose any fundamentally different machinery for their production, or any real difference in their physical conditions, except one of degree. The instrumentality of the brain in thought is a more mysterious subject; the evidence is less direct, and its interpretation has given rise to some of the keenest controversies of our era, controversies yet far from being conclusively decided. But the general connection is attested by many indisputable pathological facts, such as the effect of cerebral inflammation in producing delirium; the relation between idiocy and cerebral malformation or disease; and is confirmed by the entire range of comparative anatomy, which shows the intellectual faculties of the various species of animals bearing, if not an exact ratio, yet a very unequivocal relation, to the development in proportional size, and complexity of structure, of the cerebral hemispheres.

However imperfect our knowledge may still be in regard to this part of the functions of the nervous system, it is certain that all our sensations depend upon the transmission of some sort of nervous influence *inward*, from the senses to the brain,

and that our voluntary motions take place by the transmission of some sort of nervous influence *outward*, from the brain to the muscular system; these two nervous operations being, as already observed, the functions of two distinct systems of nerves, called respectively the nerves of sensation and those of motion. It is now necessary to notice another physiological truth, brought to light only within the present generation, namely, the different functions of the two kinds of matter of which the nervous system is compounded. The nerves consist partly of gray vesicular or cell-like matter, partly of white fibrous matter. Physiologists are now of opinion that the function of the gray matter is that of originating power, while the white fibrous matter is simply a conductor which conveys the influence to and from the brain, and between one part of the brain and another. With this physiological discovery is connected the first capital improvement which Mr. Bain has made in the Association Psychology as left by his predecessors; the nature of which we now proceed to indicate.

Those who have studied the writings of the Association Psychologists, must often have been unfavorably impressed by the almost total absence, in their analytical expositions, of the recognition of any active element, or spontaneity, in the mind itself. Sensation, and the memory of sensation, are passive phenomena; the mind, in them, does not act, but is acted upon; it is a mere recipient of impressions; and though adhesion by association may enable one of these passive impressions to recall another, yet when recalled, it is but passive still. A theory of association which stops here, seems adequate to account for our dreams, our reveries, our casual thoughts, and states of mere contemplation, but for no other part of our nature. The mind, however, is active as well as passive; and the apparent insufficiency of the theory to account for the mind's activity, is probably the circumstance which has oftenest operated to alienate from the Association Psychology any of those who had really studied it. Coleridge, who was one of these, and in the early part of his life a decided Hartleian, has left on record, in his *Biographia Literaria*, that such was the fact in his own case. Yet, no Hartleian could overlook the necessity, incumbent on any theory of the mind, of accounting for our voluntary powers.

Activity can not possibly be generated from passive elements; a primitive active element must be found somewhere; and Hartley found it in the stimulative power of sensation over the muscles. All our muscular motions, according to him, were originally automatic, and excited by the stimulus of sensations; as, no doubt, many of them were and are. After a muscular contraction has been sufficiently often excited by a sensation, then, in Hartley's opinion, the idea or remembrance of the sensation acquires a similar power of exciting that same muscular contraction. Here is the first germ of volition—a muscular action excited by an idea. After this, every combination of associated ideas into which that idea or remembrance enters, and which, therefore, can not be recalled without recalling it, obtains the power of recalling also the muscular motion which has come under its control. This is Hartley's notion of the point of junction between our intellectual states and our muscular actions, which is the foundation of the theory of Volition. It involves two assumptions, both of which are merely hypothetical. One is, that *all* muscular action is originally excited by sensations; which has never been proved, and which there is much evidence to contradict. The other is, that between the primitive automatic character of a muscular contraction and its ultimate state of amenability to the will, an intermediate condition is passed through, of excitability by the idea of the sensation by which the motion was at first excited; that the intervention of this idea is necessary in all cases of voluntary power; and that the recalling of it is the indispensable machinery of voluntary action. This is a mere hypothesis, which consciousness does not vouch for, and which no evidence has been brought to substantiate.

Mr. Bain has made a great advance on this theory. Those who are acquainted with the French metaphysical writers of this century, or even with the first paper of M. Cousin's *Fragments Philosophiques*, will remember the important modification made by M. Laromiguière in Condillac's psychological system. M. Laromiguière had noted in Condillac the same defect which has been pointed out in the Association philosophers; and as Condillac had placed the passive phenomenon, Sensation, at the center of his system, M. Laromiguière corrected him by putting instead

of it, the active phenomenon, Attention, as the fundamental fact by which to explain the active half of the mental phenomena. Mr. Bain's theory (the germ of which is in a passage cited by him from the eminent physiologist, Müller) stands in nearly the same relation to Hartley's as Laromiguière's to that of Condillac. He has widened his basis by the admission of a second primitive element. He holds that the brain does not act solely in obedience to impulses, but is also a self-acting instrument; that the nervous influence which, being conveyed through the motory nerves, excites the muscles into action, is generated automatically in the brain itself, not, of course, lawlessly and without a cause, but under the organic stimulus of nutrition; and manifests itself in the general rush of bodily activity, which all healthy animals exhibit after food and repose, and in the random motions which we see constantly made without apparent end or purpose by infants. This doctrine, of which the accumulated proofs will be found in Mr. Bain's first volume, (pages 73 to 80) supplies him with a simple explanation of the origin of voluntary power. Among the numerous motions given forth indiscriminately by the spontaneous energy of the nervous center, some are accidentally hit on, which are found to be followed by a pleasure, or by the relief of a pain. In this case, the child is able, to a certain extent, to prolong that particular motion, or to abate it; and this, in our author's opinion, is the sole original power which we possess over our bodily motions, and the ultimate basis of voluntary action. The pleasure which the motion produces, or the pain which it relieves, determines the detention or relinquishment of that particular muscular movement. Why there is this natural tendency to detain or to get rid of a muscular contraction which influences our sensations, as well as why that tendency is towards pleasure and from pain, instead of being the reverse, can not be explained. The author's reason for considering this to be our only original power over our bodily movements, is not that the supposition affords any help in clearing up the mystery, or possesses any superiority of antecedent probability; for it is just as likely *a priori*, that we should be able, by a wish, to select and originate a bodily movement, as that we should merely be able to prolong one which has already

been excited by the spontaneous energies of our organization. Mr. Bain's reason for preferring the latter theory, is merely that the evidence is in its favor; that no other is consistent with observation of children and young animals. We will exhibit a part of the exposition in his own words:

"Dr. Reid has no hesitation in classing the voluntary command of an organ—that is, the sequence of feeling and action implied in all acts of will—among instincts. The power of lifting a morsel of food to the mouth is, according to him, an instinctive or preestablished conjunction of the wish and the deed; that is to say, the emotional state of hunger, coupled with the sight of a piece of bread, is associated through a primitive link of the mental constitution with the several movements of the hand, arm, and mouth concerned in the act of eating. This assertion of Dr. Reid's may be simply met by appealing to the facts. It is not true that human beings possess at birth any voluntary command of their limbs whatsoever. A babe of two months old can not use its hands in obedience to its desires. The infant can grasp nothing, hold nothing, can scarcely fix its eyes on anything. Dr. Reid might just as easily assert that the movements of a ballet-dancer are instinctive, or that we are born with an already established link of causation in our minds between the wish to paint a landscape and the movements of a painter's arm. If the more perfect command of our voluntary movements implied in every art be an acquisition, so is the less perfect command of these movements that grows upon a child during the first years of life.

"But the acquisition must needs repose upon some fundamental property of our nature that may properly be styled an instinct. It is this initial germ or rudiment that I am now anxious to fasten upon and make apparent. There certainly does exist in the depths of our constitution a property, whereby certain of our feelings, especially the painful class, *impel to action of some kind or other*. This, which I have termed the volitional property of feeling, is not an acquired property. From the earliest infancy a pain has a tendency to excite the active organs, as well as the emotional expression, although as yet there is no channel prepared whereby the stimulus may flow towards the appropriate members. The child whose foot is pricked by a needle in its dress is undoubtedly impelled by an active stimulus, but as no primitive link exists between an irritation in the foot and the movement of the hand towards the part affected, the stimulus is wasted on vain efforts, and there is nothing to be done but to drown the pain by the outburst of pure emotion. It is the property of almost every feeling of pain to stimulate *some action* for the extinction or abatement of that pain; it is likewise the property of many emotions of pleasure to stimulate an action for

the continuance and increase of the pleasure; but the primitive impulse does not in either case determine *which action*.

"If at the moment of some acute pain, there should accidentally occur a spontaneous movement, and if that movement sensibly alleviates the pain, then it is that the volitional impulse belonging to the feeling will show itself. The movement accidentally begun through some other influence, will be sustained through this influence of the painful emotion. In the original situation of things, the acute feeling is unable of itself to bring on the precise movement that would modify the suffering; there is no primordial link between a state of suffering and a train of alleviating movements. But should the proper movement be once actually begun, and cause a felt diminution of the acute agony, the spur that belongs to states of pain would suffice to sustain this movement.

. The emotion can not invite, or suggest, or waken up the appropriate action; nevertheless, the appropriate action once there, and sensibly telling upon the irritation, is thereupon kept going by the active influence, the volitional spur of the irritated consciousness. In short, if the state of pain can not awaken a dormant action, a present feeling can at least maintain a present action. This, so far as I can make out, is the original position of things in the matter of volition. It may be that the start and the movements resulting from an acute smart, may relieve the smart, but that would not be a volition. In volition there are actions quite distinct from the manifested movements due to the emotion itself; these other actions rise at first independently and spontaneously, and are clutched in the embrace of the feeling when the two are found to suit one another in the alleviation of pain or the effusion of pleasure.

"An example will perhaps place this speculation in a clearer light. An infant lying in bed has the painful sensation of chillness. This feeling produces the usual emotional display—namely, movements, and perhaps cries and tears. Besides these emotional elements there is a latent spur of volition, but with nothing to lay hold of as yet, owing to the disconnected condition of the mental arrangements at our birth. The child's spontaneity, however, may be awake, and the pained condition will act so as to irritate the spontaneous centers, and make their central stimulus flow more copiously. In the course of a variety of spontaneous movements of arms, legs, and body, there occurs an action that brings the child in contact with the nurse lying beside it; instantly warmth is felt, and this alleviation of the painful feeling becomes immediately the stimulus to sustain the movement going on at that moment. That movement, when discovered, is kept up in preference to the others occurring in the course of the random spontaneity.

"By a process of cohesion or acquisition, coming under the law of association, the movement and the feeling become so linked together, that the feeling can at after times waken the

movement out of dormancy; this is the state of matters in the maturity of volition. The infant of twelve months, under the stimulus of cold, can hitch nearer the side of the nurse, although no spontaneous movements to that effect happen at the moment; past reflection has established a connection that did not exist at the beginning, whereby the feeling and action have become linked together as cause and effect."—*The Senses and the Intellect*, pp. 292 6.

In confirmation and illustration of these ingenious remarks, we quote from another part of the same volume the following "notes of observation made upon the earliest movements of two lambs seen during the first hour of their birth, and at subsequent stages of their development:"

"One of the lambs, on being dropped, was taken hold of by the shepherd and laid on the ground so as to rest on its four knees. For a very short time, perhaps not much above a minute, it kept still in this attitude; a certain force was doubtless exerted to enable it to retain its position; but the first decided exertion of the creature's own energy was shown in standing up on its legs, which it did after the pause of little more than a minute. The power thus put forth I can only describe as a spontaneous burst of the locomotive energy, under this condition—namely, that as all the four limbs were actuated at the same instant, the innate power must have been guided into this quadruple channel in consequence of that nervous organization that constitutes the four limbs one related group. The animal now stood on its legs, the feet being considerably apart, so as to widen the base of support. The energy that raised it up continued flowing in order to maintain the standing posture, and the animal doubtless had the consciousness of such a flow of energy as its earliest mental experience. This standing posture was continued for a minute or two in perfect stillness. Next followed the beginnings of locomotive movement. At first a limb was raised and set down again, then came a second movement that widened the animal's base without altering its position. When a more complex movement of its limbs came on, the effect seemed to be to go sideways; another complex movement led forwards; but at the outset there appeared to be nothing to decide one direction rather than another, for the earliest movements were a jumble of side, forward, and backward. Still, the alternation of limb that any consecutive advance required, seemed within the power of the creature during the first ten minutes of life. Sensation as yet could be of very little avail, and it was evident that action took the start in the animal's history. The eyes were wide open, and light must needs have entered to stimulate the brain. The contact with the solid earth, and the feelings of weight and movement, were the earliest feelings. In this state of uncertain wandering, with

little change of place, the lamb was seized hold of and carried up to the side of the mother. This made no difference till its nose was brought into contact with the woolly skin of the dam, which originated a new sensation. Then came a conjunction manifestly of the volitional kind. There was clearly a tendency to sustain this contact, to keep the nose rubbing upon the side and belly of the ewe. Finding a certain movement to have this effect, that movement was sustained; exemplifying what I consider the primitive or fundamental part of volition. Losing the contact, there was yet no power to recover it by a direct action, for the indications of sight at this stage had no meaning. The animal's spontaneous irregular movements were continued; for a time they were quite fruitless, until a chance contact came about again, and this contact could evidently sustain the posture or movement that was causing it. The whole of the first hour was spent in these various movements about the mother, there being in that short time an evident increase of facility in the various acts of locomotion, and in commanding the head in such a way as to keep up the agreeable touch. A second hour was spent much in the same manner, and in the course of the third hour the animal, which had been entirely left to itself, came upon the teat, and got this into its mouth. The spontaneous workings of the mouth now yielded a new sensation, whereby they were animated and sustained, and unexpectedly the creature found itself in the possession of a new pleasure—the satisfaction first of mouthing the object; next, by and by, the pleasure of drawing milk. The intensity of this last feeling would doubtless give an intense spur to the coëxisting movements, and keep them energetically at work. A new and grand impression was thus produced, remaining after

the fact, and stimulating exertion and pursuit to recover it. Six or seven hours after birth the animal had made notable progress, and locomotion was easy, the forward movement being preferred but not predominant. The sensations of sight began to have a meaning. In less than twenty-four hours the animal could, at the sight of the mother ahead, move in the forward direction at once to come up to her, showing that a particular visible image had now been associated with a definite movement; the absence of any such association being most manifest in the early movements of life. It could proceed at once to the teat and suck, guided only by its desire and the sight of the object. It was now in the full exercise of the locomotive faculty; and very soon we could see it moving with the nose along the ground in contact with the grass, the preliminary of seizing the blades in the mouth.

"The observations proved distinctly three several points—namely, first, the existence of spontaneous action as the earliest fact in the creature's history; second, the absence of any definite bent prior to experienced sensation; and third, the power of a sensation actually experienced to keep up the coinciding movement of the time, thereby constituting a voluntary act in the initial form. What was also very remarkable, was the rate of acquisition, or the rapidity with which all the associations between sensations and actions became fixed. A power that the creature did not at all possess naturally, got itself matured as an acquisition in a few hours; before the end of a week the lamb was capable of almost any thing belonging to its sphere of existence; and at the lapse of a fortnight, no difference could be seen between it and the aged members of the flock."—(Pp. 404-6.)

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

From the Westminster Review.

BONAPARTISM IN ITALY.*

THE fascination which Italy exercises over all accomplished visitors of that beautiful land is expressed and explained in that apostrophe of the poet Browning: "O woman country!" Writers upon France catch the critical vein of the nation

and fall into a carping tone; the magnificence of Switzerland fails to insure affection for the people; and the respect felt for German profundity is of a somewhat abstract character. But with Italy the passing stranger falls in love, and the long sojourner imbibes the intoxication of passion. *The Vicissitudes of Italy* is evidently the work of a person who has thrown his soul into the cause. He is one who shares not the despair which wrung from Byron the exclamation—

* *The Italian Campaigns of General Bonaparte, in 1796-7 and 1800.* By GEORGE HOOPER. London. 1859.

The Vicissitudes of Italy since the Congress of Vienna. By A. L. V. GRETTON. London. 1859.

"O God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful!"

for he sees the day of power coming through the wisdom and valor of Sardinia's king, parliament, and people. The history he gives proceeds only from the settlement of 1815. Mr. Hooper's book goes further back, but his well-written account of Bonaparte's Italian campaigns touches only incidentally on the political state of Italy. In the following article we propose to go rapidly over the history of Bonaparte's battles, the brilliancy of which turn Magenta and Solferino into mere wholesale scrambling butcheries, and over the history of his Italian policy, which was so selfish and mean that it is in no danger of suffering eclipse from that of his nephew, whatever it may be. We shall attempt no labored or strained parallels, or the more usually strained contrasts where truth is too often sacrificed to telling antithesis and showy effect. Yet is there one fact which stands out so conspicuous as in itself to betray a system. Venice was a republic until Napoleon handed her over a bound and betrayed slave to Austria, and he who rivets the chain is one whose name we need not pronounce. The treaties of Campo Formio and Villafranca are the Alpha and Omega of Venetian bondage. Leaving it to the reader to point inferences, which, indeed, lie upon the surface, we proceed to consider Bonaparte's whole career in Italy.

Napoleon Bonaparte's first Italian campaign can never be thought of without feelings of admiration. The youth of the commander, (he was only twenty-seven,) the comparatively small number of his troops, and the misery of their condition, when compared with the obstacles opposed by armies twice as great, fully provisioned, adequately equipped, resting on mighty fortresses, and backed by positions of natural strength apparently insurmountable, give to this struggle an interest which is increased to the highest degree when we consider that the prize at stake was no less than the deliverance of beautiful Italy from thralldom and her restoration to liberty! We speak now of that campaign as it presented itself in its first bright glorious aspect, and we have the more right to do so as the army, which, ragged and hungry, followed Bonaparte through the storm and snow of

the Apennines, were animated by the belief that they went forth to fight for no selfish ends, for that they were truly the armed missionaries of freedom. The composition, the character, and the spirit of that army, are less familiarly known than the history of their leader. Who is there who can not repeat the story of the Corsican officer of artillery that showed his superiors the way to retake Toulon from the British; of his advancement in the opinion of all with whom he came in contact, until at length he gained the confidence of Barras, the most influential member of the Government of the Directory; of his marriage with the fascinating Josephine; of his unhesitating slaughter of the Sections on the day of the thirteenth Vendemiaire? These incidents of the adventurer, before the campaign of Italy raised the hero to an equality with the Alexanders, Hannibals, and Cæsars, are in every memory. But of that aggregate of heroes, whose several rays blend with his own crown of glory, a word must needs be said. These were men who had already saved their own mother country. These were men who had shattered the coalesced armies of the great military Powers of the Continent. They had, indeed, doubly saved France by redeeming her reputation from the iniquities of the Reign of Terror, and now they went forward to impart to the oppressed the privileges they had conquered for themselves. This is what that army, away from the intrigues and corruptions of political factions in the capital, believed. These men, constantly engaged in the field in defense of their independence and of the republican principle, were at once patriots and propagandists. Their hearts burned with fierce political fanaticism, which, wanting as it may have been in those holier elements that purify and exalt, rendered them contemptuous of privation, and made them in battle invincible. Commanded by a leader of genius, what obstacle could resist them? And it was so willed that as great a genius in the art of war as the world had ever seen should arise at the right moment for the benefit of an army equal to himself. The consequences were such as might have been expected, and which we proceed very rapidly to trace.

When Bonaparte arrived at Nice, on the twenty-seventh March, 1796, he was as much struck with the half-naked, famished appearance of his troops, as they

were with the mean figure of the little, lank, boyish-looking man, whose sickly and sallow countenance, rendered still more wan by his long hair, was nevertheless, redeemed by large dark eyes of uncommon lustre. Young as he was, his figure lacked the buoyancy of youth as much as it wanted the erect firmness of manhood. His clothes hung loosely about his angular body. What the impressions of the soldiers were at the time, and the revulsions which their feelings underwent, was soon afterwards made manifest by a characteristic circumstance. After the passage of the Bridge of Lodi—to be mentioned more particularly hereafter—the men, who, according to republican fashion, were used to elect their officers, assembled in a gay conventicle round their camp-fires, and bestowed a name and rank on the hero which stuck to him when on the throne, that of “the Little Corporal.” The significant pleasantry was subsequently repeated—the “Little Corporal” was promoted to the rank of sergeant and lieutenant and captain; but as novelty and surprise are the salt of good jokes, “Little Corporal” retained immortal hold in association with the gray frock-coat and featherless cocked-hat.

On the eleventh April, Bonaparte moved from Savona at the head of some forty-two thousand men and sixty pieces of artillery, to attack twice that number of allied Austrians and Sardinians, supported by two hundred pieces of cannon. Old Austrian Beaulieu reasoned like a man of seventy-five, who forgets the passionate inspiration of half a century before. He saw a rich city, that of Genoa, under the nose of a famished army of invaders, and he concluded that they could not withstand the temptation. This low view of French nature, which a witty writer has contradistinguished from human nature, led well-fed old Beaulieu into a false move which proved irreparable. Bonaparte's eagle glance was fixed otherwise. Its point of attraction was not the glutted abundance of the city, but the bleak top of the Apennines, over which his star was rising. His plan was to cut the allies in two and beat them in detail—a project admirably favored by the mass of low mountains, which, unconnected by roads, steeped in snow, and troubled by the spring storms, afforded advantages to hardy, weather-seasoned, agile young troops over soldiers hampered by old con-

ventional rules and systems, which the genius of Bonaparte at once appreciated. Beaulieu crept along the shore to Genoa, covered by the English fleet. Here let us pause. The English fleet was ordered there to support the enemies of France, *but it was in defiance of English public opinion.* There is no fact in our history more easy of proof than that the voice of universal England was raised in protest, and vain protest, against being dragged into war with France. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London petitioned against the war. At Islington, fifty thousand persons met to demand neutrality. Meetings for the same purpose were held in every part of the city. The fact is one which deserves emphatic notice at this time; for it furnishes a conclusive answer to those who affect to regard the British people as ever ready to oppose France. Had the people's voice been respected by their own government, the French would not have been able to enhance the early triumphs of Bonaparte by adding to their glory the failure of British opposition.

That public opinion subsequently wavered, and that indignation at the horrors committed by the revolutionary monsters deepened into disgust and hatred ought not to be denied; but it must ever remain an open question whether the Reign of Terror was not the result of external pressure upon France. It was while the King was swearing fidelity to the constitution, that in the same month (July, 1792) the Duke of Brunswick, at the head of an Austro-Prussian army, invaded France, heralding his approach by a manifesto which might well have caused poor Louis to exclaim: “Oh! save me from my friends!” In that manifesto, the National Guards taken with arms in their hands are threatened with death; magistrates are warned, on peril of their heads; towns resisting the allies are given up to the soldiery; and, finally, adding insulting derision to brutal menaces, promise is offered to the penitent of “intercession with the Most Christian King to obtain pardon for their faults and errors.” A fortnight afterwards the King was a prisoner. The whole country was in a frenzy of indignation. The friends and relations of those so-called *émigrés* in the camp of the enemy were first arrested as hostages and then massacred. The threats of foreign Powers were met with shouts of defiance and

popular fury, already stained with crime, was excited into wild, ungovernable arrogance when from before the *sans culottes* of Paris the well-trained armies of Austria and Prussia had to seek safety in flight. It was not until the King was brought to death that the British Government, taking advantage of the general stupor, ordered the French envoy to quit within forty-eight hours. The Court put on mourning. The Republic declared war, and England was committed to the coalition. Our first expeditions were not prosperous. The Duke of York blundered from failure to failure, which, by hurting military pride, only involved the nation in further hostilities. But, all the time, the English people, on the one hand, and those of France on the other, were, the one perplexed and the other incensed, at the falseness of England's position. *For* whom was England fighting? For the Bourbon family, which had stimulated the revolt of the American colonies. *Against* whom was she fighting? Against the subjects of Louis, who had become inoculated with American principles, through the King's enmity to England. *With* whom was she fighting? Why, along with the three criminal despots who had partitioned Poland. And she had joined them, too, in the name of morality. Thus it was that, even in 1796, while a British fleet was covering Austrian movements against Bonaparte on the shores of Genoa, the English people at home were praying and petitioning in vain against the war with the French Republic.

What Bonaparte aimed at, that he did. When Beaulieu was awakened from his dream of error by the French cannon thundering from the heights of Montebello, it was too late. The enemy he expected to meet on the road to Genoa had already crossed the Apennines unperceived. He had, moreover, by skillful maneuvers, surrounded and overwhelmed an Austrian division. In fact, he stood victorious master of the mountain. The Austrian center was broken. Bonaparte stood between the Austrians, guarding the road to Milan, and the Piedmontese, who, on his left, held the gorges of the Millesimo, which they regarded as one of the natural bulwarks of their country. He resolves upon bending his main strength against the latter, and his operations are crowned with marvelous success. While Massena and Laharpe hold the

Austrians in check, the King of Piedmont agrees, as the price of an armistice, to put the victor in possession of his strongest fortresses. Within a single week, Bonaparte converts a hostile country into a firm basis of operations against its late ally, and finds himself free to engage the Austrians single-handed on the plains of Lombardy.

In order that we may not lose sight of the principle which animated the spirit of that victorious army, it must be mentioned that they were not satisfied with the material prizes of conquest, amazing as they might seem. They demanded the abolition of the Sardinian monarchy and the proclamation of the republic! Bonaparte had, however, on the day of the thirteenth Vendemiaire, when he turned his cannon against the revolted republican Sections, inwardly renounced the democratic creed. But the time had not arrived for avowals that would at once have been denounced as apostasy by lieutenants not yet eclipsed by the full revelation of an all-surpassing genius. It was necessary to blind yet awhile the eyes of Augereau, the wild son of the turbulent Faubourg St. Marceau, where his father worked as a mason, while in his son's knapsack lay the *bâton* of a Marshal of France; and to blind the eyes of the pastry-cook's son, Murat, the unrivaled cavalry officer and future King of Naples; and of Lannes, the dyer's apprentice, fighting his way to the Dukedom of Montebello; and of Massena, greatest and meanest of all — of Massena, first of soldiers and most rapacious of plunderers; and, in fine, to blind the eyes of all those republican champions whose life of activity on the frontier had, in sparing the sight of anarchy at home, allowed the Republic to appear in its noblest aspect, that of deliverer of France from the coalesced despotisms of Europe. It was on this occasion that Bonaparte fascinated his followers' attention by that famous proclamation, in which, with a few masterly strokes, he vividly painted their exploits: "You have gained battles without cannon, passed rivers without bridges, made forced marches without shoes; you lay on the ground without brandy, and often without bread. Republican troops, soldiers of liberty, were alone capable of sufferings such as you have endured." These were new words, suited to a time when every thing was new. The old *régime* was passed, with its frigid formalities and

elaborate etiquette. The Revolution had evoked the spirit of popular oratory. Parties, passions, principles, rioted in the most vivid exaggerations of expression; so that language which may appear inflated to the cool reader of the present day, was only in accordance with the elevation, or, if you will, the excitement of the times of which we speak. The men whom Bonaparte so addressed has issued from the clubs of Paris, or from those of other cities affiliated to the Jacobins of the capital, fresh from expositions of the gospel of Jean Jacques Rousseau by enthusiastic preachers of the rights of man, to seize their muskets to the cry of "the country is in danger," and to rush to the frontier to song of the *Marseillaise*. The battle-field still waited its orator; and orator, historian, and poet appeared in the person of an unparalleled hero, who had marked each successive day of a single week with the name of a victory.

By a successful stratagem Bonaparte succeeding in crossing the Po into Lombardy, and forthwith proceeded, with no less success, to dislodge Beaulieu from Pavia. Turning on the poor Duke of Parma, who, possessing no military resources whatever, could do nothing to thwart his plans, Bonaparte tarnished his laurels by extortion. Here he commenced that system of levying contributions which eventually corrupted his army, and turned the professed, and in the first instance sincere, deliverers of oppressed peoples into scourges, to be dreaded as much by friends as by foes. The poor Grand Duke could not understand how his pictures and works of art could be of service or even afford pleasure to an army standing in need of food and clothing. But Bonaparte wanted to create a sensation in Paris, and the *chef-d'œuvres* of the masters of Italian art were with an unprincipled hand degraded into decorations for a political *coup de théâtre*.

Milan lay before him. The victorious general had not yet realized that crowning point of conquest, the triumphant occupation of the chief city of his enemy. Combined with the prestige of such a trophy, more solid advantages were to be obtained, for Milan was rich; there arose a further inducement for the ambition of this man, at once keenly alive to self-interest, practical in his attention to all material necessities, and of most susceptible imagination. Far above the shouts

in Paris, with which his ears tingled in anticipation, there shone before his ardent fancy the vision of that Iron Crown which, from the days when Charlemagne wore it as the symbol of his Empire of the West, stood enshrined in the Lombard capital, while successive emperors came after each accession to the imperial throne to have their investiture completed by coronation in the cathedral. As yet what had he done? Many great things truly; but yet not one of that supreme personal daring to give him assurance that he "dared look on that which might appall the devil." Skeptic as he was, he worked his way to one belief—belief in himself; and his egotistical creed had its attendant superstition. The signs he questioned were no common signs. He challenged proofs from fate out of tempests of destroying fire, where one could hardly escape save by a miracle. The way to the imperial city lay across a narrow wooden bridge over the Adda, and was commanded by artillery and musketry sweeping every corner and cranny. Forlorn hopes to be counted by columns must devote themselves there to death—Bonaparte himself with the rest. He did not flinch. He formed his columns. He spoke to them as no other could speak. They rushed forward to be mowed down—there is a moment of hesitation—that moment is Bonaparte's inspiration. He bears forward the flag, communicating his enthusiasm to the rest. The charge is irresistible. In another moment the Austrian guns are spiked, and their columns, appalled by such inconceivable audacity, are in full retreat. It was after this prodigious achievement that the soldiers in a burst of wild, frolicsome admiration, pronounced their comrade in that famous charge worthy of promotion. They conferred on Bonaparte, as already stated, the name and rank of the "Little Corporal."

The heart swelling with exultation—the imagination picturing to itself promises of future greatness, failed to raise, however, the moral man to magnanimity of behavior. On the citizens, whom he professed to deliver, he imposed heavy contributions. His conduct caused strange perplexity. The word "Republic" had roused the enthusiasm of the descendants of the once-free Italian cities. Exactions galled the peasantry into fury. Democratic zeal collapsed in presence of pillage.

Pavia opened her gates to ten thousand exasperated peasants. The temper that not long before had turned the guns from the church steps of St. Roch on Parisian citizens was roused — the implacable demon within was stirred. Pavia was stormed! The leading citizens were taken out and shot in cold blood by way of example. The houses of all were given up to plunder, while cavalry were employed to hunt through the fields after the scattered peasantry, and to cut them down without mercy.

The Italian people have been too often reproached with their insignificant appearance in this marvelous campaign. It has been observed by historians of even distinguished ability and fairness, that neither Austrians nor French seemed to be aware of the existence of the very people in whose defense the one, and for whose liberation the other, professed to contend. The truth is, that it was not the Italians who were fearful, but that the masters and the liberators were alike false. The Austrians could not appeal to the civic virtues of a people, because to awaken such virtues would be fatal to their own system of oppression; and although the French army were animated by generous sentiments, they were led by a chief whose object was conquest. Instead, therefore, of appealing to the high spirit of the Italian nation, he goaded the people by exaction into resistance, and then punished that brave indignation, which a truly generous hero would have regarded as the sign of great qualities, capable of being turned to noble uses, with fire and sword and the chartered licentiousness of an intoxicated soldiery. Precious liberators, who begin by extinguishing the spirit which is liberty's animating principle, and without which there can only be the stultified victims of worthless masters!

Within a month Bonaparte had subdued the monarchy of Sardinia, and had wrested from the Austrian Cæsar Lombardy and the Iron Crown. He next advanced into the territory of the *Republic of Venice*. Would he respect the name? It was a war of principle. Consistency and the express orders of the Directory opposed barriers to his progress. But the temptations were great to a general who was an amateur of pictures. Titians and Tintoretto were wanted to complete the Parmesan and Modenese galleries, and to supply the necessary link with the con-

templated seizure of the art treasures of the Vatican; for Bonaparte had already settled in his mind that his Holiness had no right to be a virtuoso. The Republic of Venice was wealthy and weak, corrupt and cowardly; public spirit had so long slept that an effete oligarchy had absorbed all the powers of the state. In such a crisis as now arrived there could neither be challenge to a people's loyalty by an endeared sovereign, nor place for the fierce resolution of a Convention. The authority of the Senate had been too long exercised in self-security against sedition, and had acquired too much of the odium called forth by the cruelty of a jealous oligarchy, to be able to take a bold and broad view of danger from without, or to feel confidence enough to evoke the aid of a public spirit they had drugged and crushed. The councils of confused cowards left to themselves could lead to nothing but proposals betraying weakness. The city of Venice had large possessions on *terra firma*. Brescia, Verona, Peschiera, were Venetian cities. The Republic had three millions of subjects, an army of fifty thousand men, a good fleet at sea, and a position that would, in other hands, have become impregnable. Bonaparte's teeth watered for the wealth and the pictures, and resolving to pick a quarrel, this is the way he did it: The eldest brother of the beheaded King of France had sought an asylum in the Venetian city of Verona. "Ah!" says Bonaparte, "the Pretender to the throne takes up his residence in Verona, and where a mock king holds his mock court, there is the assumed capital of France." Having by such stringent logic found the Venetians guilty of recognizing the Pretender, he proceeds to fine them for what he designated their insolence. In pronouncing sentence, the humane and just judge dwelt upon the exceeding tenderness of his own nature, which would not allow of his burning the city to ashes, and which obliged him to be satisfied with boundless supplies for his army and priceless pictures for himself.

Before him and around him lay other tempting objects; these were the kingdom of Naples, Tuscany, the States of the Church, and accounts remained to be settled with Genoa which the necessity for cutting the center of the Austro-Sardinian army at Montenotte had obliged him to postpone.

Now, from the heads of Government,

whether royal or ducal, Bonaparte encountered no opposition. The King of Naples made him a low bow. The Grand Duke of Tuscany met him with smiling hospitality. Bonaparte repaired to the Tuscan capital as a friend, but his own recognition of neutrality did not prevent the perpetration of a gross infringement of law, which was at the same time a humiliating indelicacy towards his host. British merchandise was at Leghorn, lying there unguarded in a neutral port; and while Bonaparte was regaling his eyes with the art treasures which enrich the city of the Medicis, his lieutenant, Murat, was by his orders pillaging these British ships and stores. At Genoa the work of levying contributions had begun. Here, as had previously happened in Lombardy, the peasantry resisted exactions to which their superiors meekly bowed. The city of Argusta, a fief of Genoa, as Pavia had done, opened her gates to the oppressed. Lannes was, according to fashion, sent to storm the unfortunate town, and stormed it was, and the chief citizens, as usual, taken out and shot in cold blood. But it was for the Pope that the deepest humiliation was reserved, and to the States of the Church was to be applied the most extensive spoliation. Bonaparte was at Bologna when the envoy of the panic-stricken Vatican laid the tiara at his feet. Again rose up resistance, and again it flamed, not from the outraged dignity of princes, but from the instinctive fury of a plundered peasantry. The village of Lugo dared to resist the exactions of Augereau, and the inhabitants were put to the sword. Bonaparte had, in the course of a short campaign, run through the whole gamut of human action, from the highest to the lowest deeds—from heroism to plunder—from magnanimity in the field to the most wretched butchery of peasants—from sport with the crowns of kings and antique dignity of doges down to the most pitiful extortion from burghers and plebeians; he had done every thing that man could do of noble or of vile. One more trial remained for him. The tiara was at his feet. Did he say: "Take away the bauble?" No! This military Cromwell, as he has been most inaptly called, simply took the tiara in pawn, to be redeemed by payment of twenty millions francs in money, along with exorbitant supplies for the army, and for himself a hundred of the finest works of which the

Vatican could boast, as well as two hundred rare manuscripts!

It was time for old Wurmser to come down through the Tyrol. Mantua was closely pressed, and Bonaparte's fame was drawing to him reinforcements. It was now the end of July, and the Austrians, sixty thousand strong, after having driven in different detachments, were descending both sides of the Lake of Garda; that is to say, they were repeating the old error of dividing their forces in the expectation of enveloping the French army, which, after deduction of troops for guarding recent conquests and maintaining the siege of Mantua, could only muster thirty thousand men. To increase his force in the field, Bonaparte raised the siege, an act which cost some sacrifice to his pride; but it was one of consummate judgment, for it placed fifteen thousand more troops at his disposal. Wurmser entered Mantua in fancied triumph, but is startled in the midst of his joy by the intelligence that the three towns of Brescia, Salò, and Lunato, which had opened their gates to him on his advance, were again in the hands of the French. This was not all. He hears at the same time that his lieutenant, Quasdanovich, on whose junction with himself he had confidently reckoned, had been attacked and defeated. The brave old man immediately crossed the Mincio and moved on Castiglione. Orders are dispatched to Quasdanovich to renew the offensive. His object is ever and still the same, that of enveloping the adversary. Bonaparte was not a man to be enveloped. Yet to cut through the toils spread by an enemy so greatly outnumbering his own forces, it required that the general should be never out of his saddle, and that troops obliged to march all night should be ready to fight all day. On the third August the battle of Castiglione was fought and won by the accomplishment of the same French plan for confounding the same Austrian error. Lines too far extended were cut through and the Austrians beaten in detail. The battle was next day renewed. The same principle of action was on each side repeated, and with the same results, and Wurmser retreated into the fastnesses of the Tyrol with the loss of twenty thousand men and sixty cannons, thus closing what the French call the campaign of five days. Too crippled on their side to pursue, the French made preparations to encounter Wurm-

ser, who they rightly judged would return to the field. In about three weeks, or towards the end of August, the Austrian veteran, with his army raised by reinforcements to fifty thousand men, again descended from the Tyrol, moving according to the same inveterate system with obstinate intention to envelop his adversary by means of a double line of operations — an attempt the more absurd because on the present occasion equality of numbers rendered it impossible. Davidovich was left with twenty thousand men to guard Roveredo and the valley of the Adige, while Wurmser, at the head of thirty thousand, descended to Bassano, leaving thus a mass of mountains between both. Bonaparte boldly determined upon ascending towards the Tyrol by the banks of the Adige. He fell on Davidovich at Roveredo, and putting him to flight, entered Trent, the capital of the Tyrol. Wurmser, instead of allowing his firm old head to be confounded by such a disaster, resolved to turn it to account. Forming the bright design of barring Bonaparte's return into Italy, he directed his steps towards Verona, with the double object of capturing that important city and at the same time of relieving Mantua. Bonaparte, divining his adversary's intention, left a division in the Tyrol, followed Wurmser through a most difficult mountain country, and came up with his rear guard in the steep gorge of the Val Sugana, which he defeated at the moment the Austrian advanced guard had reached Verona. Wurmser, collecting his troops at Bassano, made a gallant effort to drive back the French into the steep defiles from which they had emerged, but failed. He, nevertheless, with unflinching courage and admirable skill, fought his way to Mantua, which he entered in a sort of triumph. This was his last gleam of success. Several gallant attempts to retrieve disasters only entailed defeats, by which, at the end of October, that army which had, early in September, emerged from the Tyrol fifty thousand strong was now reduced to fifteen thousand, some seeking shelter in the depths of the mountains, and others suffering, with the inhabitants of Mantua, the severest trials of sickness and hunger.

Austria, ever pertinacious and resolute, had by this time gathered another army of forty thousand men at Trieste, which was placed under Alvinzi; and under

Davidovich was another corps of eight thousand men. Bonaparte's losses not having been repaired with corresponding reinforcements, he found himself once more numerically inferior to his antagonist in the field.

Before the close of the first week of November, two Austrian armies were attacking the French, the one on the Tyrol, before Trent, the other before Bassano, on the Brenta. In the Tyrol where Bonaparte was *not*, the Austrians triumphed; on the Brenta, where Bonaparte *was*, victory remained faithful to the French arms. But a great crisis was approaching — an Austrian army, flushed with success, was hastening to raise the spirits of their defeated brethren, while a French division was falling back on its friends for succor, with signs of distress hanging from its humbled standards. The tide seemed to have turned; Alvinzi found himself master of the Italian Tyrol, with a country cleared from the invader up to the Adige. His aim was the city of Verona. Bonaparte, on the heights of Caldiero, barred the road; Alvinzi advanced resolutely to the attack, and for the first time, on the eleventh November, the hitherto invincible young general of the Republic was fairly beaten in a pitched battle, and driven from his own chosen positions. To Verona returned the remainder of the French army much dispirited. Hitherto Bonaparte's temptations were those of unparalleled success, and he did not always escape that cruel and heartless arrogance which unchecked prosperity too often draws forth. His genius, happily for himself, was now to be tested by perils which had subdued strong minds about him. If he caught the contagion, his name would go down as that of a rash adventurer whose chance strokes of success met with the eventual punishment due to temerity. Even if he should fail to raise the ardor of his followers to equality with his own, ruin was no less certain. What did he do? He appeared to retreat. He turned his steps backwards towards Milan. The army thinking it was abandoning the fruit of its many victories, hung down its head in anger and shame. The troops are suddenly surprised by an order to change their line of march. At daybreak they find a bridge of boats, over which they pass to discover themselves amongst morasses, intersected by causeways. Immediately the soldiery, with characteristic in-

stinct, divine their leader's plan. It is not for the sake of flight that they are placed in a position whose capabilities for defense they at once perceive. Their confidence returns animated by joy. Alvinzi, unaware of this midnight movement, stood idly watching Verona, while his fancied prey was strongly posted behind him, threatening his flank and rear. Discovering his error, he hastened to repair it. Here, as at Lodi, victory held up her crown of laurels upon a bridge. If won, the bridge of Arcola would secure the provinces which had been entered through that of Lodi. It was swept by grape and musketry, "but it must be won!" so said Bonaparte, as seizing a standard he rushed forward at the head of a column of Grenadiers, and planted it in the midst. He is borne back, and for a moment is surrounded by victorious Austrians, from whose eyes he is hidden by the willows that bend over the marsh, where the last form of death a hero would choose threatens to engulf the greatest. In a transport of self-devotedness, in a sort of heavenly frenzy of enthusiasm, such as makes martyrs, and in a measure atones for the horrors of battles, the soldiers of Bonaparte press forward with irresistible might to the rescue of the supposed prisoner, and it is when the column is about to pursue a flying enemy that they hear behind them the shouts of their comrades for joy—that they have their leader amongst them. Much slaughter remained, alas! to be perpetrated amongst those marshes. The weeping willows, trembling to November winds, shook off tears of blood. Three days after the supposed flight of the French from Verona, the inhabitants marveled to see them reënter undisputed masters of the city. There ensued a pause of two months. To the genius of Bonaparte remained opposed that Austrian obstinacy which yields only to exhaustion. Mantua still held out a beacon of hope, and once more Austria gathered her forces for its relief. When at the beginning of January both parties were ready for action, Bonaparte found his army raised to forty-six thousand; Alvinzi commanded a somewhat larger force. The French army was posted on the elevated plateau of Rivoli, which was approached by different roads; and the Austrian plan was one of simultaneous attack on all sides, a plan well conceived, well executed, and which would unquestionably have succeeded

against any general not gifted with the genius of a Bonaparte. By the quickness of his combinations, by the rapidity of his movements, by the marvelous sagacity with which he detected weak points, and the promptitude with which he drove superior force against them, Bonaparte, as usual, beat his enemy in detail, and the close of a clear frosty day matched with this fresh victory of Rivoli the previous triumph achieved amongst the marshes and willows of Arcola.

Without waiting to draw breath, Bonaparte, leaving to his lieutenants to garner in the harvest of that bloody field, rode off to Mantua, taking no rest until he reached, on the evening of the following day, the scene of action. The Imperialists in force were preparing to support a sally from the garrison. The soldiers who, on the other hand, had come to the support of the threatened besiegers, arrived by forced marches, impeded by incessant combats. The result was defeat of the Austrians and capitulation of Mantua. Within three days Bonaparte had defeated two Austrian armies, taken eighteen thousand prisoners, twenty-four standards, and sixty pieces of cannon. With the fall of Mantua ended Austrian domination for the time. The last scene was worthily illustrated by a rivalry of magnanimity between the veteran Wurmser and his youthful conqueror. The former, although his horse-flesh was exhausted, and three days' subsistence in garbage hardly left, observed a confident front. Bonaparte, aware of his situation, sent him word, that in honor of his fidelity, he would allow him to march out with the honors of war; and with a delicacy which, like his magnanimity, was too rare to be the result of principle, and to be set down to the capriciousness of a genius, as excitable as it was splendid, he withdrew, lest his presence as a conqueror should be construed into an indulgence of satisfaction at an old soldier's humiliation.

As Rome had rebelled against the treaty imposed some time previously, Bonaparte felt strongly inclined to crown this famous campaign by the overthrow of the Papal power; but he was withheld by the imperative orders of the Government of the Directory. He resolved, however, to mulct the Pope, and whenever Bonaparte was seized with the thirst for extortion, it was curious to observe how his passion for the fine arts caught fire from the same

source. To his previous plunder of the Vatican, the heroic amateur added the Apollo Belvidere and the Laocoön, Raphael's Transfiguration, and the St. Jerome of Dominicheno. The victim was stripped, but life was spared.

The campaign of Italy was, properly speaking, ended; but the conquest was not secure against a power like Austria, which never yielding to depression, possessed the service of an Archduke Charles, and of soldiers before whom the best French legions of the Rhine had quailed. Bonaparte determined to cross the Tyrol, and not to make peace except within the walls of Vienna. Victory indeed attended him, but he met with so much unexpected resistance at the hands of the faithful Tyrolese, he witnessed so much steadfast loyalty amongst the Austrian people, and foreseeing the tremendous conflict that was preparing, he stopped short at Leoben, and was the first to make overtures for peace, the conditions of which were six months afterwards reduced to the memorable treaty of Campo Formio.

Within these six months great projects were to be matured by means of great crimes, to which Austria was to be induced to lend herself, to her own lasting shame.

According to the general principle forming the base of these preliminaries agreed to at Leoben, Austria was to surrender to France her Belgian provinces, on condition of receiving indemnities in other directions, at the expense of weaker powers. One of the victims, and the chief one to this arrangement, was the Republic of Venice. At this early stage of the business, no greater robbery was ostensibly at least contemplated than those provinces which were situated on *terra firma*. Bonaparte being a general of a Republic commissioned to spread the blessings of that system by force of arms, dared not go so far as to pass sentence of death upon one of the most historically illustrious of the Republics of the world. Austria assuming, on the other hand, to be the champion of law and order, religion and loyalty, it behoved her to be careful how she despoiled the Queen of the Adriatic. By inducing the government of Vienna to admit the basis of indemnity, a decent synonym for spoliation, Bonaparte had done enough for immediate purposes. Austria stood committed. She had completely abandoned the high ground of

principle, and taken her stand on the lowest degree of self-interest. Of her two armies of the Rhine and of Italy, one stood crowned with glory, the other covered with defeat. Does she hide the latter's scars with the former's glorious remnants of triumphal flags? On the contrary, she agrees to barter the fruits of her victories on the Rhine for plunder torn from allies in Italy, whom she was no longer able to defend. She punished their loyalty through the means of her own soldiers' heroic fidelity. Had her army of Germany succumbed, she should have subscribed to peace dictated in the capital; and she, the champion of loyalty and faith, marks her gratitude to Providence that deferred the hour of humiliation, by submitting to go snacks with one whom she hated, and even still despised as a merely successful adventurer. No impediment stood thenceforward in the way of the victor. If Austria could thus allow her scruples to give way, why should *he* not cast away the semblances of his own? He had more than conquered the greatest military monarchy of Europe; he had *degraded her*, who was henceforth his slave to do his bidding. She had sullied and weakened her reserves of honor and of heroism, and could not bring them up except to be defeated.

Austria being neutralized, Bonaparte felt at ease while brooding over his projects, and they were prodigious. His object was to make himself master of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, that he might wrest from England her Indian empire. As an essential preliminary to this design, it became in his mind necessary to obtain possession of the fleet, the sailors, and the naval stores of Venice, along with the Ionian Islands, then Venetian possessions. To effect his purpose he had recourse to a very vulgar and wicked stratagem. He stirred up the lower orders against the higher with doctrines of social equality, which he did not himself believe, but which in a republic are without difficulty excited, and then he took his dupes under his protection. It was for their sakes that of course he laid hold of the shipping and stores, and transferred them to Corfu, which of course also he would hold with the other Ionian Islands as a material guarantee, to be returned in due time to that revolutionary democracy which was to restore the Republic of Venice to her pristine youth. By this mode of proceeding he

duped every body. He duped his own army, which rejoiced at the spread of the revolutionary idea; he duped the Government of the Directory, which had given him express orders to respect the Republic of Venice; and that the work of deception might be wide enough and close enough to entangle all, he set about forming the Italian provinces rescued from Austria into united Republics. In this proceeding his motives were very complex and subtle, for he not only duped the people, the army, and the government at home, but he was fortifying himself against the pretensions which he knew Austria would put forth in favor of certain portions of her old Italian provinces, and which pretensions he could best resist in the name of restored nationality. But he held in reserve a bribe for that Austrian cupidity to which he had found the way. He meant at the last moment to sacrifice the Republic of Venice, and hand her over, after he had stripped her of wealth and strength, a forlorn city to a foreign master. The people of Venice, who fancied they were to see the Republic rise up renewed and invigorated by French arms, awoke from their dream as soon as they saw the soldiers of Augereau take down the bronze horses from the place of St. Mark—those horses which had illustrated Corinth, adorned Rome, imparted purity to the semi-oriental decorations of Constantinople; and having marked, as it were, the rise and decline of three great seats of power, were now to be wrenched from betrayed Venice, and carried to another city. While the people stood paralyzed, the effete Senate passively consented to sign its own death-warrant. Let us turn to another scene. Bonaparte is closeted with the Austrian minister plenipotentiary, Cobentzel, at the latter's country-house. Cobentzel yields the boundary of the Rhine, but haggles hard for pieces and scraps of poor Italy. Bonaparte can not consent to yield any portion—not that France wants it, oh! no—but he can not desert the interests of the newly-created Cisalpine Republic formed out of Lombardy and the Venetian provinces. Cobentzel could lay his hand on nothing which did not belong to one or other of the rising Republics; but Cobentzel *might have Venice itself*, whose value he set forth with that quality of eloquence which comes to the aid of a Jew who makes the most of a cast-off garment.

The fact is, that Bonaparte, having got possession of the Ionian Islands and of the Venetian fleet, could only secure the spoils by murdering the victim. Should the independence of Venice be recognized, would she not reclaim the stolen goods? and therefore it was that Bonaparte wanted to crush her utterly by bartering her to Austria, who would hold the bargain firmly in his gripe. Cobentzel still haggled, and Bonaparte lost his temper, and when he did so, the hero could behave like a spoiled child. He looked about for something to wreak his rage upon. Happily for Cobentzel's head, a porcelain vase attracted the warrior's eye, seizing which he smashed it against the floor. "Thus," he exclaimed, in a tone of melo-dramatic rant, "will I smash the Austrian power, if the treaty be not forthwith signed!" Cobentzel was frightened into conversion by the broken crockery, for next day was perfected the treaty of Campo Formio. A scene of a different kind occurred at Venice, where a noble Venetian lady, such an one as might of old have inspired the genius of Titian, when he lavished his wealth of color in picturing forth the glorious gorgeousness of Venetian beauty, unable to survive the degradation of her country, died by her own hand. The crime is one which must be classed with the act of a Lucretia or a Charlotte Corday. We dare not praise—we can not condemn—we stand transfixed in admiration of a resolve which so far transcends ordinary experience as to confound expression. The mind refuses to see other than the funeral pyre of a country and a self-devoted victim. The Republic of a thousand years appears incarnated in the last and noblest of her daughters, who seems to say: Thus perish Venice, rather than drag out a life of shame.

We have seen how Italy was won. We are now to learn how Italy was lost. It was won by the genius of a young general and of an army, which, few in number and ill-equipped, became irresistible through enthusiasm. It was lost when love of freedom and zeal for the cause of liberty degenerated into sensual indulgence, supported by extortion, and masked by deceit. Bonaparte set sail on his memorable expedition for Egypt in the spring of 1798. His object was to found an empire in the East on the ruin of that of Great Britain. One Englishman, as he himself

bitterly said, caused him to miss his way—that Englishman was Sir Sidney Smith, who rendered Aboukir an invincible impediment. Another Englishman, more famous still, the immortal Nelson, destroyed the fleet on which he depended for maintaining his communication with France. While Bonaparte was absent, his spoiliations were imitated by his successors. But where he plundered for the benefit of an impoverished State and an army in rags, they robbed on their own account. Bonaparte had indeed opened the Papal treasury, and the richer mines of the art galleries of the Vatican; but there were to come after him destroyers, compared with whom even he was but a child who plucks a few tempting flowers, or gathers a few blades of corn by the wayside. In the usual way riots were got up at Rome, and the Papal troops firing, killed a French general. This was enough; Berthier marched to Rome on the tenth February, 1798. No resistance was offered. The Castle of St. Angelo was first put into his hands, on condition that person and property should be respected. The Pope, dethroned and deprived of his temporal sovereignty, was allowed to retire into Tuscany; and another Republic was established, protected by the sword of Massena. He was a man whose genius rose with danger, whose ingenuity was sharpened by necessity, whose courage no form of peril could surprise; he who subsequently proved himself capable of enduring the direst horrors of famine, rather than surrender a city reduced to the last agonies of want, could not resist the temptations of abundance. By him according to his admirer Thiers.

“Palaces, convents, rich collections were despoiled, nor were their contents sent to enrich the picture-galleries, museums, and libraries of Paris. No; they were sacrificed to Jew dealers for whatever they could bring. So revolting was the havoc committed, that a meeting was held by officers of the army, who, unable to restrain their indignation, and burning with shame, addressed a petition to the Directory, for the removal of their Commander-in-Chief. Massena was recalled, and civil commissioners were appointed to administer the financial affairs of the army—a plan which, as we shall see, led to serious consequences. Robbery was not confined to Rome. Lombardy, now the Cisalpine Republic, was suffering at the hands of her liberators, converted into predators.”

Hear M. Thiers again. Having told
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that the Cisalpine Republic was in a state of frightful disorder, and having palliated the curtailment of its political liberties by the reduction of the House of Representatives to one half the number fixed by the Constitution, he goes on to say:

“The officers of the army behaved as in a conquered country. They ill-treated the inhabitants, took possession of houses to which they were not entitled, and which they devastated, making requisitions as in time of war, extorting money, and carrying off the funds of the city corporation. The commanders of fortresses particularly levied intolerable exactions. The Governor of Mantua, for instance, had to be paid for leave to fish in the lake. The generals raised their extortions in proportion to their rank, and went shares with the army contractors in the extravagant profits obtained by their connivance.”

The Directory sent a commissioner to Milan, who took measures to repress military licentiousness, but he had hardly turned his back, when Marshal Brune undid his work. Brune was a practiced hand. He had just overturned the Swiss Republic, and let loose his harpies upon the poor Swiss exchequer. The brave Swiss defended their ancient liberties with an enthusiastic courage, which, shared by their women, rose into holiest heroism. Liberty was put down in the name of liberty. The French Constitution was spread like a winding-sheet over the country of William Tell. Switzerland's wealth was not in picture-galleries, or statuary, or libraries. It was great, however, of the kind, which neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. Pure manners, a glorious history, and love of freedom. Like all mountaineers, they were economical, and their strict town councilors could show a balance to meet current exigencies of the canton. M. Thiers is very angry with the parsimonious Swiss for having cried out so loud about their beggarly balances, but he admits the fact, that what he calls the most ordinary right of conquest was exercised, and the little bank of Berne was treated as if it had been a very bank of England. Brune, like Massena, was recalled.

When the court of Naples saw the Pope dethroned, it began to fear that its own turn would come next. War was declared, but the result was to bring General Championnet a victor to Naples, where he proclaimed the new Parthenopean Republic. The King of Piedmont was

next forced to abdicate, and all Italy was revolutionized, with the exception of Tuscany, which for the moment was spared. Let M. Thiers speak again :

" Piedmont, now occupied, offered fresh prey to be devoured, and even the honesty of General Joubert, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy, did not afford a guarantee against the avidity of the military staff and the contractors. Naples especially was submitted to pillage. There were in the Directory four honest men, who felt disgust at all these disorders—Rèwbell, Larévellière, Merlin, and Treilhard. Larévellière, acting with the greatest energy, caused a very wise proposition to be adopted, which was, the formation of Commissions in all countries depending on France, and occupied by our armies, charged with the civil and financial administration, and quite independent of the military staff."

And the Minister of War was instructed to see this arrangement carried into effect. Five years before, a general who would have murmured at an order of the committee of public safety, would have been summoned before the revolutionary tribunal, and sent from thence to the guillotine. But the reign of government by terror was past, that of military license was begun. When the Commissioners of the Directory presented themselves at Naples, General Championnet, accustomed to play the dictator, ordered them to quit within twenty-four hours. The Directory boldly deprived him of his command. General Joubert making common cause with his offended comrade, sent home his resignation. His post was offered to Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden. He, too, disdaining interference by civilians, rejected the offer—such proceedings were not lost on Austria. The humiliating treaty of Campo Formio still remained open. A congress was sitting at Radstadt, for the settlement of indemnities claimed by the German States, in lieu of the different portions of territory they were called on to abandon, in order to give effect to that part of the Campo Formio treaty which ceded to France the boundary of the Rhine. In point of fact, the German powers were in ill-humor with Austria, by whom they conceived themselves betrayed, and that astute power was looking for support in another direction. She was negotiating a treaty with Russia, with which semi-barbarous power she was already allied in an iniquitous partnership for the partition of Poland. That terrible

crime was the parent of all the disturbances with which Europe has been since afflicted. People fascinated by the more turbulent horrors of the French Revolution, seem to have forgotten that triple conspiracy of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, for the deliberate assassination of Poland, avenged with providential swiftness by the flood-breaks of French democracy, carrying the tricolor into every capital of the Continent. Austrian appetite, excited by spoliation, became insatiable. We have seen with what little scruple she went shares with Bonaparte in the destruction of Venice, and now while affairs were dragging on at Radstadt, she was carrying on a second secret under-hand negotiation with the French Republic of a still more unprincipled character; for she was actually prepared to swallow the confiscated estates of the Church, and thus to sanction the dethronement of the Pope, provided she could, at the expense of her German allies, obtain a slice of poor Italy. This was conservative and religious Austria! The proposal was rejected, the Congress of Radstadt broken up, and was declared. Then there occurred a more base transaction. The Austrian Government suspected that some secret dealing had been going on between her quondam German friends and the French Plenipotentiaries, and orders were given to have their carriages stopped on the road by a troop of dragoons, and their papers seized for examination. The soldiers went, it to be hoped, beyond the letter of the instructions, when they murdered men whose persons have ever been held sacred by all nations. This barbarous violation of public law excited a terrible sensation. Hostilities at once commenced.

The theater of conflict was immense. The French Republic had to cover Holland, which an English fleet was watching to relieve; it had to guard the line of the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy. While Italy is our chief concern, yet shall we be obliged to keep in view operations elsewhere. Owing to the differences that had arisen between the Directory and their generals in Italy, some difficulty was found with regard to the command of the army. True it was that a great man was at the service of the Directory—the upright, the single-minded, single-hearted Moreau. It is the curse of corrupt times that the rare uncontaminated few who have preserved their integrity, are :

pelled, as if their presence was a rebuke and an offense. The Director Barras, reeling to the Council-table from the obscene orgies of the Luxembourg, was in no fit state to meet the calm reason and encounter the devoted bearing of a man like Moreau, whose genius—and it was of the noblest order—was equaled by a regard for the public service, that excluded every thought of self-interest, even of glory. As if to mortify the first general of the Republic since Bonaparte was away, he was offered a division, and he modestly accepted that subordinate position. The chief command was given to the Minister-of-War, General Scherer, who went out loaded with unpopularity in the army under his command, because to the execution of his decrees was attributed the resignation of their favorite commanders. He was, nevertheless, a distinguished soldier, but broken down by age and infirmities. The first encounter took place on the Rhine, which the French crossed under Jourdan; were beaten the twenty-second March at Ostrach, and again, three days afterwards, were overthrown completely at Stochach. The Austrians had at their head a great and noble general, the Archduke Charles, one who, had he been left to the inspirations of his own genius, would have saved the empire from disaster. Not unlike the heroic Moreau, in regard to singleness of purpose and soundness of capacity, his services to a Government unable to appreciate his worth were secured by his birth and rank, but they were marred by the inept interference of a pedantic council seated at Vienna. It is admitted by Thiers, that had not the Archduke been restrained by order of the Aulic Council, he might have followed up his advantages,

even to the utter destruction of the army. The day following the fatal battle of Stochach began the campaign of Italy.

The Austrians were posted in the strong city of Verona, which was covered by an intrenched camp at Pastrengo, between the town and the lake of La Garda. We must recollect that Verona had belonged to the Venetians, and Bonaparte, when he wrung from Austria her disgraceful acceptance of Venice and Verona, little calculated upon that power's ability to make the best of a bad bargain. Venice became, in Austria's hands, an impregnable magazine of war-stores. The French directed their first attack against the intrenched camp of Pastrengo, which yielded to their daring impetuosity, pushed their advantages up to the walls of Verona, but there ceased their success. Within six weeks the marvelous superstructure of Bonaparte was overthrown. It had risen as if by enchantment—a dazzling work—and had not the materials been tempered with fraud and falsehood, might have stood a monument of marvelous genius. When the architect was away, whose eye might have detected the frailness of evil elements, and whose hand could have repaired threatened damage, decay made rapid progress. Corruption undermined the work, and it fell to pieces at the first serious shock. The Austrian General Kray swept from Verona to the bridge of Lodi with a rapidity which surpassed, although not with a glory that equaled, the advance of Bonaparte, and with rival promptitude and force the Archduke Charles, victorious to the Rhone, cut with his sword the Articles of the Treaty of Campo Formio, which had made that river the boundary of France.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

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ISLAMISM AND ITS HISTORY.*

UNDER the walls of Damietta the armies of Western Christendom were once more marshaled, resolved to break the Mohammedan power in its great stronghold. Already had they, by dint of ingenuity and bravery, possessed themselves of its strong citadel, and were now preparing to lay siege to the city itself, when amidst them appeared another combatant, carrying weapons very different from theirs. The novel ascetism, the simple faith, and burning zeal of Francis of Assisi had evoked throughout Europe the wail of penitence, and even threatened to depopulate whole cities by swelling the ranks of his Order. Accompanied by twelve of these "brethren," he now arrived in the camp of the Crusaders. If he despaired of the success of arms wielded by a host so turbulent and unspiritual, his confidence in the reality of his own mission was all the more strong. Leaving the ranks of the Christians, the Saint presented himself before the Sultan of Cairo; and, when arguments failed to convince the unbeliever, offered to prove the truth of the Gospel by undergoing the ordeal of fire. Melic-Kamel dismissed the enthusiast; eventually this crusade, as those which preceded and followed it, led to no lasting result; and to this day has the sway and the creed of Mohammed not only continued, but spread and extended. Unaccountable as to some the proposed argumentation of St. Francis may appear, it was but an application of a principle very commonly entertained—that of determining the reality of a cause by outward results; perhaps not quite so irrationally as is sometimes done, since in this case the issue was cast directly upon the Great Arbiter Himself. By the side of this Apostle of Mediævalism, and his appeal to Heaven through palpable results,

we are tempted to place another and seemingly different mode of argumentation. A sway continued for twelve centuries, and over one hundred and eighty millions of men, "made by God as well as we"—such is the basis on which one of the ablest of our contemporaries has mainly rested the claims of Mohammed to be ranked with the prophets. As if the appeal to heaven could be determined according to such outward successes or the truth and reality of a cause depended on the number of its adherents or the period of its continuance.

Yet, under another aspect, such "popularity" is a sign, full of importance to the thoughtful on-looker. Not that whatever is, and for a time continues and prospers, deserves to be or is genuine and real, but that it has proved itself akin to some of the deepest feelings and sympathies of our nature. That a religion issuing from the deserts of Arabia—from among an untutored and nomadic race—should well nigh have made the conquest of the world; that in the brief space of eighty years it extended its sway over more countries and nations than were ever subject to Imperial Rome; that not only Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, India, and Africa, should have received the Korán, but within this incredibly short period the claims of the false prophet were owned "from the walls of China to the pillars of Hercules, and from the Caspian to the Niger;" that Islamism swept away the Greek Empire, and seated itself not only on the "Holy Places" of the Christians, but in the capital of Constantine; that it overran Spain, Italy, Hungary, and for centuries constituted the dreaded danger of Germany; that it rolled back the tide of eight crusades; that while to this day Christianity travels so slowly, and almost imperceptibly, it should have continued to add entire tribes to its professors; these are some of the facts which make Mohammedanism a unique phenomenon in history. To explain them, we need not have recourse to either of the extreme

* *Ishmael; or, a Natural History of Islamism, and its Relation to Christianity.* By the Rev. Dr. J. MUEHLERSEN ARNOLD, formerly Church Missionary in Asia and Africa. London: Rivingtons. 1859.

theories of vindicating the prophetic mission of Mohammed and the superiority of the Korân, or of supposing the author of Islam to have "commenced his work under the immediate control of Satanic agency." Subordinate to that divine arrangement of Providence in which, by a kind of moral elasticity, judgments rebound on nations and countries as well as on individuals, and all that is unreal or untrue is consumed, there were causes at work, and Islamism evoked feelings and powers which in our view sufficiently account even for its unparalleled spread and its continued existence. What these were will best appear from a brief review of the life of Mohammed, of the leading characteristics of his doctrine, and of the history of its extension.

Abul Kasem Mohammed was born about the year 571, in a country, among a people, and at a period which equally deserve our notice. The poverty of the land and the roving habits of the people proved the bulwark of national independence. Neither the armies of Egypt, of Persia, and of Abyssinia, nor even the indomitable legions of Rome, could convert the stern wildnesses and the lonely deserts of Arabia into "a province." The petty and hostile races which peopled the Peninsula have been generally ranged into *Beduins*, or wandering tribes, and *Hadesi*, or stationary inhabitants, who settled chiefly in Yemen. Divided into a multitude of separate states—if such they may be called—they followed various religions. The kingdom of Yemen was sometimes ruled by Christian, but chiefly by Jewish princes. Mecca was from A.D. 464 held by the Koreishites, a Pagan family; while the ancient creed of the people seems to have degenerated, from a primitive, perhaps traditional, Monotheism to the worship of the heavenly bodies, and the service of the three hundred and sixty deities which tenanted the *Kaaba*, or great national sanctuary of the Arabs at Mecca. From this family of priest-kings, the Koreishites—rulers of the holy city, Mecca, and guardians of the *Kaaba*, with its black stone, descended from heaven—sprang the prophet of Islam. His grandfather, Abd-el-Motaleb, had in 570 saved both the town and the temple from Christian conquest by an Abyssinian host. At the time of which we write, the whirlwind that swept over the ancient world, of which Rome had so long been the capital, had

in great part done its work of destruction. The Western Empire existed no longer; the Eastern was falling into manifest and irremediable decay; Persia was torn by internal conflicts; the nations of Europe, to whom the future of history was intrusted, were only awakening to political, intellectual, and spiritual life. The religious direction of the East was naturally committed to the Byzantine Church. In its deep degradation, its rancorous controversialism, and hollow, lifeless formalities, the other Oriental Christian communities were also involved; yet, shortly before the appearance of Mohammed, it seemed as if Arabia would adopt the religion of Jesus. From an early period it had possessed many bishoprics, and the number of native Christians and converts was swelled by continual accessions from persecuted, fugitive sectarians, who in these solitudes found a safe retreat. About forty years before the birth of Mohammed, when the Jewish kingdom of Yemen gave place to a Christian monarchy, a church was built in Sana which in splendor is said to have greatly surpassed even the far-famed Kaaba. A more interesting and hopeful indication, about the same time, was the conference of four of the leading Koreishites on the subject of religion, which resulted in the rejection of the idolatry of their tribe, and the resolve to quit their country in search of the ancestral pure religion of Abraham. Of these inquirers, three embraced Christianity; the fourth continued to pray for light in the Kaaba. In his wanderings he heard of Mohammed, whom he was prepared to hail as the native prophet, but was murdered before again reaching Mecca.

Passing over the legends with which Arab fancy or superstition has adorned the history of their prophet, we collect the leading events of his life. Mohammed was early deprived of his parents. His father, Abdallah, left him an infant, only two months old; his mother, Amena, died when he was six years of age. Thence the child successively passed to the care of his grandfather, and of his uncle, Abu Talib, in whose company he undertook, in his ninth or twelfth year, a mercantile journey. On this first expedition, how many new objects must have opened on the deeply thoughtful and highly imaginative child! The caravan was hospitably entertained by a Christian monk—by

some supposed to have been a convert from Judaism, by others a Nestorian—and the conversations on religious subjects, almost natural to an Oriental, to which it is not unreasonable to suppose he then listened, enlarged his horizon beyond the narrow tribal superstitions to which he had hitherto been accustomed. Other mercantile undertakings, a warlike expedition, and some years spent as a shepherd, fill up the interval between youth and manhood. In his twenty-fifth year, Chadijah, a wealthy widow, considerably his senior, bestowed her hand upon one who had so faithfully conducted her mercantile affairs. Though success no longer attended his commercial undertakings, uprightness of character and unflinching honesty secured his position among friends and clansmen. Thus other fifteen years elapsed; the period of early warmth had passed by, and Mohammed has entered on a new stage of life. It is a common error to suppose that enthusiasm burns most fiercely in the heart of youth. Withdrawn from the all-absorbing interest of the objective, which, by a wise provision in our constitution, ever impels the inexperienced youth towards that which is without, the man of maturer years turns inwards. The season of strongest and quickest impulse is indeed that of youth; but the period of deepest and longest ardor that of ripening manhood. In his frequent journeys, the mind of Mohammed had been enlarged beyond the boundaries of Arabia, its people, and creed; in years of lonely musings at home, his heart had kindled into hottest enthusiasm. All contributed to excite an imagination naturally so vivid. The bright eastern sky, the deserts all around, the remembrance of past scenes, even the nervous disease under which he labored, and the practice of religious retirement in which his tribe and family indulged, gave bodily shape and a new existence to what he had seen or heard. Mohammed was entirely unlettered. He had never seen and could not read the sacred books of the Jews or Christians, but he had frequently and familiarly mixed with them, and from their lips gathered the religious facts and tenets cherished by them—not, indeed, in their pure simplicity, but in the peculiar drapery with which Talmudic legend and apocryphal gospels had adorned, or rather disguised, these blessed realities. The fundamental truth of the

unity of God—dear to him even as ancestral, Abrahamic article of belief—appealed to his reason and sank into his heart. This fact alone could he comprehend, and cordially receive with unshaken belief. Heaven and earth, history and tradition, heart and head, returned a loud “*Amen*” to this primary truth. All the rest either appealed to his imagination only, or was subjected in his mind to a rationalistic process. His was not to be a new religion; Moses, the prophets, and Jesus, had all, with progressive clearness, taught the same truths concerning the great God. Their contemporaries had misunderstood, and their successors misrepresented them; hence the need of more pointed revelations in the course of time. Himself was only the last, and therefore the greatest of the prophets.

Such appears to us the fundamental character of Mohammedanism, as it first shaped itself in the mind of its apostle. Acquainted with revealed religion only through the impure channels of Eastern legends and tradition, a keen rationalistic process and a fervent imagination supplied whatever were the distinctive or the novel elements of Islamism.

During four months of the year, the feuds of Arab tribes ceased by mutual consent, and universal peace reigned throughout the Peninsula. One of these holy seasons was always spent in solemn meditation, amidst some rocky retreat. It was while thus engaged, in religious contemplation, in deepest introspection, in the caves of Mount Hara, that the visions of Mohammed assumed a tangible form. Then of a sudden what seemed to him the angel Gabriel summoned him to the prophetic office. Every thing now spake in the language of heaven. By day, the very stones and clods saluted him; by night, the angel held converse with his spirit. Fearful convulsive fits preceded or accompanied these supposed revelations. “Sometimes an angel appears, in the form of a man, (generally of some friend,) and speaks to him. Sometimes he hears sounds like those of a bell. Then he becomes very bad; and when the angel leaves him, he has received the revelation.” Were these fits the manifestation of an evil spirit which possessed him, or had imagination, peopling night with visions and rendering all nature vocal, driven reason from its throne? Such were the questions and doubts

which at first perplexed the prophet. It could not be an evil spirit, Chadijah argued; Mohammed was too good, too honest, and kind to be the victim of a demon. Nay, to place it beyond doubt, had not the angel proved himself chaste and pure, when he immediately disappeared, as Chadijah, in his presence, removed her veil? Nor could insanity have seized the prophet—the visions were too frequent, and their effects too manifest, to be a delusion. Mohammed accordingly obeyed the call of Gabriel, “Arise, and preach!” and Chadijah, his faithful wife, became “the first believer.” But, despite frequent visions, the religion of the new prophet spread slowly; and during the first three years, scarcely forty proselytes had been added—among them, however, Abubeker, Othman, and Ali, future caliphs. This, the first stage of his mission, comprises the period when Mohammed aimed only to be the prophet of his family and kinsmen; and the Suras, or portions of the Koran then composed, correspond with this more limited object. In the fourth or fifth year, the apostle of Islam sought to establish himself as the prophet of his tribe and city. But his appeals to the Koreishites were either received as the extravagances of a madman, or resisted as the claims of a dangerous rival, the enemy of the gods and of their appointed guardians. Plots now thickened around him. Some of his followers had to fly into Abyssinia—others followed their prophet in his wanderings. A price was set upon his head; and although the intending murderer, Omar, suddenly adopted the new creed, Mohammed had to leave Mecca. The fortified castle of Abu Talib, who, while continuing to disbelieve the new teaching, extended his protection to his nephew, could scarcely shelter him from the relentless animosity of the Koreishites. At the end of three years the interdict was removed, and Mohammed allowed to return to Mecca; but his trusty defender, Abu Talib, and Chadijah, his faithful wife, had been removed from his side by the hand of death. The conspiracies now increased to such an extent that Mecca and its neighborhood could no longer shelter the apostle. Happily, an asylum had been provided. During the annual concourse of pilgrims in the Kaaba, Mohammed had gained converts among the leading citizens of Yathrib or Medina. No less than seventy-

three proselytes from that city offered him a safe residence, and entered into an offensive and defensive treaty with their spiritual chief and his other adherents. The nineteenth April, the eighteenth June, or the twentieth September, are variously stated to mark the period of Mohammed's flight to Medina—the so-called *Hegira* (or flight) which forms the commencement of the Moslem era.

In Medina the first Mosque arose—a simple structure which the devotion of later caliphs has converted into a gorgeous structure. Mohammed still continued in Arab simplicity; but he was already the political chief, and the apostle of a numerous and fanatical band. True, his own wedding-breakfast, on the occasion of his nuptials with Ayesha, the daughter of Abubeker, consisted of only a cup of milk, and the dowry of his daughter of the most necessary Arab outfit—her bridal-bed a sheep-skin, the wedding-feast a dish of dates and olives—but even before his arrival in Medina he had exacted from his followers an oath of fealty, and engaged them to sacred warfare, on promise of Paradise to those who should fall in the cause. Mohammed is no longer the prophet of his family or city; he aspires to be that of Arabia, of Asia—nay, of the world. Unable, or perhaps unwilling, as yet to employ armed force, his first overtures were to the Jews, who lived in considerable number, and apparently in tribes like the Arabs, in the neighborhood of Medina. His claims were rejected, and the warfare which commenced against them was proportionate in severity and cruelty to the liberal overtures and concessions he had made in the hope of conciliating them. Jerusalem would have become the center of Moslem worship instead of Mecca, had the stubborn Israelites owned him their long-expected Messiah. These hostile expeditions against the race whom he accused of having falsified their Scriptures in order to keep his claims out of view, resulted in the gratification of his vengeance, the training of his warriors, the acquisition of plunder, and the increase of his adherents. The Koreishites also were the object of his attacks. Unable to meet them in regular warfare, he molested their caravans, and on one occasion, with inferior numbers, discomfited an army sent for their protection. But victory was not always granted to the “true believers.” Mohammed sus-

tained a severe defeat, and was almost slain; and nothing but the cowardice or division of the besieging army could have saved Medina itself from the fury of the Koreishites. So long as Mecca and the Kaaba were in their hands, his claims, even as a national prophet, were open to dispute. Accordingly he sought admittance, first as a pilgrim and under humiliating conditions, to the Arab sanctuary, and when sufficiently strong to defy his enemies, advanced, at the head of ten thousand men, against Mecca, and received its submission. The Koreishites implored and obtained pardon; the Kaaba was purged of its three hundred and sixty idols, and henceforth became the center of Moslem devotion. Tribe after tribe now gave in its adherence, or was conquered. Already he had, though unsuccessfully, invaded Syria, and sent missions to neighboring nations and princes, demanding their homage, when death arrested his further career, and the guidance of the Moslem hosts devolved on those better able to direct them than the prophet himself.

With all his supposed or real virtues and austerities, Mohammed was vain, voluptuous, and even cowardly. An imposing appearance, dark lustrous eyes, a noble bearing, a vivid imagination, undoubted eloquence, frankness, honesty, and a moral purpose—such were the qualifications by which he won his Arab followers. Before his death, he challenged all whom he had wronged, or to whom he owed any thing, to come forward. "It is better to blush in this world than in the world to come," were the words with which he repaid three denars to the solitary claimant who responded to his appeal. Mohammed expired in the arms of Ayesha, A.D. 632, with words of mingled entreaty and anticipation of Paradise on his lips. A burning fever, which he traced to poisoned food given him by a Jewess some years before, had consumed him. His remains were for some days uninterred. His most ardent followers would not believe in the possibility of his death, till Abubeker, his friend and successor, restrained them by recalling to their minds that they worshiped not Mohammed, but the God of Mohammed, and that the apostle was but a mortal like themselves.

This brief sketch—from which we have purposely omitted those incidents with

which every reader must be familiar—is merely intended to afford a view of the inner history of Mohammed, and of his work. The three stages of his prophetic career mark so many modifications of his claims and policy. From the most ample toleration, the Korân gradually progresses to the fiercest and cruellest fanaticism, dooming not only idolaters to extermination, but denouncing in similar terms both Jews and Christians. Their wives and daughters were surrendered to Moslem lust, their treasures to Arab rapacity; while rewards most tempting to Eastern sensuous imagination are held out to those who perish in such warfare. The Korân almost concludes with this terrible injunction: "O true believers! wage war against such of the infidels as are near you, and let them find severity in you, and know that God is with them that fear him." In examining the doctrines of the Korân, we have to distinguish the three elements of rationalistic Monotheism, of legendary embellishments of revealed truth, and of purely personal extravagances. The great and fundamental principle of Islam is the belief in *one God*—but of the properties of the Deity, only those of omnipotence, omnipresence, and mercy are brought in the foreground. The Divine truthfulness, holiness, and justice are almost entirely ignored. The *morale* of Mohammed was exceedingly low, and he shaped his theology in accordance with his experience. Pure rationality was the highest characteristic of his teaching; the transcendent properties of the God of Scripture, and the deep experience of the Christian heart, were alike unknown to him. The wild fanaticism, the stoic fatalism, the want of truth, and the unbridled licentiousness of Mohammed and of his followers, were the consequences of what they received, and of what they rejected or ignored. Even on the supposition that the apostle himself believed in the reality of every revelation which he proclaimed, and that (as we are inclined to surmise) he had not deemed himself entitled, in virtue of his general prophetic office, to invest his personal opinions or wishes with the authority of a divine message, those Suras or chapters in the Korân which contain the grossest contradictions, or sanction the most selfish and lawless proceedings, can scarcely surprise us. A man and his religion are always singularly like each other. But the

rigid, rationalistic Monotheism of Mohammed would scarcely have gained or satisfied his Arab proselytes without those Oriental embellishments which directly appealed to their imagination. Accordingly, on the basis of Scriptural teaching and history, he raised a framework of the most extravagant legends, derived from the Jewish Talmud and apocryphal Gospels. While accusing the Jews of having falsified the Scriptures, of obstinately refusing credence to his claims, and of worshipping Ezra as the Son of God, he was largely indebted to them. His descriptions of Creation, of Eden, of heaven, of hell, of the last judgment and the resurrection, are borrowed mainly from their traditions; he adopted their demonology, their peculiar moral precepts, and the stories with which they had embellished the lives of Old Testament worthies. All this is thrown together with such utter disregard of chronological order, as to convince us that Mohammed had received his information at different times, and from different persons. The Korân accuses Christians of believing in three Gods—the Father, Jesus, and the Virgin Mary; manifestly an erroneous inference drawn from the superstition of the Christian sects around. It charges them with perversion of the teaching of Jesus, who, it is asserted, had never claimed divine honors, and with denying the fulfillment of the promise concerning the Paraclete in Mohammed. The New Testament facts which are recorded are also grossly perverted or distorted. Thus the reality of Christ's crucifixion is denied, while many apocryphal stories are related about the early history of Mary and the childhood of Jesus. Among other extravagances which the Korân contains, we reckon the demand of Mohammed to recognition as the highest of prophets, the communications received from the angel Gabriel, his mysterious flight to Jerusalem, the revelations made for his own personal advantage or gratification, and, in short, all those distinctive elements of doctrine or precept which can not be traced back to a Scriptural or traditionary source. The great articles in the faith of Islam are belief in God, in his angels, in his revelation, in his prophets—especially in Mohammed—in the resurrection, and in his absolute predetermination of all that occurred. The main injunctions of a practical character consisted in the ordin-

ances of ablutions and prayers twice a day with the face towards Mecca; of charity, especially almsgiving; of fasting during the season of *Ramadan*, the day being always devoted to sleep and mortification, and the night to feasting and excess; and of pilgrimage to the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina. Such are the great outlines of that collection of one hundred and sixteen Suras or chapters made after the death of Mohammed, and gathered without either critical judgment or regard to chronological order, which bears the name of Korân. It remains only to be added, that the apostle rested the claims of the Suras to general reception, neither on his gift of prophecy, nor on his power of working miracles—both of which he emphatically disclaimed—but on the inherent beauty of these productions, and their absolute truth.

We have already adverted to the circumstance that, even before the death of Mohammed, neighboring potentates had been called upon to recognize the truth of the Korân. This summons was variously received. The governor of Egypt returned a respectful answer, and with other presents sent two fair slaves, of whom one, Mary, caused not a little jealousy in the harem of the prophet. The King of Bahrein and his people adopted Islamism. The two Great Powers of the East, Persia and the Roman Empire, were engaged in war, and before the death of Mohammed, the Emperor Heraclius reconquered Syria and Palestine from the Persian monarch, who had contemptuously torn in pieces the letter of the apostle. Rome was, therefore, the first antagonist whom the Arab armies had to encounter. The result of the early expeditions had, indeed, been far from encouraging. But the fanatical devotion of the warriors of the Crescent was soon to be seconded by the incapacity, the cowardice, and treachery of the degenerate representatives of the Cæsars. Next to the discomfiture of Moseilama, the rival prophet, who for a time seemed to dispute the paramount authority of Mohammed, the most important expedition was that against Syria and Palestine, which Abubeker intrusted to Abu Obeidah, and Khaled "the sword of God." The Korân, tribute or death, such were the alternatives to be presented to "the unbelievers." With the war-cry, "Paradise is before, death and hell behind you," the leaders urged on the Mos-

lems, who imagined they saw "the black-eyed girls looking down, one of whom, if she should appear in this world, all mankind would die for love of her; and in the hand of one of them a handkerchief of green silk, and a cap made of precious stones, and she beckons and calls out, Come hither quickly, I love thee." Bosrah, the key of trans-Jordanic Palestine, fell by the valor of Khaled, but chiefly by the treachery of the apostate governor Romanus, who opened to the Moslems a subterranean passage into the city. From Bosrah a march of four days brought the victorious forces to Damascus. But before taking that capital, they had to encounter a Byzantine army of 70,000 men, under the leadership of *Werdan*, drawn up in the plains of Adjnadein. Once more Khaled carried the day, and (in the language of Gibbon) "the death of four hundred and seventy Moslems was compensated by the opinion that they had sent to hell above fifty thousand of the infidels." Against such an host, the garrison of Damascus, although admirably commanded by Thomas, could not long hold out. After a siege of seventy days the city capitulated. Heliopolis and Emesa fell next, and, after a resistance of four months, the patriarch Sophronius had to surrender Jerusalem itself to Caliph Omar, who had arrived from Medina on purpose to conclude the treaty. Indeed the battle of Jarmuk, near Lake Genesareth, had decided the fate of Syria and Palestine; the Roman armies were every where withdrawn, and the Saracens swept over Asia Minor, penetrating even to the neighborhood of Constantinople. A similar success had attended the Moslem arms in Persia. Already, in the first year of the first caliph, Khaled had led his victorious legions into the dominions of those who had lately scorned the summons of the prophet. But the "Sword of God" was soon afterwards required in Syria. Four years later, however, the defeat of Cadesia, by which the Moslems became masters of Assyria, virtually put an end to the Persian monarchy. The splendid palace of Ctesiphon, with its untold treasures, was sacked by the Moslems; gradually they approached towards the Caspian Sea; Armenia and Mesopotamia became theirs; the standard of the Crescent waved over the walls of Heerat, Merou, and Balch, and the last of the Sassanide kings fled beyond the Oxus, to solicit the

aid of the King of Samarcand, of the wild Turkish tribes, and of the Emperor of China. But even these limits confined not the Saracen conquerors. During a later caliphate, and while the Moslem arms were carried to the banks of the Indus, Catibah took the country between the Oxus, the Iaxartes, and the Caspian Sea; the Turks were driven back to their native deserts, and the Emperors of China courted the friendship of the Arabs. Of still greater importance—at least so far as the safety of Europe was concerned—was the progress of the Saracens in Africa. From Palestine Amrou had marched into Egypt at the head of an apparently insufficient force. The command of the caliph to halt if he had not yet crossed the boundary of the country, could not arrest the zeal of his lieutenant. The letter was read in public only after the Moslem tents were pitched in the ancient land of the Pharaohs. Here also treachery opened the way to conquest. The Christian world had long been torn by theological controversies, which increased in bitterness in measure as the combatants declined in spirituality. The so-called Monophysite discussion, which concerned the two-fold nature of the Son of God, had issued in complete estrangement between the Egyptians, who were Monophysites, and the Byzantine Church, which had espoused Diophysite views. The oppressions and persecutions which now ensued, disposed the native Egyptians to welcome the Saracens as deliverers from Greek sway and bigotry. Aided by such allies, Amrou passed victorious through the country, and after a siege of fourteen months, took Alexandria, "the great city of the West, with its 4000 palaces, 4000 baths, 400 theaters, 12,000 shops for the sale of vegetable food, and 40,000 tributary Jews"—above all, with its splendid library, which, according to a story, rightly questioned in our own days, was destroyed by order of the caliph. It required longer time and greater exertions, till the rest of Africa was subjugated; half a century elapsed before Carthage, so celebrated in Roman and in Christian history, experienced the destroying power of the Moslems, and even after the Greeks were finally expelled the country, the resistance of the Moors or Berbers continued, till they also embraced Islamism, and the creed of Mohammed became dominant to the shores of the Atlantic.

It will not be expected that, within the limits necessarily assigned to us, we should trace the further conquests of the caliphs—their successions and dissensions, the division of the caliphate into three independent sovereignties, or the wars by which they had afterwards to defend their possessions against the attacks of Western Christendom. A notice, however brief, must suffice of their progress in Europe. At the commencement of the eighth century, the revenge and treachery of Count Julian, a noble Spaniard, procured for the Moslems easy access to Spain. Thither Musa, the Governor of Africa, dispatched Tarik, his intrepid lieutenant, who, with only 5000 volunteers, landed on the rock of Gibraltar, (Gebel-al-Tarik,) where he laid the foundation of those fortifications which, not impossibly, it may be ours soon to defend against hostile forces. The Gothic monarchy, established in Spain, had long declined in vigor. At the time of the Saracen invasion the scepter was held by Roderic, one of the weakest and most licentious of princes. The Gothic army, computed at not less than 100,000 men, might easily have resisted the inferior forces of the Saracens; but the degenerate successor of Alaric appeared on the battle-field of Xeres wearing a diadem of pearls, a flowing robe of gold and silken embroidery, and reclining on an ivory car, drawn by two white mules. The treachery and the cowardice of the Christians once more insured the victory of Tarik. In the decisive moment, two royal princes, the Archbishop of Toledo, and many others, deserted the standard of a sovereign whom they hated; 16,000 bodies of Christians covered the field; Roderic was drowned in his precipitate flight; and within a brief period all Spain was subject to Saracen domination. Envious at the success of his subordinate, Musa advanced from Africa to complete the subjugation of the country. In Spain the rule of the Arabs was gentle, and in some respects even beneficial to the country. Never has that land attained to such a high state of cultivation, never did commerce, arts, or sciences flourish, as when the Spanish caliphs held court in Cordova—that royal city with its 600 mosques, 900 baths, and 200,000 houses. Peace and protection were extended to the Christians, on the payment of a tribute, which under the first of the Omniades amounted to 10,000 ounces of gold and of silver,

with an equal number of horses and mules. Such was the prosperity of the country that, under the most powerful of his successors, it rose to about £6,000,000 of our money—a sum probably greater than all the revenues of the monarchs of Europe at the time.—The defenders of national independence and Christianity in Spain retired to the mountains, whence gradually gathering strength they issued into the plains, and, driving the degenerate successors of Tarik before them, they reconquered the country, till under the reign of the Catholic monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, Granada, their last stronghold, was surrendered, and the Moors, with their ancient allies the Jews, were expelled from the Peninsula. Long before that time their further progress over the Pyrenees, and through France, had been checked by the decisive victory of Charles Martel on the plains of Tours. Eastwards also the Saracens penetrated into Europe. At one time they not only occupied Sicily, but even threatened Rome. So soon as forty-six years after the Hegira, the Moslems had appeared before Constantinople, and for six successive summers continued their attacks, till obliged for a time to withdraw from so costly an enterprise. Equally unsuccessful was another siege from 716 to 718. In both cases the city was largely indebted for its safety to the use of the so-called Greek fire, which the besieged poured with unerring accuracy on their defenseless assailants. But though centuries elapsed before the capital fell into the hands of the successors of Mohammed, the effete Eastern Empire was incapable of resisting the onset of the Moslems, restored from apparent decay by the accession of the Ottomans, or Turks, a wild highland tribe, originally inhabiting the mountain recesses of Asia. Amurath made Adrianople his capital; and although Sultan Bajazet was defeated by Tamerlane—that scourge of Asia—the check was only temporary. A mournful interest attaches to the last siege of Constantinople under Mohammed II. Cruel, bloodthirsty, and licentious as that prince was, the conquest of the Eastern capital amounted almost to a passion with him. An apostate engineer furnished him with artillery of tremendous caliber. The siege began on the 6th of April, 1453. Within the city the courage of despair prevailed. Palæologus, the last of the Constantines, for a time rose to the digni-

ty of his situation. But against such tremendous odds, the devices of art and the determination of bravery were equally unavailing. The final assault took place on the 29th of May, by a host which for closeness and continuity has been compared to a twined or twisted thread. The undisciplined multitude of stragglers was first brought forward to exhaust the resources and the strength of the garrison. At each foremost place of danger the Emperor himself was found, rallying his soldiers by word and example. But the defection of the wounded Genoese commander of the city, and after him of most of his Italian countrymen, speedily decided the fate of the day. Palæologus found a soldier's death. Constantinople was surrendered to the lust of the soldiery, and the church of St. Sophia, in which fervent preachers had so oft poured forth their warnings and admonitions, became the cathedral of Mohammedanism. From Turkey the Sultans continued to menace and molest Austria and Germany by inroads into Hungary, till their power was finally broken under the walls of Vienna by John Sobieski, the heroic Polish leader.

It is another and more difficult task to indicate the means by which the Saracens were enabled to preserve their rule in so many and widely distant countries. While devoutly acknowledging that these providential judgments upon the Eastern Empire were caused by the unfaithfulness of the Church and the sins of the people, and while acknowledging that by abolishing many a long cherished system of idolatry, the Korân may, in a certain sense, prove a schoolmaster unto Christ, the historian feels that a more accurate analysis of the secondary causes of so strange a phenomenon is requisite. Without doubt, the nominal Christians of the Greek Empire had, in great measure, lost all that entitled them to the name of a church. The profligacy and dissoluteness of the people, the ambition, disputatiousness, and servility of the clergy, the dead formalism and vain wrangling which they introduced, had long deprived the salt of all its savor. They had not vigor to oppose the martial ardor of the Arabs, nor conviction to resist the burning fanaticism of the Moslems. To many of these religionists it was but the change of a mysterious symbol for a creed, in most respects, of cold rationality; but which, in-

stead of fasts and abstinences, indulged its adherents with every sensual gratification. If to them the alternative was presented of martyrdom, or even persecution, and Islamism, with all its advantages, the choice would, in few instances, be difficult. Besides, every person dissatisfied from any cause, would naturally join the Moslems; while the numerous progeny of Saracens, by Christian mothers, espoused the creed of their fathers. It must always be borne in mind that the religion of the Mohammedans formed, if not the motive, at least the pretext of their expeditions, and that thus each acquisition made was, in reality, a politico-religious conquest. The sword and the Korân went together; and while other creeds were, indeed, tolerated on payment of tribute, the communities adhering to them were despised and oppressed. Thus each province gained was bound to the throne of the caliphs by the strongest of all ties—that of a common religion, of the most fanatical and exclusive character. But the reasoning which we have just employed will scarcely explain the fact, that to this day Mohammedanism is quietly, but rapidly, spreading by peaceful means, especially in regions distant, and not much known to Europeans. In the East, the Malay race has adopted the Korân within the last few centuries. Borneo is intensely Mohammedan, and Moslem missions are said to be established even in China. But it is chiefly in the interior of Africa, in Soodan and Hussa, the great kingdom of the Felatahs, and in the kingdoms of Ghana, Tokrur Bussa, Berissa, Wawa, and Kiama, that Mohammedanism has made its latest acquisitions. It is the religion of Timbuctoo. A century ago a few Mohammedans settled in Mandingoland; and by dint of schools and preaching, the whole country has become theirs. Ever and again our scientific and religious missions are brought into contact with this Moslem propaganda: every year, fresh pagan tribes in the interior of Africa are added to the disciples of the prophet. The Ghala tribes are gradually converted, and in Malabar the Korân is rapidly spreading. These results can only be attributed, humanly speaking, to the zeal of the Arab missionaries, and to the inherent superiority of Islam over the pagan abominations which it displaces. But on these progresses of Mohammedanism we probably require yet more ample and de-

tailed data to enable us to draw satisfactory inferences.

From this we turn to another and very different picture. While Mohammedanism is extending to distant provinces, the Euphrates is undoubtedly drying up at its sources. The story of the sick man is, after all, not so much of a parable. With almost boundless resources at its disposal, with provinces which, properly cultivated, would yield inexhaustible wealth; with an ample seaboard, and the finest harbor in the world; with all the advantages of European and Asiatic possession, of soil and climate, the Turkish Empire is rapidly decaying. In Europe its sovereignty over rebellious tribes is, to say the least, very precarious. In Asia it is only strong enough to render improvement impossible, but not to resist even those marauding Beduins, who are rapidly depopulating Palestine, and whom a comparatively small number of soldiers might easily control. The internal feuds, the financial difficulties, and the utter impotence of the government, are rapidly destroying the remaining vitality of the Empire. We speak not from hearsay, but from personal observation, when we state it as our conviction that the revival or continuance of the Moslem power is an impossibility. We are aware that, under proper leaders, the Turkish army has in the late war sustained the onset of their Muscovite opponents; but to judge from the defense of a fortress, or from a few well-devised strategic movements, the state of these forces was an utter fallacy. We know that the army is entirely demoralized, that it is badly disciplined, worse officered, and still worse spirited; and that in open and fair fight it would never stand against even a much inferior foe. A similar remark applies to all the other branches of the public service; corruption, venality, bigotry, ignorance, and incapacity reign supreme. The Turkish Empire could only be saved by a revival of the spirit in which it first originated. Nor is any progress towards European civilization or improvement—at least, of a genuine and lasting character—conceivable. Modern inventions, arrangements, and manners may be imported, but Islamism is of purely native growth—a thing entirely *sui generis*, and resistance to all that is without is one of its leading characteristics. If European civilization became naturalized in Turkey, the Empire

would necessarily cease to be Mohammedan. Nor does the prospect of transferring the rule to the Christian populations in European Turkey, inspire us with greater hope. For the most part, these races are equally if not more degenerate than their Turkish rulers. Dark as is the future of that country, we feel as if Turkey would go down suddenly amidst the convulsion of nations; it can not be reformed, and it may not be partitioned—at least, till it has become the battle-field of peoples.

But while the political prospects of the country are thus unpromising, happy and successful efforts have of late been made to introduce the light of a pure Christianity among the various races of that Empire. A chain of missions extends from its northernmost boundary through Wallachia, Bulgaria, Roumelia, to Asia Minor, Palestine, Syria, and the ancient capital of Haroun-al-Rashid. The highlanders of Khurdistan, the inhabitants of Armenia, and the settlers in Ur of the Chaldees, have again the Gospel brought to them; native churches are being planted, native ministers ordained, schools founded, and printing-presses introduced. These successes are mainly due to the indefatigable zeal and self-denying labors of those best of modern missionaries—the Americans. From the latest report of the Aid Society established in this country, we learn that the number of their missionaries amounts to 140, that of native assistants to 284, that of stations to 111, of churches to 42, of nominal Protestants to 6958, of church members to 1586, and of day-scholars to 4500. From every station considerable progress is reported. A work of thorough reformation is progressing with great rapidity in the Nestorian, the Armenian, and the Greek churches; while of late the Mohammedan population itself has also been reached. If we may venture to take in its literality one of these accounts, a whole town near Trebizond, with a population of 40,000 males, has cast off the Mohammedan faith, which for centuries was unwillingly held, and returned to the religion of their forefathers. But be this as it may, no doubt can be entertained that there is a number of Christian converts among the Moslems, that the Bible is increasingly circulating amongst them, and that many have rejected the Koran who have not yet learned to understand or to receive Christiani-

ty. Our hopes of the continued progress of this work are in great measure bound up with the Hatti Humaïoun, or charter of religious liberty, lately granted by the Sultan. We are inclined to believe that this will not be a dead letter, but that its power and influence will be increasingly felt. For this inestimable boon, not too dearly purchased even by the blood and treasure spent in the late war, Europe is mainly indebted to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Foreign jealousy and domestic ignorance may have conspired in his detraction, but every unprejudiced person acquainted with the political, social, and religious state of Turkey will admit that in him England possessed one of her most sagacious statesmen, and Turkey one of her wisest and best friends.

The mention of American missions leads us to notice—perhaps somewhat tardily—the work which we have placed at the head of this article. Its main object is to delineate the rise and character of Mohammedanism. With considerable learning Dr. Arnold traces the Korân to its origin in Jewish and Christian legends, explains and refutes its teaching, and vindicates Christian truth and dogma from the objections and aspersions of the Moslems. In some respects, however, the book is open to criticism, especially from the want of what we might call a sufficient grasp of the subject. To deny every thing good and great about Mohammedanism, to slight or ignore its culture, to connect it with earlier Christian heresies, and to ascribe the utterances of

Mohammed to direct satanic agency, are, in our opinion, mistakes in a treatise which we would gladly see placed in the hands of educated Mohammedan youths, especially in India. We have also felt a certain want of arrangement which may render it difficult for persons unacquainted with Mohammedanism to gain a consecutive historical view of its state and tenets from these pages. From one so able as our author we should gladly have heard more about the different sects of Islam. To occasional slips of the pen we will not advert, satisfied that these will, on revision, readily occur to the learned author himself. Of Dr. Arnold's proposal to establish a Missionary Society for propagating the Gospel among the Mohammedans we can only say it has our cordial sympathy, provided it is not intended in any way to supersede or interfere with the labors of our American friends. Surely the fifteen millions of our Moslem fellow-subjects in India, and the recent events in that country, constitute a loud call upon the Churches of Britain to address themselves to this work. Some such undertaking as that which presently engages the attention of the two English Universities, prayerfully commenced and believingly sustained, might prove a source of incalculable blessing. We close this volume, from which we have derived not a little information, and which we have persued with no small interest, with the recommendation to our readers speedily to make themselves acquainted with its valuable contents.

From Fraser's Magazine

EARTHQUAKES AND THEIR PHENOMENA.

"E pur si muove." What if, when starry Galileo uttered these memorable words to the bigoted and unbelieving Inquisitors, the globe had moved, not, indeed, in the sense that the philosopher meant, but quaked under the influence of those mysterious and unknown causes which produce the astounding and terrific phenomena of Earthquakes? Then, indeed, the skeptical Jesuits—if they had not beenwhelmed in yawning gulfs, or crushed beneath falling columns—might have admitted that the all-powerful Being producing such phenomena might also cause the globe to revolve. And it is worthy of remark, that an earthquake of great severity occurred in Italy during the very year (1633) in which Galileo was brought before the Inquisition at Rome. At Mantua and Naples much damage was done, and the village of Nicolosi, at the foot of Etna, was totally destroyed. For Galileo, a bright light amidst his fellows, lived in an age when storms and tempests, thunder and lightning, flashing meteors, and, above all, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, were regarded either as instruments of punishment or as awful portents of the fall of kingdoms or the destruction of tyrants. Earthquakes were especially dreaded on account of their destructiveness. "We know, indeed," says Butler, in his *Analogy of Religion*, "several of the general laws of matter, and a great part of the behavior of living agents is reducible to general laws, but we know nothing in a manner by what laws earthquakes become the instruments of destruction to mankind." The progress of science and education has stripped astronomical phenomena of many of the superstitions which the vulgar and uneducated attach to them. The lightning has been controlled, electricity made to obey our mandates, and storms have been brought in a great measure under certain well-established physical laws, but it is only very recently that volcanic and earthquake phenomena have been investigated by exact science; and although

theory and speculation must still enter largely into all attempts to fathom the cosmical laws connected with earthquakes, still much has been done to enable us to arrive at a tolerably just knowledge of the nature of these phenomena.

Earthquakes have long engaged the attention of philosophers. The works of Aristotle and Pliny contain many passages and allusions to them; and innumerable books and tracts, some abounding with extraordinary, and curious, and occasionally with shrewd speculations, testify how interesting the study of earthquake phenomena has always been considered.

But, numerous as these investigations have been, it is equally certain that the bibliography of earthquakes is singularly deficient in scientific results of any value, the staple of earthquake stories being made up of gossip and accidents that befell men, animals, and buildings, rather than of the phenomena themselves.

This loose and inconclusive method led the Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science to devote a sum of money for the purpose of investigating earthquake phenomena, and drawing up a report on their principal features. The labor has been excessive, and the results, for which we are mainly indebted to Mr. Robert Mallet, F.R.S., are extremely interesting. Four valuable Reports have been made. The last consists of a large volume containing records of nearly seven thousand earthquakes, observed over every known part of the globe, both on land and ocean, from 285 years B.C. to A.D. 1850.

As may be supposed, the records of early observed earthquakes do not present that scientific exactitude desired by modern physicists anxious to explain earthquake phenomena; but nevertheless, the great mass of observations has enabled Mr. Mallet to arrive, by careful discussion, at results of great interest, and to him are we mainly indebted for the fact that seismology (from *σεισμος*, an earthquake) has become an exact science.

Before, however, giving any account of the deductions from the 6831 recorded earthquakes, we purpose laying before our readers some of the most striking phenomena noted in the *Catalogue*.

During the first three centuries of historic time—according to our commonly accepted chronology—there are no earthquake records; and while between A.C. 1700 and A.C. 1400 there are a few scattered facts, there is again, from A.C. 1400 to A.C. 900, nearly a period of five hundred years of perfect blank, followed again, with a few exceptions, by another blank from A.C. 800 to A.C. 600. Even in the succeeding century, but two earthquakes are recorded; so that in fact, records of any value for scientific analysis may be said to commence at the five hundredth year before the Christian era.

The sacred writings abound with allusions to earthquakes which occasioned the destruction of cities; and Thucydides, Tacitus, Josephus, Livy, Pliny, and Julius Obsequens, make frequent mention of disasters arising from these phenomena. Thus, in the year A.C. 33 an earthquake occurred in Palestine, by which thirty thousand persons were killed. Thirteen important cities were destroyed in Asia Minor six years before the Crucifixion of our Saviour; and Matthew, Luke, and Eusebius have told us how the earth quaked during that awful tragedy. Passing on to the fifth century, we find that the whole of Europe was convulsed about that period. In the year 446, earthquakes, which lasted six months, desolated the greater part of the civilized world; and in 494 Laodicea, Hierapolis, Tripolis, and Agathicum, were overwhelmed. In the middle of the sixth century, (562,) bellowing noises proceeded from mountains adjoining the Rhone, and from the Pyrenees, followed by the falling of huge rocks and subterranean commotions. In 684 the Japanese province of Josa was visited by a terrible earthquake, causing great destruction of life, and the loss of five hundred thousand acres of land, which sank into the sea. In 801 the Basilica of St. Paul at Rome was destroyed by an earthquake felt over France, Germany, and Italy. In 842 the greater part of France was convulsed by shocks, attended by awful subterranean noises; and it is worthy of remark, that on this occasion we have the first record of the phenomenon having been followed

by a very severe epidemic, of which many persons died. In 859 we read that upwards of fifteen hundred houses were thrown down at Antioch; and in the following year Holland was greatly convulsed, and one of the mouths of the Rhone suddenly closed. The latter end of the ninth century witnessed a terrific earthquake in India, which destroyed one hundred and eighty thousand persons. This was preceded by an eclipse of the sun, the falling of the showers of black meteoric stones, and followed by great storms. In 1021 extensive areas in Southern Germany, and especially Bavaria, were devastated by an earthquake, the wells were troubled, and the water in many became red, like blood. Great inundations were produced in many places, and igneous meteors were observed. In 1089 a terrible convulsion was felt over England; houses were seen to leap upwards; fruit trees were blasted; and the harvest was not gathered until the thirtieth November. In 1158 the Thames was dried up, so that it could be passed dryshod; and in 1179 the earth in Durham swelled up to a great height from nine in the morning to the setting of the sun, and then with a loud noise sank down again, leaving pools of water in various places. This, however, though extremely severe, was far exceeded in intensity by a convulsion in April, 1185, which destroyed many buildings in England, including Lincoln Cathedral. In 1348 shocks of great violence during the winter months desolated Europe. The earth opened in different places, and pestilential exhalations came forth. A rain of blood is mentioned as having fallen in several localities. In 1505, earthquakes which lasted, with scarcely any intermission, for four weeks, day and night, occurred in Cabul and Afghanistan. The earth opened in many places, and closed again, after throwing forth water, which occupied the place of dry land. Over an area of forty-nine square miles the surface of the earth was so altered and disturbed that parts were raised as high as an elephant above their former level, and then sank as deeply below it. In 1580, England, and especially Kent, was visited by a terrible earthquake. At Sandwich, the sea was so much agitated that the ships in harbor were dashed against one another. The same happened at Dover. The great bells at Westminster and other places

tolled, buildings were thrown down, and immense damage was done. It is recorded, that during the visitation the heavens were serene, and the air quite tranquil. In 1626, thirty towns and villages in the Neapolitan territory were destroyed by an earthquake, and seventeen thousand persons lost their lives. Clefts opened in the ground, lakes were dried up, mountains riven, forests overthrown, and jets of water and mud thrown out of the wells. The shock was accompanied by subterranean noises and a smell of sulphur. In 1683 England was again convulsed. The shocks were particularly violent in Oxfordshire. Persons on the Cherwell felt the boats in which they were tremble beneath them, the fish rushed about in great alarm, and articles of domestic furniture were moved from their places. Many persons stated that they saw the *ignis fatuus* before the earthquake. The barometer was higher than it had been for three years. In 1692 a remarkable phenomenon was witnessed in Jamaica. The island rose in waves like the sea, and then sank a little, permanently. At Port Royal, three fourths of the houses were thrown down, three thousand persons perished; and a piece of land of about one thousand acres sank into the sea. A strange accident happened to an inhabitant of the island. He was precipitated into one of the fissures, and forcibly ejected, uninjured, by a second shock. This year seems to have been famous for earthquakes over the globe. In Sicily, forty-nine towns and villages, and nine hundred and seventy-two churches and convents, were overthrown, and ninety-three thousand persons lost their lives. The earthquakes were accompanied by fearful eruptions of Etna, Vesuvius and Hecla. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, earthquakes were again very prevalent in Europe, the oscillations were so powerful as to rock people in their beds, noises similar to those produced by grinding stones were heard, and great damage done.

The early part of the eighteenth century was also marked by very violent earthquakes. In Japan two hundred thousand persons were killed in 1703; the following year the south of Yorkshire experienced violent shocks; doors and furniture were set in motion, and a noise like the sighing of wind was heard, though the air was perfectly calm. The shocks were pre-

ceded by a violent tempest. In September, 1726, Sicily was again devastated. A great part of Palermo was destroyed. Four churches, ten palaces, and sixteen hundred houses were thrown down, and six thousand persons perished. The earth opened and threw out burning sulphur and red-hot stones, and the atmosphere appeared as if on fire. The great earthquake of Lisbon, which occurred on the first of November, 1755, was preceded by an unusually large number of earthquakes in Europe, particularly during the years 1749 to 1755. In 1780, (March nineteen,) the earth in St. James's Park and elsewhere swelled up and seemed on the point of opening. Dogs howled dismally, fishes threw themselves out of the water; one person is recorded to have been turned on his feet, and a girl had her arm broken. This earthquake, and another which occurred on the twentieth of March, terrified the inhabitants of London to such a degree, that to avoid the fatal effects of a more terrible shock, predicted by a madman for the eighth of April following, thousands of persons, particularly those of rank and fortune, passed the night of the seventh of April in their carriages and in tents in Hyde-park.

A great number of strange meteorological phenomena are recorded as having been observed in October, 1755, throughout Spain and Portugal. Indeed, for some time before the Lisbon earthquake, accounts of halos round the sun and moon, igneous meteors, alterations in well and river water, which generally acquired an offensive odor, besides violent thunder, lightning, and rain, are to be found as having occurred in almost all parts of Europe. These phenomena, however, were most remarkable in Spain, where the well-water was discolored, rats and reptiles came forth from their holes terrified, and domestic animals were frightened and uneasy.

The great Lisbon earthquake was first perceived at 9.38 A.M. The convulsion, one of the most violent and widely extended on record, produced terrible effects over a space of the earth's surface included between Iceland on the north, Mogador, in Morocco, on the south, Toplitz, in Bohemia, on the east, and the West-India Islands on the west. It was felt in the Alps, on the shores of Sweden, in the West-Indies, on the Lakes in Canada, in

Ireland, Thuringia, and Northern Germany. Taking the area convulsed at thirty-three hundred miles long, and twenty-seven hundred miles wide, which is equal to seven million five hundred thousand square miles, and supposing the motion only extended to a depth of twenty miles, there must have been one hundred and fifty millions of cubic miles of solid matter put in motion, a mass which conveys to the mind a bewildering conception of the enormous power of the originating impulse. Actual shocks were not, however, felt over the whole of this surface; in some places agitation of the water, in lakes, canals, etc., being the only sensible effect produced. The center of disturbance seems to have been situated beneath the Atlantic Ocean, a little west of the coast of Portugal. In Portugal itself, and especially in Lisbon,* the most terrible destruction took place, partly owing, of course, to its contiguity to the seat of volcanic action, and partly to the nature of the earth's surface at that place. The shocks appear to have been from west to east, and to have lasted from one minute to ten minutes.

The calculated rate of motion of the earth-wave was 7955 feet per second; at this rate the equatorial circumference of the earth would have been gone round in about forty-five hours. At ten o'clock on the same day, the north-west portion of Africa was violently convulsed; near Morocco a mountain opened and swallowed a village with 8000 or 10,000 people. At 11.30 Milan was shaken, the lamps swung in the churches; and about the same time a noise like that of a great wave breaking on the shore was heard in Sweden and Norway, followed by shocks which shook the furniture in the houses. The springs in the Pyrenees were affected, and in the Alps some wells became salt.

The latter part of the eighteenth century was marked by numerous violent earthquakes. On the twenty-seventh of November, 1776, the Kentish coast experienced several shocks. The day was per-

fectly calm. Furniture was moved at Canterbury, Dover, and Ashford. Church bells rang, and rumbling noises were heard. In January, 1780, Sicily was again convulsed, and Etna, which had been tranquil for fourteen years, broke forth, and continued in violent eruption until the sixteenth of June, accompanied by frightful noise. At Florence, Faenza, and Marseilles, the earth rose several times, and the Mediterranean and Swiss lakes were agitated in various localities. Passing over many violent earthquakes, we come to the year 1783, when a frightful convulsion, which proved fatal to forty thousand persons, desolated Calabria and Sicily. This earthquake, unparalleled for its duration, for it may be said to have lasted until 1786, abounds with interesting phenomena. Fortunately for science, these phenomena were observed with great care by various trustworthy persons, sent by the King of Naples to the scene of the disasters, and by Sir William Hamilton, who surveyed the country, at considerable personal risk, before the shocks had ceased. The earthquake commenced on the fifth of February, and between that period and the end of July the most violent shocks were experienced. The subsequent convulsions were comparatively slight. All the towns and villages in Calabria were shaken with tremendous violence. At first those built on loose detrital foundations were laid low, while others situated on rocks, though greatly shaken, for the most part remained standing. But strange to say, the earth-wave in March produced a contrary effect. The ground yawned throughout the convulsed district in a frightful manner. Statues and obelisks were twirled on their pedestals to such a degree as to give rise to the supposition that the earth had undergone a twisting movement. But Mr. Mallet, with greater probability, asserts that this movement of the stones arose from the center of gravity of the body lying to one side of a vertical plane in the line of shock; and this is partly confirmed by the circumstance that at the monastery of St. Bruno stones were moved horizontally upon lower stones, without the position of the latter being altered.

The sea in the Straits of Messina was violently agitated, the quay sank fourteen inches below its original level, and the houses in the vicinity were much fissured.

* Sixty thousand persons perished. A new and splendid quay, with its massive walls, sunk with all the multitudes upon it who had escaped from their falling houses—went down in a moment into the yawning chasm, with all the vessels moored at the wharf, and never rose. In 1858, we made a careful inspection of the locality, and examined the marble ruins in the city, which are still extant.—*Ed. Eclectic.*

The course of rivers was arrested for a moment, and then renewed with such violence as to tear away every obstruction. In Calabria the darkness was so great that lights were obliged to be used. A disagreeable odor was very perceptible. Many persons were afflicted by nausea. During the violent period of the earthquake the weather was still and gloomy, and Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna were perfectly quiet.

In the winter of 1797, the territory of Quito was desolated by a terrific earthquake. No less than forty thousand persons are said to have been destroyed on this occasion. The earthquake was preceded by loud subterranean noises. The great volcano of Tunguragua, which usually acts as a safety-valve to this highly Plutonic region, became still, and the smoke of Pacto, another volcano seventy-five leagues distant, disappeared suddenly into the crater. The movements of translation accompanying this and other earthquakes in South-America, presented striking and most complicated phenomena. "Avenues of trees," says Humboldt, "were moved without being uprooted, fields bearing different kinds of cultivation became intermixed; and articles belonging to one house were found among the ruins of others at a considerable distance, a discovery which gave rise to some perplexing law-suits."

The winter of 1803 was attended by numerous violent earthquakes in Europe. On the thirteenth December, Mont Blanc was violently shaken, and a mass of ice one hundred feet in height was precipitated from its sides. Shortly after this occurrence, the Breven mountains, rising from the Valley of Chamouni, suffered the same concussions, and great masses of rock were detached and rolled into the vale below. The force on this occasion must have been enormous to have produced such effects. In 1816, we find that Inverness and the country round for one hundred miles suffered considerably from an earthquake. The spire of the church was greatly shaken, and six feet at the top twisted round, so that the angles of the octagon coincided with the middle of the faces of the part below. Doors swung to and fro. Bells rang. The water of Loch Levin was rendered muddy. Many persons experienced sickness. Dogs howled, and birds were scared from their roosting-places.

And here we may take occasion to state that the *Catalogue* contains many records of earthquakes in Scotland, not indeed in recent years accompanied by fatal results, but still testifying that that region has been frequently visited by shocks. And if we examine a geological map of Scotland we find, from the two great bands of trappean eruption, that the northern part of our island was once a veritable *Terra del Fuego* convulsed by fiery depths. Worthy of remark, too, is the fact, that we are indebted to Plutonic agencies for those picturesque forms that charm the tourist's eye in Caledonia. The marvelous peaks of Skye, and

"Arthur's craggy bulk,
That dweller of the air, abrupt and lone,"

overhanging Edinburgh, were brought forth amidst convulsive earthquake throes. Originally a molten mass that came hissing from the deep, amidst the rending of rocks, and the roaring of flames, Arthur's Seat cooled down into that picturesque form from the tranquil summit of which we now gaze with delight on the broad landscape. The castle of Edinburgh is built on another elevation born amidst earthquake paroxysms, and curiously enough, precisely where the Plutonic forces raged most, upheaving crests and pinnacles of trap rock, there history informs us human warfare has been most violent. For, on their commanding eminences warriors built their strongholds. The castles of Stirling, Dumbarton, and Dirleton, stand on trap rocks, and the thunder of battle was heard in those localities which in distant ages rocked under the influence of earthquakes.

Reverting to the *Catalogue*, we find that in 1808 a terrible earthquake in Catania was accompanied by the unusual phenomenon of walls opening horizontally, so that the light of the moon penetrated for an instant before the fissures closed.

In 1811, Carolina, and the valleys of the Mississippi, Ohio, and the Arkansas, were visited by a tremendous earthquake, remarkable from the absence of volcanoes in those regions. A vast area was affected, many persons were killed, and the effect produced on the trees, as the earth-wave passed through the forests, is represented as very extraordinary. Although the air was perfectly still, trees were twisted and their boughs wrenched off by the transit of the earth-wave; others,

though undisturbed, were killed; and when Sir C. Lyell visited the locality in 1846, he observed that zones of trees affected by the earthquake of 1811 were dead and leafless, though standing erect and entire.

But probably no earthquake of which we have any record, exhibits the tremendous volcanic force so forcibly as that which occurred in 1822, in Chili. The center of disturbance was near Valparaiso; that city was greatly injured, and the coast along a line of twelve hundred miles was shaken. But a more wonderful phenomenon was the permanent elevation of the land to a height of between two and seven feet over an area of one hundred thousand square miles, or within one sixth of that of Great Britain and Ireland. Some idea of the force exercised to accomplish this, may be formed from a calculation made by Sir C. Lyell, that the mass uplifted contained fifty-seven cubic miles in bulk, equal to a conical mountain two miles high, with a circumference at the base of nearly thirty-three miles—or, assuming the great pyramid of Egypt to weigh six million tons, the mass upheaved by this earthquake, exceeded the weight of one hundred thousand pyramids.*

Records like these—and now it must be borne in mind we are no longer dealing with doubtful authorities—testify, that however much other physical causes which have affected our globe may be modified, earthquakes still are mighty agents in changing the earth's crust, and the terrible earthquake in the Neapolitan territory in the winter of 1857–8, attests that the subterranean force is far from being exhausted. This earthquake occurred too recently to be included in the British Association Earthquake Catalogue, but our article would be incomplete were it to be omitted from the list of remarkable earthquake phenomena.

The tremendous visitation was preceded by subterranean agitation.† Vesuvius

was in a state of chronic eruption for two years. The wells of Resina were dried up in the autumn of 1857. Fetid gaseous exhalations burst from the streams near Salandro, the waters of which attained a boiling temperature. The atmosphere for several weeks before the earthquake was unusually calm, and a light, like that proceeding from a misty moon, was seen in places where the earthquake was subsequently extremely violent. Dogs howled, and strange hissing sounds were heard.

The first decided intimation of the impending catastrophe occurred on the seventh December, when a slight shock threw down the cone of Vesuvius. It was hoped, and indeed expected, that this volcano would, as of old, prove a safety-valve. But in place of the gorgeous pillar of fire that dominated the cone during the autumn, nothing now appeared but a wreath of smoke, and a lambent flame which lighted Naples with a supernatural glare, a convincing proof that the volcanic energies were about to expend their forces in another manner and direction.

On the sixteenth December, at ten p.m., the inhabitants of the Neapolitan States were made aware that the terrible enemy was at their doors. Soon, too soon, the ruin came. At Naples, the furniture first, then the walls, and next whole houses rocked, while bells rang: "*Terremuoto — terremuoto*," shrieked the population, as they rushed wildly reeling into the streets, invoking the aid of their favorite saints. Then came the *replica* or return earth-wave which hurled them with irresistible force against the tottering walls, occasioning in many cases intense sickness. After midnight several other shocks were felt in the city, but although the wildest panic reigned, during which ruffians profited by the occasion to plunder the deserted houses and commit outrages, it was found when daylight returned that no life had been lost, and that the damage to buildings was confined to stair-cases having fallen, and walls having been fissured.

But although Naples thus escaped— ascribed by the superstitious to the belief that the blood of St. Januarius had liquified of its own accord—ruin, wide-spreading, terrible, and awful as that fore-shadowed in the Apocalypse, fell upon the land. Throughout the provinces, and nearly in every commune, buildings of all

* See Lyell's *Principles of Geology* for further interesting speculations respecting this earthquake.

† We spent the night of August 2, 1849, on the summit of Vesuvius. It was trembling and shuddering with seeming agony. We leaned our breast on the high rim of the inner cone of the crater when it was belching up melted lava many feet above our heads. A river of lava was poured out on the eastern side, forming a lake of fire a mile and a half long and a mile wide, glowing in the moon-beams.—ED. ECLECTIC.

descriptions were, whelmed in common destruction, and so sudden and violent were the shocks, that thousands of human beings had not time to escape from the houses beneath the ruins of which they were buried. In Potenza, a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, about ninety miles south-east of Naples, not a house remained in a habitable state. "Our pens," say the writers of the official reports of the awful calamity, "fall in terror from our hands;" and no wonder, when we are assured by the same authorities that this terrible and wide-spreading earthquake killed upwards of thirty thousand human beings, besides injuring thousands who were buried beneath the ruins, in some cases for days before being exhumed.

The phenomena attending this tremendous visitation were most remarkable. The ground in many districts is stated to have rolled like waves. At Resina the entire town and neighborhood were in a state of vibration from ten A.M. to 5 P.M. on the thirtieth December. At Naples, from the sixteenth to the thirtieth of that month, eighty-four shocks were felt, and these would in all probability have been attended with great destruction and loss of life had not Vesuvius opened after the sixteenth December. "For a day or two," says a spectator, writing from Naples, "the mountain had been singularly undemonstrative, but on the very night of the earthquake, subsequent to the shocks, a new vent was opened, and a great quantity of smoke and stones was thrown out. A few days after, a sound, as of a violent discharge of artillery, was heard, and a huge column of stones was shot up. It would be useless to speculate on what might have been the consequences had this valve not been opened; but one fact is undeniable, that Naples has escaped with shakings of the houses."

Mariners at sea state that they felt the shocks as if their barks had struck upon the rocks; others as if they had been twirled suddenly round in the vortex of a whirlpool. The effect of earthquakes upon the sea has been much studied by Mr. Mallet. He states that when the earth-wave passes under the deep water of the ocean, it probably shows no trace of its progress at the surface, "but as it arrives in soundings, and gets into water more and more shallow, the undulation of the bottom the crest of the long, flat-shaped earth-wave brings along with it—

carries upon its back, as it were—a corresponding aqueous undulation, slight, long, and flat, upon the surface of the water. This, which may be called the *forced sea-wave* of earthquakes, and which has no proper motion of its own, communicates the earthquake shocks to ships at sea, as if they had struck upon a rock."

The general direction of the earth-waves south-east of Naples seems to have been from north to south, crossed, however, not unfrequently, by other waves from east to west. In both cases the waves recoiled, producing the *replica* or return-shock, involving certain destruction to every object within its influence. At Potenzo the motion was violently undulatory, accompanied by vertical and leaping movements, causing furniture to bound upwards. Mr. Mallet, who was commissioned by the Royal Society to examine the earth-shaken provinces, informs us that Saponara, a town of eight thousand inhabitants which experienced return-shocks, was absolutely reduced to powder; and photographs executed under his directions show in many instances the extraordinary apparent vorticose effect of the motion. At Padula a photograph now before us represents a large stone statue of the Virgin turned on its pedestal; and lamps and chandeliers suspended from the ceiling were in many instances observed suddenly to swing at right angles to their first direction of motion. Throughout extensive areas the land was seamed with deep fissures arising from land-slips or other secondary causes, and roads were moved two hundred feet from their original positions.

Although the earthquake was not felt sensibly at Rome, the stoppage of several delicate instruments in the Observatory of that city, leads the Rev. Director, Padre Secchi, to the conclusion that the earthquake wave passed under that city. Mr. Mallet traced it north of Naples, until the effects from it became lost in the alluvium near Terracina; but in the parallel limestone hills the results were observable as far as Sevmonta.

It would be easy to cite additional facts illustrating the damage caused by this earthquake. Enough, however, has been said to show that the phenomena attending it were of the most awful and ruinous nature; for besides the destruction to property and life, the catastrophe, occurring as it did in mid-winter, caused the

poor houseless inhabitants, who were obliged to encamp in the open ground, great additional suffering, further aggravated by their indolent and superstitious habits. No wonder that the Neapolitan dreads the winter earthquake.

We have now given the salient phenomena observed in connection with earthquakes. All are wonderful, many most perplexing. Let us now see what results Mr. Mallet draws from the records.

Divided by chronological periods, it appears that the end of the third century first gives evidence of numerical increase; and earthquakes seem to steadily progress in numbers up to 1850. But the rapid and vast extension, particularly in the first half of the nineteenth century, affords no proof that there has been a corresponding, or even any, increase in the frequency of earthquake phenomena. For, as the Report truly observes, the *Catalogue of Earthquakes* is not only a record of these phenomena, but also of the advance of human enterprise, travel, and observation. Indeed, to assume that earthquake disturbance has been continually on the increase, would be to contradict all the analogies of the physics of our globe. These analogies might lead us to suppose that, like other violent presumed periodical actions, that producing earthquakes was becoming feeble, and the series of earthquakes would consequently be found a converging one. Were this so, however, to any considerable extent, we should not find the vast expansions of results which the last three hundred years present. This expansion, it is believed, just keeps pace with that of contemporaneous human progress; for the increase in the number of recorded earthquakes always coincides with the epochs of increased impulse and energy in human enterprise. It is therefore pretty certain that earthquake action has remained nearly uniform throughout historic time; thus showing that if the interior of our globe is in a liquid or melting state, the cooling process is extremely slow. Earthquakes do not seem in any part of the world, as far as originating impulse is concerned, to be connected with the superficial character to the greatest known depth of geological formations. While earthquake waves diverge from axial lines that are generally of the older rock formations, and often of crystalline igneous rocks, or actively volcanic, they penetrate thence formations of

every age and sort, and are direct agents of elevation.

Viewing as a whole, and at a single glance, the distribution of earthquake energy over the entire globe, it presents, according to Mr. Mallet, a vast loop, or band, round the Pacific, a more broken and irregular one around the Atlantic, with subdividing bands, and a broad band stretching across Europe and Asia, and uniting them.

Thus, an apparent preponderance of seismic surface seems to lie about the temperate and torrid zones, both northern and southern; but, as the Report observes, extended observation is yet required in high latitudes, and particularly in the Antarctic regions, where we know violent volcanic force exists, before it can be affirmed that there is a real preponderance extending over any one or more great climatic bands or zones of the earth's surface.

It may, however, be confidently assumed that there are few parts of the earth's crust that are not convulsed by earthquakes. The study of seismic force may indeed be said to concern us intimately; for though we do not suffer from earthquakes to a fatal extent, yet their occurrence in a slight degree in Scotland and the north of England shows that volcanic action exists beneath Great Britain.

The remarkable fact has been observed, that earthquakes are more prevalent and violent in winter than during summer.

Taking the whole of Europe, the preponderance of earthquakes during winter is very marked, the *Catalogue* showing that during fifteen centuries and a half, 857 earthquakes occurred during spring and summer, and 1165 during autumn and winter. Of 255 earthquakes in England and Scotland, 44 occurred during the spring months, 58 during the summer months, 79 during the autumn months, and 74 during the winter months. And with respect to earthquakes in the Italian peninsula, it is recorded that in several instances no alarm was felt when they broke out during summer, while those in winter inspired the greatest terror. The *Catalogue* further shows that earthquakes are more numerous and violent in those localities where volcanoes are most active. The connection between volcanic and seismic effort is so obvious, although the nature of the connection is but little understood, that we are quite prepared to

find that the most violent earthquakes have occurred precisely where volcanic centres stand close in rank. An earthquake in a non-volcanic region may, in fact, be viewed as an uncompleted effort to establish a volcano. The forces of explosion and impulse are the same in both; they differ only in degree of energy, or in the varying sorts and degrees of resistance opposed to them.

Stretching in a vast horse-shoe convex to the south, from Burmah and Pegu, and surrounding the great island of Borneo, with an intervening belt of sea, and reaching round to Formosa on the north-west, we have an almost continuous girdle of volcanoes and lofty mountains. Every island of the group, including Java and Sumatra, is shaken by formidable and frequent earthquakes. Nothing even in South-America or Mexico appears to rival the grandeur of volcanic energy and sympathetic earthquake action of that region. In 1815 the thundering of Tomboro, in Sumbava, was heard nearly one thousand miles away, (through the earth no doubt,) and the ashes or tufa-dust floating through the air converted the ordinary light of noon into darkness three hundred miles distant in Java, and were precipitated at sea a thousand miles from the point of ejection, while vast tracts of country, with inhabited towns, suddenly became engulfed and disappeared during periods of eruption which may be said to have been almost continuous.

The great shock, or earth-wave, observes Mr. Mallet, is a true undulation of the solid crust of the earth, traveling with immense velocity outwards in every direction from the point vertically above the center of impulse. If this be at small depth below the surface, the shock will be felt principally horizontally; but if the origin be profound, the shock will be felt more or less vertically, and in this case two distinct waves may be felt, the first due to the originating normal wave, the second to the transversal waves vibrating at right angles to it.

The earth-wave, as observed in Europe, is supposed to travel from W. $2^{\circ} 39'$ N. to E. $2^{\circ} 39'$ S. The velocity or transit of the earth-wave or shock has never been precisely ascertained, but it is computed with great probability to average seventeen hundred and sixty feet per second. Humboldt, a high authority on all matters relating to telluric phenomena, states the

velocity to be from five to seven geographical (German) miles per minute—equivalent to between twenty and twenty-eight statute miles. In great earthquakes, the wave traveling at the rate of probably about thirty miles per minute, takes frequently ten to twenty seconds to pass a given point.

Grants of money made by the Royal Society and the British Association, have enabled Mr. Mallet to make a great number of experiments on the velocity of the earth-wave through various strata. Canisters and casks containing powder were sunk in the earth at distances varying from half a mile to a mile from each other, and it was found that the seismoscope wave passed through sand at the rate of nine hundred and sixty-five feet per second, and through solid granite at the rate of sixteen hundred and sixty-one feet per second.

Want of observation renders it of course difficult to arrive at any just conclusion respecting the annual number of earthquakes beneath the ocean, but making every allowance for imperfect information, the disparity of relative numbers is such as to warrant our estimating, with some confidence, that the seismic energy is manifested with much greater power, for equal areas, upon the dry land than upon the ocean bed.

Contemporary with Mr. Mallet's valuable and interesting researches are those of M. Perrey, who was the first to notice a singular connection between the phases of the moon and earthquakes. By the analysis of various catalogues of earthquakes, he deduces—

1. That earthquakes occur more frequently at the periods of new and full moon.
2. That their frequency increases at the perigee and diminishes at the apogee of the moon.
3. That shocks of earthquake are more frequent when the moon is near the meridian than when she is ninety degrees away from it.

These conclusions point to the existence of a terrestrial as well as an oceanic tide. The theory was so novel as to lead the French Academy to appoint a commission to report upon it. Among the members was the late M. Arago, and here is their explanation of M. Perrey's views:

"If, as is generally believed in the present day, the interior of the earth is, owing to its

high temperature, in a liquid or melted state, and if the globe has but a comparatively thin solid crust, the interior being deprived of solidity is compelled to yield, like the superficial mass of the ocean waters, to the attractive force exercised by the sun and moon, and it acquires a tendency to swell out in the direction of the rays of these two bodies; but this tendency meets with a resistance in the rigidity of the solid crust, which occasions shocks and fractures of the latter. The intensity of this force varies, like the tides, according to the relative position of the sun and moon, and consequently according to the moon's age; and we must also observe that as the tides ebb and flow twice in the course of a lunar day, at those hours which agree with the passing of the moon over the meridian, so the direction of the attraction exercised upon a point of the interior globe must change twice a day, according as the point recedes or approaches the meridian, the plane of which passes through the center of the moon. Without entering into longer details, we can easily conceive that if the fusion of the interior mass of the globe plays a part among the causes of earthquakes, then its influence may become evident by a necessary connection, capable of observation, between the occurrence of earthquakes and the circumstances which modify the moon's action upon the entire globe, or upon a portion of it—namely, its angular distance from the sun, its real distance from the earth, and its angular distance from the meridian of the place, or, in other words, the moon's age, the time of perihelion, and the hour of the lunar day."

Another hypothesis connects magnetism with earthquakes. The magnet is known to be periodically affected in a very extraordinary manner; magnetic storms, as they are called, recurring at the same hours. We also know that magnetism has a wonderful apparent connection with solar spots, which increase and diminish with a periodicity due probably to some occult cosmical law; and thus while it is found that the sun, moon, and our earth are in direct physical relation to each other, and all are apparently affected by magnetism—for our satellite has a magnetic influence on our planet—then it is not, perhaps, too much to say that magnetism may affect earthquakes, and that the latter may obey some unknown magnetic law. At the same time, while Humboldt was willing to concede the possibility of there being a connection between magnetic currents and earthquakes, he has placed on record in *Cosmos* that during the time he spent in South-America he only once found that the magnetical inclination decreased during an earthquake. This was in 1799, after a violent

earthquake at Cumana, when the inclination was diminished ninety centesimal minutes, or nearly a whole degree. During the three years subsequent to 1799 that he passed in South-America, he states that he never again met with a sudden alteration of the magnetic inclination which he could ascribe to earthquake phenomena, various as were the directions in which the undulatory movement of the terrestrial strata was propagated.

Passing from the regions of theory to those of fact, the observations that have been made lead Mr. Mallet to the conclusion that the true definition of an earthquake is, the transit of a wave of elastic compression in any direction from vertically upwards to horizontally in any azimuth, through the surface and crust of the earth from any center of impulse, or from more than one, and which may be attended with tidal and round waves dependent upon the former, and upon circumstances of position as to sea and land.

Besides the frightful devastation caused by earthquakes at the time of their occurrence, they have considerable effect on the outward form of our globe. Thus the rising of the earth's crust between Gothenburg and the North Cape, at the rate of five feet in a century, is believed to be due to seismic influence; while, on the other hand, the depression of the land on the west coast of Greenland and Denmark and the Faroe Islands, proceeds from the same cause. It is also supposed that there are great areas of gradual subsidence beneath the Pacific. A map accompanying the *Earthquake Catalogue*, shows that the bands or zones of probable depression are near the great seats of volcanic activity, and that the latter have generally subsiding areas at more than one side. Thus, in the Pacific, the blue band is along the great volcanic girdle from Celebes to New-Zealand, and thence stretches between the line of sub oceanic volcanic girdles from the New-Hebrides to the Marquesas. And again, the great volcanic horse-shoe girdle of Sumbava is between the area of subsidence in the China Sea, north of Borneo, and the blue coral bands north of Australia, which whole continent, or at least its western and northern parts, may probably be subsiding also.

From the observations hitherto made, Mr. Mallet considers that general horizontal directions of seismic movement

upon large tracts of the earth's surface do not exist. Indeed the apparent terrible twisting motion occasioned by the crossing of horizontal waves, is one of the most common features of earthquake phenomena. This is the motion producing the nausea which has been felt by human beings and also by some domestic animals. Although this consequence has been questioned, the fact, as respects man, admits of no doubt. Mr. Mallet has direct testimony of persons having been suddenly awakened by an earthquake, and immediately suffering nausea, amounting in many instances to vomiting, and in the late earthquake at Naples many instances were related to Mr. Mallet of persons having been made sick by the shocks.

The general conclusions deducible from the observations, are thus summed up in the report:

1. "The superficial distribution of seismic influence over existing terrestrial space, does not follow the law of distribution in historic time, and is not one of uniformity. There is this resemblance, which, however, is not a true analogy; that, as the distribution is paroxysmal in time, so it is local in space.

2. "The normal type of superficial distribution, is that of bands of variable and of great breadth, with sensible seismic influence extending from 5° to 15° in width transversely.

3. "These bands very generally follow the lines of elevation which mark and divide the great oceanic or terra-oceanic basins of the earth's surface.

4. "And in so far as these are frequently the lines of mountain chains, and these latter those of volcanic vents, so the seismic bands are found to follow them likewise.

5. "Although the sensible influence is generally limited to the average width of the seismic band, paroxysmal efforts are occasionally propagated to great superficial distances beyond it.

6. "The sensible width of the seismic band depends upon the energy developed, and upon the accidental geologic and topographic conditions at each point along its entire length.

7. "Earthquake energy may become sensible at any point of the earth's surface, its efforts being, however, greater and more frequent as the great volcanic lines of activity are approached.

8. "The surfaces of smallest or of no

known disturbance, are the central areas of great oceanic or terra-oceanic basins or saucers, and the greater islands existing in shallow seas."

Mr. Mallet justly observes that it is much to be regretted that the scientific departments and bodies of the chief civilized countries do not unite and agree upon some uniform system for observing earthquakes, in order that the records might be transmitted to some assigned locality for discussion. For until some system of this kind be adopted, it would be hopeless to deduce any certain laws from earthquake phenomena.

In the mean while, Mr. Mallet, trusting that something of this kind will be done, has paid great attention to the dynamics of earthquakes, and the present *Earthquake Catalogue* contains, in the form of an appendix, valuable observations upon instrumental seismometry, and seismometers, upon the excellence of which our future knowledge of earthquakes must in a great measure depend. Very great ingenuity has been displayed in the construction of these great instruments, which are intended to show surface perturbation and the passage of the earth-wave. So exquisitely sensitive are some seismometers that, like the trembling peas on the tight drumhead which tell the engineer of insidious mining operations, their slightest movement conveys a warning of grave import.

The study of earthquake laws is of the highest interest and importance to geology and terrestrial physics, and as the information contained in the *Earthquake Catalogue* is not generally accessible, Mr. Mallet has rendered good service by reprinting from the third edition of the *Admiralty Manual of Scientific Inquiry*, published this year, his contribution *On the Observation of Earthquake Phenomena*. With this earthquake hand-book, as it may be called, the traveler who may happen to visit the great seats of volcanic and seismic action will be able, by following Mr. Mallet's lucid instructions, to contribute largely to this interesting branch of science. We may also state that Herr Yeltteles, of the Imperial Academy of Vienna, has lately published some very interesting and valuable monographs descriptive of Hungarian earthquakes in the Carpathian chain, which throw considerable light on the seismic phenomena of that region.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

LIFE AND TIMES OF MADAME RÉCAMIER.*

THE influence of females is felt and acknowledged in all civilized and Christian countries. But in a different way. In this country, for instance, where we have bright examples of female influence in the highest position in the land, as well as in society, and even in public life, still it is in the domestic circle that woman shines most. She is there in what we accept to be her legitimate province, and she reigns with a soft, silken, and unchallenged sway. An English home, even a French writer has admitted, is all that there is that is most, complete, most delicate, and most touching in the temple dedicated to the family and to private virtues. In France, again, woman is more given to affairs than in England. Owing to the conscription of most able-bodied men in the lower classes, she does the work of the other sex; owing to the peculiar habits of life of the men of the middle classes, she is also more frequently at the head of an establishment than in this country; and owing also to peculiarities in the system of matrimonial alliances among the higher classes—generally speaking mere matters of convenience—and to the influence of adopted manners and customs, ladies of rank or fashion live far more in public than with us. Hence it has happened that the fortuitous union of many qualities in one person—the happy combination of beauty, talents, accomplishments, and wealth—have given at times an amount of influence to a lady which has become so great as almost to affect the social system, to gather together all the different shades of politics, all the talent and genius of the metropolis, the nobles and titled of the land, and to give umbrage even to the ruling powers. Such were the Princesse de Lieven, Madame de Staël, and still more especially Madame Récamier. It is scarcely possible to conceive in this country the influence which such ladies' salons

have had in France. The *Hôtel de Longueville* centred the intrigues of the Regency, and that of *Rambouillet* was the acknowledged cradle of the French language. Molière certainly indulged his comic vein at the expense of the *précieuses* of Madame de Rambouillet's salon, but among them were Colbert and Corneille. In more modern times, the salon of Madame Lebrun took precedence before the Revolution, whilst after the Revolution the fragments of the Directory gathered together in the salon of Madame Gay. The Empire was represented by Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès, the wife of Junot, and significantly enough, the descendant of the family of the Comneni perished in a garret. The Restoration was represented by Madame de Récamier, and the advent of the younger dynasty by a host of pretenders, among whom Madame Emile de Girardin, Madame Delphine, and others, none of whom achieved the success of the great ladies, the Duchesse de Duras, the Comtesse Baraguay d'Hilliers, and others of the Restoration. The salon is indeed now a thing of the past. It has broken down under the new régime of equality. The *Hôtels de Longueville* and *Rambouillet* have given way to the imperial fusion of the Louvre and the Tuileries. They were in the now extinct *Rue Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre*, with the *hôtel* of Madame de Chevreuse, "*Chevreuse aux yeux noyés*," between them. The observer will still stay his course for a while to ponder over the lustre of bygone days, as he thoughtfully contemplates that modest-looking house which adjoins the old and mysterious church of *Saint-Germain-des-Près*, where Gérard held his brilliant assemblies; the *hôtel* remains, but the fire that blazed on the hearth in the *Rue Saint-Dominique* is extinct; but to no spot in Paris do more interesting reminiscences of modern times perhaps attach themselves than to that house on whose terrace a few trees still survive the lovely hand that cherished them—the Abbaye-

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aux-Bois — the last nestling-place of the beautiful Juliette, the queen of Parisian feminine conquerors, Madame Récamier.

Jeanne-Françoise-Julie-Adélaïde Bernard was born at Lyons on the fourth of December, 1777. Her father was a notary in that city, and both her parents were remarkable for personal advantages. In 1784 M. Bernard removed to Paris, under the patronage of the Minister De Calonne, who gave him an appointment. Little Juliette, as she was then called, was sent for a short time to her aunt's, at Villefranche, and then to the convent of the Desert, at Lyons.

When Juliette left school to join her parents in Paris, she already gave evidence of so much beauty, that her mother, especially fond of dress, devoted a great portion of her time to setting her off to advantage, so much so that she was distinguished by the especial notice of royalty at one of the last public entertainments given by Louis XVI. at Versailles. Juliette was not, however, a mere doll. She was proficient in her studies, and especially in music, playing both on the piano and the harp, and she learned to sing under Boieldieu. The first-named instrument continued to be a solace to her in her old age, when Providence had afflicted her with blindness.

Among those who frequented her father's house was M. Jacques Récamier, a banker of Paris. Struck with Juliette's beauty, he asked her in marriage. Juliette made no difficulties, although at that time M. Récamier was forty-two years of age and she only fifteen. They were married on the twenty-fourth of April, 1793, at the most sinister epoch of the Revolution — the same year, indeed, that the king and queen were put to death. "Madame Récamier," her biographer assures us, "only received his name from her husband. This may excite surprise, but I am not bound to explain the fact; all I can do is to attest to it, as all those who were in the intimacy of M. and Madame Récamier could do." One of M. Récamier's eccentricities was at this time to go every day to witness the executions. His excuse was that he did not know what day his turn would come, so he wished to familiarize himself with the spectacle. He was in reality not only clever, wealthy, and business-like, but he was generous to excess, and very thoughtless. He escaped the revolutionary knife through the friend-

ship of De Barrère; and when the Reign of Terror was over, people breathed once more in security, and the emigrants began to reappear, the Récamiers, like the rest of French society, incorrigible in its frivolities, threw themselves headlong into a vortex of gayety. Her biographer thus describes Madame Récamier at this epoch, when she was eighteen years of age:

"Her beauty had continued to unfold itself during the past few years, and she had passed as it were, from childhood to the splendor of youth. She was at once graceful and exquisitely modeled, her neck was admirable in form and proportion, her mouth small and vermillion, her teeth pearly, her arms charming, albeit somewhat spare, her chestnut hair curled naturally, her nose was delicate and regular, especially French; an incomparable brilliancy of color eclipsed all, her physiognomy was at once replete with candor, and had yet an expression of shrewdness, which smiles of kindness rendered perfectly irresistible. Her head was well fixed, with something in it at once of indolence and haughtiness. It was truly of her that might have been said what Saint-Simon wrote of the Duchess of Bourgogne, that her walk was that of a goddess on the clouds. Such was Madame Récamier at eighteen years of age."

The appearance of a young person so preëminently beautiful in public caused, as may be imagined, a prodigious sensation. In the calm that succeeded to the tempest of the Revolution, social meetings were disregarded, every one rushed forth from the theater to subscription-balls and to gardens. Madame Récamier's beauty became thus so notorious that she caused a tumult by holding the plate at church, and at Longchamp — at that time in full vogue — she was declared *la plus belle à l'unanimité*. She excelled likewise in dancing. Her favorite figure — the "shawl-dance" — furnished Madame de Staël with the model of the dance which she attributes to Corinne.

Madame Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, who was her contemporary, and who, when young, prided herself upon her beauty, used to say in her old age that others might be more beautiful than Juliette, but none produced so great an effect. "I was at a party where I charmed and captivated all, but Madame Récamier came in; the brilliancy of her eyes, which yet were not large, and the inconceivable whiteness of her shoulders, crushed every one, eclipsed all: she was resplendent. True, however, that, the first burst of admira-

tion over *les vrais amateurs* used to come back to me."

When Bonaparte returned from Italy, a festival was held by the Directory at the Luxembourg. Madame Récamier was so anxious to see the young hero, that being badly placed she rose for that purpose; but her beauty attracting by so doing a spontaneous burst of admiration, the general did not like this competition, and looked her down with a terrible frown. This was in 1799. M. Récamier had purchased M. Necker's hôtel in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin the year previous; and this first brought Madame de Staël into relationship with Madame Récamier. It was furnished after drawings by the architect Berthaut, and hence every thing in it was in perfect keeping. But Madame Récamier used to spend the summer at the Château de Clichy, whose beautiful park stretched down to the banks of the Seine. She was fond of flowers—a simple, innocent taste unknown to the French at that epoch. M. Récamier used to dine there, but invariably slept in Paris. Lucien Bonaparte met her at this period at M. Sapey's, at Bagatelle, and was struck with her beauty. He asked permission to visit her at Clichy, and it was granted. The consequence may easily be foreseen. Lucien—at that time only twenty-four years of age—became, although married, passionately enamoured of the greatest beauty of her time, and did not scruple to declare his passion. Madame Récamier appealed to her husband, and requested that Lucien should be shown the door. M. Récamier observed thereupon that to break openly with the brother of General Bonaparte might compromise him and ruin his bank, and concluded "qu'il fallait ne point le désespérer et ne rien lui accorder." Madame Récamier did not like Lucien, so she acceded to the arrangement, and would sometimes laugh at his anguish, while at others she was terrified at his impetuosity. This stormy kind of relationship lasted for a year, when Lucien, weary with the ineffectual pursuit, gave it up. Madame Récamier's reputation did not, however, fail to suffer from these assiduities; they were the cause of her first sorrows, but they at the same time served to give firmness to her character. Her biographer has preserved one answer, penned by Madame Récamier to Lucien, who used to write to her as Romeo to

Juliet, which, he says, bears unanswerable testimony to her virtue:

"To be ridiculous is worse than a crime, more especially when a public man, upon whom criticism exercises its malignant influence with so much pleasure, is concerned.

"Fly then from Juliette—avoid being ridiculous—soften your misfortune by an appeal to your philosophy."

Although Lucien withdrew discomfited, his admiration did not the less continue during the gay winter of 1799-1800. Madame Récamier used to frequent his house, and it was there she met Napoleon Bonaparte, and spoke to him for the first and only time. Mistaking him for Joseph Bonaparte, she was the first to bow, and when she found out her mistake was not a little confused. Napoleon sent Fouché to her, however, with a message calculated to allay her trouble. It was to the effect that "Le premier consul vous trouve charmante." Lucien having shortly afterwards joined her, Napoleon remarked out loud: "Et moi aussi, j'aimerais bien aller à Clichy." If meant as a compliment, it was not a very refined one. Dinner being announced, Napoleon walked off first and alone, not offering his arm to any one of the ladies present. But when Cambacérés, the Second Consul, took his seat near Madame Récamier, he remarked aloud: "Ah! ah! citoyen consul, auprès de la plus belle!" Dinner over, he addressed himself to Juliette, and, after inquiring if she had been cold, he said: "Why did you not take a seat near me?" "I should not have presumed to do such a thing," Juliette replied. "It was your place," observed the First Consul, who would not stoop to woo, but must be wooed. The concert over, Napoleon once more addressed himself to Madame Récamier, whom he had been looking at with an unpleasant fixidity. "You seem to be very fond of music, madame?" And he was about to continue the conversation, when Lucien came up, and the First Consul withdrew.

To form an idea of the position of Madame Récamier at this period of her life, and of the place which she occupied in French society, we must picture her to ourselves as grouping around her in her youth and beauty not only the dispersed elements of the old aristocracy, but also the new men, whose talents, energy, or

military glory had given them rank in the new society that was then growing up. Thus among the frequenters of her soirées were the restored emigrants—the Duc de Guignes, Adrien and Mathieu de Montmorency, Christian de Lamoignon, M. de Narbonne ; and with them Madame de Staël, Camille Jordan, Barrère, Lucien Bonaparte, Eugène Beauharnais, Fouché, Bernadotte, Masséna, Moreau, generals of the Revolution ; members of the Assembly ; literary men—M. de la Harpe, Lemontey, Legouvé, Emmanuel Dupaty ; and all distinguished strangers. No doubt M. Récamier's position as a wealthy banker, and a neutral in politics, contributed largely to making his conversaziones the most popular in Paris ; but French gallantry will have it that the beauty of his young and brilliant wife, who superadded to “the luxury of a great fortune, elegance of manners and language, the flavor of virtue and modesty, and the habits of good company,” contributed most to such a marked success.

Among the crowd of her admirers, Madame Récamier particularly distinguished Duke Mathieu de Montmorency. If we are to give credit to her biographer, the duke, as a young man, had been as vain and as thoughtless as other young aristocrats ; but the death of his brother, the Abbé de Laval, who fell under the revolutionary axe, and the exhortations of Madame de Staël, had converted him into an austere and fervent Christian. He saw at once all the dangers to which a beautiful young woman like Madame Récamier, fond of admiration, surrounded by flatterers, and without the support of any intimate domestic relations, was exposed, and he acted towards her as a brother, carefully tending her, with all the more delicacy from the admiration which he felt for her, and yet jealously solicitous in regard to any sentiments that might be awakened in her bosom, and that might not be consistent with the most spotless purity and innocence. There can not be the slightest doubt from M. de Montmorency's letters, as given in this biography, that he ever acted towards Madame Récamier the part of a sincere and even pious friend.

Among other persons particularly distinguished by Madame Récamier was the great literary critic, M. de la Harpe. She used even to attend his lectures at the Athenæum, where a chair was allotted to her in close proximity to the professor.

M. Récamier, optimist as he was, had a partiality to marrying people ; and although his arrangements were not always felicitous, still he persevered nevertheless. He was the means of marrying M. de la Harpe, at that time advanced in years, to a Mademoiselle de Longuerue, in order to settle the latter, but she was so disappointed in her husband that she asked to be divorced before three weeks had elapsed. What rendered the blow still more affecting to M. de la Harpe was, that this scandal took place at the very time that the edict of eighteen Fructidor came to deprive him of his chair. He withdrew to Corbeil, where, we are told, Juliette went to see him *once*. It is evident from his letters that the veteran critic passed under the same yoke as so many others. In one he says : “There is no great merit in going to Clichy to see you, but there was a time when I should have found it dangerous to see you, no matter where.” And then he adds : “I love you as one loves an angel, so I hope there can be no danger.” We can fancy the fair and malicious Juliette laughingly responding “No !”

Madame Récamier had, however, her days of suffering as well as of triumph. In 1802 her father, M. Bernard, who held a high position in the Post-office, was suddenly cast into jail for aiding and abetting the correspondence of the royalists. Madame Bacciocchi, Napoleon's sister, was dining that very day with Madame Récamier, and Juliette not only wept at her knees for her father's safety, but followed her to her box at the theater to plead his cause, when luckily General Bernadotte, struck by her beauty, interceded in her favor, and relieved a manifestly heartless woman from an intercession with the First Consul, which would have led to no good results, for there was no interest in the cause for which she was asked to plead. This painful incident in Madame Récamier's early career is related in her own words among the few fragments left by her, and collected at one time for the autobiography, which she had neither the application nor the perseverance to carry out. In the memorial of St. Helena, Madame Récamier is made to solicit personally, not only the pardon, but the restitution of her father to his place. Juliette denies this. It was, she says, Bernadotte who interceded ; nor did she or her party, as is asserted in the said

Memorial, ever complain of M. Bernard's dismissal, which was looked upon as inevitable.

There is no doubt, however, that Madame Récamier's sympathies were, like her father's, more with the royalists than with the new order of things. The restored emigrants were in higher favor at her reunions than the new men of the time. The banishment of Madame de Staël, in 1803, by the First Consul, came to decide the balance of her partisanship. "The arbitrary and cruel act," she says, in the fragments of her Memoirs that have been preserved, "that separated us, exhibited despotism to me in its most odious aspect. The man who could banish a woman—and such a woman! could only be in my mind a pitiless, merciless despot; and from that time all my feelings were enlisted against him, against his advent to empire, and against the establishment of unlimited power." Madame Récamier was confirmed in this hostility to Napoleon by Bernadotte, and together they endeavored to gain over Moreau to their views, but without effect.

Madame Récamier sat for her portrait, in 1800, to David and to Gerard. The painting by the first artist, which is the least satisfactory, was purchased for six thousand francs for the Louvre. During the brief interval of the peace of Amiens she paid a visit to this country. M. de Chateaubriand has related several incidents connected with the trip. She had received many English in her "salons," and she was well received in England in return. Her chief supports were the Duchess of Devonshire and the Marquis of Douglas, afterwards Duke of Hamilton. The Prince of Wales was also profuse in his attentions.

On her return to France, Madame Récamier was present at the trial of her friend Moreau, implicated in the conspiracy of Pichegru and Cadoudal, but she declares him to have been utterly innocent. She was provided with a seat during the trial by the well-known Brillat-Savarin. When Napoleon heard that she had been present, he exclaimed: "What did Madame Récamier go to do there?" Twenty of the accused were condemned to death; ten perished on the scaffold with Georges. Moreau was banished. But the excitement was very great. "In our times," Juliette wrote, "when events are long gone by, and the name of Bona-

parte fills up every page, it is little known how slender a thread his power hung at that moment." Bernadotte was exceedingly afraid of being implicated, and he attached himself more closely to the person of the Emperor. "I had not," he said to Juliette, "any choice left me; I have not promised him my friendship but a loyal adhesion, and I will keep my word!" "The enmity between the two however," Juliette adds, "never ceased and Bonaparte found means to show it even in the favors that he bestowed upon him."

Madame Récamier, also, with all her hostility to the Emperor, kept her salon open to his friends and relatives. The unsympathizing Madame Bacciocchi, and her sister Caroline Bonaparte, Madame Murat, and even Fouché, at that time minister of police, used to frequent her reunions. The latter, as may be supposed did not go there without an object in view. Napoleon, who had attained the summit of power, wished to attach the celebrities of the capital to his court. After a time Fouché asked for a private interview, and it was granted. He contented himself, however, at this first interview with warning the fair Juliette that the Consul had been very indulgent to M. Bernard, and that acts of overt hostility on her part would irritate him. At the second interview, however, he urged Madame Récamier to solicit an appointment at court, and assured her it would be granted forthwith. Notwithstanding Juliette's repugnance, the negotiation was prolonged for some time, till at length it went so far that she was obliged to inform her husband of it. This time M. de Récamier countenanced her refusal in which she was further strengthened by the councils of M. de Montmorency, and the Duke of Otranto withdrew, in a great passion, altogether from Clichy, attributing the failure of his negotiations to M. de Montmorency, who, he said, had gone up this outrage upon the Emperor.

Madame Récamier sought for solace amidst these disgraceful persecutions, in which her beauty, her reputation, the peculiarity of her position, and the habit of French society exposed her for a time in works of charity. Assisted by M. and Madame de Gerando, she founded a girls' school in the parish of Saint Sulpice which soon became so popular, that private funds could no longer support it

and it was deemed necessary to open a public subscription. But these pleasant labors met with a sudden and unexpected check in the embarrassment of M. Récamier. Every thing depended now upon the aid of the Emperor, who was but too glad of the opportunity afforded to him for revenging himself of the rebuff he had met with at the hands of the fair Juliette. The advance asked from government was rudely refused, and the bank had to stop payment. The blow fell with peculiar severity upon a young woman of twenty-five, who had as yet never even learnt to appreciate the value of money. She knew, however, whence the refusal came, and she met the disaster with that calm resolution which never abandoned her in the most trying events of her life. Every fraction of property was made over to the creditors; Juliette parted even with her last jewel. The sympathy manifested both for M. and Madame Récamier was, however, almost universal. Madame de Staël wrote a letter, which does infinite honor to her heart. It has already been published in the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*. Junot ventured even to take the part of the oppressed in the presence of the Emperor. "Why, no one would show half so much sympathy for the widow of a marshal of France who had perished on the battle-field!" spitefully remarked the magnate. Bernadotte also wrote, but his epistle breathes more of unbridled passion than of more chastened sympathy. The same reverses served also to cement much more closely the ties of friendship which before bound Juliette to Madame de Boigne, a beautiful young lady, who, like her, was only nominally wedded, and who did not live under the same roof with her husband—an adventurer who had realized a great fortune in India, and spent his latter days in enriching his native town of Chambéry. Her intimacy with de Barante, the historian, dates also from the same epoch. The philosopher had never been near her during her days of prosperity. As to Madame Bernard, a confirmed valetudinarian before, she actually broke down under the shock, and died three months after M. Récamier's bankruptcy.

Juliette passed the first six months of mourning almost in seclusion, and it was summer before she made up her mind to yield to Madame de Staël's solicitations, and join her at Coppet, near Geneva.

Incidents such as characterized her whole life awaited her even there. Prince Augustus of Prussia, nephew of Frederick the Great, made prisoner at the battle of Saalfeld, was at that time at Geneva. Only twenty-four years of age, he fell at once a victim to the fascination of this pretty vanquisher of poets, philosophers, warriors, princes, and emperors. The Prince proposed a divorce and a marriage. Madame Récamier, prompted by Madame de Staël, who advocated the Prince's cause, gave, it is said, a hesitating consent. She wrote to M. Récamier to ask his consent to the proposed arrangement. He replied that he had no objections, if such was her will, but he appealed to her better feelings, to days gone by; and he even expressed his regrets at having respected susceptibilities and repugnances without which a closer bond would not have permitted the idea of separation. Juliette felt the remonstrance; she remembered how indulgent M. Récamier had ever been to her; she saw that it was impossible to abandon him thus in his misfortune, and she returned to Paris to avoid fulfilling her engagement with the Prince.

The latter, however, persevered in his correspondence, which, with a woman who was always under the surveillance of the police, was carried on under feigned names; but the occupation of the Prince, on the one hand, added to the impossibility of his entering the territory of France; and the indifference of Juliette, on the other, disliking as she did a foreign soil, and the religion of the Prince, caused the affair to go on for four long years before she agreed to meet him once more at Schaffhausen. The proposed meeting was, however, put a peremptory stop to by those who were quite aware of her projects, and who at once placed her in arrest at some distance from Paris.

The Prince of Prussia, albeit thus discomfited, did not cease his correspondence till he came to Paris with the allies in 1815. He met her again at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, upon which occasion her portrait as Corinne was ordered by him of Gérard. David had been first applied to, but he asked eighteen months to accomplish it, and forty thousand francs. The Prince met her once more in her retreat of L'Abbaye-aux-Bois, in 1825, and three months before his death he wrote: "The ring that you gave me will

follow me to the tomb." Napoleon is made to speak of this incident in the *Mémorial*, where he alludes to a correspondence, duly perused by the police, between Madame Récamier and a *prince* of Prussia! He might have known what prince, since it was he who silenced the nine fortresses between the Meuse and the Sambre. Napoleon, however, gave Madame Récamier credit for having always been opposed to such an unequal match.

Madame Récamier occupied for some time after her reverses a small house, No. 32 Rue Basse du Rempart, with her husband, her father, and her father's friend, M. Simonard. She passed her time between that humble dwelling, Coppet's, Madame de Staël's, and Angervilliers, the seat of the Marquise de Catellan, Madame de Staël having removed, upon the completion of her work *De l'Allemagne*, to the old château of Chaumont-sur-Loire, once tenanted by the Cardinal d'Amboise, by Diana of Poitiers, by Catherine de Médicis, and by Nostradamus, (for she was not permitted to come within forty leagues of Paris). M. de Nesselrode provided the fair Juliette with a carriage with which to visit her distinguished friend. It is a great feature in Madame Récamier's life, and it speaks volumes in her favor, that no matter what circumstances she was placed in, she was never in want of powerful friends, both male and female. All her influence failed, however, to save Madame de Staël from the blow that awaited her on the publication of her work, and which hurried her back to Coppet on her way to a most distant exile.

Madame Récamier had at this epoch adopted a daughter of one of her husband's married sisters. It was a period when France lay prostrate and gloomy at the foot of an all-powerful despot. The towns and strong places were full of English, Spanish, and others detained as prisoners. The Pope himself was dragged a state captive through France, abashed and terrified. M. de Montmorency, the friend of Madame de Staël and of Madame Récamier, was an exile, and the same lot soon fell to the fair Juliette herself. An umbrageous despotism could not tolerate even hostile beauty, for Madame Récamier did not write much, whatever license she may have permitted to her tongue; and Juliette was, like Madame de Staël, or-

dered not to approach Paris within forty leagues. Her first resting-place under this new reverse was La Pomme d'Or, a simple auberge at Châlons-sur-Marne. Madame de Catellan visited her there, and the prefect manifested to her great regard, but the greater number contented themselves with expressing their sympathy in tedious common-place epistles, the burden of all of which was the same: "I told you so! Why did you not take my advice!" The Duke of Abrantès also remained faithful to his fair friend, but she, in her indignation, insisted that no personal application should be made in her favor, and that her name should not be mentioned to the Emperor.

After a short time, Madame Récamier removed to a quiet lodging in the Rue du Cloître, and, having no other resources, she made acquaintance with the parish organist, and obtained permission to play during the performance of the masses. She had her adopted child Amelia with her, and she was soon afterwards joined by M. Récamier and her father. She had also many visitors, amongst whom M. de Montmorency, Auguste de Staël, Madame de Dalmassey, and others. After spending eight months in this dull place, she left in June, 1812, for Lyons, where her husband's family had numerous connections. Among these was a Madame Delphin, sister to M. Récamier, a female Saint Vincent de Paul, and whom Juliette looked up to as a mother. There were also victims like herself of an imperial despotism, and among them the Duchesse de Chevreuse, who, like Madame Récamier, had first irritated the Emperor by repelling his advances, and then capped the offence by refusing to become the jailer of the Spanish royal family. But Madame de Chevreuse, even more a Parisian than Madame Récamier, deemed it better to die than not to live in the capital, and she was sinking under accumulated ennui and annoyance. With Madame de Chevreuse was the Duchesse de Luynes, her mother-in-law, a great oddity in dress, in voice, and in manners, yet replete with knowledge, and of great natural abilities. Among her many eccentricities was that of printing. She practiced the art of a compositor to perfection, and books which issued from her private press at Dampierre are in great demand with bibliophiles. Madame de Sermésy, an affluent, gifted widow lady, opened her salons to the

banished of 1812; and they met there with the *élite* of Lyons, among whom were Camille Jordan, and M. Pierre Simon Ballanche, printer and author, and who, from the first day that he met the fair Juliette, became her slave. M. Ballanche was more favored by gifts of intellect than by external advantages. Naturally ugly, his ugliness had been considerably increased by a quack, who had used such violent remedies for a headache as to have necessitated the removal of part of his jaw and a portion of his cranium. He was a character too, and calling, the next day of his introduction, upon Madame Récamier, the latter declared that the smell of his shoes inconvenienced her, whereupon he apologized, and adjourning into the passage, he returned to continue his conversation without them. These meetings, thus inauspiciously inaugurated, were afterwards continued daily till two months afterwards, when Juliette was starting for Italy. M. Ballanche declared himself as a brother, who only waited for the moment when he could sacrifice every thing for her sake. "I would seek," he said, "your happiness at the expense of mine; and that is quite reasonable, for you are worth more than I am." While at Lyons, Madame Récamier was struck with a little English girl, who had been taken away from her parents by some itinerant showmen; she saved the child from their clutches, and had her brought up in a convent, where the poor deserted girl finally embraced the Romish faith, and took the veil.

Madame Récamier started from Lyons—with the concurrence of M. de Montmorency, for she never took a step without his advice—for Italy. This was early in the spring of 1811. She was accompanied by her adopted daughter and a maid. Arrived at Turin, M. Auguste Pasquier, to whom she had letters of introduction, did not consider this sufficient protection, and he added as a companion a M. Marshall, a German *savant* of a certain age and great goodness of character, and who was one of the very few who were able to extend their protection to the fair Juliette without becoming enamored of her person—a circumstance, we are assured, for which that person was very grateful, and if we are told so what right have we to doubt it? The result was, however, that Madame Récamier used to weep sometimes, and then the little Amelia would

comfort her, while M. Marshall preserved a discreet silence.

At the time when Madame Récamier visited Rome, its pontiff was an exile, and the capital of the Christian world—as the Romanists grandiloquently style the Eternal City, ignoring thereby a population of some hundred millions of Greeks and two hundred millions of Protestants in the Old and New Worlds—was simply the chief city of the department of the Tiber. She was well received by old Torlonia—Torlonia, banker in the morning, Duc de Bracciano in the evening—and was introduced by him to Madame Torlonia, who used to say of her husband, with a peculiarly Italian mixture of devotion and gallantry: "Oh! how astonished he will be at the final judgment!" Madame Récamier opened her salons in the Palazzo Fiano. Among the frequenters of these meetings was M. Forbin, who had been sent on his travels for having paid too overt attentions to the Princess Pauline Borghèse, sister to the Emperor. What remained of social France, corrupted by the luxuries and vanities of the later Bourbons, vilified by the Revolution, and bereft of every particle of pride and principle by an iron despotism, was every where the same, whether in Paris or Lyons, in Florence or in Rome. It has only one step lower to fall, and that is being gradually achieved. The meetings were also attended, as a matter of course, by a spy—a M. Norvins, described as a "fonctionnaire chargé de la police," and, at the same time, endowed with sufficient taste and capacity to feel an interest in the society with which he mingled as a matter of business. But is it possible to carry moral and intellectual abasement further than to tolerate the presence of an acknowledged spy at every private soirée or friendly gathering? Among others frequenting the Palazzo Fiano most worthy of notice were Canova and his brother the Abbé Cancellieri, both of whom at once submitted to a thralldom so universally exercised; as to the abbé, as long as Madame Récamier remained in Rome, he penned a daily sonnet to la bellissima Zulieta. M. Ballanche, the victim of Lyons, also followed in the trail of his subduer to Rome. The first night of his arrival Juliette took him to see the Coliseum by moonlight. Suddenly she remarked, as he was walking to and fro absorbed in his emotions, that he had no hat on. "Mon-

sieur Ballanche," she inquired, "where is your hat?" "Oh!" he answered, "I lost it at Alessandria." Eleven years afterwards M. Ballanche was once more in Rome with her to whom he had so entirely devoted himself. D'Agincourt, the author of the *History of Art by its Monuments*, was also at Rome, but he was an aged man, and as he could not visit Juliette she went to see him at his modest but picturesque abode at Trinité du Mont, called after Salvator Rosa. During the hot season, Madame Récamier availed herself of Canova's placing an apartment in the Locanda di Emiliano, at Albano, at her disposal. Bassi has commemorated the circumstance in a picture which portrays at once the humble furniture of the locanda and the magnificence of the prospect. Juliette is seated at the window with a book on her knees. Madame Récamier wished to go to Naples, but she felt doubtful how she might be received by the King, Joachim, and his Queen, Caroline, whom she had known as Monsieur and Madame Murat. A mutual friend, Prince de Rohan-Chabot, one of those rare members of the aristocracy of good address, but "d'une nuance de fatuité assez prononcée," whom Napoleon had succeeded in attaching to his person, paved the way, and having assured Juliette of a kind reception, she started, in company of an English antiquary, Sir John Coghill. On her way she was overtaken by Fouché, Duke of Otranto, who did not disguise his annoyance on finding that she, an exile, was in favor at the court of Naples. "Madame," he said, "remember that one must be meek when one is weak." "Yes," was the reply, "and others ought to be just when they are strong." Nothing, indeed, could exceed the kindness of the reception which the fair Juliette met with at the court of Naples. Apart from all kinds and descriptions of favors and attentions conferred upon her, precedence was also given to her even over all the ladies of the court. That fatuous young personage, M. de Rohan-Chabot, was also high in favor with the Queen, but we are assured that "il ne profita de cet avantage que dans une mesure très innocente." Indeed, he died penitent and in the odor of sanctity, which was the highest flight attempted by his limited intelligence.

Murat's position at this moment was one of exceeding perplexity. The battle

of Leipzig had shaken the soil from under Napoleon's feet. Murat owed his position to the Emperor, but he felt that at his downfall he could only hold it by permission of the allies. To save his crown, Murat, pressed by England and Austria, signed his adhesion to the coalition on the eleventh of January, 1814. That very day, whilst still under the influence of conflicting interests, he went into the Queen's apartment, and found Madame Récamier there. Hoping to obtain comfort from her, he appealed to her as to what she would do under similar circumstances? "You are a Frenchman, sire," she said; "and above all things, you must remain faithful to France." Murat turned pale, and throwing open with some violence a window that led out upon a balcony overlooking the sea, "Am I a traitor, then?" he exclaimed, pointing at the same time to the English fleet that was entering the harbor of Naples all sails set; and then casting himself upon a sofa he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. Alas! how little do the masses think of what those in high places have often to suffer and to put up with! in our own times more than in any other, when it seems as if the ties of high-principled courtesy which formerly invariably attached themselves to international relations were being sapped in their very existence—altogether cast to the dogs. In this case it was a tried and gallant old soldier, who became as weak as a child before the just decisions of an all-wise Providence; the next it may be the pride and arrogance of a fortunate adventurer that may tumble from the giddy pinnacle of an unsafe preëminence.

The fall of Napoleon once more opened the gates of Paris to Madame Récamier, and she was far too much of a Parisian to sacrifice a moment at Naples, Rome, or Florence, that could be spent among her friends in the capital of the civilized world. On her way back, however, she was present at the restoration of the Pope—an act effected amidst the almost delirious enthusiasm of a frivolous and inconsistent population; and with her characteristic consideration she visited General Miollis—in command of the French army of occupation when she was last in Rome—now secluded in a villa, with a single attendant. At Lyons she also visited M. Ballanche and Camille Jordan; in her own country the fair exile was now the object of ovations wherever she went.

This restoration of hereditary monarchy and of the monarchy of beauty at the same time was followed by a brief but pleasant era in Madame Récamier's existence. She had lost nothing either in the perfection of her charms or the brilliancy of her beauty, and she now superadded to these the attraction of a beautiful and innocent person long persecuted by the fallen powers. To use the words of her zealous biographer at this period of her life, "*L'élite de la société Européenne lui décerna l'empire incontesté de la mode et de la beauté.*" It was only a restoration of a monarchy, then, so far as the king was concerned; it was that of *an empire* in the case of the fair Juliette. M. Récamier had likewise begun to reinstate himself once more in business. He could afford a carriage to Juliette, all the more necessary, as we are told, "*qu'elle ne savait pas marcher à pied dans la rue.*" And she had her Opera-box. Madame de Staël, being at Coppet, had got back to Paris before her; M. de Montmorency was also now high in favor at court; Madame Récamier's influence over this renowned family was remarkable. Three generations frequented her salons. There was the old Duke still alive, Adrien de Montmorency; the Prince of Laval, his son; and Henri de Montmorency, grandson, who entertained the same passionate admiration for the fair Juliette as did all the other members of the family. Adrien de Montmorency used to smile at these impressions to which all the members of the family had succumbed. "They did not all die of it," he used to say, "but they were all victims." With all the great names of the monarchy of old, those who had emigrated, or those who had served under the Empire, there came also to the same salons representatives of the Revolution, among whom were Madame Bernadotte, who could not stand the climate of her husband's kingdom, and who preferred fashionable life in Paris to a throne in Sweden.

It was at this epoch that the beautiful Juliette first met the Duke of Wellington at Madame de Staël's. She left behind her a summary of what she intended to leave to posterity as the account of her relations with the English general:

"Enthusiasm of Madame de Staël for the Duke of Wellington—I see him, for the first time, at her house—Conversation during dinner—Visit he paid me the day after; Madame

de Staël met him at my house—Conversation about him after his departure—The visits of Lord Wellington become numerous—His opinion on popularity—I present him to Queen Hortense—Party at the Duchesse de Luynes—Conversation with the Duke of Wellington before a glass without quicksilver—M. de Talleyrand and the Duchess of Courland—Admiration of M. de Talleyrand for me—Aversion which I have always felt for him—Madame de Boigne stops me at the moment when I am going out with the Duke of Wellington—Continuation of his visits—Madame de Staël desires that I should exercise influence over him—He writes me little insignificant notes, one like another—I lend him the letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, which have not come out—His opinion of those letters—He leaves Paris—I see him again after the battle of Waterloo—He comes to see me the day after his return—I do not expect him: the agitation which his visit causes me—He comes again in the evening, and finds my door shut—I refuse also to see him the next day—He writes to Madame de Staël to complain of me—I do not see him more—His situation and success in French society—They say that he is engrossed with a young English lady, the wife of one of his aides-de-camp—Return of Madame de Staël to Paris—Dinner at the Queen of Sweden's with her and the Duke of Wellington, whom I see again—His coldness to me, his occupation with the young English lady—I am placed at dinner betwixt him and the Duc de Broglie—He is moody at the beginning of dinner, but gradually warms up and ends by becoming very amiable—I am aware of the mortification which the young English lady opposite feels—I cease to talk with him, and occupy myself exclusively with the Duc de Broglie—From that time I see the Duke of Wellington but very rarely—He made me a visit at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, when he came last to Paris."

A note of the Duke's is very superciliously qualified by the biographer as "insignificant;" whereas, compared with many of the sneaking, sickening, sentimental letters and effusions that help to fill up these two cumbrous tomes, it is really quite a relief. There is politeness, but there is neither obsequiousness nor servility in it. We will give it in the Duke's own French:

"Paris, le 20 Octobre 1814.

"J'étais tout hier à la chasse, madame, et je n'ai reçu votre billet et les livres qu'à la nuit, quand c'était trop tard pour vous répondre. J'espérais que mon jugement sera guidé par le vôtre dans ma lecture des lettres de Mademoiselle Espinasse, et je désespère de pouvoir le former moi-même. Je vous suis bien obligé pour la pamphlet de Madame de Staël.

"Votre très obéissant et fidèle serviteur,
"WELLINGTON."

The fragments left by Madame Récamier would seem to show that the Duke was enticed into the same society as others, partly by the wiles of the lady, partly by its being the fashion of the day to frequent her salons. That Madame Récamier exerted all her various arts to charm the warrior, the assiduous transmission of books is quite sufficient to attest; that the influence gained was of the most superficial character is again sufficiently shown by the "insignificance" of the "notes," and the spite vented by the fair Juliette, at first in declining to receive the victor of Waterloo, and then in outbidding, by her social charms, the young wife of the British aide-de-camp.

According to Madame Ancelot, a contemporary rival, and whose opinions, therefore, if open to question on the point of misrepresentation, are still of high value, as those of one clever and aspiring woman of another, attributes all Madame Récamier's successes to the instinct which had revealed to her that pride and vanity are always the vulnerable points by which the human species can be dominated:

"From the first to the last, author or artist, all have heard from Madame Récamier's mouth that same laudatory formula when they came for the first time. She would say to them, with a weak and trembling voice:

"The emotion which I feel at the sight of a person of eminence does not permit me to express to you as I would all the admiration—the sympathy with which I am penetrated. But you can guess—you can understand. My emotion speaks of itself——"

"This laudatory formula, a kind of calculated hesitation, broken phrases, and soft and troubled looks, made those who were thus received believe in the reality of this pretended emotion.

"It was to this artifice of universal flattery that Madame Récamier was indebted for her great success, and the advantage of gathering around her the most eminent men of her epoch.

"It must be noticed that all this was done in almost a whisper, so that it was never heard except by the person to whom it was addressed,

and that she used to display infinite grace in the manner in which she uttered it; for Madame Récamier, who was not possessed of the art of conversation, possessed in the highest degree the skill and address by which to effect her combinations, so that she should arrive at the end which she proposed to herself; when she had made up her mind that such and such a remarkable man should be one at her salon, the imperceptible threads that, spider-like, she cast out in his way, were so cleverly woven that it was impossible he should escape."

The salons of Madame Récamier were, according to Madame Ancelot, like those of the Viscount d'Arincourt—"soirées de vanité;" but this is going too far. That there was vanity in them—that indeed they were based upon vanity—there can not be the slightest doubt; but there was also much that is curious and interesting to study in the peculiar gifts of one who could assemble around her all that was distinguished in birth or position, in talent or genius, that existed in or even visited the metropolis, and that, too, under different forms of government and different régimes.

There is still a second Restoration to deal with: the so-called seclusion in the Abbaye-aux-Bois—the dominant influence of M. de Chateaubriand—another residence in Italy—the fall of the ministère Polignac—Madame Récamier's relations with the then Prince Louis Napoleon—the blindness of the once fair Juliette—the gradual disappearance one after another of all her old ties, and her own final exit from the theater of her triumphs and successes. We may, possibly, return to some of these picturesque sketches of a life full of social charms as well as of social vanities, and so highly characteristic of the times, the breath of which is as yet scarcely wafted away from the utilitarianism that has succeeded to them, without either fragrance or beauty to redeem or indemnify its cold and egotistical austerity.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MOTLEY'S DUTCH REPUBLIC.*

THE literary public had hardly forgotten the impression made on it by Prescott's *History of Philip II.*, and by his able portraiture of that gloomy, conscientious, industrious, narrow-minded, and least amiable of monarchs, than it was recalled to the same period of history, and to a second portraiture of the same sovereign, by the pen of Mr. Motley. The Americans seem to have taken the history of Spain as their especial province, and they have dealt with it in a very masterly manner. No one will feel that Mr. Motley's book, even where it goes over ground lately trodden by his estimable predecessor, is in the least degree superfluous; but, in fact, it has a distinct and specific object—the narrative of the rise of the Dutch Republic—which is sufficient to give to it a plan and character of its own. A worthier subject no historian could choose, nor one which legitimately brings before him greater principles to discuss, or events more terrific, or a more striking and varied *dramatis personæ*.

An intelligent Englishman or American, who will probably think that he has little to learn on the rights of conscience, or the liberty of opinion, or the fundamental principles of good government, may be apt to conclude that the sole value, as well as the conspicuous merit, of Mr. Motley's book, lies in his spirited narrative of events, and his powerful delineations of the chief personages concerned in them. He will be perfectly correct in according his praise to the graphic manner in which the terrible sieges and battles and massacres which signalized the revolt of the Netherlands, and the uprising of the Dutch Republic, are here brought before him, and in admiring even still more the vivid pencil with which Mr. Motley has sketched for us the chief heroes in these transactions; he will be perfectly correct in applauding the insight into character, and the dramatic power,

manifested by the author, and that perseverance with which—by means often of very laborious research—he has tracked out for us the dark policy, and revealed to us the treachery and dissimulation of the Spanish king; but he will have formed, we think, a very erroneous estimation of his own times, or of the lesson this history conveys, if he should pronounce that lesson to be trite or needless. For our own part, there is no history we should desire, at this present epoch, to be more generally perused by old and young, and by all classes of society, than that which relates the heroic and successful struggle of the United Provinces against the vast power of Spain, acting as the armed champion of a still greater power—the Catholic Church and its vast European hierarchy.

We all kindle as we read of this greatest battle for the rights of conscience and the human intellect which ever was delivered on the face of the earth; we all rejoice over the triumph which resulted in the establishment of that Republic of Holland, to which the whole of Europe, and England in an especial manner, owes so noble a debt; we all execrate that tyranny of Spain which would have crushed the spirit of Freedom and the love of truth; but we do not all of us perceive that the tyranny of Spain which we execrate, was but, in fact, one form of that tyranny of religious opinion which is at all times ready to display itself. We can estimate that tyranny when it displays itself in other minds, and in strange forms of religion, or in remote epochs of history; but to detect it in our own minds, or in our own epoch—to understand that a danger similar to that which other nations have passed through, may threaten those nations which now consider themselves the most advanced in Europe—and that the nineteenth century may have trials to undergo similar to those of the sixteenth—this is not so easy. It is, however, indisputably true. The great lesson which Mr. Motley's history teaches, and

* *The Rise of the Dutch Republic: a History.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. London: Routledge.

the stirring appeal it makes to that noblest but most down-trodden sentiment of the human mind—the love of truth, and liberty to speak the truth—was never more needed amongst the wide family of European nations than it is at present.

A nation said to itself: There shall be but one faith amongst us—if possible, there shall not be a single dissident from the Catholic faith upon the soil of Spain; and, moreover, the dependencies over which we rule, with more or less of right or might, shall be as pure as ourselves from the guilt and pollution of heresy. That nation was the most powerful then in Europe, and it partly succeeded in its purpose. It succeeded for itself, it failed in some of its dependencies. What is that nation now, with its sublime unity of a Catholic faith? And ask of History what have been the greatest achievements that later centuries have left it to record, and she will point to those Seven United Provinces, those dependencies that broke and rebelled from the sublime unity of faith—she will point to Holland, and to those who learnt of Holland, or learnt in the same school, as being the nations who have achieved most for humanity. When Philip II., on the abdication of the Emperor, entered upon his inauspicious reign, his monarchy was the most extensive, the most wealthy, the most potent in Europe. His territories comprised Spain, then in the first rank of nations, not only for military prowess, but in its arts and commerce; the north and the south of Italy; the Netherlands—that is to say, what is now Holland and Belgium, together with six departments of France; the conquests in the New World, Mexico and Peru; and several outlying possessions in Asia and Africa. In Spain itself the power of the monarch was absolute; its great cities still retained their wealth, but had resigned their liberties. The Province of Castille alone is computed to have contained more than six millions of inhabitants, (greatly out-numbering the population of the whole of England at that time,) and to have raised a revenue which, in French money, has been estimated at ten millions of francs. The wealth of the great cities of the Netherlands is well known. Antwerp, with her hundred thousand inhabitants, rivaled Venice in the greatness of her commerce. Bruges alone could bring into the field ten

thousand men. The same monarch had at his command the armies of Spain, the industry of Flanders, the arts of Italy, and the gold of Mexico and Peru.

What a different position does the monarchy of Spain now occupy? The great subject now agitated in every political circle is the regeneration or repartition of Italy, and the voice of Spain is not heard in the matter. No one asks her opinion. She who ruled the peninsula as Austria has since ruled it, has not an inch of territory in it, nor the least influence. Two independent kingdoms, Holland and Belgium, have risen out of her rebellious provinces; the one has run a career of glory, and reposes under her laurels; the other, small State as she is, is heard of in the councils of Europe, heard of in the arts, in letters, in science. Spain herself has nothing left her but her pride, and her pride appeals always to the past. Of all her conquests in America nothing remains but the solitary and insecure island of Cuba, which the United States offer to *purchase of her*. And lookers-on think that Spain might be wise to wink at the insult, and take the purchase-money, for these Anglo-Americans have a new method of conquests which may prove irresistible—a method against which the laws of nations have made no provisions: their unrestrainable people may overflow into the island of Cuba; and thus, though the island may still be called Spanish, the *Cubans* may have become American, and an annexation must inevitably take place.

What is the cause of this so remarkable a destiny? Let M. Guizot answer the question. The French translation of Mr. Motley's work is ushered in by an introduction from the pen of that noble veteran in the ranks both of literature and politics. After observing that the best histories of Spain have been written by Americans, he continues thus: "These historians of both European and Transatlantic Spain are themselves neither Spaniards nor Catholic. They belong to another race—they profess another religion—they speak another language. Washington Irving, Prescott, Motley, Ticknor, are the children of Protestant England. It is this race which now bears sway in that hemisphere, discovered and conquered some four centuries ago by Catholic Spain. The very history of Spain, like its domination in the New World,

has fallen into the hands of strangers and heretics." Nor is this, he proceeds to observe, any isolated fact or any fanciful sport of destiny; it is but in perfect harmony with the whole current of events. Then, taking a masterly survey of that declension of Spain to which we have briefly alluded, he adds: "The fate of Spain, its political degradation, the stagnation of its literature, its nullity in science and the arts, and all that constitutes the manifold progress of a great society, is but the legitimate result of the policy it pursued in the sixteenth century. The government of Spain, in its zeal for the Catholic faith, *struck at the intellectual life of the nation.*" This is the answer to be given to our question, and we prefer to use the words of M. Guizot, that the truth may have all the weight it can derive from the authority of one distinguished as much for his calm, temperate, mature judgment, as for his learning and philosophic habits of thought. In Spain, an absolute monarch, boastful of his piety, sustained and clamorously applauded by a superstitious mob, crushed and destroyed the rising spirit of inquiry. The Catholic faith triumphed, and the nation sunk. The mental life died down. Henceforward sloth and ignorance are varied only by outbursts of democratic violence and vulgar infidelity, which again are hushed up into the old ignorant superstition, and the old contented sloth.

It is not that Spain remained nominally Catholic; it is that she was not allowed to think—this was the malady under which she sunk. It was the repressive policy which was pursued that proved fatal to her. M. Guizot remarks that the sixteenth century was the critical age of our modern European nations; the epoch at which they received the character that has remained with them. This may be true, but it appears to us that the age we are living through at this present time is hardly less critical. Will the repressive policy attain generally throughout Europe a triumph whose results will be felt for centuries to come? or will liberty of thought grow to be the grand characteristic of the European nations? This is the question we ask ourselves. Let it be remembered that this policy of repression may be very effectually pursued, though it may not assume precisely the same form that it did in Catholic Spain. It

pleased Philip and his priests to seize upon the trembling heretic, to daub him over with painted devils and painted flames, and then burn him in that real hell-fire which they indeed kindled upon the earth. It was thus they laid the spirit of inquiry. But emperors and priests in the nineteenth century may accomplish the same feat by methods less revolting to humanity. The means used may be less cruel, but it will be the same disastrous triumph. Spain labored successfully at the grand project so dear to priesthoods—she established in her own dominions the unity of the Church—she banished all free speculative thought. All was satisfactorily settled. And who felt the least want of philosophy? The sturdy peasant and the dissolute nobleman could both pass their lives exceeding well without a single reflection beyond their labors or their pleasures. How happy should all be that they have *not* to think upon dark perplexing themes—only to live on in the light the Church throws upon them! It seems a beneficent result. But the mental life which would have been developing itself here and there in a heresy and a doubt, was the same mental energy which would have animated the citizen and the scholar, the physician and the merchant, in their several toils, studies, and enterprises. You have quieted your patient by an opiate that has stupified him, or perhaps he alternates between stupor and delirium.

It was, moreover, the monkish type of Christianity which prevailed and was rendered predominant in Spain. The secular intellect was not allowed to interpenetrate it, purify and exalt it, or, at all events, render it a fit servant to secular purposes and a mundane prosperity. This monkish form of piety held human life in contempt, set a stigma upon earthly prosperity, made renunciation and resignation the sole virtues of the elevated man. Useful enough where evils are without a remedy; and no doubt it acted as a beneficent counterpoise to the violent passions of Goths and Scythians, and the other barbarians who overthrew the Roman empire, or who were found living in it; but it is a form of piety antagonistic to those vigorous efforts, to that persevering and hopeful industry, which is the source of all our modern progress. The Christianity which has been allowed to advance or modify itself with the general intelligence

of the day, lends its aid to every effort to remedy evils; is heard amongst us demanding sanatory measures; is seen resolutely *withholding* the charitable gift that tends to make want perpetual by allying it to sloth. The monkish Christianity of the middle ages set up for its standard of excellence the man who endured all evils complacently, whether remediable or not; who suffered with inexhaustible patience; whose charitable gift was but another form of the virtue of renunciation; if it *increased* the poverty of the world, was there not wider scope for the exercise of patience and resignation? Was it not his own standard of piety to sit smiling serene amidst dirt, and vermin, and starvation? Where this monkish type of Christianity keeps its hold, as it did in Spain, sloth and ignorance have one permanent ally; and (what is worth considering) the finer spirits, and the most conscientious of men, are, under such a state of religious opinion, carried off from the real service of mankind, and that real service loses its due honor, its due applause, and its due place in the human conscience. When, therefore, we further remember what type of Christianity it was that Spain resolved to preserve intact, we can not be surprised at the little energy and mental life it thereafter displayed. Such a people, saying amongst themselves, "There shall, if possible, be no heretic amongst us," have pronounced their own sentence. They have struck as with "mace petrific," and the society is immovable.

But we must forego, or postpone for the present, any further prosecution of these tempting generalities, and look at the work before us, and endeavor to convey some idea of its nature, and of its literary merits. Mr. Motley has no hesitations, makes few compromises. He does not write like one who is alternately an advocate for both parties; but as a fair, honest, downright advocate of that party and of those men who, he is convinced, deserve his admiration. He writes like a lover of liberty, but without any undue partiality, that we have observed, to democratic institutions. Whether the portraits presented to us are always, and in all respects, minutely faithful, who would venture to say? They are, in our estimation, fair and truthful in the main; and they are always life-like, always drawn in a very masterly manner. The

vivid picture he leaves behind of the chief actors in his period of history, is one of the striking characteristics of the book. Those who rather shrink from the prospect of having to read over again of the atrocities of the Inquisition, and of the sieges and massacres to which such atrocities conducted—who feel no desire to have again revived in their minds such scenes as the slaughter of Antwerp, or the sack of Zutphen, or the terrible sieges of Haarlem and Leyden, will find the narrative agreeably relieved by this vivid portraiture of men and manners.

Mr. Motley is an artist who hides no blemish, physical or moral—who spares no delinquency, conceals no weakness—who is regardless of the *ideal*, looks to the actual and real. His predecessor, Mr. Prescott, though entitled to the praise of extensive and original research, had always a lingering attachment and strong bias towards what may be described as the romance of history. His charming narratives of the Spanish conquests of Mexico and Peru reveal this tendency—reveal, at least, that he leant rather to historic faith than to historic doubt. We read on delighted; we live, verily, in a new world, amongst his Mexicans and Peruvians; but we close the book with an uneasy suspicion that much exaggeration, and some fable, have been admitted into the place of history, and that the new world we have been moving in, is partly the world of imagination—of Spanish imagination or credulity. And in his portraiture of Philip II., able though it is, and faithful in the main, we trace a touch, a manner more poetic than truthful. The Spanish hat and plume, and the mystery of a Spanish palace, are allowed to throw a certain grace and dignity over the features and bearing of a man who was as narrow-minded as our James II.—who had the bigotry of a monk without his self-denial—whose conscience, trained by priests for their own work, and for the service of the Church, knew nothing of truth or justice as between man and man—whose best virtue was the mechanical industry of a clerk, and whose greatest talent was to trick and deceive, and play the game of dissimulation even with the very tools he used for his treachery. Mr. Motley has no respect for Spanish or regal dignity; he delights to push up the hat and plume, and show what sort of eye and forehead are really there to meet the light. No

illusion remains to us after our author has passed his examination. The Philip of the poets — of Alfieri and of Schiller — dwindles down to the quite ordinary man — placed, however, in the quite extraordinary position. A slave of the Church, his religion never kindled one generous thought, or excited to a single virtue; it could not always restrain his kingly ambition any more than it could regulate his private morals; but it was obeyed with fidelity and zeal when it taught him to tyrannize over his subjects, and put heretics to death — it made him one of the most terrible potentates that have existed on the face of the earth.

But it is the emancipation of the Netherlands from the grasp of this unworthy monarch that is the theme of Mr. Motley's book; and therefore, if he has a tyrant and a bigot on the one side of his canvas, supported by a Cardinal Granvelle and a Duke of Alva, he has also his patriot and liberator, in the brighter part of his picture, in the person of William of Orange, named the Silent and the Wise. William of Orange is the hero of the book. On him Mr. Motley expends a perhaps unchecked enthusiasm. A cool impartial critic may, indeed, suspect that the lights and shadows are thrown throughout the work with too strong a contrast; but we know that the indignation and the admiration are both, upon the whole, well bestowed. It is a very wholesome indignation, and a very profitable admiration, that we are called upon to sympathize with. Nothing is more easy than to suggest, and even to prove, that "black's not so very black, nor white so very white;" no where can praise or blame be weighed out to the very scruple; it must suffice us if we feel we can honestly applaud and rightfully condemn; and it is a good thing, at times, to have both these sentiments kindled within us, and to detest and admire cordially, and with the full energy of our souls.

Our author's style is bold, vigorous, full of power; but we should desert our critical function if we did not add that it is sometimes intemperate, and that in the earlier pages there is an apparent effort, a straining after effect, and (in his topographical descriptions) a certain semi-poetic or fanciful diction that appears to us out of place. Abusive epithets are sometimes scattered with an injudicious prodigality. We might instance the de-

scription of our own Queen Mary, of disastrous memory, to be found in the first volume, page 123; but we have no wish to dwell on what are only casual blemishes. And these errors of taste and judgment appear to us to be chiefly at the commencement of the work. To discharge ourselves at once of all the critical venom we have on this occasion to distill, we must add that, vigorous as his narrative generally is, our author is also capable, at times, of being tedious and prolix. He is not quite master of that art which gives to all portions of his subject a fair and sufficient attention, and no more than what is sufficient. On the motives and views of some of his leading characters — in his elaborate defenses of his great hero against imputations that had been raised against him — he is more lengthy than seems necessary, at least to the impatient reader; while the same impatient reader would gladly have received, on some other topics, a little more information than is accorded to him. He would probably wish to know a little more of the state of public opinion, political and religious, in the several cities of the Netherlands. Mr. Motley, of course, does not overlook the great movement of Protestantism; but how far the several cities partook of it, and what had been the career of public opinion in each, he might perhaps have more minutely informed us. One wants to see these burghers and citizens a little more distinctly. We can not expect that the historian should produce for us the same individual portraits as he does of kings and princes. We know very well that the burghers of Antwerp and of Ghent have left no letters behind them, laid up in the royal archives, fated to come to light and reveal the secret springs of action. But from the literature of the time, the preaching of the time, and from characteristic incidents of the time, something more might have been extracted, we think, to enable us to represent to ourselves the burghers and the populace of this period. We have the motives and conduct of a few leading nobles analyzed and described; but when a city itself is brought upon the field, in all the tumult of rebellion, or the heroic endurance of the utmost afflictions of a siege, we are not prepared for this display of energy, except by such general knowledge as every reader brings with him of this period of European history. The revolt

of the Netherlands, as related here, opens with a patriotic movement, or an effort for independence, amongst the nobility. But these nobles were in personal character (though their political position was different) very much what our Cavaliers were in the time of Charles I. They were a high-spirited race, attached to their order, who, if they arrayed themselves on the side of the people, did so only in animosity to the Spanish court. To secure their own privileges, not to sustain any great cause of civil or religious liberty, was their real object. Of these nobles Egmont was the leader and the type. Appease them by acquiescence to their personal claims, even cajole or flatter them, and these bold, turbulent, wine-bibbing spirits were easily controlled. Philip II., if he had been really the skillful governor—even the mere crafty statesman—he was reputed to be, would have found no difficulty in dealing with these pleasure-loving nobles. Flattery and some personal favors, and a share of confidence and esteem, had proved sufficient to win Count Egmont, who had returned from his visit to Spain a very sufficient royalist. The execution of the Count by a monarch who up to the last had treated him as a friend, was as great a blunder as it was a crime. The King was destroying a good Catholic, and a very loyal gentleman, who, if, he loved popularity too much to be a complete and faithful servant of the Spanish crown, would at all events have proved a cause of division and embarrassment to the patriot party. It was not till these gay nobles had in a measure left the scene, that the real strength of the resistance to Spain manifested itself. That stubborn resistance was to be found in the burgher class, in the Protestant citizen who had learnt by woeful experience that the rights of conscience, the liberty to be of that religion which had won his conviction, could be only sustained by the maintenance of his civil rights. Amongst this class, as amongst our own Puritans, religion and liberty went hand in hand. Nor is it possible to say, at every period of the struggle, whether Protestantism or patriotism was in the ascendant; they were, in fact, inseparable, or became so as the contest advanced. Now the growth of public opinion in this class; the progress that the new religion had made in the several cities, or in the country at large; the tone of political sentiment, and

how far it had assumed a republican cast—these subjects are not treated with that fullness and discrimination we might have expected. The people have been in some measure overlooked by an historian devoted to the cause of the people. The archives of a court have been sedulously examined to track out the treacherous and wily course of a king or a minister; but the archives of the public, the literature of the time, or whatever remains of spoken or acted thought amongst the people, have not been ransacked with equal zeal to determine the state and condition of public opinion. A minister, or a regent, or a general, is introduced to us with all his distinctive characteristics, and we are prepared to follow and appreciate his conduct; but a great city is sometimes brought suddenly before us in its highest state of turbulent or enthusiastic action, without any preparation to warn the reader or to explain to him this particular outburst of passion or of heroism.

But if our historian has more especially devoted himself to portray the chief actors in his great drama, it is fit that we should follow him to his chosen field; and our limited object, in these few pages, will be to draw attention to his masterly delineation of some of these personages, as of the King, the Regent, the Cardinal Granvelle, Alva, Egmont, and Orange. One pleasant peculiarity distinguishes his historical portraits; he never forgets the personal appearance of the man, his features, his stature, or any trick of gesture, but introduces these in such a manner that they accompany us throughout the history. As we have intimated already, there is nothing of the courtier in the descriptions he gives. If there is a deformity of person, a weakness or a vice, a blemish, physical or moral, it is set down with frank, unmitigated distinctness. We have a striking specimen of his graphic power near the commencement of the work, where he introduces to us the Emperor Charles V. and his court as they are seen arrayed in all their pomp and state, on that celebrated day when the Emperor retired from the cares of government, and resigned to his son Philip the largest and the most powerful of the kingdoms of Europe. From this point we may as well take up the thread of Mr. Motley's History, so far as we can follow it, as from any other.

On the twenty-fifth day of October,

1555, the city of Brussels was the scene of a grand *spectacle* or ceremonial, such as is rarely exhibited in the theater of the world. It was one of those occasions, indeed, when the real events of life assume a theatrical aspect, and take upon themselves the studied arrangement of the stage. They seem to mimic what is itself a mimicry of life, and to outrival the fictitious passions and the mock heroism of the theater, and whereas the stage exclaims, Behold a real court! the imperial court might say: Behold another stage. This grand ceremonial affords a very appropriate opening to Mr. Motley's narrative:

"Many individuals of existing or future historic celebrity in the Netherlands, whose names are so familiar to the student of the epoch, seemed to have been grouped, as if by premeditated design, upon this imposing platform, where the curtain was to fall forever upon the mightiest Emperor since Charlemagne, and where the opening scene of the long and tremendous tragedy of Philip's reign was to be simultaneously enacted. There was the Bishop of Arras, soon to be known throughout Christendom by the more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle, the serene and smiling priest whose subtle influence over the destinies of so many individuals then present, and over the fortunes of the whole land, was to be so extensive and so deadly. There was that flower of Flemish chivalry, the lineal descendant of ancient Frisian kings, already distinguished for his bravery in many fields, but not having yet won those two remarkable victories which were soon to make the name of Egmont like the sound of a trumpet throughout the whole country. Tall, magnificent in costume, with dark flowing hair, soft brown eye, smooth cheek, a slight moustache, and features of almost feminine delicacy—such was the gallant and ill-fated Lamoral Egmont. The Count Horn, too, with bold, sullen face and fan-shaped beard—a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome, unpopular man; the bold, debauched Brederode, with handsome, reckless face and turbulent demeanor—these, with many others whose deeds of arms were to become celebrated throughout Europe, were conspicuous in the brilliant crowd. There, too, was that learned Frisian, President Viglius—crafty, plausible, adroit, eloquent—a small brisk man, with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round, tumid, rosy cheeks, and flowing beard. Foremost among the Spanish grantees, and close to Philip, stood the famous favorite, Ruy Gomez, or, as he was familiarly called 'Re y Gomez,' (King and Gomez,) a man of meridional aspect, with coal-black hair and beard, gleaming eyes, a face pallid with intense application, and slender but handsome figure: while in immediate attendance upon the Emperor was the immortal Prince of Orange.

"Such were a few only of the most prominent in that gay throng, whose fortunes, in part, it will be our duty to narrate: how many of them passing through all this glitter to a dark and mysterious doom!—some to perish on public scaffolds; some by midnight assassination; others, more fortunate, to fall on the battle-field—nearly all, sooner or later, to be laid in bloody graves!"*

Conspicuous above all was, of course, the aged Emperor himself. Not that he was old according to the number of his years, but his strenuous and active life—strenuous, yet self-indulgent, and occupied to the full with war and business and pleasure—had given him the appearance of old age. He, his son, and the Queen of Hungary, stood as central figures in the scene, while the several governors of the provinces, the great councilors, and the Knights of the Golden Fleece, were artistically arranged before him. The personal description which our author gives of the now infirm and toil-worn Emperor is by no means flattering; yet we see the wreck of what, setting aside all the prestige of rank and power, was—mind and body—one of the most remarkable of men:

"He was about the middle height, and had been athletic and well-proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favorite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure and every privation, except fasting. These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled in hands, knees, and legs, he supported himself with difficulty upon a crutch, with the aid of an attendant's shoulder. In face he had always been extremely ugly, and time had certainly not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once of a light color, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was gray, coarse, and shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding; the eye was dark blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant. His nose was aquiline, but crooked. The lower part of his face was famous for deformity. The under-lip—a Burgundian inheritance, as faithfully transmitted as the duchy and county—was heavy and hanging, the lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper that it was impossible for him to bring together the few fragments of teeth which still remained, or to speak a whole sentence in an intelligible voice. Eating and talking—occupations to which he was always much addicted—were becoming

* Vol. i. p. 91.

daily more arduous in consequence of this original defect, which now seemed hardly human, but rather an original deformity."

But though this catalogue of features may be correct—and Mr. Motley cites his authority for each item as he proceeds—the impression which the retiring Emperor made on the august assembly before him, was fully equal to the occasion. That halo of divinity which is said to surround a sovereign, prevented them, we presume, from seeing these personal defects; they saw, in fact, with the mind's eye, and saw before them the man with whose name all Europe, for the last age, had rung from side to side; they saw him descending from the throne he had so long filled, to the pious retreat of the cloister; and there was, we are assured, one universal weeping, and every cheek was bedewed with tears. Old generals, veteran diplomatists, Knights of the Fleece, all broke into tears, as the Emperor, in his oration, glanced at the past, and bade farewell to the toils and state of government; "there being," said the English envoy, Sir John Mason, "in mine opinion, not one man in the whole assembly that, during the time of a good piece of this oration, poured not out abundantly tears, some more, some less."

Mr. Motley is very hard upon this weeping. He asks what signal benefits had his subjects, especially his Netherlanders, received from this monarch, that they should so bewail his retirement? "What was the Emperor Charles to the inhabitants of the Netherlands, that they should weep for him?" He had spent their money in wars and conquests in which they were utterly unconcerned; he had infringed their old municipal privileges; he had persecuted many on account of their new religion, and had shown his determination to coerce them by the Inquisition. Mr. Motley can not find a rational cause for all this weeping. He forgets that a rational cause is not indispensable on such occasions. Some one sentiment prevails at the moment; it is aggravated in each by the participation of numbers; it acts as a panic does in the field of battle, and people find themselves shouting or weeping, they scarcely know why. It does not follow that these weeping Netherlanders were quite oblivious of their own interests, or were peculiarly servile: they were simply carried away by the loyal sentiment of the hour. Much

the same thing occurs daily amongst our selves. We will not risk any imputation on our own loyalty by asking whether those crowds who throng the streets, or cluster about a railway, when our Queen is to pass, know why it is they are bawling as if with the full intention of splitting their own throats. We will take an illustration of a quite social, not political nature. An actor has been nightly before the public; the public has now praised and now abused the actor, and the actor has often abused the unreasonable public. By and by this actor, sometimes praised and sometimes abused, and to us altogether personally indifferent, assembles his last audience, and bids them farewell. There is not a dry eye, we are told, in pit or boxes. Next morning, pit and boxes, and the retiring actor himself, are laughing at the wondrous enthusiasm and tenderness that had seized upon them. And doubtless every one of these Netherlanders, from the Knight of the Fleece to the simplest burgher who was present at the great ceremony, wondered the next morning how or why it was that his cheek had been wet like the rest.

Charles's persecution of the Protestants is the crime which, in our historian's opinion, ought not to have been forgiven him even at this affecting moment. We will not stay to ask what proportion of the assembly shared in the Protestant faith, which at this epoch was not likely to be embraced by many of those who were entitled to be present at this august ceremony; but we stop to observe, that Mr. Motley deals rather severely with the old Emperor when he denies to him that excuse, so readily accorded to his son, that he acted in accordance with his sense of religious duty when he used the power placed in his hands in the extirpation of heresy. It is quite true that he was not always consistent, not always faithful to the Church; that the ordinary motives of political ambition could at times triumph over this sense of duty, just as the ordinary motives of cupidity or pleasure can triumph at times, in each one of us, over what we nevertheless deem to be a religious or moral obligation; but because the monarch was stronger in Charles than the churchman, it does not follow that he was not, up to the measure of his capacity for such sentiments, a very faithful and sincere son of the Church. The man whose armies sacked Rome, who laid his

sacrilegious hands, as Mr. Motley reminds us, on Christ's viceregent, and kept the infallible head of the Church a prisoner to serve his own political ends, was manifestly capable of being carried away by the peculiar temptations of his high imperial position. But in the absence of such temptations, he might very sincerely regard it as his especial duty to protect the Catholic faith, and preserve the unity of the Church. And why should the historian throw any doubts or aspersions on that personal piety of which he made profession? In Charles, as in so many others, it was a piety that had a very limited influence on moral action; it displayed itself chiefly in ritual, in prayer, in fasting, and the like; there was more of superstition in it than religion, but as a superstition it was apparently held with perfect sincerity. "No man," says Mr. Motley, "could have been more observant of religious rites. He heard mass daily; he listened to a sermon every Sunday and holiday; he confessed and received the sacrament four times a year; he was sometimes to be seen in his tent, at midnight, on his knees before a crucifix, with eyes and hands uplifted; *he ate no meat in Lent*, and used extraordinary diligence to discover and to punish any man, whether courtier, or plebeian, who failed to fast during the whole forty days." Why should Mr. Motley cruelly add, that "he was too good a politician not to know the value of broad phylacteries and long prayers?" Is every one who knows the value of orthodox behavior to be therefore twitted with hypocrisy? If it be really true that "he ate no meat in Lent," he gave a very notable proof of his sincerity, for the appetite of Charles V. was enormous, and he was accustomed at other times to indulge it without stint. He seems, indeed, to have had a craving, preternatural appetite, amounting to a disease, such as might well have obtained from his confessor an especial exemption in this matter of fasting.

Very marvelous is the account here given us of the gastronomical exploits of the Emperor. Captain Dalgetty was a child to him. Mr. Stirling, in his *Cloister Life of Charles V.*, had revealed to us that the monastic seclusion of the ex-Emperor did not imply a monastic regimen, or what is generally understood as such. Mr. Motley has given us a programme of the day's performance while his appetite was in its

full vigor. Never was such dietary. "He breakfasted at five on a fowl seethed in milk, and dressed with sugar and spices; after this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, partaking always of twenty dishes. He supped twice; at first, soon after vespers, and the second time at midnight, or one o'clock, which meal was perhaps the most solid of the four. After meals he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweatmeats, and he irrigated every repast by vast draughts of beer and wine."

To return to our grand ceremonial of abdication. The second person in the scene was the son, Philip, to whom he was about to resign the far greater part of his power and territory—all but the empire of Germany, which he had been unable to relinquish in his favor. Let us hear Mr. Motley's description of the gloomy monarch, so great a favorite of tragic poets:

"The son, Philip II., was a small, meager man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid. 'His body,' says his professed panegyrist, Cabrera, 'was but a human cage, in which, however brief and narrow, dwelt a soul to whose flight the immeasurable expanse of heaven was too contracted.' The same wholesale admirer adds, that his aspect was so reverend, that rustics, who met him alone in a wood, without knowing him, bowed down with instinctive veneration. In face he was the living image of his father, having the same broad forehead and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better proportioned, nose. In the lower part of the countenance the remarkable Burgundian deformity was likewise reproduced. He had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth, and monstrosly protruding lower jaw.* His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanor in public was still, silent—almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness, which he had occasionally endeavored to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry."

Was there ever such an incongruous combination presented to the imagination of the reader! This downward look and

* In pausing to gaze at the portrait of this terrible man in the Imperial Library of the Spanish Escurial, we felt an instinctive fear lest it, or its horrid ghost, should walk out of its frame. The expression was indescribable.—Ed. ELZINGA.

stooping posture is *partly* the reserve and haughtiness of a Spanish king, and partly a contrite bending of the body, produced by a schoolboy's love of pastry! Other indulgences, not quite so innocent, our most orthodox of princes seems to have permitted himself. What a medley we have here! "He was most strict in religious observances, as regular at mass, sermons, and vespers as a monk—much more, it was thought by many good Catholics, than was becoming to his rank and age. Besides several friars, who preached regularly for his instruction, he had daily discussions with others on abstruse theological points. He consulted his confessor most minutely as to all the actions of life, inquiring anxiously whether this proceeding or that were likely to burden his conscience. He was grossly licentious. It was his chief amusement to issue forth at night disguised, that he might indulge himself in the common haunts of vice. This was his solace at Brussels in the midst of the gravest affairs of state."

This prince when he quits Brussels and enters into his kingdom of Spain, solemnizes his entry by an *auto-da-fé* at which he utters the pious sentiment, that he would rather cease to reign than reign over heretics, and declares that he "would carry the wood to burn his own son," if his own son proved a deserter from the faith. A strange production it is to contemplate! this of the conscience of a Christian prince, as educated by a Catholic priesthood. Where the duty borders upon crime—where, to the secular mind, it is an act of cruelty and injustice, there the conscience is inflexible; in the simple moralities of temperance and of truth, it is but a silken rein which the priest touches from time to time, merely to show that he holds it, and holds it laxly.

The dissimulation of Philip, and how completely the deception of others entered into his idea of good government, is well known; but Mr. Motley has been able, by comparing together the preserved letters of this monarch, to display the working of this high order of *statesmanship* in a clearer light than it has perhaps ever been placed before. We thread the petty labyrinth which the secluded monarch found it his greatest delight to plan; we are introduced into the very study of the King; we see him forming his plot, preparing his contradictory letters—*these*

to be read aloud at the council-board, *those* to be kept secret. Arrangements are made that the Regent of the Netherlands, or her minister, shall write certain letters, which are to receive from him certain answers—letters and answers both mere fictions to disguise the real nature of the transaction. Dissimulation, indeed, is the order of the day. His ministers all practice it upon him, as he upon his ministers. He deceives every one. Though always in the leading-strings of some man more able than himself, though taking his assistance, and conscious of the need of it, he always kept some secret from his most confidential adviser, and was always prepared to dismiss him the moment that his services became needless. One good quality deserves mentioning—the king and his ministers were all *hard-working men*. It is no Eastern court, where the sultan consults only his own pleasure, and leaves all to the vizier, and the vizier occasionally hangs or *squeezes* a pacha, and then takes his pleasure also. No English minister works harder than the favorites of Philip. He himself delighted in the use of the pen, and sate whole hours at the desk. Mr. Motley says:

"His mental capacity in general was not very highly esteemed. His talents were, in truth, very much below mediocrity. His mind was incredibly small. A petty passion for contemptible details characterized him from his youth, and as long as he lived, he could neither learn to generalize, nor understand that one man, however diligent, could not be minutely acquainted with all the public and private affairs of fifty millions of other men. He was a glutton of work. He was born to write dispatches, and to scrawl comments upon those which he received. He often remained at the council-board four or five hours at a time, and he lived in his cabinet. He gave audiences to ambassadors and deputies very willingly, listening attentively to all that was said to him, and answering in monosyllables. He spoke no tongue but Spanish, and was sufficiently sparing of that, but he was indefatigable with his pen. He hated to converse; but he could write a letter eighteen pages long when his correspondent was in the next room, and when the subject was, perhaps, one which a man of talent could have settled with six words."

The favorite, Ruy Gomez de Silva, was a prodigy of industry. This nobleman had been brought up with the King, and when a boy (so the story runs) had struck Philip, and been condemned to death for so sacrilegious a blow. Philip had thrown

himself at his father's feet, and implored and obtained the forgiveness of the culprit. In after life, a more probable cause is assigned for the endurance of their friendship—the complacency which he exhibited towards the King, as the husband of the celebrated Princess Eboli. Ruy Gomez and his occupations are thus described :

"At the present moment he occupied the three posts of valet, state councilor, and finance minister. He dressed and undressed his master, read or talked him to sleep, called him in the morning, admitted those who were to have private audiences, and superintended all the arrangements of the household. The rest of the day was devoted to the enormous correspondence and affairs of administration which devolved upon him as first minister of state and treasury. He was very ignorant. He had no experience or acquirement in the arts either of war or peace, and his early education had been limited. Like his master, he spoke no tongue but Spanish, and he had no literature. He had prepossessing manners, a fluent tongue, a winning and benevolent disposition. His natural capacity for affairs was considerable; and his tact was so perfect that he could converse face to face with statesmen, doctors, and generals, upon campaigns, theology, or jurisprudence, without betraying any remarkable deficiency. He was very industrious, endeavoring to make up by hard study for his lack of general knowledge. At the same time, by the King's desire, he appeared constantly at the frequent banquets, masquerades, tourneys, and festivities, for which Brussels at that epoch was remarkable. It was no wonder that his cheek was pale, and that he seemed dying of overwork."

Equally industrious and far more accomplished, indeed one of the most accomplished and learned men of his time, was Cardinal Granvelle, who long held what we may describe as the position of prime minister to the Duchess of Parma, Regent of the Netherlands. The Regent was assisted by a council of state, and three of this council formed the *consulta* by whose advice she was to be especially guided. Of these three, Granvelle was the chief; in fact, he and the *consulta* were said to be the same thing; he *was* the *consulta*. The Cardinal was a man of learning; could write and speak well, and that in several languages; but that which stands out so conspicuously in the history is the admirable tact with which, for a long time, he governed the Regent and guided the King. Principles of his own, we venture to think, he had none—unless the determination to uphold that

authority of churchman and of minister, in which he shared so largely, be called a principle—but he very dexterously assumed the views of the King, and threw his own ability, so to speak, into the mind and opinions of his sovereign. When we see him removed from the court, he lives and speaks like an epicurean philosopher; when he writes to the King, he is an alarmist for the faith, superstitious, and a persecutor. His contempt for the multitude was, no doubt, sincere enough; and this sincere contempt led him, as it has led many others, to uphold, without scruple of conscience, whatever power or authority was in the ascendant. Such men can not, at least, be said to violate any generous conviction, for they have none. They can have no reverence for kings or cardinals—they know them too well; but they have still less reverence for any other human beings. Granvelle was well born, of an obscure but noble family in Burgundy, and his father had been a minister—"held office," as we should say, in the Court of the Emperor Charles. At the age of twenty, we are told he spoke seven languages with perfect facility, and his acquaintance with civil and ecclesiastical laws was something prodigious.

"He was ready-witted," continues Mr. Motley, "smooth and fluent of tongue, fertile in expedients, courageous, resolute. He thoroughly understood the art of managing men, particularly his superiors. He knew how to govern under the appearance of obeying. In his intercourse with the King, he colored himself, as it were, with the King's character. He was not himself, but Philip; not the sullen, hesitating, confused Philip, however, but Philip endowed with eloquence, readiness, facility. The King ever found himself anticipated with the most delicate obsequiousness, and beheld his struggling ideas changed into winged words without ceasing to be his own. No flattery could be more adroit. He would write letters forty pages long to the King, and send off another courier on the same day with two or three additional dispatches of identical date. Such prolixity enchanted the King. The painstaking monarch toiled, pen in hand, after his wonderful minister, in vain. Philip was only fit to be the bishop's clerk, yet he imagined himself to be the directing and governing power. . . . His industry was enormous. He would write fifty letters a day with his own hand. He could dictate to half-a-dozen amanuenses at once, on as many different subjects, in as many different languages, and send them all away exhausted."

Of which last story we have our own

opinion; but there can be no doubt of the consummate skill with which, for some time, he directed the affairs of the Netherlands. Consummate skill! but shut out from a wiser statesmanship by his priestly contempt for the opinions of an unlearned class. He could not see that—as a mere problem of political forces—it was not only the King he had to direct, and the Duchess to control, and the Flemish nobility to resist and to counterplot—he had some account to give of this burgher spirit awakening to its liberties, and above all, to the liberty of conscience. Had he measured this force? At the first superficial glance at the man's history, you would say that, at all events, he was a sufficient alarmist, an unhesitating persecutor. He piously writes to his very pious sovereign: "For the love of God and the service of the holy religion, put your royal band valiantly to the work, otherwise we have only to exclaim: 'Help, Lord, for we perish!'" Thus he runs with his torch before the man who, he knows, will and can travel but on the one road on which he pretends to guide him. He has appreciation enough of the movement going on around him to abuse and execrate, to punish and vilify it; but if he had rightly estimated its strength, such a man as Granvelle would have respected it *for its mere strength*, and held a very different language towards it.

The Prince of Orange and Count Egmont were members of the state council. Of course they chafed under the rule of the Cardinal, and were in open hostility to the policy he pursued. At length a determined effort was made by the patriot party to drive him out of the Netherlands. Orange, Egmont, and Horn united in a letter to the King, in which they represented that it was absolutely necessary for the peace and salvation of the provinces (which they were doing their utmost to quiet) that the Cardinal should be recalled. The Cardinal was prepared, at all events, for the attack. "He wrote to the King *the day before the letter was written, and many weeks before it was sent, to apprise him that it was coming, and to instruct him as to the answer he was to make.*"

This storm broke over. But it was in vain that the Cardinal had not only the ear of the King, but also held his pen—it was in vain that he represented the Flemish nobility as riotous and ambitious

voluptuaries—(one of them even eating meat in Lent!)—as spendthrifts so encumbered with debt that they sought a season of anarchy to rid them of their obligations: it became evident, even at the Spanish court, that the Cardinal, with all his diplomatic skill, had not sufficient power to make head against his opponents. There must be concession, or force of another kind must be employed—the sword, and not the pen. And now having resolved on the recall of the Cardinal, all the *finesse* and petty hypocrisy of the King had a fair field for their exercise. Orange and Egmont and the people of the Netherlands should never have it to say that he, the King, had dismissed his faithful servant in consideration of their opinion or their wishes. That he would think of the matter, is the most conciliating answer he gives to them. Nay, the Cardinal himself should never know that he was in reality dismissed. His recall should appear to the minister himself as a temporary departure, counseled by the emergencies of the moment; to all others this temporary absence from the Netherlands should seem the voluntary and spontaneous act of the Cardinal.

Had not the Cardinal a mother, living in some remote district? And must not so benevolent and tender-hearted a Cardinal be desirous, after a long interval, of visiting his aged parent? The Cardinal shall in a letter, which may be seen or heard of all men, solicit of the Regent, or the King, permission to retire for a space from the cares of government; and the King or the Regent shall, with much regret, yield to the claims of filial affection, and of a constitution requiring repose. This shall be the aspect of the transaction to the world at large. The Cardinal receives his *private letter*. *He* has now the pen put into his hands, and is instructed what to write. In his correspondence with the King, he had frequently implored his majesty—Heaven knows with what sincerity!—not to scruple at sacrificing him or his interests for what might be deemed the public welfare. To this brief retirement how then could he object? He writes, requesting very submissively a leave of absence—it is publicly and blandly granted him. He retires to his country-seat, there to indite most contented letters on the charms of a philosophical retreat, and pine in secret for the return of power.

The Cardinal seems to have believed, or tried to believe, that it was the King's intention to reinstate him after a brief interval. The public, in general, though mystified by this prearranged correspondence, concluded that the Cardinal never would return, and great was their joy at his departure. Even the Duchess was glad to be liberated from a minister who had grown too powerful and domineering. The young nobility were in ecstasies. "Brederode and Count Hoogstraaten were standing together, looking from a window of a house near the gate of Caudenberg, to feast their eyes with the spectacle of their enemy's retreat. As soon as the Cardinal had passed through the gate on his way to Namur, the first stage of his journey, they rushed into the street, got both upon one horse, Hoogstraaten, who alone had boots on his legs, taking the saddle, and Brederode the croup, and galloped after the Cardinal with the exultation of schoolboys."

After some interval, the Duke of Alva succeeded to the Cardinal, and those who rejoiced most in the departure of that wily minister might have wished his return; for Alva united in himself all the craft and subtlety that the court of Philip could teach, with a cruelty and hardness of nature seldom learned in camps. But we are not attracted to this man—his lineaments are well known, and are not attractive; consummate general as he was, his moral qualities are those we associate with a Grand Inquisitor, not a great Captain. And his range of thought must have been very limited; for when he had succeeded in quelling all resistance by his arms, he undid his own work, and kindled against himself the wrath of every citizen, Catholic or Protestant, by the absurdest system of taxation that ever entered into the head of the merest dragoon to establish. Amongst other taxes he imposed, this stands out conspicuous—ten per cent of the value of every article of merchandise *to be paid as often as it should be sold*. Had he designed to put down commerce as well as heresy, he could not have framed a better system of finance. Imagine every tradesman and merchant, in the thriving cities of Flanders, being compelled to keep an account of every sale they made in the course of the day, in order that they might deduct from their profits this ten per cent to the government. It was monstrous; it was

impracticable. His coadjutors in the Council of State remonstrated with him, but in vain; a like tax he had imposed on his own little town of Alva, and why should it not be equally feasible in the great commercial cities of the Netherlands? But commerce was better able to protect itself than heresy, and it raised such a storm about the general's ears that he at length seemed very willing to escape from these Flemish citizens; and Philip, who had no other resource than to appoint new men—being utterly incapacitated for the reception of new ideas—was equally willing to recall him.

It is time we turn to the opposite and patriot camp. Amongst the brave, jovial, gallant, rich, but thoughtless nobility of Flanders, there was one man of earnest purpose, keen insight, heroic perseverance, whose mind expanded as events developed themselves, who finally devoted himself to the cause of the people—of freedom civil and religious—the Prince of Orange. He too, as we first catch sight of him, is the magnificent nobleman, sumptuous, munificent, of generous nature, and a lover of justice, and withal as profoundly versed as Philip himself in what *he* called the art of government—but not apparently possessed by any great principle of action. As, however, his own life matures, and as the crisis of public affairs approaches, he takes upon himself the full solemnity of the times; he becomes the worthy leader of that great movement, which is agitating, in a vague and distracting manner, all classes of the community: he devotes himself till death to a great cause. His son is seized, and detained by the court of Spain as a hostage; his vast revenues are spent in the levying of troops to resist the Duke of Alva, and bribes of princely wealth are held out to him; but he is pledged to his work, and sacrifices all, parental affection, and finally life itself, to his great cause.

His early education was more adapted to develop his talents than his moral nature, but it was evidently preparing him for the great task he was to accomplish. At an early age he entered as page into the service of Charles V., and the Emperor, recognizing the ability and discretion of his prince-page, (for he had already come into possession of his title and estates,) delighted to have him frequently in his presence, and retained him even when the greatest affairs were discussed

with his ministers, or when he gave audiences of the most confidential kind. The youth grew up with a knowledge of men and things that is rarely acquired. At an age when most men are gazing in foolish wonder at the spectacle of courts and governments, he had been introduced behind the scenes, and understood what men were, and what their real motives, and how common a flesh and blood hides beneath the velvet and the ermine. Nor did the Emperor trust his shrewd and silent observer in the cabinet only; he trusted him also in the field. Before the Prince was twenty-one, he was appointed, during the absence of the Duke of Savoy, to be general-in-chief of the army on the French frontier. After the Emperor's death he was equally trusted by Philip, being employed to negotiate the peace with France. He was one of the hostages selected by Henry of France for the due fulfillment of the treaty.

It was at this period that the incident occurred which is said to have procured him the name of the "Silent." He and Henry, while hunting in the wood of Vincennes, found themselves together, separated from the rest of the company; and the French King, concluding that the envoy of Philip was privy to all his designs, began to open his mind on the great scheme which he was then secretly framing with his brother of Spain. The two zealous monarchs were solemnly to pledge themselves for the extirpation of heresy in their several kingdoms, and that by the decisive process of massacre of the heretics, "that accursed vermin." The French King proceeded to discuss the details of this most religious plot. The Prince was silent, and kept his countenance; and earned his name of "Silent," from the manner in which he received this blundering confidence of the King. The story wears an apocryphal air. The Prince of Orange was not yet a Protestant, and the confidence, therefore, was not so strangely misplaced; and a nickname is not given from a transaction, which at the time is known only to a few persons, for the Prince of Orange would not talk of this. But if Henry of France did make this indiscreet revelation, we may be sure that Orange would not fail to reflect upon it at an after period, when he was engaged in the conflict with Philip. It was a lesson, if he needed one, of what kind of "holy alliance" the Christian

sovereigns of his epoch were capable of forming.

As Stadtholder of Holland, Freisland, and Utrecht, it fell upon him to carry out the policy of the Spanish monarch in his treatment of heretics: he received secret instructions to enforce the edicts against all the sectaries without distinction, and with the utmost rigor. From a mere sense of humanity and justice, he was far less severe than Philip required; still he gave orders to enforce conformity with the ancient Church. He was rich, powerful, young; a luxurious and princely life lay before him. His hospitality, like his fortune, was almost regal. "Twenty-four noblemen and eighteen pages of gentle birth officiated regularly in his family." It was a daily banquet in his household, and the generous host of winning manner and address, was beloved and honored by all. It was not at this period of life, that he was disposed to regard the sectaries with any other feeling than that of compassion, mingled probably with some degree of contempt.

But, while mingling with all the festivities suitable to his age and rank, he evidently kept his head clear, and his heart free from any of the malignant passions of the time. All parties trusted him. The Protestants looked for justice at his hands; the Duchess-regent knew that she had in him a friend to order and good government, and had recourse from time to time to his mediation with the cities she had provoked almost beyond endurance. He endeavored to moderate his own party when he saw their proceedings assuming an insurrectionary character. When Brederode, at the head of a numerous procession, presented what was called the *Request* to the Duchess, it was the presence of Orange that prevented the circumstance from leading to serious disturbance. It was this *Request*, as our readers may remember, that gave rise to the famous name of *The Beggars*, which the young nobility chose to assume for themselves. The Councilor Berlaymont is reported to have said to the Duchess, pointing to the multitude that accompanied this petition: "What, madam! is it possible that your highness can entertain fears of these beggars?" (*gueux*.) At a magnificent repast that took place shortly after, over which Brederode presided, that far too boisterous champion of liberty, repeating the offensive expression of

Councilor Berlaymont, exclaimed: "They call us Beggars! Let us accept the name; we will contend with this Inquisition till we all wear the beggar's sack!" He then beckoned to one of his pages, who brought him a leathern wallet and a large wooden bowl, such as were worn and used by professional mendicants, and slinging the wallet round his neck, and filling the bowl with wine, he lifted the ungainly goblet with both his hands, and drained it at a draught. "Long live the beggars!" (*Vivent les gueux!*) he cried, as he wiped his beard and set down the bowl. "Then," says Mr. Motley, "for the first time, from the lips of those reckless nobles, rose the famous cry which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field." Amidst shouts of laughter and applause Brederode threw the wallet round the neck of his nearest neighbor, and handed him the wooden bowl. Each guest in turn took the knapsack, and, pushing aside the gold and silver plate before him, filled the capacious wooden bowl, and drank *the beggars!* The new shibboleth was invented. While the tumult was at its height, the Prince of Orange with some other nobles entered the apartment. He was immediately surrounded by the "beggars," these bacchanalian patriots, and compelled to drink their toast, though, in the confusion of the scene, its meaning was still unexplained to him. He drank a cup of wine with them, but used his influence to prevail upon them to break up their dangerous festivities.

On every occasion he is seen to be the friend of order and authority, so long as these do not violate the most palpable claims of justice and humanity. It is astonishing how the country began to look upon this man, as if their hope lay with him. Thus it is in disastrous times; if the multitude will, by their fidelity to the greatest amongst them, make *him strong*, they find a pillar of strength on which they themselves can lean. Antwerp is in a state bordering on insurrection. The preachers of the new faith are forbidden the churches, the chapels, the public rooms, the public streets—are driven from the city; the people encamp without the walls, and listen to their preachers there. The sermon, we may be sure, is none the less stirring for being listened to in a half-rebellious spirit; nor

is the city quieted because it takes its intoxicating draught of spiritual enthusiasm without the walls. What can the presence of one man do, who brings with him neither arms to terrify, nor power to revoke the destructive and fanatic measures of the King? Yet the whole city of Antwerp calls for the Prince of Orange. And the Duchess entreats him to use his mediatorial influence. He goes, and is received as a saviour. Some brief period of peace follows, but the insane resolution of the Spanish monarch can not be shaken. Only through war, and war of the most terrible kind, can peace finally be secured.

Not only between Protestant and Catholic, but between Lutheran and Calvinist, he has to act as mediator. The true principle of toleration seems to be embraced by no one—certainly by no party or sect. He does embrace it, contends for it against friend and foe. At a second visit to Antwerp, it falls on him to prevent a civil war between Lutheran and Calvinist.

The storm rages higher, and Orange erects himself to meet it. The pupil of Charles V. knows well what manner of men he has to deal with; no simulation or hypocrisy of the Spanish court can deceive him; to him it is clear as day that there can be no amity with the King except by relinquishing entirely all freedom, civil and religious. He casts in his lot with the people. His friend, Count Egmont, still hoped to combine loyalty with patriotism. Very touching, indeed, is the parting that now takes place between the two friends. Orange in vain tries to open the eyes of Egmont to the true character of the King of Spain. Loyal and generous himself, he can not believe that Philip, who treated him so courteously and hospitably during that visit, so unfortunate for his own fame and honor, which he paid the court at Madrid, means his ruin and destruction. Alva has now come upon the scene. Orange knows well that both he and Egmont are proscribed men. But Egmont is fatally deluded. "Alas! Egmont," said the Prince, "the King's clemency, of which you boast, will destroy you: would that I might be deceived: but I foresee too clearly that you are to be the bridge which the Spaniards will destroy so soon as they have passed over it to invade the country." With these words he concluded his vain appeal to awaken the Coun-

from his fatal security. "Then, as if persuaded that he was looking upon his friend for the last time, William of Orange threw his arms around Egmont, and held him for a moment in a close embrace. Tears fell from the eyes of both at this parting moment; and then, the brief scene of simple and lofty pathos terminated, Egmont and Orange separated from each other, never to meet again on earth."

The "bridge" was very little used; its destruction seemed the main thing that was plotted. Philip wrote to the Count in the most friendly strain *after* the commission had been given to Alva to arrest him and the other nobles of his party. Thus, in spite of many admonitions—some of them even from Spaniards—the unhappy Count was lured to his destruction. Alva was enabled very dextrously to accomplish his arrest. He had, however, the mortification to find that the man whom above all others it was necessary for him to capture, had escaped. The ex-minister, the Cardinal, on hearing that Orange had not been seized, said very truly: "That Orange had escaped, they had taken nobody, and that his capture would have been more valuable than that of every man in the Netherlands."

The contest had now become earnest indeed. It was no longer a weak woman who held the regency; it was the most consummate general and the most inflexible man that Philip could have selected who now held the Netherlands under a military despotism. Orange declared war against this tyrant, levied troops in Germany, expended all his resources to bring an army into the field; but through the masterly generalship and Fabian tactics of Alva, he was doomed to see the season pass, and his troops disband, without effecting any thing. The Prince of Orange gains no victories in the open field. Hardly any great man has accomplished so much with so few successes. But perseverance through adversity, through defeat, through calumny and slander, met with its reward. He trusted always to his sacred cause, and felt that he and it must be under the providence of God. And this is the place to mention that he had now embraced, with a sober and sincere zeal, the Reformed faith; thus arming himself completely for the great task committed to him. We have no account here of the gradual steps of his conversion. Mr. Motley very judiciously

observes that the real incidents of his life, and not religious controversy, led, in all probability, to the change. Feeling the necessity for the support of religion, and feeling this need at a time when two forms of Christianity presented themselves for his selection, he preferred the Protestant. A Catholic may suggest that he chose the religion of that party with which his own fortunes were henceforth to be bound up—that his was, in fact, a political conversion; but his after life, and the tenor of his private correspondence, prove him to have become sincerely and zealously pious. To us the choice seems very natural: he who had seen so much of priests—though perhaps of the higher and not the more spiritual order—was not likely (if he could adopt another) to select that form of Christianity in which a priesthood stands between the human soul and its God. He would prefer the theology which led him at once into communion with God and Christ, to that which put a priestly confessor beside him to dog his footsteps every moment of his life. One thing is indisputable, and highly to his glory; both for Catholics and Protestants, for Lutherans and Calvinists, he claimed liberty of thought, freedom of worship, the full and manly enunciation of every sincere conviction. He was misunderstood even by his own party; his noble sense of justice was often traduced as lukewarmness and irreligion. Peter Dathenus, a fiery zealot who for some time exerted an overbearing influence from the pulpit of Ghent, denounced him as "an atheist in heart—as a man who knew no God but state expediency, which was the idol of his worship." And a far more temperate Protestant, St. Aldegonde, seemed incapable of comprehending that there was any necessity to preach toleration to those of the Reformed faith; he evidently can not understand that "religious peace" at which the Prince was aiming, that mutual forbearance, that freedom of restraint *for all* in matters purely religious. "The Prince," he says complainingly, in one of his letters—and the complaint remains an honor to his misapprehended leader—"The Prince has uttered reproaches to me that our clergy are striving to obtain a mastery over consciences. He praised lately the saying of a monk, who was not long here, that our pot had not gone to the fire as often as that of our antagonists, but that, when the time came, it would be black enough.

In short, the Prince fears that after a few centuries the clerical tyranny on both sides will stand in this respect on the same footing."

The Prince of Orange lived to see Holland and Zeeland obtain, through many trials and the fiercest struggle, their independence; and had just accepted some modified sovereignty of these provinces, under the title of Count, when his assassination took place. We regret to find how conspicuous a part his old opponent, Cardinal Granvelle, plays in this transaction. It is he, it seems, who whispered into the King's ear the expediency of removing the Prince by the assassination. He couples the advice with a base calumny against the courage of the man whose life was one constant exposure to danger. He was in favor of publicly setting a price upon his head—offering a reward of thirty or forty thousand crowns to any one who would deliver up the Prince dead or alive; and he added, "as the Prince of Orange is a vile coward, fear alone will throw him into confusion." Thus writes, thus counsels, the priest; and the King, who was not difficult to persuade on such an occasion, accordingly published what is called his "ban," in which after enumerating the offenses of Orange, after banishing and putting him out of the pale of law, he continues thus: "And if any one of our subjects, or any stranger, should be found sufficiently generous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us alive or dead, or taking his life, we will cause to be furnished to him, immediately after the deed shall have been done, the sum of twenty-five thousand crowns in gold. If he have committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him; *and if he be not already noble, we will ennoble him for his valor.*" Thus, says Mr. Motley, by Cardinal Granvelle and by Philip, a price was set upon the head of the foremost man of his age, as if he had been a savage beast, and admission into the ranks of Spain's haughty nobility was made the additional bribe to tempt the assassin.

Balthazar Gérard, the miserable creature who executed this royal ban, had been already led by his fanaticism to believe that the murder of the arch-rebel and arch-heretic, as he thought the Prince, would be a work of supereminent piety. If now, wealth and nobility in this world were to be added to the highest honors in

the next, why should he any longer delay to strike? On the one hand there was the imminent risk of being captured after the blow was struck, or the shot fired, and being put to a most cruel death; but, on the other hand, there was a great prize to be gained, and there was every satisfaction that an orthodox Catholic could require for his conscience. His King commanded—his confessor approved. When he confided his scheme to the regent of the Jesuit college, "that dignitary expressed high approbation of the plan, gave Gérard his blessing, and promised him that, if his life should be sacrificed in achieving his purpose, he should be enrolled amongst the martyrs." Under a false name and character he contrived to gain admission into the house of the Prince of Orange, who was then residing in the little town of Delft. He represented himself as a Protestant, and the son of a Protestant who had suffered death for his religion. "A pious, psalm-singing, thoroughly Calvinistic youth he seemed to be, having a Bible or a hymn-book under his arm whenever he walked the street, and most exemplary in his attendance at sermon and lecture. For the rest, a singularly unobtrusive personage, twenty-seven years of age, low of stature, meager, mean-visaged, muddy-complexioned, and altogether a man of no account." His appearance had so little prepossessed the then Regent of the Netherlands, the Prince of Parma, (who had advanced money to villains of all nations, who had spent it and done nothing,) that he refused to lend him any assistance, and he was absolutely so poor that he received as charity from William of Orange the means of purchasing the pistols by which the assassination was to be committed. With money thus procured, he bought a pair of pistols, or small carabines, from a soldier, chaffering long about the price. On the following day, it is said that the soldier stabbed himself to the heart, and died despairing, on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought!

The shot was fired as the Prince was passing from the dining-room to his own private apartments. Three balls entered his body. He expired in a few minutes. "O my God! have mercy upon my soul! O my God! have mercy upon this poor people!" were the last words he uttered.

Thus expired a man who may justly be

called Great; for the title is then most legitimately applied when one in a high station, or endowed with great powers, devotes himself to a noble cause. The miserable assassin, with his meager frame and contemptible appearance, had, at all events, that species of courage or endurance which we find in perfection in the wild Indian. He had almost made his escape; he had reached the ramparts, from which he intended to spring into the moat, when he stumbled over a heap of rubbish and fell. This led to his capture. From that moment he was calm as a martyred saint, supporting every species of torture that could be devised with an equanimity so surprising that it was thought unaccountable, except on the ground of witchcraft and sorcery. He was clothed, therefore, "in the shirt of an hospital patient," that being a charm against sorcery, and tortured anew; but even in the shirt he manifested the same apparent impassiveness to pain.

To pass in review a history of the Revolt of the Netherlands, without dwelling at all on the many terrible sieges and massacres that distinguished it, seems a strange omission; it would be an omission still less justifiable if we were to quit Mr. Motley's work without giving any idea of the spirited and powerful manner in which he has described the horrors of this civil war. Does the reader remember the siege of Leyden? Probably he does, yet not so vividly but that he will read the account of it in these volumes with keen interest.

We instance the siege of Leyden, not only from the quite peculiar circumstances that attended it, but because, happily, it does not end in one of those fearful massacres, where cruelty, lust, and brutality take their most exaggerated form, and of which we necessarily have to read here till we recoil from the page. We abridge Mr. Motley's account.

"Leyden was now destined to pass through a fiery ordeal. This city was one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands. Placed in the midst of broad and fruitful pastures, which had been reclaimed by the hand of industry from the bottom of the sea, it was fringed with smiling villages, blooming gardens, fruitful orchards. The ancient, and, at last, decrepit Rhine, flowing languidly towards its sandy bed,* had been

multiplied into innumerable artificial currents, by which the city was completely interlaced. These watery streets were shaded by lime trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the squares and streets spacious, airy, and clean, the churches and public edifices imposing, while the whole aspect of the place suggested thrift, industry, and comfort. Upon an artificial elevation in the center of the city rose a ruined tower of unknown antiquity. By some it was considered to be of Roman origin, while others preferred to regard it as the work of the Anglo-Saxon Hengist, raised to commemorate his conquest of England. Surrounded by fruit-trees, and overgrown in the center by oaks, it afforded from its moldering battlements a charming prospect over a wide expanse of level country, with the spires of neighboring cities rising in every direction. It was from this commanding height, during the long and terrible summer days which were approaching, that many an eye was to be strained anxiously seaward, watching if yet the ocean had begun to roll over the land."

This fair city was completely invested by the Spanish army under Valdez. The Prince of Orange had no troops which could encounter the enemy with the least chance of success. There was no possible way of throwing provisions into the town. Famine must exterminate the inhabitants, unless the sea, which was twenty miles distant, could be brought up to the walls of the city! The sea bearing the Dutch fleet to their assistance through those meadows and outlying villages, was their only hope. Such was the plan of the Prince of Orange, and such the desperate expedient that the States of Holland were willing to sanction. Rather let the whole land be sunk than the nation be enslaved! But the Prince of Orange lay ill of a fever in Rotterdam, and the work went on slowly, and to many the expedient seemed altogether wild and visionary. "Go up to the tower, ye Beggars!" was the taunting cry of some in the city who were the opponents of the Prince—"Go up to the tower, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief?" And day after day they did go up to the ancient tower of Hengist with heavy heart and anxious eye, watching, hoping, praying, fearing, and at last al-

* The reader may observe here (if he cares to notice it) an instance of that poetical or metapho-

rical style by which we have ventured to intimate Mr. Motley does not improve his descriptions. If he would take a hint from us, he would avoid all indulgence in poetic fancy, and let his eloquence be under the sole inspiration and guidance of strong feelings and strong facts.

most despairing of relief by God and man.

But the Prince recovered from his illness, and the necessary preparations were vigorously resumed. Admiral Boissot got his vessels together, with eight hundred veteran sailors—the “sea-beggars”—renowned far and wide for their nautical skill and ferocious courage; he also collected good store of provisions for the starving city. The dykes were destroyed, and the flotilla made its way fifteen miles up the country to the strong dyke called the Land-scheiding; and there it was arrested. Between this and Leyden were several other dykes; and, moreover, the Spaniards were encamped there, or lodged in forts. The Land-scheiding, however, was vigorously seized on by the Dutch, was broken through in several places, and the fleet sailed on. Then came another dyke, the “Green-way,” and that was seized and opened, and the fleet still passed inland. But now the sea, which had thus far borne them on, diffused itself under an adverse wind, and became too shallow for the ships.

“Meantime the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days. They knew that the wind was unfavorable; and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt as they anxiously stood on towers and house-tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. The daily mortality was frightful. . . . The pestilence now stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves. There stood the burgomaster—a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage,

and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in a language which has been almost literally preserved—‘What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hand, the enemy’s, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive!’”

But the wind rose, and the sea with it, and at a fortunate conjuncture, a panic dispersed their enemies, and the relieving fleet *sailed into the city!* The quays were lined with the famishing population, and from every vessel bread was thrown amongst the crowd. Some choked themselves to death with the food thus suddenly presented to them. By the spontaneous movement of the multitude, or as a measure wisely ordained to calm the over-excitement of the moment, all the inhabitants, the magistrates and citizens, the sailors and the soldiers, repaired to the great church, there to bend in humble gratitude before the King of kings. Thousands of voices raised the thanksgiving hymn; but the universal emotion became too full for utterance—the hymn was abruptly suspended, and the multitude wept like children.

Surely no people ever won its freedom through greater efforts, sufferings, and sacrifices than these United Provinces of the Netherlands. God forbid that any European nation should again pass through so terrible an ordeal; still it is instructive, and it stirs the heart to learn what men *can* do and suffer in a righteous cause.

With the death of Orange terminates the first installment which Mr. Motley has given us of his history. The remaining portion will treat more especially of the acts and the career of the Dutch Republic. Then will be the fit occasion to offer some remarks on the “place in history” of this famous republic; for all Europe, and England especially, owes a great debt to Holland. We are accustomed, and with justice, to say at the present

epoch, that England teaches practically, to the rest of Europe, how far the pure government of equal laws can be established without interference of arbitrary power. There was a time when England learned this lesson of Holland; not to mention that it was a stadtholder of Holland who came to our liberation at a time

when we could not have borne a republic, and when we should have looked in vain to any other quarter for a liberal sovereign. No other quarter in Europe could have grown or educated the man we wanted. We shall expect with much interest the remaining volumes of Mr. Motley's History.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE GREAT DUKE AT THE SCULPTOR'S.

ONE fine morning in the month of August, 1851, a venerable gentleman, on horseback, followed by his servant, was observed to leave Hyde Park by the Stanhope gate, and to wend his way towards a quiet street in the neighborhood of Portman Square. Whatever his dress might be, it was concealed by a light gray paletot, which harmonized well with his white hair and healthful and slightly-bronzed complexion. The passers-by stared as they seemed to recognize the well-known features and erect military figure of her Majesty's most illustrious subject; and their surprise was increased when they saw the elderly gentleman pull up his horse, dismount without assistance,* and enter a respectable but unpretentious dwelling in the quiet street.

The house at which the great Duke alighted was the studio of a well-known sculptor, whose son had already earned celebrity as a miniature portrait-painter. The Duke had declared that he would never sit again to any body; but at the entreaty of a lady of beauty and fashion, whose receptions were then, as now, the delight of political and aristocratic circles, he waived his determination, and consented to sit for a bust to the father, while the sculptor's son painted his portrait.

The Duke, encumbered by his jack-

boots, mounts the stairs which lead to the sculptor's studio with much difficulty. On coming into the room, he proceeds to take off his great coat, but seems unable to divest himself of it. The sculptor accordingly approaches him, requests permission to assist, and is about to take hold of the collar, when the Duke becomes much excited, and with great irritation of manner says he will not be touched. After much labor, the Duke succeeds in taking off his coat, and sits down upon the sofa, the muscles of the lower part of his face working in the manner usual to him when displeased, while his lips murmur something indistinctly. The Duke then begins to unbutton his jack-boot, which he kicks off with so much energy that it flies into the middle of the room, carrying his dress-shoe with it. The two artists, with much tact, abstain from offering the least assistance, and suffer the Duke to hobble after the shoe, with a jack-boot on one leg and no shoe on the other foot. The Duke stoops, with some difficulty, recovers the missing shoe, and regains his seat. He appears pleased at having been suffered to go through these operations without proffers of help, and not a little desirous to make amends for his momentary irritation. Rising from the sofa, he advances to the window, and with great good-nature and alacrity of manner, says: "Now, sir, what do you wish me to do for you?"

Being requested to sit down in the arm-chair placed for him, he immediately replies: "Well, sir, but I can stand." He

* Happening to be passing the Horse-Guards about the middle of this same month, we called and stood, hat in hand, near the Duke, while he mounted his horse from the ground without assistance, much to our surprise.—ED. ECLECTIC.

is told it is not necessary; whereupon, addressing the young painter, he says: "But you will paint me, sir, standing. Why should I *sit* to be painted *standing*? What do *you* say, sir?" turning to the sculptor. The sculptor points out that a higher light will fall upon the face, if he sits down, which will be an advantage to the artist. "Oh! then, that is quite sufficient, sir; I will sit."

When the business of the sitting commences, the Duke shows himself, as may well be believed, entirely *au fait* at the business of sitting for his portrait. His words we repeat with verbal accuracy, but how shall we convey an idea of his noble and impressive utterance? We must ask the reader to clothe the words which follow with the old man's rich yet somewhat hoarse and sepulchral voice. Every word is uttered with dignity, and the Duke's natural impressiveness of speech is aided by a frequent and graceful gesture with the right hand. We must also premise that the artist had been fortunate enough to secure the attendance of the lady at whose solicitation the Duke had consented to sit, and who, possessing great conversational talents, knew how to engage him in discourse which interested him.

Drawing back his head, and fixing his eyes on one spot, the Duke exclaims: "Now I've had great experience in this sort of thing. I know how to sit very well; Lawrence taught me. You see I keep my eyes on one spot, and then the artist always sees the same thing. If I don't keep my eyes on one spot of course he don't see the same thing. And these gentlemen (the artists) ought to be considered, for they have a great deal to do. They have not only to observe and to imitate, but (with emphasis) to *verify* what they do; and I suppose they proceed by doing one feature first, correcting that, and then going on to another. That, indeed, is the way in which all difficult undertakings should be accomplished. *Do one thing first*; verify that, and then proceed to another."

Then turning round to the sculptor, the Duke went on: "One thing, sir, I wish *you* particularly to observe, because Chantrey told me of it. Flat, here, sir, (placing his hand on his forehead;) flat here, sir, (placing it on his right temple;) flat here, (removing it to his left temple;) three sides of a square. That I know,

sir, (lifting his finger, and speaking with emphasis,) because Chantrey told me."

The sculptor shortly remarks that he should like to verify the accuracy of his bust by measurement. "Whatever is necessary, sir, while I am here." The sculptor takes advantage of the permission to make the most minute and frequent measurement by the compasses of every feature and every part of the Duke's face and head. As the sculptor and painter work simultaneously, one side of the face is seen by the sculptor in shadow. His Grace is aware of the fact, although it has not been mentioned to him; and when the sculptor wishes to examine the side of the face that is in shadow, the Duke immediately and unasked turns it round to the light for him.

A beautiful, intelligent, and sprightly little girl is present. She takes up the artist's pencils, and amuses herself by drawing upon a bit of paper some horizontal and vertical lines, which she calls "windows." When a window is finished, the little sylph pulls the Duke's sleeve. "Look here, Mr. Duke, at my windows!" "Mr. Duke" good-naturedly takes up the paper, and pretends to compare it critically with the opposite window, of which it is said to be a representation. He then says, in a soft, deep, and gentle tone of voice: "Ah! my dear—very meritorious." The little girl then takes her paper, is busy with her lines and shading, and is soon pulling the Duke's sleeve again. The old gentleman is this time engaged in earnest conversation. He is so deaf that the child can not make him hear; so she has to pull his sleeve more than once. "Ah! my dear—very ingenious," says the indulgent critic, after a brief survey. Again the child plies her pencil, and comes to "Mr. Duke" for praise and encouragement. This time it is "very meritorious;" then it is "very ingenious." The Duke does not trouble himself to find any other adjectives of commendation; and the interesting little sketcher is too happy at gaining the Duke's attention to find fault with the poverty of his critical vocabulary.

"Children are generally very fond of me," he says, after one of these interruptions. "I was at Lord ——'s the other day. (This nobleman was then high in the councils of his sovereign.) There is a fine little fellow there, who had been told I was coming, and who was on the

look-out for me. He called soldiers 'rub-a-dubs;' and as soon as he saw me he ran up to me and said: 'They told me you were a rub-a-dub; you are not a rub-a-dub at all. You have not got a red coat.' And the Duke laughed heartily at having been regarded as a distinguished impostor by the child, and no rub-a-dub at all.

"I don't always get on so well with children, though," adds the Duke; "for I was in the house of a French marquis once, and a child was brought in, in the arms of its nurse, to see me. I held out my hands for the little thing to come to me, but it seemed frightened and would not come; so I said to the little thing, '*Pourquoi?*' and she said, '*Il bat tout le monde.*' I suppose she had heard her nurse say so, and was afraid I should beat her. There was a large party present, and it excited a great deal of interest," the Duke modestly and naively adds.

After the sitting had lasted two hours, the Duke examines what has been done, and, to the surprise and delight of the artists, says he will come again. He puts on his gray paletot without assistance, and by this means conceals from the gaze of the crowd his evening dress and decorations, which the kind old man had put on, in order to assist the artists as much as possible. The day next but one (Monday) was fixed for the second sitting.

Punctual to the minute, the Duke, followed by his groom, arrives at the door. The painter observes to his Grace that he does not wear his decorations to-day. The Duke, without replying, draws a small parcel from his pocket, in which, wrapped up in a crumpled piece of white paper, were the illustrious badges of the Golden Fleece of Spain and the Order of the Garter. The Duke puts the red ribbon in its proper place on his neck, and fastens the Garter round his knee, with the manner of a man who is accustomed to do these things for himself. He is now again in evening dress. He then says: "I did not put them on to-day. The worst of coming out in these things is, that I find people generally think I am after something. As I was coming here on Saturday, as soon as I got out of my house, there was a fellow running by my side. I saw he was following me; so I turned my horse round to him, and I said: 'Where the — are

you running to, sir?'" (This unceremonious inquiry the Duke delivers in his gruffest, hoarsest tones.) "The fellow said: 'Why, sir, I am running to see where you are going to.' 'Well, then,' I said, 'I am going through Stanhope gate!' So I didn't put these things on to-day, and I came round the other way, (through Grosvenor Square,) for I don't like to be followed."

One of the artists then asks his Grace if he will stand for a little time. He replies, with great promptitude and energy: "As long as you please, sir."

The veteran warrior stands up, draws himself up to his full height, throws out his chest, folds his arms, holds up his head, and assumes an attitude of dignity and command perfectly wonderful in an old man of eighty-two. The artists stand mute with surprise and admiration. Here stands before them the hero of a hundred battles; the victor in many a hard-fought field; the soldier who had often gazed unawed upon the face of death; the iron frame and physical endurance which, conjoined with dauntless courage and genius, had saved Europe. Still the artists look at each other and at the Duke, and still no nerve quivers and no muscle loses its power of tension. In an artistic point of view, the Duke's commanding attitude is of little value; for what painter would dare to represent an old man in possession of so vigorous a physique, and of such heroic mien? The young painter has selected a more familiar attitude, and silently waits in the expectation that the Duke will resume his usual bearing. But the Duke stands like a statue, scarcely moving his eyes, for more than ten minute, until the artists tell him they will not trouble him any longer.

In the November following, the Duke having arrived in town from Walmer Castle, heard that the bust was not cast or the picture engraved; and sent word that he would come again and give the artists another sitting.

This last visit was paid on the eighteenth November. Future events are mercifully hid from us, or what awe would have seized the parties to this interview, had they known that on that day twelvemonth, the mightiest and grandest assemblage of human beings ever gathered together in Great Britain would bare their heads in solemn reverence as that venerable frame, cold in death, passed

by to its last resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral.

To all appearances, his Grace had, on this November morning, many years of life and vigor before him. He was looking remarkably well, and it was remarked that the slight traces of wrinkles that had been observed upon his forehead had disappeared. The sculptor thought the circumstance so remarkable, that he called the attention of Mrs—— (who was again present) to the fact that the Duke's forehead was then actually without a wrinkle. The Duke, in reply to a remark, says, with emphasis, he has been *very* well, and that he has been reading without glasses. Mrs.——observes: "You were probably near-sighted when you were young." "By no means," emphatically replied the Duke; "I could see troops, when I was in India, with the naked eye, twenty miles; distinguish the cavalry from the infantry; the troops that were in motion from those that were stationary." With his usual honesty and candor, he hastens to add: "It is very true that I was favorably

placed. The sun was shining on my back and upon the troops; but I saw them distinctly, and subsequent information proved that I was correct. I can now, when I am at Walmer, in clear weather, always tell by the naked eye when they light up on the opposite coast."

The Duke gives two hours and three quarters to this sitting. He examines the picture (since engraved) and approves of it, but points out that in one particular it is not accurate. The artist has placed a glove in his left hand, and "I never wear gloves," says the Duke; "but it is of no consequence; I don't wish it altered; I ought to have them."

The bust and picture in which the Great Duke took so much interest, were not unworthy of the unusual opportunities enjoyed by the artists—the Messrs. Weigall. The bust, verified by actual measurement, exhibits the massive proportions of the lower portion of the face, which lent so much steadfastness, determination, and force of character, to the Duke's aspect.

WELLINGTON AND WATERLOO.

In connection with the portrait of this great modern warrior, and partly as an illustration of it, we give a brief sketch of the cartoon drawing by Mr. Maclise which is soon to be painted in fresco upon the wall in the chamber of the House of Lords. It is to commemorate a great event. The battle of Waterloo, as every one knows, was one of the great battles of this world's history, memorable in all coming time. We wandered over the field with feelings of intense excitement, almost fancying the thunders of battle were just dying away in the distance, and went and stood upon the spot where Wellington is said to have stood when he gave the final order to the Imperial Guards which decided the terrible conflict. Soon after this the scene represented in the cartoon occurred. Let us, then, stand at once in front of the cartoon which is placed on the wall of the chamber of the House of Lords. A cartoon, some of our reader may not be

aware, is a drawing made with chalk upon large sheets of paper stretched on a frame, and in precisely the same size as that of the picture which is to be painted from it. There is rarely or ever any color in such a work; mostly it is a mere outline which may, by the process of tracing, be transferred, part by part, upon the wall which is to bear the picture. The necessity for such a drawing arises from the very nature of the process of fresco painting, which being executed piecemeal, so to speak, can only progress so far as from part to part, so much being set out to suffice for each day's work as the artist feels confident of being able to accomplish. The outline of each day's work, thus selected, is traced upon the fresh plaster that forms the ground and substance of the picture, that portion of the cartoon which is thus employed being removed immediately.

With this explanation, we may take the

reader before the drawing—for this it is, and nothing more. The subject is the meeting of Wellington and Blücher at the battle of Waterloo, a theme for the greatest artist—the closing scene and climax of a whole *epos* of the world's history—the finale of a drama men hoped there would be no need to play again. In a moment one recognizes the most significant fact of the work itself—that, indeed, there has been employed no patent means of addressing the vulgar eye. Throughout its forty feet of surface, covered with figures, crowded together as they are on this battle-field, there is no frowning, self-important, self-conscious model—no, not one such either amongst the principals or the supernumeraries. Both in detail and in the whole, it is altogether distinct from those acted pieces, better or worse, with which the artist has presented us for the last twenty years. Indeed, it is as much superior to these last as they were to the galvanized mummy and marionette performances of the artist's dilettante predecessors, from which he had so large a hand in delivering the world. It is a work not merely of fanciful ingenuity and artistic dexterity—comparatively, in fact, it is one of true imagination, a subject not given to us, as in other cases, as a mere transcript of an elaborately got-up rehearsal of the event, but the event itself revived clearly to the mind's eye of the painter, and set down on that surface by whatever aids might have been required, with perfect freedom from all affectation, and with consummate skill.

We forget soon that it is a picture—we think ourselves breathing in the time when our fathers were young men on that day and on that spot when and where the destinies of Europe were being settled. There, at the end of that long day of Waterloo, when three hundred thousand men had contended to decide whether one being and his will should be dominant, or the rest of Europe be in peace to work out higher destinies, is the scene brought before us. It makes one's eyes moist to look over the wreck of human beings that crowd the foreground of the picture; one can almost, in fancy, hear the guns still firing—hear the shouting and the sounds of the fierce struggle that passes on beyond the ridge, on which the strife is still living between the guards, who are attacking the retreating French artillery and its drivers; while in the mid-distance,

between the wounded in the foreground and these last, one sees the meeting of two horsemen—the generals, each of whom is surrounded by his staff. Blücher, with a wide German grin of congratulation, grasps the hand of Wellington: throughout the whole day he has ridden, straining his ears and his eyes, and pushing on more speedily as every fresh sight of the undulating road was overcome, and every fresh blast of the wind brought nearer and nearer, and louder and yet more loud, the sounds of the desperate contest that so terribly excited him. He has just now gained the assurance that his old enemy, Napoleon, has at last been defeated, and yet that not so utterly but he may find fuel for his ancient hatred in finishing the victory, and bear no light part in making it a permanent overthrow and utter destruction to the scourge of his country.

How eager he is for the task is clear enough by the vigor of his clutch of Wellington's hand, and the sparkle of his eyes that gleam under the shade of his Prussian traveling cap. These evidences of passionate excitement are true to the element of physical activity that so largely pervaded his nature, affected as it must be at this moment of entering upon so momentous a struggle. Equally true to the rule of a different nature are the countenance and action of Wellington, who looks subdued by his long anxiety—his long witnessing of the circumstances of the scene—their misery, agony, and horror. He is full enough of vigor of a kind equal to many duties, but he can spare no outward display of violent evidences of emotion—he could be taken for none but a successful general at the very moment of victory crowning his life; but he is tired, and withal very sad, so that one recognizes and sympathizes with and honors him infinitely, as the man who shortly after the stern rigor of his battle-strung nerves had melted away, shed tears at the agony of the poor maimed wretches that lay dismembered, wounded, and torn about the field in thousands.

Just behind the heads of the generals is the sign of the inn, "*La Belle Alliance*," appropriately written upon a board fixed against the wall of the house. Blücher's trumpeters stand to the left of the picture, trumpet at lip, ready to sound the signal of advance. Behind Wellington are his aides-de-camp, all regarding the main in-

cident with life-like and unaffected interest, each man true in character to the class—handsome and well-bred, but shallow-souled men, with, however, upon their countenances a certain seriousness imparted by their position. One of them, a man of riper years, with a face of some strength of character, evincing intelligence and forceful will, has just been shot down and has fallen to die with the herd.

This is probably an historical figure, and the incident represented an actual occurrence; he looks like a husband and a father, and one wonders how at the moment his poor wife and children breathe, and one curses more bitterly for their sake the bullet that struck him. Still more active is one's pity for those amongst the fallen who still feebly and painfully live. Two of these, whose distorted faces show the effort it costs them, are raising their arms to welcome the new army, while another, a trumpeter, left without power to move his body, is turning his eyes in vain in the attempt to see the Prussian general, his eyes doomed only to look on the sinking sun; he can sympathize with but little else any more.

One group is formed by a dying Hanoverian, attended by his priest, who is administering extreme unction, and looking with the keenest anxiety to see whether there is any spark of life left. A vivandiere standing close by shares this anxiety with the priest. On the opposite side is a surgeon, with about equal hope, feeling the pulse of another man who lies in a swoon, to detect whether it is not the final death-swoon. One man has had the amputation-screw fixed on his arm to stay hemorrhage until the surgeon can get time from more pressing cases to deal with his. There he is left, with outstretched arm and fingers strained and rigid. We see at once that there are, indeed, many more pressing cases than his, for he is already going fast beyond the reach of human ministrations. Another has fallen upon the body of a gun, which hard, cold support has been shattered, mayhap by the same shot which slew the man. One must needs ask, was it for this that God made these men—for this that he gave them a mother's care—that he brought them food and gave them shelter; that he led others to work for them, reap the corn and tend the herds, watch the clouds and the sunshine, dig the coal and ore out of the earth, and beat it into shape for use; was

the last merely for shot and shell, lance-head and saber? Did he for this make the cotton grow, and teach men to strive even with his own elements, and lead the sailors to risk the tempests in the sea? Was it for this, indeed, that he gave them teachers for the eye and the ear? were the preacher, and the poet, and the painter for this end given? Did he for this lift up their heads to love one another, and teach them to bear the misfortunes of their lot, and the penalties of their faults in patience. Alas! alas! was He moving them through all for this hard fate and bloody end—only for this?

It were too bitter to think thus, even if we did not know that amongst that mass of men, confused in heaps, with dying horses and broken instruments of death and shattered symbols of glory, there lies many a one whose last grasp of the hand or last warm kiss of love is the cherished blessing of long-deserved affection of many dear hearts—waiting now—praying now, in hope that he may come again and be the sole comforter of their life in the years when peace has been won.

Surely it is well to have such a scene as this as a silent monitor to the members of our government, when they have the destinies of peace and war to decide. Who was the guilty author of the war which this battle ended it is not our place to say; but very often we feel that war has been hurried on without enough thought of the individual misery it would entail. Perhaps some such realization of the fact as may be given by the art which places the battle before us now, would have in some silent, secret manner deterred the rulers of the nation from indulging a thirst for such dearly bought glory. When the deaf accustomed ear will not listen, the glance of the unguarded and uncontrollable eye may fall upon this picture, and in the future appeal to a judgment higher than reason, counsel the feelings to patience, and mercy, and moderation, and save the nation from the curse of madness and hardness of heart. This is one of the functions of art. The voice of the prophet of woe and the preacher may fall upon heedless ears; but at some moment of doubt and hesitation the strange call to reflection through another and less hackneyed sense may have, and doubtless many times has had, an effect mysterious, untrackable, but yet potent for good. May-be, too, such pictures as this may have

some force in cleansing the hearts of the humbler citizens from vice which the eternal justice of God visits in punishment, by leaving nations, as individuals, to them-

selves, until the curse can no longer be averted, and it falls, like this battle fell, in ruinous desolation.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

WITH the accurate and imposing portrait of this renowned commander of British armies and hero of an hundred battles, and the conqueror of Napoleon on the memorable and sanguinary field of Waterloo, it is fitting to send to our readers a brief outline biographical sketch of his eventful life. The portrait is life-like. We have seen the original face often, and love to gaze upon one whose eyes have looked out upon such tremendous scenes of battle and carnage.

Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, was born at Dangan Castle in Ireland, on May 1, 1769. Marshal Ney, Goethe, and several of the greatest men of the age, were born in the same year. His father was Lord Mornington, an Irish nobleman, but he was of Norman blood, being lineally descended from the standard-bearer to Henry II., in his conquest of Ireland in the year 1100. His elder brother, who succeeded to the family honors, was a man of great genius and capacity, who afterwards became governor-general of India, and was created Marquis Wellesley. Thus the same family had the extraordinary fortune of giving birth to the statesman whose counsel and rule preserved and extended the British empire in the Eastern, and the hero whose invincible arm saved his country and conquered Napoleon in the Western world. Young Arthur Wellesley, after having received the elements of education at Eton, was sent to the military school of Angers in France to be instructed in the art of war, for which he already evinced a strong predilection. He received his first commission in the army in the thirty-third regiment, which to this day is distinguished by the honor then conferred upon it. The first occasion on which he was called into active service was in 1793, when his regiment was

ordered abroad, and formed part of the British contingent, which marched across from Ostend, under Lord Moira, to join the allied army in Flanders. He bore an active part in the campaign which followed, and distinguished himself so much in several actions with the enemy, that though only a captain in rank, he came at length to execute the duties of major, and did good service in several well-fought affairs of the rear guard in which he bore a part. Though the issue of the campaign was unfortunate, and it terminated in the disastrous retreat through Holland in 1794, yet it was of essential service in training Wellesley to the duties to which he was hereafter to be called, for it was with an army at one time mustering ninety thousand combatants that he had served; and his first initiation into the duties of his profession was with the great bodies which he was afterwards destined to command, and his first insight into war was on a great scale, to which his own achievements were one day destined to form so bright a contrast. After the return of the troops from Holland, the thirty-third regiment was not again called into active service till 1799, when it was sent out to India, to reinforce the troops there on the eve of the important war, in which Lord Wellesley, his elder brother, who was now governor-general, was engaged with the forces of Tippoo Saib. Young Wellesley went with them, and on his way out his library consisted of two books, which he studied incessantly—the Bible, and Cæsar's Commentaries. War having broken out in 1803 between the East-India Company and the Mahrattas, General Wellesley, to which rank he had now been promoted, received the command of one of the armies destined to operate against them. After having stormed the strong fortress of Achmed-

naghur, which lay on the road, he came up with the Mahratta force, thirty thousand strong, posted at the village of Assaye. Wellesley's forces, at the moment, did not exceed four thousand five hundred men, of whom only seventeen hundred were European; and the half of his army, under Col. Stevenson, was at a distance, advancing by a different road, separated from his own by a ridge of intervening hills. But justly deeming the boldest course in such critical circumstances the most prudent, he took the resolution of instantly attacking the enemy with the small body of men under his immediate command. The result showed the wisdom as well as heroism of the determination. After a desperate struggle, in which he himself charged a Mahratta battery at the head of the seventy-fourth regiment, the vast army of the enemy, which comprised eighteen thousand splendid horse, was totally defeated, all their guns, ninety-seven in number, taken, and their army entirely dispersed. General Wellesley was made a Knight of the Bath for this victory, and he returned to England Sir Arthur Wellesley. His next employment was at the expedition under Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen, in 1807, on which occasion he commanded a division of the army. He was not engaged in the siege, but commanded a corps which was detached against a body of Danes twelve thousand strong, who had collected, in the rear of the British force, in the island of Zealand. They were dispersed without much difficulty by a body of seven thousand men, under Sir Arthur Wellesley. After the fall of Copenhagen he returned to England, and was nominated soon after to the command, in the first instance, of an expeditionary force of ten thousand men, which was fitted out at Cork, to coöperate with the Portuguese in rescuing their country from the tyrannic grasp of the French Emperor. The expedition set sail in June, 1808, and landed on the coast of Portugal when they were soon assailed by General Junot, who had marched out of Lisbon, with nineteen thousand men, to drive him into the sea. The British force consisted of sixteen thousand, and, as this was the first time the troops of the rival nations had met in the peninsula, great interest was attached to the conflict. The French were defeated after a sharp action; and Sir Arthur had made preparations to fol-

low up his victory by marching the same evening to Torres Vedras, where he would be between Junot and Lisbon, and would either drive him to a disastrous retreat or force him to surrender. But at this critical moment, when the order had just been dispatched for this decisive movement, Sir H. Burrard arrived, and took the command. He belonged to the old school, with whom it was deemed enough to fight one battle in one day, and he gave orders to halt. Junot, in consequence, hastened back to Torres Vedras, without losing an hour, and regained the capital. Sir H. Dalrymple soon afterwards arrived, and concluded the famous convention of Cintra, by which the French evacuated the whole of Portugal. That convention excited unbounded indignation in England at the time; but Sir A. Wellesley justly supported it, for, when the opportunity of cutting off Junot from Lisbon had been lost, it was the best thing that could be done. Next year, still more operations were undertaken. Sir Arthur, who had now been appointed to the sole command of the army in Portugal, landed at Lisbon on April fourth, and by his presence restored the confidence which had been much weakened by the disastrous issue of Sir John Moore's campaign in the close of the preceding year. His first operation was to move against Marshal Soult, who had advanced to Oporto, with twenty thousand men, and taken that city. By a bold movement he effected the passage of the Tagus, under the very guns of the enemy, and drove the French to so rapid a retreat, that he partook of the dinner which had been prepared for Marshal Soult! The French general, by abandoning all his guns and baggage, effected his retreat into Galicia, but not without sustaining losses as great as Sir John Moore had done in the preceding year. He next turned towards Spain, and having effected a junction with the Spanish general, Cuesta, in Estramadura, their united forces, sixty thousand strong, but of whom only twenty thousand were English and Portuguese, advanced towards Madrid. They were met at Talavera by King Joseph, at the head of forty-five thousand of the best French troops in Spain. A desperate action of two days duration ensued, which fell almost entirely on the English and Portuguese, as the Spaniards, who were thirty-eight thousand in number, fled at the first

shot. The French were in the end defeated, with the loss of eight thousand men and seventeen guns; but the fruits of victory were in a great measure lost to the English by the arrival of Marshals Soult, Ney, and Mortier, with the whole forces in the provinces of Galicia, Leon, and Asturias, in their rear, which forced them to retreat to the Portuguese frontier. But one lasting good effect resulted from this movement, that these provinces were liberated from the enemy, who never after regained their footing in them. The year 1810 witnessed the invasion of Portugal by a huge French army, eighty thousand strong, under Marshal Massena, which, after capturing the fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, penetrated into the very heart of that country. Sir Arthur, who had now been created Viscount Wellington, had only thirty-five thousand men under his command, with which it was impossible to prevent the fall of those fortresses. But he took so strong a position on the ridge of Busaco that he repulsed, with great slaughter, an attack upon it by two corps of the French army, and when at length obliged to retire, from his flank being turned after the battle was over, he did so to the position of Torres Vedras, thirty miles in front of Lisbon, which, by the advantages of nature and the resources of art had been rendered impregnable. Six hundred guns were mounted on the redoubts, which were defended by sixty thousand armed men. After wasting five months in front of this formidable barrier, the French general was forced to retreat, which he did, closely followed by Wellington to the Spanish frontier. There Massena turned on his pursuer, and he reëntered Spain with a view to bring away the garrison of Almeida, which was now invested; but he was met and defeated at Fuentes d'Onore by Wellington, and forced to retire without effecting his object to Ciudad Rodrigo. The remainder of the year 1810 and the whole of 1811 passed over without any very important events, although a desperate battle took place in the latter year at Albuera, where Marshal Soult was defeated, with the loss of seven thousand men, by Marshal Beresford, in an attempt to raise the siege of Badajoz, which Wellington was besieging. He was compelled to desist from that enterprise after he had made great progress in the siege, by a general concentration of the whole French

forces in the center and south of Spain, who advanced against him to the number of sixty thousand men. But, though Wellington withdrew into Portugal on this occasion, it was only soon to return into Spain. In the depth of winter he secretly prepared a battering train, which he directed against Ciudad Rodrigo, when Marmont's army, charged with its defense, was dispersed in winter quarters, and after a siege of six days, took it by storm in January, 1812. No sooner was this done than he directed his forces against Badajoz, which he also carried by storm, after a dreadful assault, which cost the victors four thousand men. Directing then his footsteps to the north, he defeated Marmont, with the loss of twenty thousand men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, near Salamanca; and advancing to Madrid, he entered that capital in triumph, and compelled the evacuation of the whole of the south of Spain by the French troops. He then turned again to the north, and advanced to Burgos, the castle of which he attempted to carry, but in vain. He was obliged again to retire, by a general concentration of the whole French troops in Spain, one hundred thousand strong, against him, and regained the Portuguese frontier, after having sustained very heavy losses during his retreat. The next campaign, that of 1813, was a continual triumph. Early in May, Wellington, whose army had now been raised to seventy thousand men, of whom forty thousand were native Englishmen, moved forward, and driving every thing before him, came up with the French army of equal strength, which was concentrated from all parts of Spain in the Plain of Vittoria. The battle which ensued was decisive of the fate of the peninsula. The French, who were under King Joseph in person, were totally defeated, with the loss of one hundred and fifty-six pieces of cannon, four hundred and fifteen tumbrils, their whole baggage, and an amount of spoil never before won in modern times by an army. The accumulated plunder of five years in Spain was wrenched from them at one fell swoop. For several miles the soldiers literally marched on dollars and Napoleons which strewed the ground. The French regained their frontier with only one gun, and in the deepest dejection. St. Sebastian was immediately besieged, and taken, after two bloody assaults, Pampeluna blockaded, and a gallant army, thirty-

five thousand strong, which Soult had collected in the south of France to raise the blockade, defeated with the loss of twelve thousand men. Wellington next defeated an attempt of the French again to penetrate into France at St. Marcial, and following up his successes, crossed the Bidassoa, stormed the lines they had constructed on the mountains, which were deemed impregnable, and after repeated actions, which were most obstinately contested through the winter, drove them entirely from the neighborhood of Bayonne, and completed the investment of that fortress, while Soult retired, with forty thousand men, towards Toulouse. Thither he was followed next spring by Wellington, who again defeated him at Orthes, in a pitched battle, after which he detached his left wing, under Lord Dalhousie, which occupied Bordeaux. The main army, under Wellington in person, followed Soult and brought him to action, in a fortified position of immense strength, on the heights of Toulouse. The battle took place four days after peace had been signed, but when it was unknown to the allies: it graced the close of Wellington's peninsular career by a glorious victory. Honors and emoluments of all kinds were now showered upon the English general. He received a field-marshal's baton from George IV., in return for Marshal Jourdan's, taken on the memorable field of Vittoria; he was made a duke at the conclusion of the peace; received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and grants at different times to the amount of five hundred thousand pounds to purchase an estate and build a palace. He was chiefly at Paris during the year 1814, conducting the negotiations for peace; but on the return of Napoleon from Elba in March, 1815, he was appointed to the command of the united army of British, Hanoverians, and Belgians, seventy thousand strong, formed in the Netherlands, to resist the anticipated attack of the French Emperor. The French Emperor was not long in making the anticipated irruption; and on the fifteenth June, 1815, he crossed the frontier, and drove in the Prussian outposts, with one hundred and thirty thousand men. Next day he attacked the Prussians, under Blücher, with eighty thousand, and dispatched Ney with thirty thousand against Wellington's army, which was only beginning to be concentrated. A desperate

action ensued at Quatre Bras, in which the French were at length repulsed with the loss of five thousand men; and, on the eighteenth, Wellington having collected all his forces at the post of Waterloo, gave battle to Napoleon in person, who was at the head of eighty thousand men. His force was only sixty-seven thousand, with one hundred and fifty-six guns—whereas, the French had two hundred and fifty; and of these troops only forty-three thousand were English, and Hanoverians, and Brunswickers, who could be relied on, the remainder being Belgians, who ran away the moment the action was seriously engaged. Notwithstanding this great inequality, the British army maintained its ground with invincible firmness till seven o'clock, when the arrival of fifty thousand Prussians, under Blücher, on Napoleon's flank, enabled Wellington to take the offensive. The result was the total defeat of the French army, with the loss of forty thousand men and one hundred and fifty-six guns. Napoleon fled to Paris, which he soon after left, and surrendered to the English, and Louis XVIII. having returned to his capital, his dynasty, and with it peace, was restored. The allies having determined to occupy the frontier fortresses, with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men during five years, the command of the whole was bestowed on the Duke of Wellington; thus affording the clearest proof that his was the master-mind which had come to direct the European alliance. Wellington resigned his command, and with it his magnificent appointments in October, 1818, and returned to England, to the retirement of a comparatively private station, terminating thus a career of unbroken military glory by the yet purer lustre arising from relieving the difficulties and assuaging the sufferings of his vanquished enemies. In 1819 he was appointed commander-in-chief of the army, which situation he held during the whole anxious years which followed, and by his able and far-seeing arrangements, contributed, in an essential manner, to bring the nation, without effusion of blood, through the long years of distress which followed. His long and honored life, after having been prolonged beyond the usual period of human existence, at length drew to a close. He had, some years before his death, alarming symptoms in his head; so often the consequence of long-continued

intellectual effort; but by strict abstemiousness and perfect regularity of life, he succeeded in subduing the dangerous symptoms, and he was enabled to continue and discharge his duties regularly at the Horse Guards till the time of his death, which took place on September 18, 1852, at the advanced age of eighty-three years. He was honored with a public funeral, and buried in St. Paul's, in the most magnificent manner, beside Nelson. The Queen and all the noblest in the land were there;

a million of persons witnessed the procession, which went from the Horse Guards, by Apsley House, Piccadilly, and the Strand, to St. Paul's, and not a head was covered, and few eyes dry, when the procession appeared in the streets. Wellington was only once married. He left two sons, the eldest of whom succeeded to his titles and estates, the fruits of his transcendent abilities and great patriotic services.

EDWARD EVERETT ON WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE Massachusetts Historical Society held a special meeting on Thursday evening, at the residence of Hon. David Sears, to pay a tribute of respect to the late Washington Irving.

After a formal announcement of the death of Mr. Irving, by Mr. Sears, Prof. Longfellow made a few remarks, alluding, in affecting terms, to his personal intercourse with the deceased, and concluded by offering a series of appropriate resolutions.

Hon. Edward Everett, in seconding the resolution, read the following memoir of Irving:

I cordially concur in the resolutions which Mr. Longfellow has submitted to the Society. They do no more than justice to the merits and character of Mr. Irving, as a man and as a writer, and it is to me, sir, a very pleasing circumstance that a tribute like this to the Nestor of the prose writers of America—so just and so happily expressed—should be paid by the most distinguished of our American poets.

If the year 1769 is distinguished, above every other year of the last century, for the number of eminent men to which it gave birth, that of 1859 is thus far signalized in this century for the number of bright names which it has taken from us; and surely that of Washington Irving may be accounted with the brightest on the list.

It is eminently proper that we should take a respectful notice of his decease. He has stood for many years on the roll of our honorary members, and he has enriched the literature of the country with

two first-class historical works, which, although from their subjects they possess a peculiar attraction for the people of the United States, are yet, in general interest, second to no contemporary works in that department of literature. I allude, of course, to the *History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus* and the *Life of Washington*.

Although Mr. Irving's devotion to literature as a profession—and a profession pursued with almost unequalled success—was caused by untoward events, which in ordinary cases would have proved the ruin of a life—a rare good fortune attended his literary career. Without having received a collegiate education, and destined first to the legal profession, which he abandoned as uncongenial, he had in very early life given promise of attaining a brilliant reputation as a writer. Some essays from his pen attracted notice before he reached his majority. A few years later, the numbers of the *Salmagundi*, to which he was a principal contributor, enjoyed a success throughout the United States far beyond any former similar work, and not surpassed, if equaled, by any thing which has since appeared.

This was followed by *Knickerbocker's History of New-York*, which at once placed Mr. Irving at the head of American humorists. In the class of compositions to which it belongs, I know of nothing happier than this work in our language. It has probably been read as widely and with as keen a relish as any thing from Mr. Irving's pen. It would seem cynical to subject a work of this

kind to an austere commentary, at least while we are paying a tribute to the memory of its lamented author. But I may be permitted to observe that, while this kind of writing fits well with the joyous temperament of youth, in the first flush of successful authorship, and is managed by Mr. Irving with great delicacy and skill, it is, in my opinion, better adapted for a *jeu d'esprit* in a magazine than for a work of considerable compass. To travesty an entire history seems to me a mistaken effort of ingenuity, and not well applied to the countrymen of William of Orange, Grotius, the De Witts and Van Tromp.

This work first made Mr. Irving known in Europe. His friend Mr. Henry Brevoort, one of the associate wits of the *Salmagundi*, had sent a copy of it to Sir Walter Scott, himself chiefly known at that time as the most popular of the English poets of the day, though as such beginning to be outdone by the fresher brightness of Byron's inspiration. Scott, though necessarily ignorant of the piquant allusions to topics of contemporary interest, and wholly destitute of sympathy with the spirit of the work, entered fully into its humor as a literary effort, and spoke of it with discrimination and warmth. His letter to Mr. Henry Brevoort is now in the possession of his son, our esteemed corresponding associate, Mr. J. Carson Brevoort, to whose liberality we are indebted for the curious panoramic drawing of the military works in the environs of Boston, executed by a British officer in 1775, which I have had the pleasure, on behalf of Mr. Brevoort, of tendering to the Society this evening. Mr. Carson Brevoort has caused a lithographic *fac simile* of Sir Walter Scott's letter to be executed, and of this interesting relic he also offers a copy to the acceptance of the Society. The letter has been inserted in the very instructive article on Mr. Irving in Allibone's invaluable *Dictionary of English and American Authors*; but as it is short and may not be generally known to the Society, I will read it from the *fac simile*:

"MY DEAR SIR: I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose history of New-York. I am sensible that as a stranger to American parties and politics, I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece; but I must own that, looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I

have never read any thing so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S., and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think, too, there are passages which indicate that that the author possesses powers of a different kind, and has some touches which remind me much of Sterne. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. Irving takes his pen in hand again, for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat, which I may chance never to hear of but through your kindness.

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Your obliged humble serv't,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Abbotsford, 28d April 1818.*"

After Mr. Irving had been led to take up his residence abroad, and to adopt literature as a profession and a livelihood—a resource to which he was driven by the failure of the commercial house of his relatives, of which he was nominally a partner—he produced in rapid succession a series of works which stood the test of English criticism, and attained a popularity not surpassed—hardly equaled—by that of any of his European contemporaries. This fact, besides being attested by the critical journals of the day, may be safely inferred from the munificent prices paid by the great London bookseller, the elder Murray, for the copy-right of several of his productions. He wrote, among other subjects, of English manners, sports, and traditions—national traits of character—certainly the most difficult topics for a foreigner to treat, and he wrote at a time when Scott was almost annually sending forth one of his marvelous novels; when the poetical reputation of Moore, Byron, Campbell, and Rogers was at the zenith; and the public appetite was consequently fed almost to satiety by these familiar domestic favorites. But notwithstanding these disadvantages and obstacles to success, he rose at once to a popularity of the most brilliant and enviable kind; and this, too, in a branch of literature which had not been cultivated with distinguished success in England since the time of Goldsmith, and with the exception of Goldsmith, not since the days of Addison and Steele.

Mr. Irving's manner is often compared with Addison's, though, closely examined, there is no great resemblance between them, except that they both write in a simple unaffected style, remote from the

tiresome stateliness of Johnson and Gibbon. It was one of the witty, but rather ill-natured sayings of Mr. Samuel Rogers, whose epigrams sometimes did as much injustice to his kind and generous nature as they did to the victims of his pleasantry, that Washington Irving was Addison and Water—a judgment which, if seriously dealt with, is altogether aside from the merits of the two writers, who have very little in common. Addison had received a finished classical education at the Charter House and at Oxford, was eminently a man of books, and had a decided taste for literary criticism. Mr. Irving, for a man of letters, was not a great reader, and if he possessed the critical faculty never exercised it. Addison quoted the Latin poets freely and wrote correct Latin verses himself. Mr. Irving made no pretensions to a familiar acquaintance with the classics, and probably never made a hexameter in his life. Addison wrote some smooth English poetry, which Mr. Irving I believe, never attempted; but with the exception of two or three exquisite hymns, (which will last as long as the English language does,) one brilliant simile of six lines in the *Campaign*, and one or two sententious but not very brilliant passages from *Cato*, not a line of Addison's poetry has been quoted for a hundred years. But Mr. Irving's peculiar vein of humor is not inferior in playful raciness to Addison's; his nicety of characterization is quite equal; his judgment upon all moral relations as sound and true; his human sympathies more comprehensive, tenderer, and chaster; and his poetical faculty, though never developed in verse, vastly above Addison's. One chord in the human heart, the pathetic, for whose sweet music Addison had no ear, Irving touched with the hand of a master. He learned that skill in the school of early disappointment.

In this respect the writer was in both cases reflected in the man. Addison, after a protracted suit, made an "ambitious match" with a termagant peeress; Irving, who would as soon have married Hecate as a woman like the Countess of Warwick, buried a blighted hope, never to be rekindled, in the grave of a youthful sorrow.

As miscellaneous essayists, in which capacity only they can be compared, Irving exceeds Addison in versatility and range, quite as much as Addison exceeds

Irving in the far less important quality of classical tincture; while as a great national historian, our countryman reaped in a field which Addison never entered.

Mr. Irving's first great historical work, *The Life and Voyages of Columbus*, appeared at London and New-York in 1828. Being at Bordeaux in the winter of 1825-6, he received a letter from Mr. Alexander H. Everett, then Minister of the United States in Spain, informing him that a work was passing through the press, containing a collection of documents relative to the voyages of Columbus, among which were many of a highly important nature recently discovered in the public archives. This was the now well-known work of Navarette, the Secretary of the Royal Spanish Academy of History. Mr. Everett, in making this communication to Mr. Irving, suggested that the translation of Navarette's volumes into English, by some American scholar, would be very desirable. Mr. Irving concurred in this opinion, and, having previously intended to visit Madrid, shortly afterwards repaired to that capital, with a view to undertake the proposed translation.

Navarette's collection was published soon after Mr. Irving's arrival at Madrid, and finding it rich in original documents hitherto unknown, which threw additional light on the discovery of America, he conceived the happy idea (instead of a simple translation) of preparing from them and other materials liberally placed at his disposal, in the public and private libraries of Spain, (and especially that of Mr. Obadiah Rich, our Consul at Valencia, with whom Mr. Irving was domiciliated at Madrid, and who possessed a collection of manuscripts and books of extreme value,) a new history of the greatest event of modern times, drawn up in the form of a life of Columbus. He addressed himself with zeal and assiduity to the execution of this happy conception, and in about two years the work, in four octavo volumes, was ready for the press. When it is considered that much of the material was to be drawn from ancient manuscripts and black-letter chronicles in a foreign tongue, it is a noble monument of the industry, as well as the literary talent, of its author.

That these newly-discovered materials for a life of Columbus, and a history of the great discovery, should have fallen directly into the hands of an American

writer, so well qualified to make a good use of them as Mr. Irving, and that the credit of producing the first adequate memorial of this all-important event should have been thus secured to the United States by their most popular author, is certainly a very pleasing coincidence.

The limits of this occasion require me to pass over two or three popular works of a light cast, for which Mr. Irving collected the materials while carrying on his historical researches in Spain, as also those which issued from his industrious and fertile pen after his return to the United States in 1832. At this period of his life he began seriously to contemplate the preparation of his last great production—*The Life of Washington*. This subject had been pressed upon him, while he was yet in Europe, by Mr. Archibald Constable, the celebrated publisher at Edinburgh, and Mr. Irving determined to undertake it as soon as his return to America should bring him within reach of the necessary documents. Various circumstances occurred to prevent the execution of the project at this time, especially his appointment as Minister to Spain, and his residence in that country from 1842 to 1846. On his return to America, at the close of his mission, he appears to have applied himself diligently to the long-meditated undertaking, though he proceeded but slowly, at first, in its execution. The first volume appeared in 1855, and the four following in rapid succession. The work was finally completed the present year—at the close of the life of its illustrious author, and of a literary career of such rare brilliancy and success.

It would be altogether a work of supererogation to engage in any general commentary on the merits of Mr. Irving's two great historical works, and the occasion is not appropriate for a critical analysis of them. They have taken a recognized place in the historical literature of the age, and stand, by all confession, in the front rank of those works of history of which this century and especially this country has been so honorably prolific. Reserving a distinguished place apart for the venerable name of Marshall, Mr. Irving leads the long line of American historians—first in time and not second in beauty of style, conscientious accuracy, and skillful arrangement of materials. As his two works treat respectively of themes which, for purely American interest, stand at the

head of all single subjects of historical research, so there is no one of our writers to whom the united voice of the country would with such cheerful unanimity have intrusted their composition.

From the time that he entered for life upon a literary career, Mr. Irving gave himself almost exclusively to its pursuit. He filled the office of *Chargé d'Affaires* for a short time in London, prior to his return to the United States, and that of Minister to Spain from 1842 to 1846. His diplomatic dispatches in that capacity are among the richest of the treasures which lie buried in the public archives at Washington.

A more beautiful life than Mr. Irving's can hardly be imagined. Not unchecked with adversity, his early trials, under the soothing influence of time, without subduing the natural cheerfulness of his disposition, threw over it a mellow tenderness which breathes in his habitual trains of thought, and is reflected in the amenity of his style. His misfortunes in business, kindly overruled by a gracious Providence, laid the foundation of literary success, reputation, and prosperity. At two different periods of his career he engaged in public life; entering without ambition; performing its duties with diligence and punctuality; and leaving it without regret. He was appointed *Chargé d'Affaires* to London under Gen. Jackson's Administration, and Minister to Spain under Mr. Tyler's, the only instances perhaps in this century in which a distinguished executive appointment has been made without a thought as to the political opinions of the person appointed. Mr. Irving's appointment to Spain was made on the recommendation of Mr. Webster, who told me that he regarded it as one of the most honorable memorials of his administration of the Department of State. It was no doubt a pleasing circumstance to Mr. Irving, to return in his advancing years, crowned with public honors, to the country where, in earlier life, he had pursued his historical studies with so much success; but public life had no attractions for him. The respect and affection of the community followed him to his retirement; he lived in prosperity without an ill-wisher; finished the work which was given him to do, amidst the blessings of his countrymen, and died amidst loving kindred in honor and peace.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

ARCHAIA; or, Studies of the Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures. By J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.G.S., Principal of McGill College, author of *Acadian Geology*, etc. Pages 400. Montreal: B. Dawson & Son. 1860.

This is no common book which the publishers have kindly sent us from the Canada press. The talent, learning, research, and critical acumen of the author of this book will command the attention and respect both of scholars and all candid inquirers into the cosmogony of the Bible. The subject is one of prime importance. It is no easy matter for common minds to read the two first great chapters in the history of our planet—the first chapter of Genesis and the first chapter in the geological history of the world. They are harmonious in the eye of the Creator, even if the minds of men can not discern it. This book is a great chapter of light on the subject, and inquiring minds will find much therein to repay its attentive perusal.

NEW MISCELLANIES. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Pages 375. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

OUR readers are no strangers to the name, character, and writings of the author of this book. His gifted pen graces and illuminates every subject which he takes thoroughly in hand. The reader will find in this volume many brilliant thoughts clearly and beautifully expressed. The book comprises fourteen topics, subjects, or miscellanies of diverse character, all standing out in bold relief before the mind of the reader for his inspection and mental gratification, or like fourteen literary repasts which can be devoured as appetite may crave.

THE BOY-TAR; or, a Voyage in the Dark. By Captain MAYNE REID, author of the *Desert Home*, the *Young Voyagers*, etc. With twelve illustrations by Charles S. Keene. Pages 356. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

THERE is to many minds a charm in sea-life and its descriptions of wind and storm, dangers and escapes, strange and exciting incidents. The author of this book wields a graphic pen, and sketches his word-pictures of sea-life with admirable skill and artistic truthfulness, with which this neat volume abounds.

THE WIFE'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPH. By the author of *Grace Hamilton's School Days*, *Heart's Ease in the House*, etc. New-York: Sheldon & Company. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase. 1860.

The title of this neatly-executed volume almost tells its own touching story. There are few chapters in human history and experience so suited to touch the vital chords of sympathy in the hearts of men as those which describe and depict

the trials and sorrows of a tender and loving wife, or even those of an erring and repentant one. This new book can hardly fail to interest those whose hearts vibrate in sympathy with suffering

CASELL'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—This beautiful and magnificent work, which has been illustrated at vast expense, is about to be republished in this country by Mr. JOHN CASELL, of London, who is now in this city making the needful arrangements. Mr. Cassell is one of the working noblemen of this age, and the honored friend of good men and noblemen of England. He has long been celebrated as the publisher of *Knowledge for the Million*. The beauty of *Cassell's Illustrated Bible*, its large quarto form, the richness of its sacred historic scenes as presented in the very well-executed cuts, and its exceeding cheapness, should secure it a place in many thousands of families in our country. Part I., in large quarto form of thirty-two pages, with thirty-three beautiful cuts, some filling an entire page, is sold singly for fifteen cents; or about ten copies for one dollar, to one address, can be sent by mail.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—General Morris and N. P. Willis, Esq., continue to enrich the columns of the *Home Journal* with the attractive fruits of their gifted pens. The flowers of poetry blossom, the luscious fruits continue to ripen, and the boughs of their wide-spreading literary trees bend down every week, all the year round, with choice productions to which every one may have constant access and pluck freely and refresh himself or herself for the small and convenient sum of \$2 per year.

THE GOLD BEDSTEAD.—The golden bedstead which was lately presented to the Queen, and conveyed to Windsor Castle under the charge of Colonel Willoughby, has been exhibited, by the gracious permission of Her Majesty, at the conversazione of the Great Western Literary Society. The bedstead attracted, as may be supposed, immense interest and attention, and by the description of it in a weekly cotemporary, it seems to merit commendation from the beauty of its workmanship as much as from its sterling value. The bedstead, and the carpet on which it stands, are valued at £150,000.

VALUABLE DIAMOND.—A letter from Paris says: "By the arrival of the Bombay mail came hither a Mr. Amunn, having for sale a considerable parcel of diamonds, some of them quite extraordinary for size and importance. He has disposed of a few, the prices ranging from £1000 to £15,000. An uncut brilliant of unusual magnitude he has refused to part with for seven million francs, and stands out for £320,000, which, if he can not get in Paris, he carries the gem to Amsterdam or St. Petersburg. The 'diggings' in Lucknow and some other favorite hidden localities during the mutiny were not unproductive."

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this controversy, is the clearest and most forcible statement of arguments, whether in exposure of an opponent's weakness, or in the defense of his own position. To this law we pledge ourselves. We feel too deeply and too strongly to write in doubtful language, or with impotent reserve. The question, whether there has been a Divine revelation or not, is the ultimate and essential form into which all inquiries concerning inspiration resolve themselves; and the answer to that question manifestly involves our knowledge of God, the existence of the Church, the standard of duty, and our hopes of a future world; in fact, every interest of mankind that is revered and precious. Self-respect, therefore, and respect for the convictions of those who differ from us, but who must acknowledge the vast importance and far-reaching potency of the conclusions which they seek to establish, compel us to use the exactest and plainest language we can find to express and enforce our opinions on this subject.

Let it not, however, be conceived, that we sympathize with the ignorant and bilious denunciations with which the doubters and impugnors of orthodox belief on this subject are so frequently assailed. Orthodox truth suffers more from such an ignoble and cowardly mode of defense, than from the most virulent attacks. If it is to be honorably maintained, it must be by the calm exposition of its evidences, and not by a savage howl at its opponents. Difficulties are admitted to complicate the doctrine of inspiration, which may be supposed sufficient to bewilder or to repulse many sincere inquiries, without the further incentive of sinister motives. For their recovery to sound doctrine, angry threats and browbeatings are the worst possible means to adopt. At any rate, they can be useful no longer. This doctrine is now threatened on every side. The sluices of the controversy which has so long deluged Germany have been lifted up in this country. High authorities in the Episcopal Church pronounce opinions widely at variance from the commonly received faith, and loudly affirm that the commonly received faith is indefensible. In every direction it is intimated that the time has come for a thorough investigation and fresh settlement of the doctrine of inspiration. We are content that it should be so, since we are convinced that the old faith will yet

prevail; and it is far better to have an open and thorough criticism of its evidences which will triumphantly vindicate their strength, than to be dwelling in imaginary dread of their possible insufficiency. But if there be such an honest examination of this doctrine, that brazen-throated artillery of menacing epithets which has been pealing far and near must be silenced. The strong reasons on either side must be scrupulously weighed, and the balance fairly struck. If truth does not capitulate to bribes, neither will it to threats; it must be solicited and won by the severe exercise of unimpassioned and unprejudiced reason. We do not purpose to collect within the limits of one or even two articles every quillet of proof either for or against the doctrine of plenary inspiration; but we trust to give a clear statement of the doctrine as we hold it, to expound fairly the evidence which vouches this doctrine, and to expose the fallacy of the various theories which have been hatched to supplant it—only reversing the order of these propositions, that by the destruction of false theories we may clear the ground for orthodox scriptural truths. So far we hope to contribute our share to the settlement of the present disturbed controversy, in the renewed acceptance and the firmer establishment of the hitherto received doctrine, that the whole Bible is the word of God.

In a controversy so important, there should be the most rigorous care in the definition of the terms that are employed. Of late, the embroilment of language has become almost hopeless, from the various meanings into which the term "*inspiration*" has been distorted; and the distinction drawn by Coleridge, and since almost very generally adopted, between *revelation* and *inspiration*, seems to us to have increased, instead of relieving, this perplexity. According to this distinction, *revelation* consists in the immediate communication from God by voice, dreams, visions, or by some transcendental mode of impressing the consciousness with knowledge, which otherwise would have been unattainable by man; and *inspiration* consists in that spiritual aid which was given to writers of Scripture, to convey to their fellow-men the knowledge which had been thus supernaturally communicated to them, and whatever information or sentiment of their own they pleased to combine with it. Now, this dis-



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inction, on which inspiration is contrasted depreciatingly with revelation, has been the beginning of strife. It has "darkened counsel by words without knowledge," and aggravated instead of simplifying the problem presented for our solution in the authority of Holy Scripture; for, in the first place, it so limits the meaning of the word *inspiration* as completely to subvert its common acceptation; and, secondly, being supposed to intrench whatever is supernatural or Divine in Scripture within a safe stronghold, by rigidly marking off those of its contents that are asserted to be communicated by God, it at once derogates from the authority of all the rest, as something generically different, and encourages the freest license in speculation as to the kind of assistance that was needed merely to speak or transcribe these Divine communications, and to compose the other human portions of the Bible. Consequently, Coleridge himself eliminates from the inspiration of Scripture writers its miraculous efficacy; others who abide by his distinction do not, but have availed themselves of the liberty which the comparative indifference of the matter allowed them, to differ, in every conceivable way, as to the mode and measure of the supernatural aid confessedly bestowed by inspiration.

We accept the distinction only in so far as the mode of intelligence here specifically named "revelation" is involved in inspiration, as forming one of its constitutive elements; but to regard the inspiration of a prophet or apostle as something different from his supernatural knowledge of the Divine will, instead of being exhibited and proved by that supernatural knowledge, we conceive to be a fundamental error, opposed alike to the plain representations of inspired men, the biblical statements concerning inspiration, and the universal acceptation of the meaning of that word. It is the introduction of this new meaning of the word "inspiration," emptied, too, of its highest potency, which has perplexed recent discussion on the subject. Against such a procedure we earnestly protest; for by this wayward and fanciful use of words in contempt of their common usage and explicit meaning, all controversy and all rational intercourse are put at an end, and mutual confusion is the sad result. Since the word is of biblical origin, we admit that if the popular meaning of "inspiration"

could be proved to be at variance from the scriptural, then it should be altered, and its value fixed according to the biblical standard; but in this case it is quite the reverse. The biblical, the etymological, the historical, and the popular sense of the word, are opposed to the meager, contracted sense in which it is applied by Coleridge and those who have copied him.

"Inspiration" is understood to denote the peculiar mental state of a man who is commissioned and qualified by God to make known to his fellow-man whatever God may will to be so published. The word was originally, and is therefore most properly, applied to the communications that were thus published either in speech or writing. Now the meaning commonly, and we hold correctly, conveyed by the expression that a composition either in whole or in part is inspired, or given by inspiration of God, is that it perfectly represents to us what God wished us to know, no matter what may be the substance or form of it. If, then, we construe this idea back from the writing to the writer's mind, it is plain that inspiration is connoted of the latter, only as it denotes that peculiar mental state of the writer, which made his words written in it divinely inspired words, or words which perfectly represented what God wished to be made known. In simpler phrase, it is that condition of the mind which impressed that peculiar quality on his language, which Scripture designates divinely breathed or inspired. This simple analysis is enough to show that Coleridge's limitation of the word "inspired" is erroneous, since it would deny the application of that word to those passages which the voice of God himself is said to utter. These, according to him, are revealed, not inspired; but no practical value can attach to such distinction. What God spoke directly to his servants of old must be guaranteed to us by an infallible historian. For us, indeed, there is no revealed will of God that does not wholly rest on the validity of inspiration.

Inspiration, then, in its common acceptation, is a general term, signifying that specific mental endowment of any man whose words possessed the sanction and authority of God. It includes, therefore, in its meaning, every qualification necessary to give such an awful impress to his language. Now, among these qualifications the mode of intelligence implied in

revelation is doubtless a preëminent one; for if it were the will of God to publish some fact or truth which was transcendental and inaccessible to the ordinary faculties of man, or was unknown to the mind of his inspired servant, then it would be imparted to his mind by a direct communication or revelation, and in that particular his inspiration would involve this most exalted function. But if God willed to publish to man some historical fact, or some religious experience, then the commission and the qualification given to any man to record these, constitute as perfect an inspiration as in the former case; for, according to the meaning of that word, its complexion or character can not be affected by the substance of the Divine communication. All men are equally inspired whose words authoritatively express, whether the subject matter be otherwise known or not, what God has commanded and fitted them to record; so that in reading them we are assured they are such as God intended us to read. Accepting then this meaning of inspiration—and to adopt any other is to throw confusion into the controversy—it will be seen that these three qualifications are involved in this miraculous endowment; in order, namely, to constitute any writing inspired, or exactly what God has wished it to be: that the writing state what God wished to be made known—so much as he wished to be made known—and in that manner in which he wished it to be made known. If any of these conditions in the writing or corresponding qualifications in the writer is wanting, then the prerogative, the high quality of inspiration is wanting, since what is written we can no longer consider to be given of God. His Divine seal does not rest upon it; it is man's production, and not God's, if in either manner or matter it is the offspring of a merely human will. The three logical categories, *τί, δυν. ολον*, must be rigidly applied to inspiration, as to every other object of thought; and if they are not fulfilled, its whole nature is essentially changed, it becomes something else. For example, if any writing contain a fiction of man's own invention, we can not accept that as coming from God; if it contain a certain history, but more than God purposed should be written, then the additional supposititious narrative can have no Divine significance or authority; or if the matter and the quantity be exactly

what God purposed, but if it be presented to us in a totally different manner from that which God willed, then this representation is no longer God's, but man's. If, therefore, a writing or any part of it, is to be presumed to have Divine authority for our intellect or conscience, in matter, measure, and manner, it must be exactly what God would have it be. And precisely this is meant by the claim that the Bible, or any section of it, is inspired. Inspiration is the gift enabling a man to communicate what, and how much, and in what way, God pleases through him to publish to his fellow-men. It may be now exactly seen what relation revelation holds to inspiration. It appertains to the first qualification which we have said to be involved in inspiration. An inspired man whose words have the sanction of God must know what God would have him say; and if this knowledge be not accessible from human sources, or is imperfectly contained in them, then by some supernatural process this information must be supplied; to which specific act of intelligence the word "revelation" may be appropriately confined. If he already knows what is to be said, such revelation is not needed. But his commission and qualification, to say it as God would have him say it, make the matter of this latter communication as impressively Divine, as purely God's message, as authoritative and obligatory for us, as that of the former given by revelation.

Hitherto we have been expounding and defining the commonly received notion or meaning of inspiration, as applied to the sacred writings and writers. In this article we shall use the word in this sense, namely, as denoting that quality in the writings, and that corresponding mental state in the writer, which give their words the authoritative sanction of God, as we have explained above; so that in reading them we are assured that we are reading just what God proposed we should read, as given directly from himself. Let it be remembered, we do not here prejudge the fact, or the measure, or the modes of such inspiration. These questions are all left open. We merely determine the nature of inspiration, and affirm that this is the proper meaning of the word. It remains for us to examine whether the Bible, or any part of it, is so inspired, and also to discover if any light can be thrown on the mode in which this

peculiar mental state coëxisted with the ordinary mental operations, or was itself elicited and continued.

We have adopted the popular meaning of inspiration on the following grounds: 1. Because it is universally received and is readily understood in this sense. Even skeptics do not differ from us here; nay, even those who have corrupted the meaning of the word "inspiration," shrink from carrying out their rendering of it in the interpretation of the passage, *All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.* (2 Tim. 3: 16.) They endeavor to rid themselves of this testimony to the Divine authority of Scripture, by the grammatical quibble that *θεόπνευστος* is a qualifying epithet, and not a predicate, instead of vindicating their theory in this proof passage, and flatly asserting that inspiration does not vouch for the authority or truthfulness of Scripture; and so they evince their unalterable sympathy with the common opinion that *θεοπνευστία* attributes a Divine sacredness to any writing, and accredits it as being exactly what God intended for us. 2. We believe, moreover, that this is the correct exegetical meaning of *θεοπνευστία*, or "inspiration," when used in Scripture. But, 3. We have here, at any rate, a fixed meaning of the word, and so the controversy concerning the Bible is brought to a plain intelligible issue; we have a clear, definite conception attached to the query, "Is the Bible inspired?" which will at once, like the stretching out of Moses' rod over the waters, cause the two opposing parties to divide, and array themselves against each other; for the query means, "Is the Bible God-given? and was the influence operating on its writers such as that their language represents to us exactly what he willed us to know?" They who assent, and they who dissent, here separate and turn towards antipodal points.

We assent, and shall accordingly endeavor to prove the fact of that inspiration in the Bible, the nature of which we have been exhibiting. It will be noticed that we have cautiously avoided the words "infallibility," "accuracy," etc., when defining the meaning of inspiration; and we have done so because there are many previous questions concerning these words which need to be settled ere we predicate them of inspired writings. It can not be God's will that what he makes known to man should be infallible and accurate, in

the absolute and impossible sense in which some writers strain them, when applied to Scripture. If any writing be precisely what God willed it to be, both in substance and form, it is inspired; for though written by men, if it be such as he intended and impelled these men to write, it is God's writing to us. Doubtless it will be in conformity with the eternal laws of rectitude and truth, else it could not be in accordance with his will; but it is an altogether different matter to postulate, that every thing in it shall be metaphysically and superhumanly accurate; for example, its statements always tallying with the essential reality, and not with the appearance of things, its language never varying in the description of the same events, even by different persons. Such accuracy or infallibility is not found in Scripture, and does not belong to inspiration. God willed that his communications to mankind by man should be subject to the conditions of humanity, under which such absolute exactitude, which presupposes the omniscience of God to belong not only to the writer, but also to the readers, would be unintelligible. It depends therefore upon the meaning in which we explain these words, whether we can connect them with inspiration, which moreover has no proper reference to such external criteria, but simply to the Divine origin and consequent authority of the Scriptures.

Having thus elaborately, and with intentional reiteration, exhibited the nature of inspiration, we have now prepared the way for our defense of the position, that the whole Bible is inspired. In order, however, that we may present to our readers the different phases of the controversy on this subject, that we may clear away the objections brought against our position on *a priori* grounds, which else might be thought to invalidate the very foundations of our defense, and that we may thus gradually approach and explicate the position in which we shall finally rest, and which we are prepared to maintain, we shall state and criticise the principal theories avowed and urged against the common doctrine of plenary inspiration. These theories we shall arrange in order, as they are further or more nearly removed from that doctrine. By this plan we believe we shall render our readers a service, by giving them in one view a *résumé* and refutation of those diverse

views now so loudly applauded by their several supporters; and we shall greatly simplify our future task, in having proved, step by step, the insufficiency of all the theories that stop short of the position we have assumed. We name those theories according to their respective authors, as this gives concentration and point to our work, and brings us at once to personal hand-to-hand conflict with individual men, which is much more comfortable than buffeting the air.

The first objection we shall examine is the bold and startling statement made by Mr. Francis W. Newman, in his work, *The Soul, its Sorrows and Aspirations*, that an authoritative external revelation of moral and spiritual truth is essentially impossible to man. He supports this thesis at length, in the section of the above-named work entitled "English Idolatry;" but it is his favorite — we might almost say, hobby-dogma; repeated, again and again, in his recent writings, and echoed by the members of that school, including Theodore Parker, Hennel, etc., which we now take him to represent. Accordingly — although it has passed the microscopic lenses of Henry Rogers, and has been severely but justly exposed by him — let us examine it for ourselves, and with a view to our own argument; for if this assertion has even a vestige of probability, it puts a cross-bar in the way of our further inquiry, since it renders it a futile task to prove that there has been a revelation, which after all is without authority, and therefore comparatively worthless. Now the sentence we have quoted above is exceedingly intricate and ambiguous; we must warily unravel its knots, that we may discover its meaning. Mr. Newman, it will be observed, does not affirm that an external revelation of moral and spiritual truth is impossible. He does not presume to say that God could not, by any possible method, disclose to men his character and will, and the facts of their immortal destiny. If so, then indeed that is impossible to God which is possible to man. Nor does Mr. Newman's assertion go to prove that such a revelation could be no wise advantageous, or would be altogether needless and superfluous.

Many of his other expressions, indeed, are tantamount to a denial even of the

utility of a Divine revelation; but after Mr. Rogers's brilliant and irrefutable Essay on *The Analogies of an External Revelation with the Laws and Conditions of Human Development*, we have no doubt he would willingly cancel the unguarded expressions, and shelter himself within the subtle distinction that is drawn, though not with the broad emphasis desirable in a matter of so much importance, in the sentence: "An *authoritative* external revelation is essentially impossible to man." It is not then an external revelation, but an authoritative external revelation, that is impossible. This fine point, which after all is the gist of the sentence, has been missed by Mr. Rogers, whose caustic and withering criticism so unsparingly devastates Mr. Newman's opinions. This point, therefore, which contains the pith of Mr. Newman's opposition to the Bible, we now exhibit for dissection. It is this, that even if God (granting what Mr. Newman dare not deny — that he can) were to communicate to mankind a statement of his character, of his providential control and moral aim in the government of the world, and a description of the spiritual sphere which lies beyond death, and if, moreover, he were to append a luminous and perfect code of moral duty, neither of these communications could possess any authority with us, on the ground of their coming from God, and can only have authority at all, in so far as, upon quite independent grounds, we are able to authenticate the facts of the former communication as true, and to acknowledge the commands of the latter as right. The authorship of these communications, admitting them to come from God, gives them no extrinsic value whatever. This is a fair exposition of the meaning obscurely wrapped up in Mr. Newman's oracular and enigmatic sentence. Before entering upon its confutation, let it be observed, that he combines moral and spiritual truth together, and regards the authority which attaches to both as of essentially the same kind. This is a stupendous mistake, and lies at the root of the confusion that manifestly involves his mind in their treatment. It may do very well for Mr. Charles Kingsley, with his nobly Quixotic, but most illogical, soul, hating the tedious toil of analysis, as a poet scorns the rule of three, to proclaim as a great discovery, almost as the

Gospel of our age, that the moral and spiritual are one.* But the distinction between them has been immemorially established, and is too palpable to be erased at his dictation.

It is true, they have been, and should be, vitally associated in the history of mankind; for faith in the spiritual world is the most effectual coercive power that can be brought to stimulate and strengthen the individual conscience, and affords the only guarantee for the preservation of a high-toned national morality.† All religions, too, combine both kinds of truth, grounding the duties they enjoin upon the spiritual facts which they profess to reveal. Notwithstanding, however, that moral and spiritual truth are so intimately interwoven in nature, they are essentially different. Spiritual truth consists in a statement of facts, moral truth in a prescription of duties. The one appeals to our intelligence, the other to our conscience. So widely contrasted are they both in their own nature, and in the faculties by which they are apprehended. For what is the chief spiritual truth, but a revelation of the nature, the works, and purposes of God? and how does this differ, save in the boundless sublimity and importance of such knowledge, from a narrative disclosing the spirit and recording the history of any finite spiritual being? Spiritual truth can only be a statement of facts. That there is a God—that he is of such a character—that he has entered into certain relations with his creatures, are simply facts, which are apprehended by our intelligence, and are credited, or discredited, according to the source and evidence of our information. Now, the only authority predicable of such a statement of facts is, that which will *authorize* our faith in it. An authoritative revelation of spiritual truth is one which we must believe to be true, or to represent the facts contained in it correctly, in strict accordance with their reality. In other words, the only authority of such a revelation is the authority of truth. On the other hand, the word "truth" is not properly, but only by the accommodation of metaphorical license, applied to ethics.

* See especially his Lectures on the Alexandrian School of Philosophy; and his article on Vaughan's *Hours with the Mystics*, in *Fraser's Magazine* of December, 1856.

† See on this subject, Hampden's *Bampton Lecture*, Third Edition, p. 300.

The authority of a summary of duty is the authority of right. Moral truth is not a statement of facts which we are to learn, and concerning which all we have to determine is, that the evidence supporting it is sound; but an enforcement of laws which we are to obey, which have not merely to be impressed on our memory, and methodized by our logic, but which should govern the will, and discipline every active energy of our nature to their requirements. And here we must determine, ere we submit ourselves to them, that the laws enjoined upon us are "holy, just, and good." Spiritual facts and moral laws are thus essentially different from each other. The authority of the one is that of truth. The authority of the other is that of right.

Having disentangled the knot in Mr. Newman's sentence, and exposed the rare superficiality of Mr. Kingsley and the Broad Church School, that the moral and spiritual are one, our criticism becomes as plain as sunlight. The plausibility that seems at first sight to gild Mr. Newman's assertion, arises wholly from his illegitimate combination of two diverse kinds of truth in the subject of his proposition, and then fallaciously imputing to both that kind of authority which belongs only to one of them. For though it be true that there is a principle in man that is able to determine on certain conditions the propriety and obligation of a moral law, and that a revelation of moral law can only be authoritative to us, when it is approved by this principle of conscience, there is no similar principle that can determine, on *a priori* grounds, the reality of any facts that may be presented to it. Rend, then, these two kinds of truth apart; let each of them be tried on its respective merits, and the preposterous fallacy of Mr. Newman's assertion instantly appears.

1. He says, an authoritative external revelation of spiritual truth is essentially impossible. This means that no external revelation of spiritual truth is trustworthy, or can have sufficient evidence to warrant our faith; for such is the meaning of an authoritative revelation here, otherwise it has no meaning. But spiritual truth comprises all truth concerning the existence and character of God, our own spiritual nature, and that of other spiritual beings. Then no external revelation concerning these things is trustworthy. We do not

press this point to the absurd conclusion which is inevitable, that no historical fact, no human invention, no expression of the countenance, no virtuous or vicious deeds are trustworthy or credible, as revelations of the human spirit, which are essential parts of spiritual truth, as the revelations of the great universal Spirit God. But we confine ourselves to this extraordinary statement, so far as it concerns our Divine knowledge. If no external revelation concerning God be authoritative, that is, truthful or trustworthy, whence do we derive our knowledge of God? An atheist may say we have none; but Mr. Newman is a theist, and his *Essay on the Soul* is expressly designed to show us whence we derive our conceptions of God. To him, therefore, we appeal with confidence, yet with amazement, when we think of the suicidal felony which his reasoning commits. He believes that we have a knowledge of God, which is correct. Then the source of that knowledge—the revelation conveying it—must be authoritative. What is it? It must be either external or internal. But if it be external, then an authoritative external revelation is essentially possible to man. Now it might have been that Mr. Newman was a believer in innate ideas, and imagined all our knowledge of God to be the illumination of certain impresses originally stamped on the soul. If so, he would have escaped the *battue* of our argument. But he is no *réchauffoir* of worn-out theories. He knows God from the revelation he has made of himself in the universe. Treating of the argument from design, he writes: "Consequently, such fitnesses as meet our view on all sides, bring a reasonable conviction that design lies beneath them. To confess this is to confess the doctrine of an intelligent Creator, although we pretend not to understand any thing concerning the mode, stages, or time of creation. Adding now the conclusions drawn from the order of the universe, we have testimony adapted to the cultivated judgment, that there is a boundless, eternal, unchangeable, designing mind, not without whom this system of things coheres; and this mind we call God." In this passage there is the confession that even the existence of God is revealed to us by the external universe, and that certain features of his character are portrayed there also. In other sections, Mr. Newman proceeds to show how

the sublime attributes of wisdom and goodness are likewise manifest in the harmony, certitude, and over-ruling beneficence of nature. He further visibly shows how the religious feelings, in their lowest, as well as their noblest, expression, are awakened by contact with the solemnities and grandeurs of nature—how the deep shadow of awe creeps over the spirit beneath the hushed stillness and gloomy vastness of night—how the sense of mysterious joy kindles again with the bright dawn of the sun among the crimson-dyed clouds of the east, or with the glorious coming of spring, when it rises disencumbered and radiant with Elysian beauty from the death of winter. The sense of reverential wonder, admiration, order, whatever feeling seems to make us even dimly cognizant of an infinite spiritual Presence, only palpitates into life when the soul is touched by these external revelations of His majesty and love. According, therefore, to Mr. Newman's own diagnosis of our spiritual conceptions, every fact that conveys to our mind certain or authoritative knowledge of the being of God, or that thrills our soul with a felt but uncomprehended sense of his presence, is external to us.

What, then, can be his meaning, when, in the next sentence to that we have so often quoted, he says: "What God reveals to us, he reveals within, through the medium of our moral and spiritual senses"? Are those fitnesses which he asserts to prove design, and to prove an intelligent cause, all lodged within him? Is the order of the universe, whose testimony proclaims a boundless, unchangeable, eternal, designing Mind, wrapped up and condensed in the human soul? Is man the universe? If not, then Mr. Newman is convicted of most willful self-annihilation. His theistic essay is an attempt to show that God reveals himself externally, yet authoritatively, to man in the material universe; and yet he madly lifts his hand to demolish all his fair reasoning, by the presumptuous and unreasoned dogma, that an authoritative external revelation of spiritual truth is an essential impossibility.

Against Mr. Newman's dogma we maintain diametrically the reverse—that any revelation of spiritual truth, to be authoritative, must be external. We exclude, of course, the mere knowledge of our own existence, which is doubtless a part of spiritual truth, and is given in the fact of

consciousness. But with that exception, all other spiritual truth concerning our fellow-men — other finite spirits — the nature of human existence after death — and the great God, must be externally revealed to us. Limiting the question again to our Divine knowledge if a man be shut up from acquaintance with the works of God, what knowledge can he possibly have of his will and power? He may dream of these things, his imagination may intoxicate him with gorgeous reveries concerning him, from all positive and well-assured knowledge of whom he is grievously debarred. But those hallucinations of the fancy — the only possible products of an internal revelation — are surely not authoritative. An authoritative revelation must consist in facts, not fancies, and must therefore be external not internal. To a certain extent, indeed, the mind itself is a revelation of God; for, like all other created things, it is an effect, and contains some of the qualities of its Divine cause. If, therefore, a man shut up from other sources of knowledge were minutely to examine this, he might arrive at accurate, though limited, conceptions of God, deduced from the facts brought under his apprehension. But even in this case the revelation is external to him. He examines his mind as a thing apart from himself. It is an organized structure of subtle and awful properties. Different faculties, processes, and emotions belong to it; but these are not isolated, and held apart from each other. They are all united to the central will, and interwoven by the unconscious and unsearchable force of mental association. They thus hold definite and fixed relations among themselves, and are kept in perpetual sympathy with each other. His mind, therefore, he learns to be an organization as much as a plant, or the human body, or the *κόσμος*, being a system of powers which are connected and sympathetically developed according to predetermined and unchanging laws. But when a man so examines his own mind, the powers and the structure of which have not originated in himself, and when he is compelled by the examination to admit a supreme originating Cause, and to descry something of His character, the mental process is precisely the same as in examining any foreign object with the same intent. The construction of the mind is viewed as aloof from his own will, and exposed to his inspection,

as though it were quite a separate object from himself; and the information he receives from his mental study comes to him as a new and objective revelation, just as much as though it were drawn from the external world; the only difference being, that in the one case the means of communication are memory and consciousness, and in the other, memory and perception. It is very certain, this knowledge of God, derived from reflection on the *anatomie vivante* of our own mind, is not what Mr. Newman means by "the revealing of spiritual truth within the soul." But to secure both the flank and rear of our advancing arguments, we may grant, that so much as a man can learn of God from the formative history of his own mind, (though this will be the unlikeliest and latest source of Divine knowledge,) may be said to be furnished by an internal revelation. Plainly, all other knowledge must be revealed to us from without; from those facts of the material or spiritual universe which are brought under our cognizance.

It might be imagined that Mr. Newman, like other skeptics, felt the essential impossibility of which he speaks to attach to a revelation of God, which was distinct from the revelation of nature. If this had been his position, we must then have proved the possibility and likelihood of a supernatural revelation. But it is not so. His dogma reaches further back than that, and asserts that no statement of facts concerning God — whether these facts are apprehended in nature, or are supersensual — can be authoritative; and in reply, we affirm, that it is authoritative if it be true, of whatsoever nature the facts may be; that if irrefutably proved to be true by the corroborate evidence accompanying them, the facts stated must be accepted and believed by him, at the peril of the charge of irrationality; and that this is all the authority which a revelation of scriptural or any sort of truth can possibly claim, namely, an authority of evidence which will enforce belief. Now the facts recorded which contain spiritual truth, because they exhibit the character of God, may be remote from our immediate perception, whether they pertain to this state of things or another. The evidence of belief is seldom verified by an appeal to our own observation, but rests upon the testimony of others. The immense majority of facts which Mr. Newman so

cepts as revealing to him the power, wisdom, and beneficence of God, have not been explored or experienced by himself. The sublime order of the universe, as unfolded in the Newtonian system, he believes on the testimony of those who have evolved that system, by the rigid application of mechanical laws to the appearances of the heavenly bodies; yet, upon their testimony, he credits that fact, which reveals to him most distinctly and overpoweringly what we may term the physical and intellectual character, or the material force and contriving skill of God. Pursuing the tracks of human history to learn the moral character of God, all the facts which he assumes to exhibit this character are adopted in faith of the testimony which records them. Beyond the narrow range of our own observation, the certainty or authority of every fact is judged by the worth of the evidence attesting it. This law is irreversible, and must be applied with strict impartiality both to spiritual and material truth. The statements of the Bible, even as to spiritual facts, such as what God is affirmed to have said, or to have done, must be rigidly tried at this tribunal, and accepted and rejected, according to this imperious necessity, by one standard, namely, the validity of the testimony vouching the truth of these facts. The specific character of the facts themselves must not weigh a scruple in the balance. Bacon has denounced the arrogance of those who would determine on purely theoretic and *a priori* grounds what facts of nature are to be allowed or disallowed, and has shown the office of man in search of truth to be that of servant and interpreter; and like humility is surely required in the search after spiritual as after physical truth. Our elective fancy must not become a divining-rod, the despotic nod of which is to settle the fate of any fact in despite of the plainest confirming or opposing evidence. The age of such intellectual despotism has passed away, and it ill becomes Mr. Newman to imitate, by his imaginary impossibilities, the hierarchy of the Roman Church in Galileo's time.

We claim, therefore, for the Bible the authority of truth, which is all the authority that is conceivable upon the ground of its evidences, and smile at the presumptuous impotence of Mr. Newman's protest, that would foreclose the only just decision by his whimsical unphilosophical

objection to the kind of truth the Bible contains. We are aware that, properly speaking, the testimony in support of much that the Bible reveals is two-fold; first, the human testimony which proves God to speak, or otherwise convey supernatural truth, in the Bible; secondly, the testimony of God himself. Mr. Newman's dogma disavows the worth even of the latter; for if it were incontrovertibly proved that God had communicated some spiritual fact to his creatures, yet Mr. Newman's theory of essential impossibility would prevent him from relying on the testimony of God as authoritative. We do not follow him, as we do not envy him, in his boastful—it also seems to us, blasphemous—incredulity. The testimony of man may be authoritative, because true. If the testimony of God be not authoritative, it can only be because it is false. We have said before that it is not the possibility, or even the fact, of supernatural revelation which Mr. Newman disputes, but its authoritativeness; and we review and sum up our answer in these words: With regard to the spiritual world, the only authority is truth; and if God has given an external revelation, it is authoritative, if true; and if not true, then God is false.

There is, however, a metaphysical fallacy mixed up with Mr. Newman's speculations on the Bible, which is thus introduced by him: "Some assume, as a first principle, that the mind is made for truth, or that our faculties are veracious. Perhaps the real first principle here rather is, that no higher arbiter of truth is accessible to man, than the mind of man." Now, his meaning in the latter clause, we suspect, is the exact converse, instead of being a more nicely phrased and accurate definition, of the first principle which all men—not some—necessarily assume in the practical conduct of life, and ought to assume in their rational speculations. He has fairly hocused this first principle into the old doctrine of Protagoras, *Ἀνθρώπου τάντων μέτρον*, which is its contradictory, and issues in the denial of all truth whatsoever. Accordingly he intimates, that to attempt to prove the infallibility of the Bible is a blunder; for "no proof can have a certainty higher than the accuracy and veracity of the faculties which conduct the proof;" and again he affirms "that our certainty in Divine truth can not be more certain than the veracity of

our inward organs of discernment." These sentences, though muffled in mist, are mere jargon, if they do not insinuate that our faculties are not "accurate and veracious." Likewise, from the tenor of his writings we infer that the real ground on which he disputes the possibility of an authoritative external revelation is, that the faculties by which it is apprehended are not trustworthy; and therefore no revelation, whatever it may be in itself, can become authoritative to us. He must see, however, that this fearful insinuation reaches infinitely further than to the belief of a spiritual revelation, and dissipates with its malignant touch the entire structure of human knowledge. If the faculties of reasoning exercised in weighing the value of testimony be not accurate, their decisions are vitiated in every instance in which they are applied, and "Historic Doubts," not only respecting Napoleon Bonaparte, but respecting the recent change of ministry or the Indian Rebellion, are unavoidable. If, moreover, these faculties are false, all other faculties must be so likewise—perception, memory, association; and man is proved to be the sport of an immitigable delusion, fondly dreaming of the possibility of truth, and laboring in its search, while, by the congenital vice of his mind, falsehood must be his eternal portion. The disappointed passion and revolving rack of Ixion become the faint emblems of his mocked existence. Such Pyrrhonism sweeps away authoritative truth, not only from the sphere of religion, but also from the sphere of history, science, and even of our own consciousness; for when a man *dooms* the faculties of his own soul, there is no longer any truth for him. We care not for any insinuation or flaunting profession of this doctrine; for, when once detected and exposed, it is harmless. The mind revolts from it with instinctive horror, and will never be seduced to accept a doctrine which treasonably condemns and nullifies itself. But we do care for and protest against Mr. Newman's application of this doctrine in the particular instance in which it suited his purpose, while he repudiates it every where else. If the faculties of men are veracious, and can give us authoritative certain truth in these matters, there is no essential impossibility that they may do so in the matter of Divine revelation. If any information we receive of distant or bygone events be so

credibly sustained, that it may be relied upon as accurate and authoritative, so may the information we receive concerning God and the spiritual world. Mr. Newman believes that he has found a certain revelation of spiritual truth in the universe, and yet "his certainty therein can not be more certain than the veracity of his inward organs of discernment." If, then, this doctrine avails against the Bible, it equally avails against the revelation of nature, and neither of them can be authoritative. Further, if our faculties be suspected in the mere apprehension of an external revelation, how much more if our knowledge of God be entirely generated within by some mysterious intuitive process of these fallacious powers! Assuredly, if the inward organs of discernment be doubted in the belief and interpretation of an external revelation of spiritual truth, so as by their depravity to cancel its authority, these inward organs, which do not discern, but create spiritual truth, may likewise be doubted, especially since their very existence is dubious, and, if real, appertains only to a few spiritualists, the hierophants of humanity. If, therefore, on this ground, there be no authoritative external revelation, *a fortiori*, there is no internal, and so there is no authoritative revelation at all.

2. Mr. Newman affirms the same of moral as of spiritual truth—that an authoritative external revelation of it is impossible. This, however, is a very different proposition from the former. Let us endeavor to clearly understand it. The former proposition was, that God could not reveal spiritual truth in a form external to us, so as to authorize our belief in it upon the sole ground of his testimony. The present proposition is, that God can not enjoin moral duties upon us which we must acknowledge to be right and obligatory on the sole ground of the injunction, and apart from our judgment of their rectitude on other grounds. An authoritative law is one that *authorizes* our obedience to it; and this authority can only belong to it when we *acknowledge* it to be right, and therefore obligatory. Now this proposition differs from the former in this essential point. We have a faculty that decides upon the right or wrong of an action *per se*. We have not a faculty that decides upon the truth or falsehood of a fact *per se*. The authority of truth must be wholly external, because ground-

ed on evidence. The authority of right is wholly internal, because grounded on conscience. We admit at once the expression that an external revelation of moral law (or truth) is only authoritative when approved by conscience to be right; for that can only be right to a man which he acknowledges to be right. And it is this element of truth subtly pervading Mr. Newman's sentence which suffuses over it the color of plausibility. But let him not think that he has carried *per saltum* his objection against the authority of Bible morality. We have granted that an external revelation of moral law can only be authoritative when it is acknowledged to be right. But then we affirm that a revelation of moral law *by God* is authoritative because it must be acknowledged to be right; and the fact that God enjoins it will outweigh in a healthy conscience every scruple that may be felt against its integrity, and bring every antagonistic moral judgment into agreement with itself. The sense of authority attributable to any moral law must come from within; but if there be an external revelation of moral law *by God*, that sense of authority immediately attaches to it; so that an authoritative external revelation of moral truths as well as spiritual truths is essentially possible.

Having again untied the knot of Mr. Newman's fallacy, the hitch of which it may puzzle our readers to catch, we are tempted to leave him; but in illustration rather than development of the position laid down above, that if a moral command be proved to come from God, the conscience must acknowledge it to be right in itself, and therefore right to obey, though on other grounds we may have judged it wrong, we make the following observations.

(1.) If upon any action, the motives and modifying circumstances of which were apparent to all, the moral judgment of one person were opposed to that of mankind, ought not that individual to accept the verdict of the universal conscience, and not his own, as right? Of course, it is not right to him till he acknowledge it right; but as a mere man, ought he not to suspend his own judgment, considering the errors by which it may have been warped, in deference to the unanimous decision of his fellow-men? Then, if so, how much more should he be willing to reverse his own judgment and

even that of humanity—since the consciences of all men are exposed to prejudicial, corrupting influences—in submission to the revealed judgment of him who is raised above the sources of human depravity, and by the very necessity of his being is incorruptibly pure! The expression of his will must be authoritative to any one who has a due sense of his own fallibility, of God's indefectible rectitude. In a passage which abruptly and unfairly contrasts his doctrine with that of a believer in Divine revelations, Mr. Newman confesses the need of substantiating or verifying our individual moral judgments by those of mankind. "If," he says, "I am to obey the Commandments on the ground that a Divine voice pronounced them from Mount Sinai, (and not because I, and you, and collective humanity discern them to be right,) every one of us needs to ascertain a very distant and obscure matter of history, before he is under obligation to obey the Decalogue." Our reply is: If, because not only you individually, but collective humanity discerns them to be right, you are under obligation to obey them, may not the solemn fact that God has discerned them to be right, impose a still more imperious obligation? Mr. Newman allows here that an external revelation of moral truth in the judgment of collective humanity is in some measure authoritative—that is, it has some share in forming the moral obligation of an individual; may not then the external revelation of God's judgment be authoritative in a higher degree? As to the certainty of the fact that God has revealed the Decalogue, we only add, it is infinitely more certain than any revelation of a single moral precept which he can prove to have the sanction of collective humanity.

(2.) Are we not all conscious that our judgments upon the actions of others, and also upon our desires and volitions, are apt to be biased and wrong? Is not the influence of a corrupt will upon conscience a fact of which every man is painfully convicted? Can Mr. Newman name a moral philosopher of repute, from Socrates downwards, who has failed to notice the fact, and to explain by it the vacillation and anomalies of conscience? And is not the practical discipline of a virtuous man largely confined to the rectification of his moral judgments, when they have been perverted by prejudice, or passion, or interest? If it be so, will not such a

man rejoice to accept, as a perfect standard, the moral judgments of one who has never been subject to those deteriorating forces which he feels to have wrought so mischievously in himself? Will he not accept his will as right, when his own is self-convicted of being wrong? and even when he can not discern the wrongfulness of his judgment, will he not wisely accept God's judgment as right, knowing from experience the subtle and unconscious influences arising from ignorance, evil habits, education, popular opinion, etc., that may have deflected his judgment, but could not affect God's? "The accuracy of all judicial sentences depends on the knowledge, the capacity, the patience, and the impartiality of the judge. Who will venture to claim for the judge, within his own bosom, the possession of those qualifications in a perfect, or even an eminent degree? In what tongue or language has not the blindness of self-love passed into a proverb? Who is the man whose mental vision is not obstructed by some beam, as often as it is directed to the survey of his own heart, or of his own conduct?"*

(3.) As a matter of fact, a man's judgments often change in reference to his own actions, or those of other men. The verdict of his conscience alters according to the representation given to it. New aspects, new relations, new consequences of a certain action are discovered. Every man is aware that a decision of his conscience is not necessarily right, because he thinks it right. He thinks his present decision right, though it differs from a former one, because of the clearer, fuller knowledge upon which it is formed. Accordingly the latter decision, and not the former, is now authoritative, because acknowledged to be right. But may not he acknowledge the judgment of another person, though at variance from his own, to be the right one, because formed upon knowledge far more impartial and complete than his own? and *must* he not acknowledge a judgment of God to be right, and therefore authoritative, whose will is stainlessly pure, and whose knowledge of the relations and consequences of every action is absolute? His own decision he can not assert to be absolutely right; but the decisions of God he must believe to be absolutely right. Which,

then, must be authoritative to him? In a similar manner we find a diversity in the moral usages and doctrines of different countries; all of these can not be right. "The law of right is one and absolute; nor does it speak one language at Rome, and another at Athens, varying from place to place, or from time to time." How then may this law be discerned, which will end all moral controversies by revealing "the absolutely right," save in the revelation of moral truth by God?

(4.) To conclude this chain of reasoning, Mr. Newman believes God to be unchangeably perfect. Suppose, then, (and this question is not in dispute,) that God did give a revelation of moral truth, it must be perfect too. Since the will of God is necessarily and eternally right, Mr. Newman must acknowledge that an exposition of it is also necessarily and eternally right; and this acknowledgment binds it at once as authoritative to him, though his own previous judgments have differed from it. Since Mr. Newman believes in a holy God, this question is reduced to the point, whether he has revealed his will at all? If he has, his revealed will must be right; (for, if not, it is either not his will revealed, or his will, that is, he himself, is evil;) and if it must be right, it must be authoritative; since, as we proved before, the only authority a moral law can possess is, that it be acknowledged to be right when it instantly becomes obligatory. If then a divine external revelation of moral truth is possible, which Mr. Newman *does not* deny, there is no essential impossibility, but an essential necessity, in its being authoritative.

(5.) On other grounds the same conclusion is reached. Conscience may briefly be defined as "the law of the will." It pronounces a decision upon its spontaneous determinations, according to the influencing motives in each case. The self-determining powers of the will which are under the categorical control of conscience, relate to those beings which may be affected by them, namely, ourselves, other finite beings, and God; and our duty defines the right conduct of our will in these various relations.* What then is our

* Sir James Stephen's *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 463.

* "The ancients rightly founded the *κάλον*, or *honestum*, in the *πρέπον*, or *decorum*; that is, they considered an action virtuous which was performed in harmony with the relations necessary and accidental to the agent."—Sir William Hamilton, in his *Edition of Reid*, p. 89.

duty towards God? Considering the boundless relations in which we are connected with him, this must be the first and weightiest announcement of conscience in directing our will. What do we owe—what ought we to do—to him? Rectitude consists in doing right towards every being with whom, in the exercise of our will, we are related; the chief and essential element of rectitude or right-doing will, therefore, consist in our conduct towards God. If, then, he has enjoined upon us a command which it is his pleasure we should obey, does it not, upon this showing, become essentially and intrinsically right for us to obey, apart from its inherent or apparent rectitude on other grounds, which simply means, when investigated, that its fulfillment is discerned to be beneficial to ourselves and our fellow-men?

Conscience announces what is right towards God as well as towards man; and its most imperative sentence is, that man should obey and honor God. Now suppose that in the treatment of our fellow-men we had conceived a certain mode of action to be right, and God has commanded us to adopt a different course of action; which, then, is right? Two *momenta* here hang in opposite scales of the balance—our conceptions of what we owe to our fellow-men, our knowledge of what we owe to God; which shall kick the beam? To whom, in such a conflict of obligation, do we confessedly owe the most? Ought we to give the supremacy to our fellow-men or to God? Let it be remembered that every such conviction of our duty to our fellow-men is formed upon our notions of what will conduce to their welfare. In the boldest expression of this dilemma, its form accordingly will be: "The welfare of man against the will of God." Such antagonism in reality is impossible; but even if the conscience

were forced to decide between these two opposing principles, it were right to obey the will of God, rather than consult the welfare of man. Conscience declares that we are bound by the deepest, the strongest obligation to God—an obligation infinitely greater than can bind us to our fellow-men, or to our seeming selfish interests. The revealed will of God, if incontestably proved to be such, is authoritative against all other convictions of duty; for conscience plainly asserts the duty of obedience to God to be the highest and over-ruling duty of man.

We are happily never forced into such a dreadful dilemma as that we have stated above; for no wise man will maintain his own conceptions of right-dealing towards his fellow-men against the clear assertion of their wrongfulness by God. He will at once admit that error has crept into his calculation of human interests, or some secret passion has jaundiced the eye of conscience, and he will not asseverate his judgment to be right against that of God. But even if he does, he must also judge it right to obey the commands of God; but between the contradictory duties, the latter is the most urgent and inevitable in its claim; conscience declares the right of God to stand first.

We trust we have fairly expunged the veto which Mr. Newman interposed upon the prosecution of any argument in proof of the inspiration of the Bible, because of some *a priori* impossibility which he had discovered, and which precluded the necessity of any further deliberation or even doubt on the matter. His opinions are widely spread, and link themselves closely with the most plausible objections against biblical inspiration; so that we resolved to investigate them at length, in order to simplify our future inquiries.

From the Eclectic Review.

OUR EARTH, PAST AND PRESENT.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Our purpose in this paper is to take a broad and comprehensive view of such of the aspects and phenomena of our planet as are usually included under the head of Physical Geography; the relations of land and water, of plain and mountains, of earth and air, of heat and cold. But as the present is only comprehensible when interpreted by the past, we propose to take a rapid glance over the probable history of our globe from the earliest times; indicating the general laws which have obtained in preparing the earth for its present inhabitants; and which are still in operation, slowly yet surely working revolutions which only require lapse of time to be as mighty as those of which the traces are self-written on the pages of the earth's crust.

One consideration must be premised. The subsequent brief sketch of the development of a molten mass into a life-bearing world, must not be understood as a *veritable history*. However strong the evidence, it is still but inferential. The events related must be considered only as a *hypothetical account*, which will serve to explain present appearances—things which *might* or *may have* happened in the form or succession mentioned, consistently with observed facts; serving synthetically to bring such facts in a more graphic manner before the mind's eye, than could be done by any merely analytic method. The reader will therefore please to imagine before each statement, some qualifying phrase, implying only strong probability or theoretical likelihood.

Underlying all the varieties of surface presented to us by the earth, whenever our investigations have penetrated to sufficient depth, we find granite, the foundation of all known rocks. This is a crystalline structure, bearing unmistakable evidence of having originally been melted. Above this we meet with certain other rocks, which have without doubt been formed by the destruction or disintegra-

tion of this primary one, through the mechanical agency of water. Above these, again, we find other and still more numerous rocks, which have resulted from these, as they from the granite; but with an important difference—animal and vegetable life has appeared; and as the water has worn down the solid matter, bearing it away to form other sedimentary strata, these latter have become the tombs of such forms of life as were there present. Hence our history, which for purposes of illustration we may conceive thus.

Long, long ages ago, during which centuries or millenniums may count as units, our globe existed as an intensely heated or melted mass of matter, slowly cooling by radiation into space. Very slowly cooling; for between it and space was a thick vaporous mass, preventing rapid radiation. This vaporous mass contained all the water which now forms our rivers, oceans, and springs; as well as all that exists in the present atmosphere.

At length a period arrived when a crust was formed over this melted sphere, of uncertain thickness, still inclosing a melted nucleus, destined from time to time to burst forth in volcanic eruptions; and by the development of elastic gases, to break in fragments superimposed strata, or upheave from the depths of the ocean islands, mountains, or mighty continents. This crust presented the rough and uneven surface noticed on all scorixæ, mountains and valleys representing the elevations and depressions. When the temperature was still further reduced, so as to admit of the existence of water in a fluid form on the surface, the vaporous mass began to discharge itself in torrents of rain upon the earth—torrents to which the heaviest falls of the Brazils are but as a light summer shower. The effect of these streams of water, at a high temperature, was to grind and wear down the edges and substance of this granitic crust, carrying the proceeds into the valleys, where they formed the primary stratified rocks, the

Gneiss, the Micashist, and the Clay-slate; all these being nothing more than granite mechanically disintegrated, and more or less altered subsequently by pressure from above, and perhaps heat from below.

During this time the valleys were partially filled up, and the hills worn down; and a surface of dry land and water produced, in general aspect of hill and dale, not altogether unlike that which was to be hereafter. There were mountains and lakes, and continents and ocean; probably at first no rivers proper. These are the drainages from districts; and so long as the only exposed land was granite, we can scarcely speak of drainage. But, ever and anon, the force of the internal fire changed the relative levels of the surface; the bottom of the ocean was upheaved, and the primitive hill covered with the displaced ocean. Then from the recently formed strata began a copious drainage, which settled itself into channels, as we see the water ooze from the soaked sand on the sea-shore, and wear for itself channels in its substance, when the tide is retreating. And thus were formed rivers, mighty torrents compared with which it is probable the Amazon and the Ganges would appear but tiny brooklets. Of this we shall have occasion to give illustration hereafter.

It seems to have been a blank world at this time, a world of cloud, and storm, and chaos; no living creatures peopled the waters, no trace of vegetation softened the hard and barren aspect of the rock. But a Voice was heard, and the earth and the waters brought forth abundantly. The heavy rains and the rushing waters are still ceaselessly eating away the rocks, both the granite and the primary strata, and forming of them new layers at the bottom of the ocean, which will, by and by, be upheaved to become dry land, plain or mountain, as the case may be; but these strata are no longer the mere disintegration of preceding ones—they contain the first evidences of life; the fauna and flora of that age are interred within them, and become the records of the most interesting and important period in the world's history.

The earliest organic remains with which we meet are those of marine animals; even the few traces of vegetable life observed are chiefly of a fucoid nature. But although we may safely aver that all the organic traces indicate clearly the exist-

ence of their representative types, we can not argue conversely that those forms of which we find no remains were actually absent from this early world. There may have been both land animals and vegetables of a certain order, and yet the physical conditions not have been favorable to their preservation. It is not until after the deposition of the Old Red Sandstone, that we find unequivocal marks of the existence of an extensive terrestrial flora; nor is it until a still later period that any except very slight traces of a terrestrial fauna appear. The fossils, however, that do appear in these earliest strata are most instructive, and are sufficient of themselves to destroy the so called Lamarckian or "development" hypothesis, so ingeniously brought forward in the *Vestiges of Creation*. For in them we find representatives of all the four great divisions of the animal kingdom—the Radiata, the Mollusca, the Articulata, and the Vertebrata. These last were only represented by fishes; but by fishes of so high an order, as to be perfectly conclusive on the point in question; as is fully and elaborately demonstrated by Hugh Miller, in the *Footprints of the Creator*.

During all the past history of the earth, the general law attached to the solid parts of the structure seems to have been, that they should alternately form part of the sea-bottom and the dry land. Immense thicknesses of strata were formed at the bottom of lakes, or seas, or in the huge deltas of rivers, consisting of the *débris* of the then existing land, and the remains of the animals and vegetables that dwelt on land and in water. Then by the expansion of the elastic gases underneath the earth's crust, these strata were upheaved to form dry land, and the displaced waters overflow the previous earth. This, in its turn, was covered with fresh deposits similarly formed, in time to be again raised and depressed. All these strata were originally deposited horizontally; but owing to the forces mentioned, they have been repeatedly broken across in every direction, and displaced and even inverted; so that different strata of great thickness have been found superimposed on each other in exactly the reverse order to that in which they were originally formed. Had it not been for this constant disruption of the successive strata, our knowledge of the earth's structure must have been almost exclusively con-

finned to the last deposited strata, and of the earlier history we could have known nothing. The coal-fields, which now play so important a part in man's history, would, but for this law, have been as utterly unknown to us as though they were hid at the very center of the earth. Thus it is, also, that our mountains generally possess an apex of granite, or some primary rock; having been formed by the fracture of a mass of strata, and the up-tilting of the central broken part; whilst the sides—always one, sometimes both—present, as we recede from the apex, the broken ends of the original strata, at different degrees of inclination; and at the base usually a more or less horizontal layer, deposited after the elevation of the mountain. By this we are enabled to state with some precision, the relative ages of mountains, as their elevation dates from a period between the depositions of those strata that are tilted up at an angle to the horizon, and those that are found horizontally at or near the base. By this means we learn that some of our comparatively insignificant British hills were grown old in centuries long before the giant Alps and Himalayas were upheaved from the depths of the ocean.

We can not follow, step by step, the geological history of our planet; a history composed of vastly extended periods, each with its own special characteristics, and its own flora and fauna; generally separated from each other by broad lines of demarkation, and by the almost total extinction, at the close of each era, of their respective organic species—the types being preserved, but the special forms disappearing entirely. We will briefly glance at a few imaginary scenes, suggested by the geological phenomena of our own islands and neighboring latitudes.

We are standing on a barren coast of the Palæozoic epoch; the surf is breaking over reefs and low islands of coral, all around and upon which innumerable polyps are toiling, age after age, preparing immense masses of limestone for our future hills. The sea is "peopled with countless myriads of those unsightly animals, the trilobites, swimming near the surface of the water with their backs downward, looking out constantly, and sinking at the slightest approach of danger from beneath; while the remains of successive generations of these creatures, mixed with mud and sand, are rapidly

forming beds of great extent."* The crinoids, or stone-flowers, rival in beauty the sea-anemonies of our own coasts; the hard rocks are covered over with Brachiopods and a few Conchifera. But the dominant race is that of the Cephalopods, allied to our cuttle-fishes—the "lords and tyrants of that creation;" some of them probably of dimensions formidable enough, singly or combined, to inspire terror in the ferocious shark-like fishes which are here and there to be seen, though not in great numbers.†

Many ages have passed away, and we have a widely different scene to contemplate. Our latitudes of the northern hemisphere present a great ocean studded with islands, large and small, from which the waters reach perhaps to the poles. There has been a deposition previously of the Old Red Sandstone; this has been built upon by fresh multitudes of polyps, and the whole has been broken up by internal agencies into shallow basins, the broken ridges of which form the islands. These are clothed to the water's edge with a dense tropical vegetation, among which are prominently visible the lofty, wide-spreading *Lepidodendron*, the elegant tapering *Sigillaria*, gigantic tree-ferns, with innumerable pines and firs, "all girt round with creepers and parasitic plants, climbing to the topmost branches of the loftiest among them, and enlivening, by the bright and vivid colors of their flowers, the dark and gloomy character of the great masses of vegetation."‡ It would almost appear as though the energies of nature were monopolized by the vegetable creation, for terrestrial animal life is scarce. The dense forests are silent and still; no birds are flitting from tree to tree; we see nothing of quadruped or reptile; only a few insects appear to testify that all animal life is not absent; the sea, however, is abundantly peopled. Heavy rains fell, and the streams rushing violently down the steep hills carried away the leaves, branches, and trunks of the trees into the neighboring bays. Here they accumulated age after age, undergoing chemical changes from bituminous springs and other agencies, pressed upon heavily by superincumbent deposits, till finally they were converted into what

* Professor Ansted's fascinating work, *Picturesque Sketches of Creation*.

† Hugh Miller.

‡ Ansted.

now constitutes the exhaustless riches of our coal-mines. Dr. Buckland mentions some remarkable instances of the persistence of these forms of vegetation traceable in the coal: "But the finest example, is that of the coal-mines of Bohemia. The most elaborate imitations of living foliage bear no comparison with the beautiful profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these coal-mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees, of forms and character now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the vigor of their primeval life—their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians."

During this, the Carboniferous period, there seems to have been a very striking similarity between the then vegetation and that of Australia now. There are likewise many circumstances which show that our climate was then very like the present tropical one. For long ages after this, animals lived in these latitudes which seem of necessity to require a much warmer temperature than that which we now possess.

The close of the coal deposit was probably owing to the disappearance of the wooded islands which originated it, for above it we find strata such as would result from the disintegration of soil and rock, namely, sandstone and marl. All this then disappeared into the sea, and once more the coral polyps began their labors, and covered up all the previous deposits with the magnesian limestone about three hundred feet thick.*

* *Coral Polyps*.—Imagine the many processes which man would have to go through, if he were compelled to build a breakwater for fifty miles along a rough and stormy coast. What preparation! what acts of parliament! what devices for funds! what consultation how to do it! what failures and disappointments! Yet, in defiance of the fiercest storms, these polyps, without line or

But leaving the Transition and Carboniferous epoch, let us turn to another scene, belonging to the Secondary period—a period of fierce perpetual warfare in water, air, earth, and mud, chiefly by reptile tribes. Other animals did exist—fish, fowl, and quadruped; but all are represented, and almost, as it were, superseded, by the predominance of reptiles. Our scene lies on the border of the delta of some mighty river of those times; the tide is low, and an interminable waste of mud and shallow pools contrasts strongly with the rich and luxuriant vegetation of the tropical forest, which fringes to the very edge the expanse of waters, or with the gorgeous colors of the prairie beyond. The burning sun is high in the heavens, and there is a truce—all is still, the silence unbroken, save by the monotonous hum of insect life. Geckos and lizards are lying motionless, and with open mouth, on every rock and stone, inhaling, as Humboldt says, the heated air with ecstasy. Some large trees are lying in the water, where they have been cast by the last hurricane; and, side by side with them, we see the *hylæosaurus*, scarcely distinguishable from the gnarled and knotted trunk. Innumerable creatures—the crocodiles, the gavials, and alligators of that day—are lying half-buried in the hardening and cracking mud; but all are at rest, taking their siesta, after the arduous morning. A little longer, and the sun begins to decline; the tide rises, and all is life again. Strange winged reptiles are flitting every where in the air, now pursuing the dragon-flies and brightly-colored beetles and insects in the air, and anon folding their wings, and running swiftly upon the earth after the few small marsupial rats, which are scudding along the edge of the forest, vainly trying to escape by penetrating its rank underwood. The sharks in the water, and the crocodiles in the mud, each rouse themselves to seek their evening meal; but, dreadful as they are now, they were by no means the

compass, have built up barrier reefs in New-Caledonia, four hundred miles in length; on the north-east coast of Australia, one thousand miles; and about a quarter of a mile broad and one hundred and fifty feet deep. In many parts of the Pacific whole groups of islands are entirely due to their labors—the Maldives and the Laccadives are altogether coral—from Duff Island to Disappointment Island, as related by Kotzebue, the natives traverse reefs six hundred miles in length, passing from one to the other.

lords paramount in those times. A strange sound is heard in the forest, and the mighty trees shake and wave like reeds in a brake; the earth groans beneath the tread of a monstrous beast, which is crashing its resistless way to the shore. It is a reptile still—the megalosaurus—much taller and larger than the largest elephant. Woe to the unlucky alligator or crocodile that is slow in escaping to the deeper waters! It is but a mouthful to this rapacious brute—a minute's sleep purchased at the price of death. But meantime the rest of the tribe have reached the waters, where a still livelier scene is in progress. There the plesiosaurus lies wait, with its long and powerful neck, its sharp beak, and its strong paddles. There the huge white shark is also in waiting, and amongst these come the crocodiles—some of which fall a prey at once. *Væ victis!* woe to the conquered, is the watchword here—it is no war for principle, but for supper—and the plesiosaurus gorges itself with the gavial, with as little compunction as though it was not a reptile and a brother. But from the neighboring deep water, retributive justice is glaring upon him with eyes half a yard in diameter. It is the ichthyosaurus, the fish lizard, from which there is no escape, even for the monstrous plesiosaurus. With one swoop of his enormous tail he is upon him, and this race not being particular as to the size of the mouthful, he and his just swallowed prey are engulfed at once.

“See, late awaked, he rears him from the floods,
And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light.

Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.
Large is his front, and when his burnished eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.”

In addition to all these, on our own coasts might have been seen a reptile of the frog kind, the labyrinthodon, large as a rhinoceros, which has handed down the fact of its huge existence to us, not only by bones, but by leaving its ponderous footprints on our ancient sands—and another, somewhat like a kangaroo, has left not only its footmarks, but the trace of its tail, as it trailed after it.

We complete our remarks on the past history of the earth by one more glance

into the phenomena of the Tertiary epoch. Between this and the past, there has been a period of terrible disturbance of the existing relations of land and water, and every living species has disappeared. The *types* remain, but not one *species* of the Secondary epoch survives in the Tertiary. Fish and reptiles still exist, but deteriorated in importance. Now it is that the mighty race of quadrupeds proper appear. Terrible and fierce creatures they were. The hyæna, the bear—of what size may be judged from the teeth, five inches long—the tiger, large as the largest of Bengal—all lived in our own island at this time. Their dens are constantly found in recent strata, strewn with the gnawed bones of their prey, amidst which they have finally lain down to die. Then the elephant, the mammoth, and the mastodon, roamed the plains and forests of our latitudes; there the lonely tapir hid itself from its kind. But there were others of much vaster size than any now extant. The proportions of one or two of them are worth a moment's notice. But first, as to their names. It does not seem that they have been very respectfully treated by men of science. Megatherium means “great brute;” Palæotherium, “old brute;” and Deinotherium, “terrible brute.” This last name is apt enough. Imagine an elephant-like creature, twenty feet in length, perhaps twelve feet in height, and robust in proportion, with two enormous tusks curving downward from the under-jaw. Dr. Young's paraphrase on part of the Book of Job gives some idea of his vastness:

“Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
To seek the herbs and mingle with the throng.
See with what strength his hardened loins
are bound,

All over proof and shut against a wound;
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail,
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
His eye drinks Jordan up; when fired with drought

He trusts to turn its current down his throat,
In lessened waves it creeps along the plain,
He sinks a river and he thirsts again.”

The Megatherium was a representative of the tribe now known as the Sloths. Had one of them and the largest known elephant taken a walk together, they would have appeared in about the same proportion as a Thames street dray-horse and a Shetland pony. The monstrous

pillars which supported the body were like forest-trees, and were three times the thickness of the largest elephant's; the width across the loins was about six feet. The print of the fore-foot was about a yard long and twelve inches wide; that of the hind-foot about half as large again. The feet were furnished with claws ten inches in length, and about twelve inches in circumference at the root. Its tail was five or six feet in circumference. Its mode of living was to tear up large trees by the roots, and strip them of leaves and radicles—trees so large, sometimes, as by their fall to crush the skull even of this gigantic brute. It was very slow in motion; but little need had it of speed, when, for defense against its enemies, it had a coat of mail an inch thick, probably ball-proof; and with one tread of the foot, or one lash of its tail, it could kill the largest puma or tiger.

Such were the giant races which directly preceded the advent of man; and so was the earth finished. The solemn old forests and the luxuriant plains were bearing silent testimony to the completed harmony of creation, the sea had taken up the theme of its everlasting fugue, and in the evening Man walked in the garden of Eden.

Our globe, as at present constituted, has a surface of about 197 millions of square miles, of which 145 millions are covered by the waters of the ocean. The whole is surrounded by an atmosphere of elastic gases of uncertain extent; this having been variously estimated at from 40 to 100 miles in altitude. All these, the land, the water, and the air, present phenomena of great interest. We commence with the land.

The whole amount of land is estimated at about 51½ millions of square British statute miles, of which more than three fourths lie north of the equator. Of its further superficial distribution it is not necessary to say much, as there is no known reason why it should be thus and not otherwise. Much the greater part of the land is on one side of the earth, the other being occupied in great measure by the Pacific Ocean, and a portion of Australia and Patagonia. One note-worthy fact may be mentioned with regard to the southern terminations of the various sections of land—namely, the tendency to a pyramidal form, as in Africa, Australia, New-Zealand, and South-America; also in

the peninsulas of Arabia, Hindostan, Malacca, and California. The reason for this is not apparent; yet the fact would appear to be in some respect significant, since this pyramidal contour appears in almost every instance to be prolonged into the ocean.

The amount of indentation of the coastline has an important bearing upon civilization, the two being almost in a constant direct ratio; except where, as in the Icy Ocean, other unfavorable influences intervene. The western coast of Europe is the most frequently and deeply indented, and the best of any on the globe adapted to the free communion, the wandering habits, and the commercial enterprise of man; contrasting strongly, in these respects, with the shores of Africa and the greater part of South-America.

Of the above-mentioned expanse of lands, vast portions are by various causes rendered unfit for the dwelling of man; in some the climate and soil are hopelessly unproductive; in others, the very energy of nature's operations exclude man; some parts are under perpetual ice or snow; some constitute the summits of inaccessible mountains. Let us glance first at the condition of some of our plains; by which we mean tracts of land not much elevated above the sea-level, that is, from 200 to 1200 feet.

From the Altai to the Ural Mountains, occupying all the low lands of Siberia, stretch vast plains or *steppes*, which, from their physical conditions, present insurmountable barriers to progress and civilization. In winter fearful storms rage, and the "dry snow is driven by the gale with a violence which neither man nor animal can resist, while the sky remains clear, and the sun shines cold and bright above."* In summer no rain fertilizes the parched soil, no dew refreshes it; half shaded by a fiery haze, the sun rises and sets like a globe of molten brass; Death and Desolation alone reign, and reign triumphant. The greater portion of the seven millions of square miles occupied by these plains is hopelessly barren.

The great African desert of Sahara occupies two and a half millions of square miles; it is part of the bed of an ocean, which, at a comparatively recent period, separated Africa completely from both

* *Manual of Geographical Science*, part i. p. 219.

Europe and Asia. Except the *oases*, it is also hopelessly barren. On its interminable sands and rocks no animal is seen or heard—no tree or shrub seen for days of travel. "In the glare of noon, the air quivers with the heat reflected from the red sand, and the night is chilly, under the clear sky, sparkling with its hosts of stars."*

A bar, not less effectual than these, to intercourse and civilization, is found in the widely diverse condition of the plains of the New World. The exuberance of Nature's productions is here as potent a barrier as the gloomy sterility of Africa or Siberia. We venture no sketch of our own of the Llanos, the Pampas, and the *Silvas* of North and South-America, but refer the reader to the gorgeous descriptions of Baron Humboldt in his *Aspects of Nature*. We can not refrain, however, from quoting at length the following passage, from Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilization in England*, indicating in glowing colors the obstacles which the prodigality of Nature may oppose to the progress of man. "Brazil, which is nearly as large as the whole of Europe, is covered with a vegetation of incredible profusion. Indeed, so rank and luxuriant is the growth, that Nature seems to riot in the very wantonness of power. A great part of this immense country is filled with dense and tangled forests, whose noble trees, blossoming in unrivalled beauty, and exquisite with a thousand hues, throw out their produce in endless prodigality. On their summit are perched birds of gorgeous plumage, which nestle in their dark and lofty recesses. Below, their base and trunks are crowned with brushwood, creeping plants, innumerable parasites, all swarming with life. There, too, are myriads of insects of every variety; reptiles of strange and singular form; serpents and lizards, spotted with deadly beauty; all of which find means of existence in this vast workshop and repository of Nature. And, that nothing may be wanting to this land of marvels, the forests are skirted by enormous meadows, which, reeking with heat and moisture, supply nourishment to countless herds of wild cattle, that browse and fatten on the herbage; while the adjoining plains, rich in another form of life, are the chosen abode of the subtlest and most ferocious

animals, which prey on each other, but which it might almost seem no human power can hope to extirpate. . . . But amid this pomp and splendor of Nature, no place is left for man. He is reduced to insignificance by the majesty with which he is surrounded. The forces that oppose him are so formidable, that he has never been able to make head against them, never able to rally against their accumulated pressure. The whole of Brazil, notwithstanding its immense apparent advantages, has always remained entirely uncivilized; its inhabitants wandering savages, incompetent to resist those obstacles which the very bounty of Nature had put in their way. . . . In their country, the physical causes are so active, and do their work on a scale of such unrivalled magnitude, that it has hitherto been found impossible to escape from the effects of their united action. The progress of agriculture is stopped by impassable forests, and the harvests are destroyed by innumerable insects. The mountains are too high to scale, the rivers too wide to bridge; every thing is contrived to repress the human mind, and keep back its rising ambition. It is thus that the energies of Nature have hampered the spirit of man. And the mind, cowed by the unequal struggle, has not only been unable to advance, but, without foreign aid, it would undoubtedly have receded. . . . Brazil, the country where, of all others, physical resources are most powerful, where both vegetables and animals are most abundant, where the soil is watered by the noblest rivers, and the coast studded by the finest harbors—this immense territory, which is more than twelve times the size of France, contains a population not exceeding six millions of people." Professor Ansted adds to this his testimony to the effect that the native Indians seem irredeemable, and sunk in the most wretched barbarism; and that there appears no prospect whatever of any improvement in the district, since man can find no spot on which to commence its operations.

Leaving the plains, we find both old and new worlds traversed by broad bands of high ground, or *plateaux*, ranging from 4000 to 17,000 feet above the sea-level. It is upon these that the loftiest mountains, for the most part, arise; the mountains appearing to be the result of the culmination of the forces which have elevated

* Op. cit.

the surrounding district. When the crust of the earth has not only been elevated conically, but has given way, so as to give exit to the fire and elastic vapors beneath, we have volcanic mountains: thus the table-land of Quito is bounded by a range of the mightiest volcanoes of the world. These *plateaux* or table-lands present all possible varieties of fertility and barrenness—consequently, every conceivable relation to civilization. Perhaps the one which exercises the most important influence on mankind is a vast *plateau* crossing the whole of Europe and Asia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Commencing in the center of Spain, where the elevation (about 3000 feet) is less remarkable than the extent, (about 100,000 sq. miles,) it is continued at a still lower level, through the south of France; but begins to assume more of the proper character of a *plateau* near the Balkan range of mountains, after having crossed Europe. From this point is continued through Armenia, Persia, Thibet, and China to the Pacific. The eastern portion—that is, from the shores of Asia Minor to the right bank of the Indus—covers an area of about 1,700,000 sq. miles, and varies from 4000 to 7000 feet above the sea-level. The western portion is much more remarkable, both for extent and height, being in some parts 2000 miles in breadth, and attaining an elevation of 17,000 feet. From these parts project the huge mountains of the Himalaya, some of whose peaks are above 28,000 feet in height. Man finds a place for himself, and even cultivates the soil in some parts of Thibet at an elevation of 12,000 or 13,000 feet: the mean elevation of this country is about 11,500 feet.

The mountain-chains of the world are too complex a subject to admit of full investigation; we can but briefly allude to them. Properly speaking, there are but two great systems of mountains—one in each section of the globe; though the subsidiary systems often attain such importance as to appear deserving of independent consideration. The mountains of the Old World may be described as commencing with the Atlas range in Africa and the Pyrenees in Europe—continued eastward, by lower land, to join the western termination of the Alps, which culminate in Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, (nearly 16,000 feet high,) and send off spurs or processes, of which the Appenines and the mountains of Dal-

matia are the most important. These ranges are continued through the Carpathians, the Taurus, and Anti-taurus, into Asia and unite the European system with the gigantic Himalayas, which culminate in the peak of Dhawalaghiri, above 28,000 feet above the sea-level. Humboldt considers it probable, that between the Himalaya and the Altai mountains other peaks exist, as much higher than Dhawalaghiri as this is higher than the Andes.

The great mountain system of the New World runs, in a southerly direction, along the whole western edge of the two Americas, nearly from one Arctic ocean to the other. The height attained is not so great as in those of the Old World, nor is the general bulk so vast, there appearing to be some relation between the height of mountains and the actual expanse of the continent on which they exist. Some of the peaks, however, attain an elevation of 25,000 feet. The whole range is chiefly remarkable for its volcanic character, and the connection that appears to exist between very distant points of the course, as marked by the phenomena of the eruptions.

But, leaving the dry land after this cursory survey, we must turn our attention to the phenomena of the ocean—the ocean, for it is all one and continuous, though known by various names for the sake of description. Above three fourths of the earth's surface are covered by it, and its distribution has been already partly noticed. The bottom of the ocean would present an aspect as irregular as the land, could we investigate it, with its low land, its *plateaux*, and its mountains. The depth varies greatly. Over a great part of the German Ocean it does not exceed 100 feet; whilst in latitude $15^{\circ} 3' S.$ and longitude $23^{\circ} 14' W.$, a line of 27,600 feet (nearly the length of the height of Dhawalaghiri) found no bottom: 450 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope, Sir James Ross found the depth of the Atlantic to be 16,062 feet, 332 feet more than the height of Mont Blanc. The Pacific is supposed to have a depth proportionate of its vast surface.

The waters of the ocean are impregnated with three or four per cent of salt; in the inland seas, where evaporation is very active, the proportion is much greater. Thus in the Mediterranean it is nearly four times this amount. On the

other hand, the proportion is smallest in the Polar seas, where it is affected by the melting of the ice.

One of the most remarkable and important phenomena of the ocean is that of the tides—rhythmical and regular oscillations of the waters, whose source and cradle seems to be the vast accumulation of deep water in the South temperate zone. The following description is taken from Keith Johnson's *Physical Atlas*:

"Let us conceive that the joint action of the sun and moon has taken effect on the waters of the Antarctic Ocean—that the luminaries in conjunction or opposition have passed over the mass of waters lying east from Van Diemen's Land, New-Zealand, and the South Pole, and have communicated to them motion in the direction of the resultant forces—we shall manifestly have a mass elevated, and moving to the north and west, following the luminaries. The motion communicated to this large mass of water has raised a large mass or moving ridge of water, which can not expend its forces acquired, but by pushing before it other masses of water, and raising them, too, in a wave, to which all its force is finally imparted. In this way, the wave originally generated travels northward and westward, long after the bodies generating it have ceased to act on the first mass of waters."

The wave generated during the transit of the sun and moon on Monday morning, and producing high water on the coast of Van Diemen's Land at twelve, has, in the first twenty-four hours, brought high water as far as Cape Blanco on the west of Africa, and Newfoundland on the American continent. On the morning of the second day, it reaches the western coast of Ireland and England. Passing round the northern cape of Scotland, it reaches Aberdeen at noon. At midnight of the second day, it reaches the mouth of the Thames; and, on the morning of the third day, brings the merchandise of the world to the port of London. The rate of motion of the tide-wave varies exceedingly and seems to be in direct ratio to the depth of the ocean which it is traversing. Across the Southern Ocean and parts of the Atlantic, it travels not less than one thousand miles an hour; but it takes more time to reach London from Aberdeen than in another part of its course—namely, from 60° S. to 60° N.—to traverse eight thousand miles. Where the tide-wave in its north-western course passes over shallows, or is modified by coast-line, its violence is much lessened;

other cases, where this does not happen, the wave will rush up the open mouth of rivers with fearful force, as exemplified in the terrific *bore* of the Hooghly, or dash against the coast with a most destructive surf, as in the Bay of Fundy.

The ocean is traversed perpetually by currents, or true ocean rivers, of various kinds, the dynamics of which are by no means satisfactorily elucidated. Some of these convey vast volumes of warm water to cold latitudes, whilst others convey the waters from the icy seas into warmer regions. The most important of these, and that which has been most investigated, is what is called the Gulf-Stream, from its origin in the Gulf of Mexico—although, as Humboldt long ago pointed out, its first impulse appears to be received near the southern extremity of Africa. From the Gulf of Mexico, (apparently assisted by the river current of the Mississippi,) this stream passes into the Atlantic between Florida and Cuba, whence it runs northward, parallel with the coast of North-America, till it meets the St. George's and Nantucket banks, where it is reflected eastwards, passes the southern extremity of Newfoundland, turns S. E. and S., passes the Azores, and is lost in the Atlantic. The whole course of this mighty ocean river is about three thousand miles, and it has a breadth in some parts of above seventy miles. Its speed varies from one hundred twenty miles per day at its outset, to about ten near its termination. It is due to the influence of this stream that we have not a climate similar to that of Labrador—the influence of the immense volume of heat contained in the water, whose temperature varies from 86° to 72° Fahrenheit, being felt over an immense district beyond the actual contact of the current. The counterpart of this current is described by Humboldt as existing in the South Pacific Ocean, where a stream prevails which is only 60° of temperature, running amongst water at 81.5° to 83.7°.

Besides the currents and tides, the ocean is subject to other motions, waves and ground-swells, from the influence of the winds. The waves appear to be much more moderate in height than is generally supposed. Mrs. Somerville says that "the highest waves known are those which occur during a north-west gale off the Cape of Good Hope, aptly called the Cape of Storms by ancient Portuguese

navigators; and Cape Horn seems to be the abode of the tempest. The sublimity of the scene, united to the threatened danger, naturally leads to an over-estimate of the magnitude of the waves, which appear to rise 'mountains high,' as they are proverbially said to do. There is, however, reason to doubt if the highest waves off the Cape of Good Hope exceed forty feet from the hollow trough to the summit. They are said to rise twenty feet off Australia, and sixteen feet in the Mediterranean. Waves are the heralds that point out to the mariner the distant region where the tempest has howled, and they are not unfrequently the harbinger of its approach."

From the ocean, we pass on to a consideration of the river-systems of the world. These are naturally divided into two classes—those which terminate in the ocean, and those which fall into inland seas or lakes. The origin of both is the same, consisting directly or indirectly of the rain and snow that fall upon the earth. Of the vast quantity of water that falls from the air in the shape of rain, hail, and snow, a small portion runs directly into small streams, which, uniting, form rivers, or swell others before formed. Another portion is received again by evaporation into the air; but the greater part sinks into the earth, and reappears at some distant point in the form of springs, which are generally the commencement of running water upon the earth's surface. Some rivers, however, proceed directly from glaciers, and consist of the meltings of the snow and ice of which they are composed. Whatever the beginning of rivers may be, they are, in their progress, the natural drainage of the districts through which they run. These districts are bounded by lines of land, called water-sheds, more or less elevated; sometimes consisting of mountain-chains, sometimes so low as to admit of natural or easily-constructed artificial communication between the tributaries of neighboring rivers. The water-sheds of those rivers which do not communicate with the ocean, form closed valleys, or basins, often of very great extent, in the lowest part of which is placed the lake, or inland sea, into which they fall. The water-sheds of the oceanic rivers still form basins, but they are open at the ocean side, and terminate in the delta of the river.

The most remarkable instance of the former class of river-systems is found in Asia, where six mighty rivers drain an area of one million and two hundred thousand square miles, and pour the proceeds into the Caspian Sea, the Sea of Aral, and the Lake Gobi. Of these, the Volga and the Iaxartes are nearly the size of the Danube. It seems hardly credible that there should be no outlet for these vast volumes of water, except by way of evaporation; yet so it is.

In glancing over a table of rivers, in order of dimensions, we are struck with one fact in particular—namely, how little correspondence there is between their physical attributes and the moral influence which they exert upon man and his civilization. The Amazon drains one million five hundred thousand square miles; the Mississippi nearly one million; the Thames drains only five thousand, and is the very smallest of all the important rivers of Europe. Other peculiarities of the principal rivers are noticeable.

The Amazon, the largest river in the world, has an area of drainage nearly three times as large as that of all the rivers of Europe that empty themselves into the Atlantic. This plain is entirely covered with a dense primeval forest, through which the only paths are those made by the river and its innumerable tributaries. This forest is literally impenetrable. Humboldt remarks that two mission stations might be only a few miles apart, and yet the residents would require a day and a half to visit each other, along the windings of small streams. Even the wild animals get involved in such impenetrable masses of wood, that they (even the jaguar) live for a long time in the trees, a terror to the monkeys whose domain they have invaded. The trees often measure from eight to twelve feet in diameter; and the intervals are occupied by shrub-like plants, which here, in these tropical regions, become arborescent. The origin of the Amazon is unknown; it is navigable for two thousand miles from the ocean; it is nearly one hundred miles wide at the mouth, and in some places six hundred feet deep; and its torrent projects, as it were, into the ocean, more than three hundred miles, perceptibly altering its waters at this distance from the American shores.

The area of origin of the Orinoco is

continuous with that of the Amazon, and is of the same forest nature. So low is the water shed between the plains of these two rivers, that they afford the very rare spectacle of a natural communication between the great river systems; the Orinoco sending off a branch, the Cassiquiare, about one hundred and twenty miles long, which joins the Rio Negro, and so unites the streams. The possibility of this was at one time disputed; but Humboldt set the question at rest, by actually passing from one river to the other by means of this branch. The sources of the Orinoco are also unknown, but their supposed locality is famous for the fabled El Dorado. Alas! the golden mountain is but a rock of micaceous schist, and there is a terrible swamp in the way even to his delusive object!

The largest body of fresh water in the whole world is found in Lake Superior, the first of a series of lakes connected with the St. Lawrence river system. These lakes are the most interesting feature connected with the physical geography of North-America. The upper three appear to have an average depth of about one thousand feet, whilst their surface is less than six hundred feet above the level of the Atlantic; so that their bed is four hundred feet below it, indicating a depression in the continent of above seventy thousand miles in extent. There is one parallel to this in the Old World, in the Dead Sea, which occupies a hollow more than one thousand feet below the sea-level.

The most noteworthy river of the Old World is the Ganges. Amid the inaccessible snow-clad heights of the Himalaya it takes its rise, unseen and unexplored by man. Like the boast of the Douglas family, that its race was never known but in the plenitude of power, the Ganges appears at once from a chasm in a perpendicular wall of ice, as a very rapid stream, not less than forty yards across. Including the Bramahpootra, it has a course of sixteen hundred and eighty miles, and has a delta of about two hundred miles in each direction. Its force, during the rainy season, is sufficient to counteract even the terrific impulse of the tides; and the quantity of solid matter conveyed to the delta by its waters is almost inconceivable. It has been roughly calculated that, during the four months of rain, enough mud is conveyed to outweigh fifty-six masses of granite, each as large as the great Pyramid of Egypt; and that, if "a fleet of

eighty Indiamen, each freighted with fourteen hundred tons of mud, were to sail down the river every hour of every day and night for the four months continuously, they would only transport from the higher country to the sea a mass of matter equivalent to that actually conveyed by the waters of the river." The same authority (Professor Ansted) adds, that "the Sunderbunds, an innumerable multitude of river-islands, forming a wilderness of jungle and forest-trees, mark the extent to which such alluvial mud has been accessory in producing the present appearance of the mouths of these rivers."

A host of mighty rivers would claim our attention, did our limits permit; their phenomena are, however, so allied, (although each has its own special interest,) that we may dismiss them with one reflection. Vast as are the floods that pour down these rivers, they all seem to be but inconsiderable remains of the immense masses of water belonging to a former age. Humboldt gives many illustrative proofs of this position, chiefly derived from the marks of aqueous action on rocks now far above the water-level. In a savannah near Uruana (Orinoco basin) there rises an isolated rock of granite, which exhibits, at an elevation of between eighty and ninety feet, a series of figures of sun and moon and various animals, which are said by the natives to have been done by their forefathers in former times, when the waters were so high that their canoes floated at that elevation—a statement confirmed by the evident marks of watery action on the rock.

Perhaps the fact that on the first enunciation would appear the most startling, in connection with such volumes of water as these, would be that it all proceeded from the atmosphere—that all streams have their source, directly or indirectly, from the invisible vapor or moisture dissolved in the air. The mind in vain attempts to realize actually the possibility of this; and it is only by observation, argument, and induction, that we can compel ourselves to recognize its truth. This moisture descends chiefly in the form of rain and snow, the distribution of which is extremely unequal, and involves points of absorbing interest. On some parts of the earth rain never falls, or, at intervals of years, in very small quantities. Such are the deserts of Sahara, of Arabia, and Persia, and of Beloochistan. The

great table-land of Thibet is in the same condition, and agriculture has to be effected altogether by artificial irrigation from mountain-streams. In some districts, however, dew is deposited so copiously as to supply the place of rain. Snow is frozen rain, and is the form in which the moisture descends when the temperature is lower than the freezing-point. This is the case in all latitudes at a certain elevation, the limit of which is called the snow-line. It varies in altitude from twenty thousand feet in the tropics, (as in some parts of the Andes,) down to the actual sea-level in the Arctic regions, where rain is unknown, and snow is perpetual. Mount Erebus, in the South Polar land, rises twelve thousand feet directly from the sea, covered with perpetual snow from its base to its summit. And thus it happens that, even in the hottest climates, every possible temperature may be met with on mountain-slopes; from the torrid heat at the base to the insufferable cold, as we approach the summit.

In the earlier part of this paper, we have noticed the operation of mighty laws producing great and perhaps convulsive changes in our globe; and we must now remark, in concluding, that all the agencies that we have seen concerned in the changes and revolutions described (so far at least as those of a physical nature are concerned) are still in operation. Forces acting from underneath the earth's crust are here producing volcanic eruptions with effusion of lava or melted granite; and there they are upheaving islands, parts of continents, and mountains, and correspondingly depressing other districts. Within comparatively recent periods many of our known coasts have been ultimately elevated and depressed below the sea-level; as in the well-known instance of that on which the temple of Serapis stands. Part of the coast of Iceland is now perceptibly sinking from year to year; part of the coast of Finland in like manner is rising; the old stakes of the fishermen now stand far away inland, from the highest high-water. Here the sea is encroaching on the land, and of its substance forming other strata, which will perhaps be again elevated to be dry land. There again the land is encroaching on the sea, retaining the marks of its late submarine condition. Large tracts of country are washed away by rains and torrents, to form with their inhabitants fossiliferous strata elsewhere; and again, in other

places, huge hills are cast up by internal convulsion, as in the case of the volcanic hill Jorullo, in Mexico, which in 1759 rose in a few hours nineteen hundred feet above the plateau on which it stands.

But the time of man's experience is comparatively short, so the changes under his immediate observation are not so world-wide. Yet in less favored lands than ours, where volcanic action is rife, and consequent alterations of level in sea and land are frequent, the world's stability is not so received a doctrine as with us. As in the days of Noah, they marry and are given in marriage, and the sea invades them and swallows up cities or districts—the earth opens and engulfs large tracts of country—or torrents of lava and avalanches of ashes bury them, and the place that knew them knows them no more. And then compensating influences are at work. The mud carried down by mighty rivers, like the Ganges, forms islands of great extent, upon which the natives fix themselves, sow their rice, and flourish till they and their works are swept away to form the material for other islands. The tiny coral animal builds and builds from the ocean floor, till it reaches to high-water mark, and then it dies. A low coral island or reef is thus formed, into which sea-weed floats and decays. Mud, sand, floating twigs, and leaves accumulate upon it; the rain beats, and a soil is formed, in which seeds of the coconut, palm, date, and many other trees, brought by the air, water, or birds, take root and grow, and very soon a new land is formed, clothed with the richest tropical vegetation to the water's edge, and a new home is made for nomadic man, who builds a house, a temple, a school, and a prison.

Such is the past and present of our earth, as ascertained by observation and induction; its future we know by faith, not by sight. We look for new heavens and a new earth, when the curse upon the earth for man's sin shall have been revoked. But before this, we hear the heavens passing away with a great noise, we see the elements melting again with fervent heat; but beyond all this apparent ruin, we see a city not lighted by sun or moon, not parched with heat or frozen with cold; for the light of it proceeds from a throne of jasper, and in its midst is a stream of life, on whose banks grows a tree whose fruit is for the healing of the nations.

From the Edinburgh Review.

B A I N ' S P S Y C H O L O G Y . *

THE larger half of Mr. Bain's first volume is occupied by the exposition of Association. His exemplification and illustration of this fundamental phenomenon of mind, in its two varieties — adhesive association by contiguity in time or place, and suggestion by resemblance—are quite unexampled in richness, clearness, and comprehensiveness. The whole of the intellectual phenomena, as distinguished from the emotional, he considers as explicable by that law. But to render this possible, the law must be conceived in its utmost generality. Association is not between ideas of sensation alone. The following is the author's statement of the two laws of association, the law of Contiguity, and that of Similarity:

"Action, sensations, and states of feeling, occurring together or in close succession, tend to grow together or cohere in such a way that when any one of them is afterwards presented to the mind, the others are apt to be brought up in idea." (*The Senses and the Intellect*, p. 348.)

"Present actions, sensations, thoughts, or emotions, tend to revive their like among previous impressions." (P. 451.)

One of the leading features in Mr. Bain's application of these laws to the analysis of phenomena, is the great use he makes of the muscular sensations, in explaining our impressions of, and judgments respecting, things physically external to us. The distinction between these sensations and those of touch, in the legitimate sense of the word, and the prominent part they take in the composition of our ideas of resistance or solidity, and extension, were first pointed out by Brown, and were the principal addition which he made to the analytical exposition of the mind. Mr. Bain carries out the idea to a still greater length, and his developments of it are highly instructive, though he sometimes, perhaps, insists too much upon it, to the prejudice of other elements equally or

more influential. Thus, in his explanation of the acquired perception of distance and magnitude by sight, he lays almost exclusive stress on the sensations accompanying the muscular movements by which the eyes are adapted to different distances from us, or are made to pass along the lengths and breadths of visible objects. That this is one of the sources of the acquired perceptions of sight, can not be doubted; but that it is the principal one, no one will believe, who considers that all the impression of unequal distances from us that a picture can give, is produced not only without this particular indication, but in contradiction to it. The signs by which we mainly judge are the effects of perspective, both linear and aerial; in other words, the differences in the actual picture made on the retina, the imitation of which constitutes the illusion of the painter's art, and which we should have been glad to see illustrated by Mr. Bain, as he is so well able to do, instead of being merely acknowledged by a quotation in a note, (p. 380.) We regret that our limits forbid us to quote (p. 372-6) his explanation of the mode whereby, in his opinion, the feeling of resistance, a result of our muscular sensations, generates the notion, often supposed to be instinctive, of an external world.

Respecting the law of Association by Contiguity, so much had been done, with such eminent ability, by former writers, that this part of Mr. Bain's exposition is chiefly original in the profuseness and minuteness of his illustrations. To bring up the theory of the law of Similarity to the same level, much more remained to do, that law having been rather unaccountably sacrificed to the other by some of the Association psychologists; among whom Mr. James Mill, in his "Analysis," even endeavored to resolve it into contiguity; an attempt which is perhaps the most inconclusive part of that generally acute and penetrating performance, association by resemblance being, as Mr. Bain

* Concluded from page 214.

observes, presupposed by, and indispensable to, the conception of association by contiguity. The two kinds of association are indeed so different, that the predominance of each gives rise to a different type of intellectual character; an eminent degree of the former constituting the inductive philosopher, the poet and artist, and the inventor and originator generally, while adhesive association gives memory, mechanical skill, facility of acquisition in science or business, and practical talent so far as unconnected with invention.

To the long chapters on Contiguity and Similarity, Mr. Bain subjoins a third on what he terms Compound Association; "where several threads, or a plurality of links or bonds of connection, concur in reviving some previous thought or mental state," (p. 544,) which they consequently recall more vividly; a part of the subject too little illustrated by former writers, and which includes, among many others, the important heads of "the singling out of one among many trains," and what our author aptly terms "obstructive association." The subject is concluded by a chapter on "Constructive Association," analyzing the process by which the mind forms "combinations or aggregates different from any that have been presented to it in the course of experience," and showing this to depend on the same laws. We are unable to find room for the smallest specimen of these chapters, which are marked with our author's usual ability, and fill up what is partially a hiatus in most treatises on Association.

Mr. Bain's exposition of the Emotions is not of so analytical a character as that of the intellectual phenomena. He considers it necessary, in this department, to allow a much greater range to the instinctive portion of our nature; and has exhibited what may be termed the natural history of the emotions, rather than attempted to construct their philosophy. It is certain that the attempts of the Association psychologists to resolve the emotions by association have been, on the whole, the least successful part of their efforts. One fatal imperfection is obvious at first sight: the only part of the phenomenon which their theory explains, is the suggestion of an idea or ideas, either pleasurable or painful—that is, the merely intellectual part of the emotion; while there is evidently in all our emotions an animal part, over and above any which naturally at-

tends on the ideas considered separately, and which these philosophers have passed without any attempt at explanation. It is a wholly insufficient account of Fear, for example, to resolve it into the calling up, by association, of the idea of the dreaded evil; since, were this all, the physical manifestations that would follow would be the same in kind, and mostly less in degree, than those which the evil would itself produce if actually experienced; whereas, in truth, they are generically distinct; the screams, groans, contortions, etc., which (for example) intense bodily suffering produces, being altogether different phenomena from the well-known physical effects and manifestations of the passion of terror. It is conceivable that a scientific theory of Fear may one day be constructed, but it must evidently be the work of physiologists, not of metaphysicians. The proper office of the law of association in connection with it, is to account for the transfer of the passion to objects which do not naturally excite it. We all know how easily any object may be rendered dreadful by association, as exemplified by the tremendous effect of nurses' stories in generating artificial terrors.

We must not, therefore, expect to find in the half-volume which Mr. Bain has dedicated to this subject, any attempt at a general analysis of the emotions. He has not even (except in one important case, to which we shall presently advert) entered, with the fullness which belongs to his plan, and which marks the execution of every other part of it, into the important inquiry, how far some emotions are compounded out of others. He gives a general indication of his opinion on the point; but his illustrations of it are scattered, and mostly incidental. He has, however, written the natural history of the emotions with great felicity, in a manner at once scientific and popular; insomuch that this part of his work presents attractions even to the unscientific reader. Mr. Bain's classification of the emotions is different from, and more comprehensive than, any other which we have met with. He begins with "the feelings connected with the free vent of emotion in general, and with the opposite case of restrained or obstructed outburst;" the feelings, in short, of liberty or restraint in the utterance of emotion, which he regards as themselves emotions,

and entitled, on account of their superior generality, to be placed at the head of the catalogue. He next proceeds to one of the simplest as well as most universal of our emotions — Wonder. The third on his list is Terror. The fourth is “the extensive group of feelings implied under the title of the Tender Affections.” The consideration of these feelings is by most writers blended with that of Sympathy; which is carefully distinguished from them by our author, and treated separately, not as an emotion, but as the capacity of taking on the emotions, or mental states generally, of others. A character may possess tenderness without being at all sympathetic, as is the case with many selfish sentimentalists; and the converse, though not equally common, is equally in human nature. From these he passes to a group which he designates by the title, Emotions of Self; including Self-esteem, or Self-complacency, in its various forms of Conceit, Pride, Vanity, etc., which he regards as cases of the emotions of tenderness directed towards self, and has largely illustrated this view of them. The sixth class is the emotions connected with Power. The seventh is the Irascible Emotions. The eighth is a group not hitherto brought forward into sufficient prominence, the emotions connected with Action. “Besides the pleasures and pains of Exercise, and the gratification of succeeding in an end, with the opposite mortification of missing what is labored for, there is in the attitude of *pursuit*, a peculiar state of mind, so far agreeable in itself, that factitious occupations are instituted to bring it into play. When I use the term *plot-interest*, the character of the situation alluded to will be suggested with tolerable distinctness.” This grouping together of the emotions of hunting, of games, of intrigue of all sorts, and of novel-reading, with those of an active career in life, seems to us equally original and philosophical. The ninth class consists of the emotions caused by the operations of the Intellect. The tenth is the group of feelings connected with the Beautiful. Eleventh, and last, comes the Moral Sense.

Of these, the four first are regarded by Mr. Bain as original elements of our nature, having their root in the constitution of the nervous system, and not explicable psychologically. The remaining seven he considers as generated by asso-

ciation from these four, with the aid of certain combinations of circumstances. Though, as already remarked, he does not discuss this question in the express and systematic manner which his general scheme would appear to require, he has said many things which throw a valuable light on it, together with some which we consider questionable. But we still desiderate an analytical philosophy of the emotional, like that which he has furnished of the intellectual part of our constitution. Much of the material is ready to his hand, and only requires coördination under the universal law of mind which he has so well expounded. For example, the most complicated of all his eleven classes, the æsthetic group of emotions, has been analyzed to within a single step of the ultimate principle, by thinkers who did not see, and would not have accepted, the one step which remained. Mr. Ruskin would probably be much astonished were he to find himself held up as one of the principal apostles of the Association Philosophy in Art. Yet, in one of the most remarkable of his writings, the second volume of *Modern Painters*, he aims at establishing, by a large induction and a searching analysis, that all things are beautiful (or sublime) which powerfully recall, and none but those which recall, one or more of a certain series of elevating or delightful thoughts. It is true that in this coincidence Mr. Ruskin does not recognize causation, but regards it as a preëstablished harmony, ordained by the Creator, between our feelings of the Beautiful and certain grand or lovely ideas. Others, however, will be inclined to see in this phenomenon, not an arbitrary dispensation of Providence, which might have been other than it is, but a case of the mental chemistry so often spoken of; and will think it more in accordance with sound methods of philosophizing to believe, that the great ideas, so well recognized by Mr. Ruskin, when they have sunk sufficiently deep into our nervous sensibility, actually generate, by composition with one another and with other elements, the æsthetic feelings which so nicely correspond to them.

The last of our author's eleven classes, that of Moral Emotion, is the only one on which, in relation to the problem of its composition, he puts forth his whole strength. The question whether the moral feelings are intuitive or acquired—

a point so often and so warmly contested between the rival schools of Psychology — has never before, we think, been so well or so fully argued on the anti-intuitive side. This masterly chapter would serve better than any other to give a correct idea of Mr. Bain's philosophical capacity and turn of mind; but, unfortunately, either extracts or an abridgment would do it injustice, as they would impair the argument by mutilating it. Mr. Bain's theory is, that the moral emotions are of an extremely complicated character; a compound, into which the social affections, and sympathy (which is a different thing from the social affections) enter largely, as well as, in many cases, the almost equally common fact of disinterested antipathy. But the peculiar feeling of obligation included in the moral sentiment, Mr. Bain regards as wholly created by external authority. He considers this character as impressed upon the feeling entirely by the idea of punishment. The purely disinterested character which the feeling assumes after appropriate cultivation he holds to be one of the numerous instances of a feeling transferred by association to objects not containing in themselves that which originally excited it. This general conception of the origin of the moral sentiment is nothing new; but there is considerable novelty, as well as ability, in the mode in which it is worked out; and without, on the present occasion, expressing any opinion on this *vexata questio*, we can safely recommend Mr. Bain's dissertation to the special study of those who wish to know the theory entertained on this subject by the Association school, and the best which they have to say in its support.

From the Emotions, Mr. Bain proceeds to the Will; and if, on the former subject, the reader who has previously gone through Mr. Bain's first volume finds less of psychological analysis than he probably expected, such a complaint will not be made on the topic which succeeds. By no previous psychologist has the Volitional part of our nature been gone into with such minute detail, and the whole of the phenomena connected with it set forth and analyzed with such fullness and such grasp of the subject. We have already stated the view taken by our author of the origin, or first germ, of our voluntary powers, which he conceives to be ground-

ed, first, on "the existence of a spontaneous tendency to execute movements independent of the stimulus of sensations or feelings;" and, secondly, of a power to detain and prolong, or to abate and discontinue a present movement, under the stimulus of a present pleasure or pain. If this be correct, the original power of the will over our muscles is much the same in extent, as it is and always remains over our thoughts and feelings; for over them, the only direct power we have, is that of detaining them before the mind, or (it would perhaps be more correct to say) of producing any number of immediate mental repetitions of them, which is the meaning of what we call Attention. Through ten successive chapters Mr. Bain expands and applies this idea, showing how, in his belief, all the phenomena of volition are erected by Association on this original basis. The titles of some of the chapters and sections will show the comprehensiveness of the scheme: The Spontaneity of Movement; Link of Feeling and Action; Growth of Voluntary Power; Control of Feelings and Thoughts; Motives or Ends; the Conflict of Motives; Deliberation, Resolution, Effort; Desire; the Moral Habits; Prudence, Duty, Moral Inability. It is only in the eleventh chapter, after the analysis of the phenomena is completed, that the author encounters the question which usually, in the writings of metaphysicians, usurps nearly all the space devoted to the phenomena of Will: we need hardly say that we refer to the Free-Will controversy. Mr. Bain is of opinion that the terms Freedom and Necessity are both equally inappropriate, equally calculated to give a false view of the phenomena. He thinks the word Necessity "nothing short of an incumbrance" in the sciences generally. But he adheres, in an unqualified manner, to the universality of the law of Cause and Effect, or the uniformity of sequence in natural phenomena, to which he does not think that the determinations of the will are in any manner an exception. He holds that men's volitions and voluntary actions might be as certainly predicted, by any one who was aware of the state of the psychological agencies operating in the case, as any class of physical phenomena may be predicted from causes in operation. We quote, not as the best passage, but as the one which best admits of extraction, a portion of the controver-

sial part of this chapter, being that in which the author examines the appeal made to consciousness as an infallible criterion in all psychological difficulties :

"A bold appeal is made by some writers to our consciousness, as testifying in a manner not to be disputed the liberty of the will. Consciousness, it is said, is our ultimate and infallible criterion of truth. To affirm it erring, or mendacious, would be to destroy the very possibility of certain knowledge, and even to impugn the character of the Deity. Now this infallible witness, we are told, attests that man is free, wherefore the thing must be so. The respectability and number of those that have made use of this argument compel me to examine it. I confess that I find no cogency in it. As usual, there is a double sense in the principal term, giving origin to a potent fallacy. . . . For the purpose now in view, the word [consciousness] implies the knowledge that we have of the successive phases of our own mind. We feel, think, and act, and know that we do so; we can remember a whole train of mental phenomena mixed up of these various elements. The order of succession of our feelings, thoughts, and actions is a part of our information respecting ourselves, and we can possess a larger or a smaller amount of such information, and as is the case with other matters, we may have it in a very loose or in a very strict and accurate shape. The mass of people are exceedingly careless about the study of mental coexistences and successions; the laws of mind are not understood by them with any thing like accuracy. Consciousness, in this sense, resembles observation as regards the world. By means of the senses, we take in and store up impressions of natural objects—stars, mountains, rivers, plants, animals, cities, and the works and ways of human beings—and according to our opportunities, ability, and disposition, we have in our memory a greater or less number of those impressions, and in greater or less precision. Clearly, however, there is no infallibility in what we know by either of these modes, by consciousness as regards thoughts and feelings, or by observation as regards external nature; on the contrary, there is a very large amount of fallibility, fallacy, and falsehood in both the one and the other. Discrepancy between the observations of different men upon the same matter of fact, is a frequent circumstance, the rule rather than the exception. . . . If such be the case with the objects of the external senses, what reason is there to suppose that the cognizance of the mental operations should have a special and exceptional accuracy? Is it true that this cognizance has the definiteness belonging to the property of extension in the outer world? Very far from it; the discrepancy of different men's renderings of the human mind is so pronounced, that we can not attribute it to the difference of the thing looked at; we must refer it to the imperfection in the manner of

taking cognizance. If there were any infallible introspective faculty of consciousness, we ought at least to have had some one region of mental facts where all men were perfectly agreed. The region so favored must of necessity be the part of mind that could not belong to metaphysics; there being nothing from the beginning to controvert or to look at in two ways, there could be no scope for metaphysical disquisition. The existence of metaphysics, as an embarrassing study, or field of inquiry, is incompatible with an unerring consciousness." (*The Emotions and the Will*, pp. 556, 557.)

Mr. Bain then proceeds to show, but at too much length for quotation, that the only fact testified to by any person's consciousness is an instantaneous fact—"the state of his or her own feelings at any one moment;" that when the person proceeds to speak of a past and merely remembered feeling, fallibility begins; that when he speaks of sequences, and the *law* of a feeling, even in himself, much more in mankind generally, he transcends the dominion of consciousness altogether, and enters on that of observation, which, whether introspective or external, is subject to a thousand errors. Now the free-will question is emphatically one of *law*, and can be determined only by deep philosophizing, not by a brief appeal to the fancies of an individual concerning himself. A man's consciousness can no more inform him what laws his volitions secretly obey, than his senses, when he beholds falling bodies, furnish him with the corresponding information respecting the law of gravitation.

The work concludes with two chapters on special subjects, the one on Belief, the other on Consciousness; subjects discussed separately, and in the last stage of the exposition, in consequence of the peculiar view taken of them by Mr. Bain, which differs from that of all previous metaphysicians.

Belief is, of all the phenomena usually classed as intellectual, that which the Association psychologists have hitherto been the least successful in analyzing; though it has given occasion to some able and highly instructive illustrations, by Mr. James Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer, of the power of indissoluble association. But the opinion which these authors have advanced, that belief is nothing but an indissoluble association between two ideas, seems an inadequate solution of the problem; because in the first place, if the fact were so, belief itself must always be indis-

soluble; which, evidently, it is not; and, in the second place, one does not see what, on this theory, is the difference between believing the affirmative and the negative of a proposition, since in either case, (if the theory be true,) the idea expressed by the subject of the proposition must inseparably and irresistibly recall the idea expressed by the predicate. The doctrine of these philosophers would have been irrefragable, had they limited it to affirming that an indissoluble association (or let us rather say, an association for the present irresistible) usually *commands* belief; that when such an association exists between two ideas, the mind, especially if destitute of scientific culture, has great difficulty in not believing that there is a constancy of connection between the corresponding phenomena, considered as facts in nature. But even in the strongest cases of this description, a mind exercised in abstract speculation can reject the belief, though unable to get over the association. A Berkeleyan, for example, does not believe in the real existence of matter, though the idea is excited in his mind by his muscular sensations as irresistibly as in other people.

Mr. Bain's opinion is, that the difficulty experienced by the Association psychologists, in giving an account of Belief, and the insufficient analysis with which they have contented themselves, arise from their looking at Belief too exclusively as an intellectual phenomenon, and disregarding the existence in it of an active element. His doctrine is, that Belief has no meaning, except in reference to our actions; that the distinctive characteristic of Belief is, that it commands our will.

"An intellectual notion or conception is indispensable to the act of believing; but no mere conception that does not directly or indirectly implicate our voluntary exertions, can ever amount to the state in question." (P. 568.) "The primordial form of belief is expectation of some contingent future, about to follow on an action. Wherever any creature is found performing an action, indifferent in itself, with a view to some end, and adhering to that action with the same energy that would be manifested under the actual fruition of the end, we say that the animal possesses confidence, or belief, in the sequence of two different things, or in a certain arrangement of nature, whereby one phenomenon succeeds to another. The glistening surface of a pool or rivulet, appearing to the eye, can give no satisfaction to the agonies of thirst; but such is the firm connection estab-

lished in the mind of man and beast between the two properties of the same object, that the appearance to the eye fires the energies of pursuit no less strongly than the actual contact with the alimentary surface. An alliance so formed is a genuine example of the condition of belief."—Pp. 569, 570.

No one will dispute that "the genuineness of the state of belief is *tested* by the control of the actions." (P. 570.) If we really believe a statement, we are willing to commit ourselves in conduct on the prospect of finding the result accord with our belief. And there is no doubt that it is this command over the actions, which gives all its importance to that particular state of mind, and leads it to be named and classed separately. Yet the question remains, *what is that state of mind?* The action which follows is not the belief itself, but a consequence of the belief. Where there is an effect to be accounted for, there must be something in the cause to account for it. Since the willingness to commit ourselves in conduct occurs in some cases, and does not occur in others, there must be some difference between the former set of cases and the latter, as regards the antecedent phenomena. What is this difference? According to Mr. Bain, it does not lie in the strength of the tie of association between the ideas of the facts conceived.

"I can imagine the mind receiving an impression of coexistence or sequence, such as the coincidence of relish with an apple, or other object of food; and this impression repeated until, on the principle of association, the one shall, without fail, at any time suggest the other; and yet nothing done in consequence, no practical effect given to the coincidence. I do not know any purely intellectual property that would give to an associated couple the character of an article of belief; but there is that in the volitional promptings which seizes hold of any indication leading to an end, and abides by such instrumentality if it is found to answer. Nay more, there is the tendency to go beyond the actual experience, and not to desist until the occurrence of a positive failure or check. So that the mere repetition of an intellectual impress would not amount to a conviction without this active element, which, although the source of many errors, is indispensable to the mental condition of belief. The legitimate course is to let experience be the corrector of all the primitive impulses; to take warning by every failure, and to recognize no other canon of validity. . . . We find after trials, that there is such a uniformity in nature as enables us to presume that an event happening to-day will

happen also to-morrow, if we can only be sure that all the circumstances are exactly the same.

It is part of the intuitive tendencies of the mind to generalize in this way; but these tendencies, being as often wrong as right, have no validity in themselves; and the real authority is experience. The long series of trials made since the beginning of observation, have shown how far such inferences can safely be carried; and we are now in possession of a body of rules, in harmony with the actual course of nature, for guiding us in carrying on these operations."—Pp. 585, 586.

So, that, after all, Mr. Bain regards belief as a case of "intuitive tendency;" but not as a case *sui generis*. He considers it as included under the general law of Volition. The spontaneous activity of the brain, combined with the original property inherent in a painful or pleasurable stimulus, makes us seize and detain all muscular actions which of themselves, and directly, bring pleasure or relief; those actions, in consequence, become, through the law of association, producible by means of our ideas of pleasure or pain; and it is, in the author's view, by an extension of the same general phenomenon, that actions which only remotely, and after a certain delay, attain our ends, come similarly under the command of our ideas of those ends. When this command is established, then, according to him, the phenomenon, Belief, has taken place; namely, belief in the efficacy of the action to promote the end. This is our author's theory of Belief. An obvious objection to it is, that we entertain beliefs respecting matters in regard to which we have no wishes, and which have no connection with any of our ends. But to this, Mr. Bain answers, (and his answer is just,) that in such cases there is always a latent imagination that we *might* have some object at stake on the reality of the fact we believe, and a feeling that if we had, we should go forward confidently in the pursuit of any such object. We quote the following passage for the practical lesson conveyed in it:

"A single trial, that nothing has ever happened to impugn, is able of itself to leave a conviction sufficient to induce reliance under ordinary circumstances. It is the active prompting of the mind itself that instigates, and in fact constitutes, the believing temper; unbelief is an after-product, and not the primitive tendency. Indeed, we may say, that the inborn energy of the brain gives faith, and experience skepticism. . . . We must treat it [belief] as a strong primitive

manifestation, derived from the natural activity of the system, and taking its direction and ratification from experience. The 'anticipation of nature,' so strenuously repudiated by Bacon, is the offspring of this characteristic of the mental system. In the haste to act, while the indications imbibed from contact with the world are still scanty, we are sure to extend the application of actual trials a great deal too far, producing such results as have just been named. With the active tendency at its maximum, and the exercise of intelligence and acquired knowledge at the minimum, there can issue nothing but a quantity of rash enterprises. That these are believed in, we know from the very fact that they are undertaken. . . . The respectable name 'generalization,' implying the best products of enlightened scientific research, has also a different meaning, expressing one of the most erroneous impulses and crudest determinations of untutored human nature. To extend some familiar and narrow experience, so as to comprehend cases most distant, is a piece of mere reckless instinct, demanding the severest discipline for its correction. . . . Sound belief, instead of being a pacific and gentle growth, is in reality the battering of a series of strongholds, the conquering of a country in hostile occupation. This is a fact common both to the individual and to the race. . . . The only thing for mental philosophy to do on such a subject, is to represent, as simply and clearly as possible, those original properties of our constitution that are chargeable with such wide-spread phenomena. It will probably be long ere the last of the delusions attributable to this method of believing first and proving afterwards can be eradicated from humanity. For although all those primitive impressions that find a speedy contradiction in realities from which we can not escape, cease to exercise their sway after a time, there are other cases less open to correction, and remaining to the last as portions of our creed."—Pp. 582-4.

It is assuredly a strange anomaly, that so many authors, after having applied the whole force of their intellects to prove the existence in the human mind of intellectual or moral instincts, proceed, without any argument at all, to legitimate and consecrate every thing which those instincts prompt, as if an instinct never could go astray; a consecration not usually extended to our physical instincts, though even there we often notice a certain tendency in the same direction, not sufficient to persuade when there is no predisposition to believe, but amounting to a considerable makeweight to weak arguments on the side of an existing prepossession. This grave philosophical, leading to still graver practical error, is always (as in the passage quoted) duly

rebuked by the author. As a portion, however, of the theory of Belief, we desiderate a more complete analysis of the psychological process by which ulterior experience, or a more correct interpretation of experience, modifies the original tendency so powerfully described by the author, and subdues belief into subordination and due proportion to evidence.

It only remains to speak of Mr. Bain's theory of Consciousness, which is the subject of his final chapter. He regards it as being simply the same thing with discrimination of difference. Consciousness is only awakened by the shock of the transition from one physical or mental state to another. Hobbes had remarked, that if any one mode of sensation or feeling were always present, we should probably be unconscious of its existence.

"There are notable examples to show that one unvarying action upon the senses fails to give any perception whatever. Take the motion of the earth about its axis, and through space, whereby we are whirled with immense velocity, but at a uniform ~~pace~~ ^{rate}, being utterly insensible of the circumstance. So in a ship at sea, we may be under the same insensibility, whereas in a carriage we never lose the feeling of being moved. The explanation is obvious. It is the change from rest to motion that awakens our sensibility, and conversely from motion to rest. A uniform condition as respects either state is devoid of any quickening influence on the mind. Another illustration is supplied by the pressure of the air on the surface of the body. Here we have an exceedingly powerful effect upon one of the special senses. The skin is under an influence exactly of that nature that wakens the feeling of touch, but no feeling comes. Withdraw any portion of the pressure, as in mounting in a balloon, and sensibility is developed. A constant impression is thus to the mind the same as a blank. Our partial unconsciousness as to our clothing is connected with the constancy of the object. The smallest change at any time makes us sensible or awake to the contact. If there were some one sound, of unvarying tone and unremitted continuance, falling on the ear from the first moment of life to the last, we should be as unconscious of the existence of that influence as we are of the pressure of the air. Such a sonorous agency would utterly escape the knowledge of mankind, until, as in the other case, some accident, or some discovery in experimental philosophy, had enabled them to suspend or change the degree of the impression made by it. Except under special circumstances, we are unconscious of our own weight, which fact nevertheless can never be absent. It is thus that agencies might exist without being perceived; remission or change being a primary condition of our

sensibility. It might seem somewhat difficult to imagine us altogether insensitive to such an influence as light and color; and yet if some one hue had been present on the retina from the commencement of life, we should incontestably have been utterly blind as far as that was concerned."—*The Emotions and the Will*, pp. 615, 616.

We perceive (in short) or are conscious of nothing but changes or events. Consciousness partakes always of the nature of surprise.

Following out this line of thought, Mr. Bain regards knowledge as virtually synonymous with consciousness, and points out that we never have knowledge of one thing by itself. Knowing a thing, means recognizing the differences or agreements between that thing and another or others.

"To know a thing, is to feel it in juxtaposition with some other thing differing from it or agreeing with it. To be simply impressed with a sight, sound, or touch, is not to know any thing in the proper sense of the word; knowledge begins when we recognize other things in the way of comparison with the one. My knowledge of redness is my comparison of this one sensation with a number of others differing from or agreeing with it; and as I extend those comparisons, I extend that knowledge. An absolute redness *per se*, like an unvarying pressure, would escape cognition; for supposing it possible that we were conscious of it, we could not be said to have any knowledge. Why is it that the same sensation is so differently felt by different persons—the sensation of red or green to an artist and an optician—if not that knowledge relates not to the single sensation itself, but to the others brought into relation with it in the mind? When I say I know a certain plant, I indicate nothing, until I inform my hearer what things stand related to it in my mind as contrasting or agreeing. I may know it as a garden-weed, that is, under difference from the flowers, fruits, and vegetables cultivated in the garden, and under agreement with the other plants that spring up unsought. I may know it botanically, that is, under difference and agreement with the other members of the order, genus, and species. I may know it artistically, or as compared with other plants, on the point of beauty of form and color. As an isolated object in my mind, I may have a sensation or a perception, although not even that in strict truth, but I can have no knowledge regarding it at all. Thus it is that in the multifarious scene and chaos of distinguishable impressions, not only do different minds fasten upon different individual parts, but fastening on the same parts, arrive at totally different cognitions. Like the two electricities, which can not exist the one without the other, or the

two poles of the magnet, which rise and fall together, no mental impression can exist and be called knowledge, unless in company with some other, as a foil wherewith to compare it. Left to a single unit of consciousness, the mental excitement vanishes. In the intellect, as in the emotions, we live by setting off contrasted states, and consequently no impression can be defined or characterized, except with reference to its accompanying foil. We see how difficult it is in language to make a meaning explicit by a brief announcement; interpretation, as applied to laws, contracts, testaments, as well as to writing generally, consists in determining what things the writer excluded as opposites to, and looked at as agreements with, the thing named. It is thus every where in cognition. A simple impression is tantamount to no impression at all. Quality, in the last resort, implies relation; although, in logic, the two are distinguished. Red and blue together in the mind, actuating in differently, keep one another alive as mental excitement, and the one is really knowledge of the other. So with the red of to-day and the red of yesterday, an interval of blank sensation, or of other sensations, coming between. These two will sustain one another in the cerebral system, and will mutually be raised to the rank of knowledge. Increase the comparisons of difference and agreement, and you increase the knowledge, the character of it being settled by the direction wherein the foils

are sought."—*The Emotions and the Will*, pp. 638–40.

Such is a brief account of a remarkable book; which, once known and read by those who are competent judges of it, is sure to take its place in the very first rank of the order of philosophical speculation to which it belongs. Of the execution, a very insufficient judgment can be formed from our extracts. The book is, indeed, a most difficult one to extract from; for as scarcely any treatise which we know proceeds so much by the way of cumulative proof and illustration, any extract of moderate dimensions is much the same sort of specimen as, we will not say a single stone, but a single row of stones, might be of a completed edifice. We hope that we may have assisted in directing the attention of those who are interested in the subject, to the structure itself; assuring those who belong to the opposite party in philosophical speculation, that so massive a pile, so rich in the quantity and quality of its materials, even if they are not disposed to take up their abode in it, can not be used even as a quarry without abundant profit.

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THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT.*

THE Secret History of the Austrian Government has not realized our expectations. Professor Newman, some years ago, wrote an essay on the crimes of the House of Hapsburg—it was a war pamphlet, written at the time of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848. M. Michiels' book is nothing more than a war pamphlet of 1859, in which France is called upon to be the public executioner of Europe, and give the *coup-de-grace*, once for all, to the much-offending House of Hapsburg. But dynasties are not extinguished thus at a blow—least of all the dynasty of Hapsburg-Lorraine, which wears, it

seems, a charmed life, and rallies from impending ruin with an elastic spring, like Antæus touching earth. The Stuarts are extinct; the Bourbons are defunct, or nearly so; the old line of Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden, is departed; but still the old stock of Ferdinand I., brother of Charles V., reigns on in Vienna, Austria can stand a great deal of beating—*merces profundo pulchrior evenit*, and so, notwithstanding M. Michiels' vaticinations, the French Emperor drew up at the base of the famous Quadrilateral, without attempting to cut his way through from Verona to Vienna.

* *The Secret History of the Austrian Government, and of its Systematic Persecutions of Protestantism.* Compiled from Official Documents, by ALFRED MICHELIS. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

In an account of the systematic persecution of Protestantism by the House of Austria, we expected to find new documents brought to light, and a fresh search

made among the state papers of Europe. In this we have been disappointed.

The rise of the House of Austria began with three fortunate marriages: the marriage of Maximilian with Mary of Burgundy, on the nineteenth August, 1477; the marriage of Philip the Handsome, only son of Maximilian and Mary, in 1496, to the jealous, and afterwards melancholy mad, Jane, Infanta of Spain, the heiress of the united crowns of Castile and Aragon; and thirdly, the marriage of Ferdinand I., son of this Philip and Jane, with Anne Jagellon, in 1521, by which he obtained the two Jagellon crowns of Hungary and Bohemia. Thus, in less than fifty years, five crowns dropped into the lap of the fortunate descendants of Rudolf of Hapsburg: the ducal crown of Burgundy, then the most splendid possession in Europe, with the rich Fleming towns, and the Netherlands as well; the two crowns of Castile and Aragon united at last under Ferdinand and Isabella; and the two crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, in comparison with which the hereditary Archduchy of Austria was what the Isle of Man is to England and Ireland.

Between the balance of power in mediæval and that in modern Europe, there are differences which deserve to be noticed. Before Austria had begun to preponderate in Germany and Spain, in Italy, several lesser states, such as Saxony and Milan, and the Republics of Venice and Genoa, enjoyed an importance which they were soon to lose. Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, had not yet risen into notice; Poland and Turkey had reached their climax, and were beginning to decline; England and France, rivals and neighbors, balanced off against each other, as they have done pretty evenly ever since; so that the great disturbing influence which marks the difference between the mediæval and the modern balance of power, was the rise of the Hapsburg family, and the partition of more than half Europe between its two branches of Spain and Austria. If these two branches had remained under one head, Charles V. would have become in fact, what he often aspired to be, the Charlemagne of modern Europe, the Cæsar Augustus of the Roman world. This was impossible for many reasons: the natural jealousy of the rest of Europe prevented any coalition between Charles and his brother Ferdinand, and the secret history of the House of Austria discloses

a fact which might have been suspected beforehand, that Ferdinand and Charles were mutually suspicious of each other, and that under great appearance of brotherly good feeling there ran an undercurrent of rivalry and jealousy.

The history of Charles V. we may pass over without note or comment. Robertson, Prescott, and Stirling, have so familiarized the English reader with the portrait of the first great King of Spain, and the last great Emperor of the Romans, that our remarks would be superfluous.

King Ferdinand was a respectable soldier, and an excellent man of business; he was also a good husband. His wife Anne, by whom he succeeded to the united crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, bore him fifteen children, of whom twelve survived infancy—three sons and nine daughters, all of them very handsome. "His Majesty is very religious: attends Mass every day, and on great holidays hears one or two sermons; he receives the sacrament two, three, or four times a year." So the Venetian ambassador described him in 1547.

Ferdinand I., like his latest descendant, Francis Joseph, was a Roman Catholic with all his heart. In his last will he most earnestly warned all his sons, and especially Maximilian, the eldest, against following a religious party, which, being divided in itself as to doctrine, could not hold the truth. "I would rather see you dead than that you should join the new sects," he wrote in his codicil of 1555. He was the first to introduce the Spanish priests, as the Jesuits were then called, into Germany. He selected Bobadilla, one of the founders of the order, as his confessor, and cautiously introduced Jesuitism, step by step, into Vienna. At first they were quartered with the Dominicans, and recommended themselves by their skill as physicians, effecting cures by means of Peruvian bark, which was long known over Europe as the Jesuit's powder. In 1551, the first Jesuit college in Germany was founded in Vienna, from whence the order rapidly spread and began to work the counter Reformation, in which they were only too successful, aided, as they were, by the hateful dissensions of Protestants among themselves, as well as the wily encroachments of the Austrian Emperors on the rights of their subjects.

It was Ferdinand's design to break

down the power of the nobles who had favored the Reformers, and so the Jesuits were introduced into Austria for the object of sowing dissension between the sects of Protestants, and dividing the nobility by educating the rising generation in seminaries of their own. In both these designs they succeeded only too well. When Ferdinand ascended the throne, according to the statements of the Venetian ambassador, *nine tenths of Germany professed the new creed*; and in the hereditary Hapsburg dominions by far the greater number were Lutherans. The whole nobility of Austria at that time went to study at the Protestant University at Wittenberg. Marriages between Catholic and Protestant were common, and all things gave promise of peace. But the Spanish priests and King Ferdinand stood in the way of this solution of the great schism of the sixteenth century. Austria became what she has ever since been, the champion of the counter-Reformation: little by little Protestantism was supplanted in Hungary, Austria, and Bohemia, till it now exists only upon sufferance in those provinces where the whole population was once either Hussite or Lutheran.

Ferdinand I. died in 1564, and Maximilian II., his eldest son, educated, like his father, in Spain, succeeded. He was a headstrong, high-spirited youth, a favorite with his uncle, Charles V., who educated him; but disliked by his father for his recklessness, and, perhaps, his liberal and tolerant spirit, for Maximilian II. was the only one of his line who was not a Catholic of the Jesuit and reactionary school. In a letter to his brother-in-law, Duke Albert of Bavaria, he declares the latitudinarian opinion: "In religious matters, one must not bend the bow till it breaks." He treated a Protestant divine, John Sebastian Pfauser, as his confidant, made him his court preacher, and read the books on divinity that he put in his hand. Maximilian went so far even as to say that "God alone rules the consciences of men, man only rules man." Carrying out this principle, he issued an edict of toleration for Bohemia in 1567, and one for Austria, in 1568. He lived on terms of friendship with the Protestant princes of the Empire, the Elector Palatine, the Elector Augustus of Saxony, Landgrave Philip of Hesse, and Duke Christopher of Würtemberg. As early

as 1562 Maximilian entreated the Pope to sanction the administration of the eucharist in both kinds, and the abolition of the celibacy of the clergy. The Pope refused to do so, and even threatened excommunication. The Spanish cousin of the Emperor, Philip II., also opposed his liberal tendencies. There is a letter extant in the archives of Vienna which Dr. Vehse prints in full, in which Maximilian vents his grief and horror at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. "I can not," he says, "commend it at all, and I have heard, to my heart-felt grief, that my son-in-law (Charles IX.) has allowed himself to be persuaded to give his sanction to such an infamous slaughter; but I know this much, that other people rule much more than he does." "Religious matters," he goes on to say, "ought not to be settled by the sword: no honest man that fears God and loves peace will say differently; nor did Christ and his apostles teach otherwise; for their sword was their tongue, their teaching, God's word and their Christian life."

Maximilian was the first and last of the Austrian Emperors who betrayed any leaning towards Protestantism.

There is a remarkable letter extant describing the Emperor's death-bed. It seems he was urged to confess himself and to receive the sacrament. His answer to his son, the Archduke Matthias, was: "My son, all this is needless. I hope, through the mercy of God and his merits, to be saved as surely as you can be. I have confessed all my sins to Christ, and thrown them on his passion and death; and I am sure they are forgiven, and I do not need any thing else." Thus, "unhouseeld, unanointed, unannealed" by human priest, passed away the spirit of the Emperor Maximilian II., a rare instance of an Austrian Emperor imbued with Protestant and liberal sentiments. It was said that the Jesuits had poisoned him.

Rodolph succeeded—an eccentric prince, chiefly remarkable by his taste for mechanics, who, in 1608, yielded up Hungary, Austria, and Moravia to his brother Matthias, becoming a prisoner in his own palace at Prague.

On the eleventh April, 1611, he was further obliged to renounce the crown of Bohemia; and when signing the document of resignation, in his anger at the ungrateful Bohemians who sided with

Matthias, he bit the pen with which he had written his name and flung it on the diploma; on which, as Hormayr states, "the blot of ink is seen to this day." In November, 1611, the German Princes sent an Embassy to compel him to cause a King of the Romans to be elected. "Rodolph received the envoys standing under a dais, with his left hand leaning on a table. When the point of abdication was mentioned, the blood rushed to his temples, his knees trembled, and he was obliged to sit down on a chair. While the Embassy was waiting for his reply, the Emperor unexpectedly died."

Rodolph was succeeded by his brother Matthias. By a singular but just retribution, very nearly the same fate which Matthias had schemed to bring upon Rodolph, was prepared for himself by his cousin Archduke Ferdinand. In June, 1617, he was compelled to take Ferdinand to Prague to have him crowned King of Bohemia, as Ferdinand had consented to take the oaths to them, on the *Magestäts-brief*. This was a capitulation between the sovereign and his subjects, by which the free exercise of their religion was granted to the secular lords and knights, and to the inhabitants of the royal towns and demesnes.

The accession of Ferdinand to the Kingdom of Bohemia was the signal for the breaking out of the Thirty Years' War. The Jesuits, who, at the coronation of their pupil Ferdinand, had made their entry into Prague in his train, soon began to work their intrigues. They had on that occasion caused a triumphal arch to be built for Ferdinand, on which, symbolically and significantly, the Bohemian lion was chained to the arms of Austria. Scioppius, an Apostate Calvinist, in his *Alarm-drum of the Holy War*, proclaimed in the plainest language that the only way to religious unity in Europe was by a path of blood, and, on the twenty-third May, 1618, occurred the first overt act which began the prolonged conflict. On that day about noon the Utraquist or Hussite delegates who had been refused permission to build new churches by the Archbishop of Prague, resolved to take the law into their own hands. They presented themselves at the Council-room in the Hradschin, where the Council of Regency was sitting, and resolved there and then to execute summary vengeance on the two most obnoxious members of the

Council — Martinitz and Slawata. The punishment of defenestration had long been in Bohemia what the traitor's leap from the Tarpeian had been in Rome; and so they inflicted it, flinging them as they were in their Spanish costume, with cloaks and hats, from the window, into the dry ditch of the castle. They fell from a height of nearly sixty feet, but owing to their cloaks filling with air, and thus breaking the fall, and to their alighting on a heap of waste paper and other rubbish, they escaped with only a few bruises. Immediately after the defenestration Count Thurn, the chief instigator of this act of Lynch law, rode through the streets of Prague, exhorting the people to be quiet. The castle was occupied by parliamentary troops; the public officers were sworn in on the authority of the estates; a committee of thirty directors was appointed to carry on the Government, and the Jesuits were expelled from the whole of Bohemia. War, civil and religious, had now broken out; it was to last thirty years, to spread over the whole of Germany, to draw Sweden, Denmark, Spain, and France into this vortex, and not to cease until Germany had subsided into peace, because it could carry on war no longer. The death of Matthias, a few months after the first outbreak of hostilities, left the throne vacant for his cousin Ferdinand, who had already been crowned King of Bohemia. And now the Jesuits had one of their pupils at the head of the most powerful monarchy of Europe, who had put himself as a corpse in their hands, with no will but theirs, and no desire but to do that will. If passive obedience be the highest merit in man, if the noblest service be that of a dead will galvanized into life by another stronger will, then Ferdinand II. was the most exemplary Prince, not of his own, but of all time.

Ferdinand II. was son of Duke Charles and grandson of Ferdinand I., the brother of Charles V. He was born at Gratz, in 1578, and was educated in the Jesuit University of Ingolstadt. At the age of seventeen he undertook the government of Styria, and already at twenty, he began to organize the movement of the counter-Reformation, which he carried out with the most persevering purpose of will. "*Better a desert than a country full of heretics*," was a memorable saying of his to his minister Clesel. The sentiment was worthy of his cousin Philip II.

of Spain; it is difficult to say to which of the two we must assign the palm of bigotry. He was the most faithful disciple of the Church of Rome, whose priests, especially the Spanish priests, or Jesuits, were to him as the mouth-piece of God. His own confessor says of him that Ferdinand feared no one so much as the priests, whom he looked upon as something superhuman. He is reported to have once said that if he met a priest and an angel at one and the same time, he would render honor to the priest first. In his youth he made a pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Loretto, and there registered a vow of eternal enmity to the Reformation and its agents. Ferdinand heard every day two masses in the Imperial Chapel, and on Sunday, besides a mass in church, a German and an Italian sermon, and vespers in the afternoon; he never missed kneeling before the crucifix at matins in Advent, and at vespers in Lent; he regularly before and after Easter attended all the processions and pilgrimages on foot and bareheaded. He would minister as an acolyte at mass, toll the bell for vespers, and visit the monasteries and take his meals with the monks. From him dates the custom of the Emperors publicly joining in the Corpus Christi procession. The orders, black, white, and gray, grew and multiplied under his patronage in Vienna. A couple of Jesuits, as early as 1618, before Ferdinand's accession to the Imperial throne "were always to be met with in his ante-chamber—nay, they had such free access to him as to be admitted to his bedside even at midnight, as often as they chose to send in their names."

On his accession, in 1619, Ferdinand had already completed his forty-second year. He was corpulent, of low stature, but of a strong and excellent constitution. He was, moreover, very temperate both in eating and drinking, and regularly went to bed at ten, and rose at four. Unlike his predecessors, Ferdinand had no intrigues. He was a devotee, and a strict one; a sincere and a narrow-minded bigot.

During the eighteen years of Ferdinand's reign, he was constantly at war, but so little had he of martial ardor, that the first and only time he saw actual conflict, was in the Turkish campaign of 1600, and then his retreat was as inglorious as Horace's "*parvulus non bene reli-*

ta." The dust of a herd of bullocks and swine having spread a sudden panic, Ferdinand, with the whole of his army, ingloriously ran away. He never drew bridle till he had crossed the river Mur into his own country of Styria. Ferdinand never tempted fortune again on a battle-field. He had no stomach for fighting; he was all his life more of the monk than the monarch, and would have graced a cowl better than a crown. It would have been well for his after fame, if he had been allowed to abdicate, like his grand-uncle, Charles V., and retire into a monastery without once wearing the crown of Charlemagne.

The history of the Thirty Years' War, is a bloody page that has often been described. Every school-girl has read Schiller's narrative; and some of the incidents, such as Gustavus Adolphus' death, the sack of Magdeburg, and the murder of Wallenstein, stand out in German history as landmarks to those to whom almost all the rest is a haze of names and dates. But some of the events of that war, which throw their light on the policy of the House of Austria, are not so well known. On the 8th November, 1620, was fought the fatal battle of the White Mountain of Prague. Frederic, the unhappy Elector-Palatine, and son-in-law of our James I., fled the day after the battle, leaving behind, as he hurriedly entered his traveling carriage, his crown and his jewels. The result of the battle was fatal to the Bohemian liberties and religion. On that day Bohemia sunk from the rank of an independent kingdom to a mere province of Austria, which it has remained ever since. The revenge of the Emperor was as complete as his victory. Like Alva at Brussels, he temporized and allured the Bohemian nobles with hopes of an amnesty, only to get them more completely in his grasp. Once he had succeeded in this, blood began to flow, and on the twenty-first of June, 1621, such a scene of wholesale butchery was witnessed in the old City Circus, at Prague, as has never been witnessed perhaps out of China. Yeh might have envied the completeness of this butchery *en masse* of a whole nobility.

Early in the morning, at four, the heavy boom of the cannon was heard from the Hradschin—it was the signal for the executions. The prisoners, escorted by a squadron of cuirassiers and two

hundred musketeers, were driven in six or seven carriages to the Altstadt. The scaffold, covered with red cloth, was erected close before the town-hall, in the ring opposite the church called Theinkirche, which was surmounted by the large chalice with the sword, the emblem of the Hussites. It happened with the Bohemian martyrs as with the magnanimous John Frederic of Saxony, they behaved like brave men in the hour of misfortune. They all died joyous in faith. It was five before the executions began; a slight shower fell, and, to the no small comfort of the martyrs, a fine rainbow spanned the sky. The executioner began his task—he beheaded within four hours, from five to nine o'clock, twenty-four persons—three were hanged. The decapitated lords were most of them very old; the aggregate age of ten of them was calculated to have been seven hundred years. One only, whilst already kneeling down, was reprieved; his punishment was commuted into imprisonment for life, Confiscation and banishment awaited those whom the executive spared. A proclamation was made offering pardon to any Bohemian nobles who informed against themselves. No less than seven hundred and twenty-eight nobles were simple enough to do so. Their lives were spared, but their estates were confiscated. The Emperor levied the enormous sum of forty-three million florins from the sale of these confiscated estates, and thus nearly all the landed property of Bohemia changed owners during Ferdinand's reign. The innocent sons and grand-sons of the condemned had to wear a red silk string round their necks, as a token "that the spawn of the rebels had also deserved the halter." Then followed the last act of the Bohemian tragedy—a wholesale emigration. No less than one hundred and eighty-five noble houses, of twelve, twenty, and even fifty persons each, beside many thousand families of commoners and citizens, left their country forever. Notwithstanding this drain, there were, in the time of Joseph II., in 1787, forty-five thousand Protestants, partly Lutheran, partly Calvinists, in Bohemia. Ferdinand burnt the *Magestäts*-brief and other charters of Bohemia, as waste paper. "These are the rags," he said, "of waste paper, which have given so much trouble to our predecessors." Bohemia lost all her liberties, civil and religious; the spirit and

pride of her nobility were broken; her language degenerated into a provincial dialect; her literature disappeared, and all the books and records of her former independence were hunted down and destroyed. Never, in modern times, was there a more complete obliteration of a nation's existence.

It is characteristic of Ferdinand, that while the executions were going on in the public square in Prague, on a June morning in 1620, he was on his knees praying for the salvation of those whose bodies he was destroying. While we are appalled at the blood-thirsty way in which he went about his revenge, we are almost compelled to pity him for his sincere but insane fanaticism.

Ferdinand II. died as he had lived, a devoted son of the Church, holding in his hand a consecrated taper which his confessor had offered him. He was succeeded by his son Ferdinand III., who was his father over again, only in miniature—what Bombalino, the present King of Naples, appears to be to his father. He was a particular champion of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, that peculiarly Spanish doctrine which has made its way with the spread of Spanish Jesuitism all over Catholic Europe. He issued an order that no one should be made a doctor without taking the oath on the Immaculate Conception. He set the example of erecting monuments in honor of this dogma. When he was besieged in Vienna in 1645 he made a vow to erect in the Hof a monument to the Virgin in marble. The one he erected was replaced in 1667 by another in marble and bronze which stands there to this day. During the greater part of his reign the Thirty Years' War raged on, becoming fiercer every year till it finally died out for want of more fuel. The peace of Westphalia was concluded on the twenty-fourth October, 1648; but the relief to Germany came too late to be felt by that generation. Germany was exhausted; its fields lay waste; its population gone. Instead of flourishing industrious towns, and cheerful thriving villages, the eye, as far as it reached, only met heaps of smouldering ruins and newly-dug graves. Germany was fast relapsing into its primitive state, covered with bog and forest; the starving men wandered about, preying like wolves, and driven even to the acts of cannibalism.

Ferdinand had realized his ferocious boast, "better a desert than a country full of heretics"—*solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant*—might have been the reflection of a patriotic German on this rest from exhaustion, miscalled a peace.

Central Europe did not recover, it is thought, for a century, the ravages of these thirty years of war; and to this day the backward state of Germany, in comparison with France and England, may be traced to these years of horror, when its plains became the cock-pit of Europe, when the northern and southern nations met to fight out the old quarrel of the previous century between Luther and the Pope.

Ferdinand III. died in 1657, and was succeeded by his son, Leopold I., surnamed by the Jesuits "the Great," perhaps because he was the feeblest monarch that ever sat on a throne, and therefore the most manageable. Leopold was a true Spaniard and bigot, like his father and grandfather, a pupil of the Jesuits, and as docile as a dog to his masters. Leopold was not unlike his descendant, Francis II., occupant of the imperial throne during the long wars of the French Revolution. It has twice been the fortune, or misfortune, as it may be, of the House of Austria to have two of the most imbecile of their race on the throne pitted against the two most vigorous rulers of France. What Leopold was in comparison with Louis XIV. that Francis II. was to Napoleon. Like Francis II., Leopold was fond of correcting the style of the state papers that were laid before him. His whole work as a ruler consisted, in fact, in signing the orders drawn up in his name by his Ministers. He had, like all men of small intellect, a memory tenacious only of trifles; thus, in the disastrous year 1683, when the Turks drove him from his capital, he recorded that eight thousand two hundred and sixty-five dispatches were signed, three hundred and eighty-six letters written, and four hundred and eighty-one audiences given by him. He was a caricature of a king, as seen and described by an Italian Abbe, who in his travels visited Vienna in 1670 and 1680. "The Emperor," he says, "is of small stature and delicate complexion; the hanging lip peculiar to the House of Hapsburg is so marked in him that the eye-teeth protrude, which somewhat impedes his speech; his eyes and brow are

majestic; his beard, which nearly covers his chin, is black, and he wears a periwig. His gait is languid. He is dressed in the Spanish fashion—red stockings and shoes, a red or black plume in his hat, and round his neck the great collar of the Golden Fleece, which is sometimes covered by his mantle."

Leopold's only decisive acts as a ruler were despotical proceedings in the case of political crimes. The little energy that he had he used in attempting to crush Hungary, as Ferdinand II. had attempted to crush Bohemia. The Jesuits had pertinaciously been pursuing the plan of introducing the Spanish rule into Hungary as they had done into Bohemia. To accomplish this their policy was to keep up the closest connection with the Turks, who then held more than half of Hungary, and so keep the Protestants in check, and finally crush them. In this they succeeded. The Hungarians resorted to the *privilege of insurrection*, a strange right reserved to the Hungarian magnates by the Golden Bull of 1222, the Magna Charta of Hungary, granted by Andrew II., one of the native line of kings, and which all the former kings of Hungary, including those of the House of Hapsburg, had sworn to respect. They used this privilege of insurrection against Leopold in 1670, and being defeated, had to pay the penalty in a merciless proscription of their nobility, and the forcible suppression of all Protestant worship. Protestant preachers and schoolmasters were arrested and condemned, some to imprisonment, others to death: two hundred and fifty Lutheran ministers were banished to Bohemia, and then thrown into dungeons without even a form of trial. *Thirty-eight of these pastors were sold at fifty crowns per head as galley-slaves to Naples.* Beaten down, trampled on, their liberties and religion taken away, the Hungarians would have shared the same fate as the Bohemians, when, happily for them, the Turks invaded Austria and invested Vienna. Fortune plays strange freaks with men and principles. The infidel Turks came to the rescue of Protestant Hungary from the grip of Catholic Austria, and John Sobieski, in his turn, rescues Austria from the grip of the infidel. It was characteristic of Leopold that when he met Sobieski, the deliverer of Vienna, he only saluted him with chilling coldness, remaining stiffly sitting in the

saddle, nor did he even lift his hat when Sobieski kissed his hand, and the Polish nobles of the first houses were presented to him. Austrian ingratitude is proverbial. Nicholas was the Sobieski of Austria in 1849, and Russia has not forgotten, though Austrian has, the debt of obligation then incurred by her. The bloody assize of Eperies, in which Caraffa of Naples played the part of our Judge Jefferies, and about the same year 1687, followed soon upon the deliverance of Vienna. Caraffa once said: "If I were conscious of having within my body one drop of blood that was friendly to the Hungarians, *I would at once bleed myself to death.*" The tortures that he inflicted are too horrible to relate: the rack, the boot, and lighted wax tapers under the armpits, were common punishments; suffice, that Caraffa made good his boast, that he would prove himself to be the Attila, the Scourge of God, to these Hungarians. When the Hungarians asked that they might be permitted to defend themselves, Caraffa replied: "*That their trial should be proceeded with after their execution.*" The Hungarians at last, to get rid of the bloody assize of Eperies, acquiesced in having the crown of their ancient elective monarchy made hereditary in the male line of the House of Hapsburg; and also resigned their right of insurrection. If men have the right to rebel, with whom does the right rest? Who is to decide when the limits of endurance are past? Is it the prince or the people? If with the prince, rebellion is always wrong; if with the people, it is always right; but in neither case can it be a matter of strict right. Rebellion is always a case of necessity, and necessity knows no law.

On the fifth of May, 1705, the Emperor Leopold died at the age of sixty-four of dropsy in the chest. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Joseph, who, though a true Hapsburg in pride and stiff pedantry, was much more tolerant than any of his predecessors of the Illyrian line. Under him the Jesuits, for the first time, began to lose ground at the Court of Vienna. He also despised the saintly Camarilla, who had exercised paramount influence at the court of his father. Joseph went so far as to expel a Jesuit from Vienna for preaching sermons leveled at him, and when remonstrated with for selecting a confessor who was not a Jesuit, he threat-

ened to send the whole order out of Austria, never to return. But Joseph's reign was destined to be short, and the reforms which he had begun were to be carried on by his greater namesake, Joseph II., towards the end of the century. He was cut off by small-pox in 1711, and was succeeded by Charles VI., the sixteenth and last emperor of the old male line of Hapsburg.

The reign of Charles VI. marks the transition between the dull cold bigotry of the Hapsburgs of the seventeenth century, and the more liberal rule of the new branch of Hapsburg-Lorraines of the eighteenth. He continued and carried forward his brother Joseph's ecclesiastical reforms: suppressed useless monasteries, corrected the abuses of the conventual prisons, which, in many cases, were dens of debauchery and cruelty, and forced the regulars into submission to their bishops. But, in other respects, Charles was as great a trifler as his father and grandfather. When in Spain he was pressed by the allies to advance upon Madrid, as it would be a great point to occupy the capital; he refused, because he had no state carriages, and it did not befit him, as King of Spain, to enter Madrid except in state.

Charles VI. had no son; and to secure the succession to his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa, he procured the celebrated Pragmatic Sanction, enacted in 1713, and published in 1724. To secure for this sanction the respect of the great powers of Europe, Charles stopped at no sacrifices. It was the labor of his life to make it binding by solemn treaties. To secure this he lowered the dignity of the Imperial crown, and sacrificed the independence of Austria. But no sooner was Charles dead, than the very power who guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction, rose against Maria Theresa: only eight weeks after Charles's death, Frederic had overrun and annexed Silesia.

Maria Theresa, with an empty treasury, a disbanded army, and a disputed title, began her reign on the twentieth October, 1740; yet, before she died, in 1780, she had consolidated the hereditary states of the House of Hapsburg in one consistent and powerful monarchy. She had established that bureaucratic system, which her son Joseph II. carried to perfection. She had crowned one of her sons King of the Romans; seated another on the throne

of Tuscany; married a third to the rich heiress of Este, and so secured to him the Duchy of Modena, and had given away three of her daughters to three Bourbon princes: Marie Antoinette, the celebrated Queen of France; Caroline, Queen of Naples; and Amelia, Duchess of Parma.

Thus Maria Theresa may be considered the foundress of the modern Austrian Empire, not only because this new line of Hapsburg-Lorraine begins with her, but also because from her reign we may date the entire ascendancy of Austria in Italy, which continued unbroken till the peace of Villafranca. Maria Theresa's courageous appeal to the Hungarians, and their chivalrous reply, are well known; but it also deserves to be recorded, to her honor, that she was the only one of the three accomplices in the partition of Poland who felt any reluctance to commit this act of spoliation. When the measure had been forced upon her by her minister, Kaunitz, she signed the deed of partition, writing on the margin of the memorandum: "*Placet: because so many great and learned men wish it: but when I have been long dead people will see what must come from this violation of every thing that, until now, has been deemed holy and right.*"

Honor to her woman's heart: it was a truer instinct to guide her conduct by than all the state-craft of Kaunitz. She added these words on the back of the sheet: "When all my countries were attacked, and I no longer knew where I might go quietly to lie in, I stood stiff, on my good right and the help of God. But, in this affair, when not only clear justice cries to Heaven against us, but also all fairness and common-sense condemns us, I must confess that I never felt so troubled in all my life, and am ashamed to show myself before the people."

Maria Theresa was succeeded by her son Joseph II. in 1780. His reign was short, lasting little more than nine years, yet it was memorable. He is, on the whole, the most remarkable prince of the House of Hapsburg, since the days of Charles V. to the present. His energetic reforms imparted new life to the sluggish rule of the House of Austria. He first brought Austrian policy up to the level of the age, and if he had lived longer, or been supported in these reforms by his successors, the integrity of the Austrian empire might have been saved. As it

now is, it seems that Austria must share the fate of China, to which her policy has conformed with such remarkable pertinacity. She is slowly breaking up under pressure from without and dissension within. Her provinces, like those of China, are centralized only in appearance.

Count Buol told Lord Adam Loftus the other day, that Austria was a Conservative state; so is China, but such Conservatism is a sorry thing for a statesman to boast of. True Conservatism implies progress, for there is a life in a nation as in a tree—if it is not growing it is decaying, and though, for a time, the causes of decay are unseen, they are none the less certain.

There was a better spirit in the rulers of Austria last century. Between Joseph I. and Joseph II., that is from 1705 to 1780, they began to feel the breath of new ideas. Their sacred Apostolic Majesties took the air, and went about and thought as other people. Between the ridiculous Leopold and the imbecile Francis II., there was an interval of common-sense.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay;" and during that fifty years of Europe, French and English ideas propagated themselves so fast in Austria, that English liberalism and French philosophy began to be tolerated, and the Jesuits pronounced a nuisance, even by Apostolic Majesty itself. Joseph II. was the first really liberal Emperor. Maria Theresa, his mother, was better than her predecessors, and showed a reforming spirit in many respects. She deputed her authority to old Kaunitz, to whom, more than to any one else, the general suppression of the Jesuits, at the end of the eighteenth century was due. Pombal, Arunda, and Choiseul, the three ministers who put down the order in Portugal, Spain, and France, had formerly been ambassadors of their courts at Vienna, and had taken their cue from thence. At Rome Kaunitz was only called *il ministro eretico*. The arch-infidel, Voltaire, and the author of the *Tartuffe*, were his favorite authors. The expulsion of the Spanish priests who, for two hundred years, had been the real rulers of Austria, was a revolution, silent but real in the policy of Austria. This was effected by Kaunitz in 1772, Maria Theresa giving her reluctant consent. Joseph was then thirty-one years of age, and already had

begun to display those advanced opinions which brought such a startling change on Austria in a few years. Frederic the Great saw Joseph, for the first time, when he was a young man of twenty-eight. The king then said of him: "He is bred in a bigoted court, and has cast off superstition; he has been brought up in pomp, and yet has adopted plain manners; he has been nurtured with flattery, and yet is modest." Frederic predicted that he would surpass Charles V. Joseph was full of those philanthropic ideas of promoting the happiness of mankind, which had propagated themselves from France to Germany; "and it marks," Vehse observes, "most strikingly the difference between him and Frederic, that during his French journey, in the prime of manhood, he in Paris went to see Rousseau in his garret; but whilst in Switzerland, rigorously, and on principle, abstained from paying a visit to Frederic's great friend, Voltaire, at Ferney—an omission which not a little annoyed the vain philosopher."

If Austria could have produced a Washington, that man was Joseph. At the beginning of his reign he gave a rare example of disinterestedness. He burned coupons—government stock issued after the seven years' war to the value of 22,000,000 florins, which he had inherited from his father, thus making a present to the treasury both of capital and interest. "*Virtute et exemplo*," was his motto through life, and he only expected from others what he was prepared to do himself. He put down jobbery wherever he could, and raised the standard of education at the public offices. He abolished the Spanish ceremonial and stiffness which prevailed at court, and issued a special order forbidding genuflexions, as he said that men should kneel only before God. The court struggled in vain against this new Reforming Emperor. Old Polonius, with plentiful lack of wit, predicted the end of all things when Joseph sat himself down on the throne in a military uniform. Joseph would not wear the robes of state, and laughing at the farce of gold stick, ate, drank, and talked as other people. Apostolic Majesty had caught at last the spirit of the times, and Leopold and Ferdinand must have turned in their graves at the reforming pranks of this young Hamlet of Hapsburg. In the first year of his reign he issued two edicts, which, in his ardent enthusiasm, he thought would

liberalize Austria by a stroke of the pen. The edict of the eleventh of June, 1781, abolishing the censorship of the Press; and the edict of the thirteenth October, in the same year, granting entire toleration to all religious dissenters. The edict abolishing the censorship produced a sudden deluge of books. The number of book-writers who crowded to Vienna was estimated at nearly four hundred. This sudden liberty soon degenerated into license, and at last Joseph was obliged to put a check upon the publication of works like the *Wolfenbuttel Fragments* and Voltaire's *Maid of Orleans*. But he would not suppress any attacks of the Press upon himself, "for," said he, "the public will not judge me from pamphlets, but from my acts."

The other important edict of toleration, to all sects alike, Lutheran, Calvinist, Greeks, and Jews, also met with great opposition. Joseph was a sincere Christian. Passing on his journey to Rome, through Bologna, he said to the professors of Theology there: "I am no divine; I am only a soldier; but so much I know that one way and one truth only leads to heaven—and I hope you, in your schools, will keep to it—the truth of Jesus Christ." He struck at the root of all bigotry in the famous Bull against heretics: "*In Cæna Domini*." This he ordered to be expunged from all rituals—the oath to be taken by all doctors of the universities, or the Immaculate Conception, was abolished; nor were people required to kneel to the Host, as it passed by in the streets. The import trade of images and relics from Italy was put a stop to—waxen Agnus Deis, amulets, scapulars, and so forth, were forbidden to be sold—images in churches were stripped of their tawdry dresses, their periwigs, and hooped petticoats, and trumpery of all kinds was swept out of the monasteries, as by our Henry VIII. The theatrical style of church-music was laid aside; the Mass sung in German; processions were put down or limited to a single day; the Corpus Christi and pilgrimages discountenanced.

Joseph, like our Henry VIII., took care to make his reforms profitable as well as pious. He founded a religious chest, in which he deposited the silver and gold of melted images; thus, while he vied with the Ephesians in burning the books of superstition and curious arts, he carefully counted the cost, and, by help of the

melting-pot, he not only purified religion in Austria, but also replenished the exchequer. The Pope, at last, took alarm at these Protestant proceedings. Unable to check these reforms by remonstrances from Rome, Pius VI. resolved to surprise the Emperor in Vienna, and try the effect of personal influence. Pius was a very handsome and affable, but also a very vain old man. He had earned the name in Rome of *Il Persuasore*. So, nothing daunted by the Emperor's coolness, he set out for Vienna on the twenty-seventh February, 1782. Instead of kissing the slipper and holding the stirrups, Joseph embraced the Pope three times *à la Française*. The Pope remained four weeks in Vienna, and was treated outwardly with all respect. Joseph was courteous "as a king to a king," but appeared utterly unconscious of the honor of receiving under his roof the Holy Father of Christendom, and treated him with the same studied respect as if he had been only his good brother of France or Naples, and not His Holiness. Old Kaunitz, *il ministro eretico*, even surpassed his master in cool irreverence. When the Emperor introduced him, the Pope held out his hand to be kissed. Old Kaunitz gave it a hearty squeeze, *à l'Anglaise*, exclaiming: *De tout mon cœur, de tout mon cœur*—as if he had said in plain English: "Delighted to see you, old fellow." When the Pope honored Kaunitz with a visit, which, by the by, the old heretic forgot to return, Kaunitz received the holy father in an easy morning-dress, and took him through the picture-gallery, pushing the vicar of Christ unceremoniously about to place him in the best light to see the pictures, and altogether handling him in so irreverent a manner that the Pope was "struck of a heap"—"*tutto stupefatto*," as he confessed to his chamberlain. The holy father, however, did not forget to suggest to the heretic, Kaunitz, that it was high time in his old age to do something for the church.

So little did the Pope get from his journey to Vienna that Joseph carried on his reforms with a higher hand than ever. He soon returned the Pope's visit, and (strange contrast with Francis Joseph) the streets of Rome rang with applause of the Austrian Emperor. The populace shouted so energetically, "*Viva l'Imperatore re dei Romans. Siete a casa vostra siete il nostro padrone*," that Joseph

himself was obliged to repress these acclamations. The days of the Ghibellines seemed come again. Joseph even had serious thoughts of a formal rupture with Rome, and setting up a national church in Germany. "I hope," said Joseph, to the Cardinal Argara, the Spanish Ambassador, "*I shall be able to convince my people that they may remain Catholic without being Roman*," and the Archbishops of Mayence, Cologne, Treves, and Saltzburg met at Ems, and discussed the measures for laying the foundations of a free national church.

So loud was the outcry of the party of reaction that Joseph was denounced as a Lutheran. A fanatical monk at Lemberg attempted his life, and Joseph only ordered him to be shut up in a mad-house. In the Tyrol, the people under priestly instigation, broke out into rebellion. An effigy of Luther was carried about the streets in a wheel-barrow, and afterwards thrown into the river; and Protestants were beaten and insulted.

Joseph was a thorough utilitarian. His habits were active and simple. Economy reigned in his palace. He reduced the expenses from six million florins to half a million. Much work and little play was his habit through life. He rose at five and worked all the morning with his five secretaries, reading and answering dispatches. His fare was frugal; he ate no supper, and if there was any pressing business, could work till beyond midnight. His bed was a sack, filled with maize straw, over which a stag's skin and a linen sheet were spread. His pillow was a leathern cushion, stuffed with horse-hair.

Joseph had not completed his forty-ninth year when he died. His reign was only too short for Austria. Even the party of reaction, to whose entire ascendancy during the last forty years Austria owes her continual downward decline, now admits that Joseph II. saved the empire from the effects of the French Revolution. Count Fiquelmont, the champion of pure absolutism, the most Austrian of Austrian statesmen, acknowledges his great merits. Hormayr, the Saint Simon of Austria, who, as an *employé*, spent his life in quietly noting the symptoms of decay in the empire, in whose pay he was, wrote before the revolution of 1848: "*His memory rises every spring more powerfully from the grave.*"

Leopold II., who had been Grand Duke of Tuscany, succeeded his brother Joseph in 1790, and reigned only two years. But, during that short reign, he decided the policy of Austria for the next quarter of a century. Contrary to the advice of old Kaunitz, he resolved to oppose the French Revolution, and handed on to his son Francis II., as an inheritance, those disastrous wars with Napoleon, which three times brought Austria to the very brink of ruin. Of all the powers that fought with Napoleon, Austria is the only one that can not point to a victory. England has her Peninsula and Waterloo. Prussia wiped out her Jena at Waterloo, and Russia her Friedland at Moscow, but Austria was always beaten. She was brought back on the crest of the wave that swept Napoleon before it; but Austria has no military glory to point to as her own in modern times. She is an excellent jailer, and her troops can take terrible revenge on an unarmed populace. But the united Italians were too much for her in 1848, and the Hungarians in 1849. But for the treachery of the Pope and the King of Naples she would never have recovered her grasp of Italy; and but for the one hundred and fifty thousand Russians that Nicholas marched in to her rescue, she would never have recovered Hungary. As it is, she only holds her provinces together as the planks of a stranded wreck, that will go to pieces at the first storm. Statesmen still put faith in the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg, and financiers still float her loans into the market. But the faith of Jew and Gentile in the solvency and stability of Austria is very nearly at an end. The last exposure of the surreptitious issue of eleven millions of national stock by Baron Bruck, over and above what the government had declared its debts to amount to, is a proceeding on a level with that of Paul, Strahan, and Bates, and calls for the expulsion of Austrian loans from every bourse in Europe. It is impossible that such a system can hold together much longer—it has been living on its capital too long—its credit is now gone also—Russia will lend her no more soldiers, or Holland any more *métalliques*. The concordat and centralization have done their work, and alienated forever the loyalty even of the Tyrolese and Germans, the only loyal provinces Austria possessed ten years ago. Europe must now look out for changes in

the balance of power for the disintegration of Austria into two or three great nationalities. It is not as in Spain or France, where, when the old Bourbon dynasty was effete, a revolution brought in new blood, and with it new ideas, while the nation's life continued the same as before. In Austria the race is effete, and the system as well. There is no homogeneous race to begin a new life for Austria, as in France since the Revolution; but the government will fall to pieces with the family that represent it. *Le roi est d'état*, is true of Austria more than ever it was of France in its most despotic days. Austria is a house, not a nation. When Francis V., ex-Duke of Modena, changed the name of his territories from *Stati Modenesi* to *Stati Estesi*, implying thereby that his subjects were his personal possessions—stock—he acted in the spirit of a true Austrian. The Hapsburg, like the Este States, are looked upon as their estates, and since their subjects have no rights, of course they have no duties. Italy and Hungary will release themselves as soon as they can from all obligations to rulers who are under no obligations to them. The fiction of loyalty without law can not be kept up much longer, and when the last descendant of Rodolph of Hapsburg is reduced to the petty dukedom from which his dynasty take their name, then, at last, Hungary, Italy, and Bohemia may form the nuclei of three independent constitutional states, like Belgium, Sardinia, and Prussia. Europe will be relieved of one great military monarchy, and there will be one obstacle the less in the way of Continental improvement. We do not agree with Dr. Michiels that France is to work the overthrow of Austria. His book, written in May last, was out of date in July, when Napoleon patched up the inglorious treaty of Villafranca. France, as governed at present, will have to win her own liberties before she can think of giving liberty to the enslaved subjects of Austria. One military monarchy may go to war with another, but Satan does not cast out Satan. Despotic kings soon patch up their quarrels in face of the common enemy—a constitutional king. Nor, again, do we anticipate much result from the demands of Panslavism in Hungary and Bohemia. The flame of disaffection is artfully fanned by Russian agents, and, of course, for Russian ends. Russia only uses nationalities as the cat the monkey

to get the chestnuts for its own eating. Constitutionalism has nothing to gain from military monarchy, either in Russia or France. But when the end comes, and it can not be far off, let us hope that Italy, Hungary, and Bohemia will enjoy their own native dynasties, and with them retain their liberties.

From the Westminster Review.

BONAPARTISM IN ITALY.*

PEACE might now have been concluded, but Austria had, unfortunately for herself and more unfortunately for the West, made a treaty with Russia, and Suwarrow and his Tartars were come to divide the promised spoil. Italy, overrun in turn by Goths, Vandals, Austrians, Spaniards, French, was now to feel the pressure of a barbarous race introduced by Austria, who to her crimes must add the guilt of having opened the door of Western civilization to this dangerous intruder.

Lord Byron's immortal description of the storming of Ismail by Suwarrow has made English readers familiar with the name of the Russian commander. A massacre of men, women, and children, so complete that it amounted to extermination, has given to the siege of Ismail a fearful celebrity, and to the victor an exceptional notoriety. With a levity surpassing that of Nero, who fiddled when Rome was burning, Suwarrow turned the slaughter of thirty-six thousand human beings of both sexes and all ages into a serio-comic epigram. His mistress loved buffoonery. The diminutive hero was as ugly as malicious, and not much bigger than a monkey. His powers of mimicry were peculiar, and were so unsparingly used for the Empress's diversion, that it was only by express command he became serious, and proved himself capable of better things by his remarkable sagacity, expressed with a quaint originality that imparted a pungent flavor to his sayings. His mode of dealing with Ismail marked him out the right man for Poland. He was not likely to mar by troublesome scruples the iniquitous work of partition, and the sack of Praga is said to have out-

horrored even the horrors of Ismail. Catharine died soon after, and was succeeded by Paul, a madman, who asserted a sovereign right of monopoly of eccentricity, and sent Suwarrow home to vent his disappointment on his serfs. Austria had not forgotten her worthy partner in the partition of Poland, and when another blow was to be struck for her Italian possessions, surprised the Russian general with an intimation that he was created an Austrian field-marshal and generalissimo of the allied army. When he arrived at Verona to take the command, he was sixty-nine years of age, yet as active, as vigorous, as full of ardor, tricks, and mischief, and only more hideously ugly, dirty, and slovenly, than when he used to divert Catharine by drilling his soldiers in his shirt-sleeves, with one boot off and his stocking hanging down to his heels. His eccentricities, however, won the heart of his soldiers, whom he called his children, and proved the sincerity of the relationship by inflicting no more lashes than were likely to do them good, while he ate of his children's too savory food, and would sleep only on straw. The preparations made for the commander-in-chief in the city of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" made it doubtful whether the house was not fitted up for the horse instead of the field-marshal. The looking-glasses were all removed lest the general's sense of beauty should be shocked by the sight of his own face. The beds were turned out, and fresh straw laid in. The general was an early riser, and his way of waking up his military flock was quite in keeping with his habits. He uttered a crow like that of an early village cock, and his soldiers immediately sprang up to the familiar sound. When we hear of the Allies separating we must not be surprised that

* Concluded from page 227.

men of the grave bearing and courtly habits of the Austrian staff could not long endure the grotesque superiority assumed by this worthy representative of a master almost mad. The Russians treated their Allies as inferiors. They had beaten the Turks and trampled on the Poles, and were now to show the Austrians the way to beat the French, by whom they had been beaten.

The unfortunate French General Scherer was allowed no peace. His line of defense on the Adda was pierced, and Suwarrow inaugurated his command by the victory of Cassano, twenty-eighth of April, in which a whole French division was cut off, and compelled to lay down its arms. Scherer, on the evening of that fatal day, begged Moreau to assume the command. Moreau hoped to be able to make a stand in Piedmont; but the people, wearied of French oppression, as soon as they felt the chain loosened, rose to assert their deliverance, and Moreau found himself compelled to take refuge in the Apennines, in such a position as would enable him to assail Suwarrow's flank as soon as the latter should advance to intercept the approach of Macdonald from Naples. At length, in the middle of June, Macdonald made his appearance. On the nineteenth of June, the French lost the decisive battle of the Trebbia. Within three months they had lost Germany and Italy. Still the resolution of the nation was represented by Moreau, entrenched in the Apennines, and its daring enterprise by Massena, perched like an eagle above the Swiss lake of Zurich. A vigorous minister-of-war, Bernadotte, was appointed, recruits were raised, and hurried to both theaters of war. The battle of Novi, fought fifteenth of August, 1799, was one of the most obstinately-contested of any that had taken place in Italy. For hours the Allies could not gain an inch, or if they did, were hurled back by the inflexible valor of the French. If Moreau, and the brave, enlightened, and honorable St. Cyr were on one side, Kray, Bagration, and Suwarrow were on the other. Suwarrow, as usual, when bent on business, was without coat or waistcoat, animating by his enthusiasm, which was wild in battle, his followers to fury. Victory wavered as the day advanced, and at length declared against the French, and Moreau was obliged to withdraw the remains of a shattered army within the fast-

nesses of the Apennines. France was now about to be threatened with invasion. All that remained to be done was to dislodge Massena from his position in Switzerland, but that was not an easy matter. If, however, the Austrians and Russians were closely united, and zealously resolved upon acting together, it is more than probable that even the genius of Massena, the patriotism of Moreau, and the unquestionable military abilities of the generals leading soldiers of the highest order, could not have saved France from the pollution of invasion.

With the news of the loss of Italy at Novi the French people heard, at the same time, of the defeat of Brune in Holland, by an English Expedition, under Abercrombie, and the capture of the whole Dutch fleet. Paris became violently agitated. The Directory lost credit and authority. The clubs revived, the Jacobin press called for the revival of the days of terror, and an opposition, numbering two hundred members, inclined to follow the furious passions of the revolutionists, appeared in the Upper Assembly of the Five Hundred. The five directors were quarreling, and the general disorganization was so complete, that the Republic seemed about to fall to ruin. The moment was, in fact, ripe for Bonaparte; but where was he? Mystery hung over the name of him who, whether a victor at the foot of the Pyramids or a lurking fugitive upon the Nile, none could tell, for Nelson was master of the sea, and a French sail dared not come within sight of the British ships.

Disunion between the Austrians and Russians saved France from immediate peril. The Aulic Council at Vienna ordered the separation of the two armies. To the Russians was assigned the invasion of Switzerland. The Austrian troops were to act on the Rhine, and to defend their reconquered ground in Italy. The arrangement was highly pleasing to Suwarrow, who panted to be let loose in pursuit of prey. He was sick of the slow operations of sieges in Italy for the benefit of Allies, whose selfishness he shrewdly penetrated and exposed to his imperial master. The Czar Paul without being absolutely mad, had one of those chaotic brains in which good and bad principles so mingled and crossed, that according as one or other was uppermost for the moment, he might pass for a chivalrous

Quixote, a whimsical tormentor, or a tyrant. His humor, stimulated by the reports of his old lieutenant, as chaotic in conduct as the Emperor was in mind, had taken a generous direction, which alarmed the Austrian Government. Paul proclaimed himself the restorer of things to their right place. If he turned out the French republicans, he did not intend that Austria was to pocket the disgorged spoil. He vowed that Italy should be reinstated, that the Pope should rule in Rome, yea, and that the Republic of Venice should be restored. Now Austria meant to keep Venice, and to keep all she could lay her hands upon, and so she hounded on Suwarrow into Switzerland, saying, with Iago:

"Whether Roderigo kill Cassio, or Cassio
Kill Roderigo, I profit either way."

While the necessary military changes were operating in presence of Massena, that consummate general, perceiving something wrong, attacked the arriving Russian divisions before they were solidly in their positions, beat them to pieces, and became master of Zurich.

Suwarrow was painfully ascending Mount St. Gothard, then without a high road, harassed at each step by riflemen hidden amongst rocks, with whom Russian soldiers, accustomed to level plains, and to act in companies, knew not how to deal. The indomitable old man, seeing his children, as he called them, waver, deliberately lay down on the ground, and begged them to dig his grave, as back he would not go. His brave spirit communicated itself to others, and they won their way across the torrent of the Reuss, over planks, in the place where the Devil's Bridge had been, until blown up by the retreating French, and at length stood on that classic ground of Altorf, where the cruel caprice of a former Austrian tyrant turned a William Tell from an outraged father into a great deliverer. Suwarrow reached the head of the Lake of Uri, expecting there to find a flotilla of boats to carry his division to the points where they were to act with the other divisions, already in supposed possession of the country. There were no boats. The eye of the strategist probably saw not the sublime scene before him. Tell's chapel, piously reared on the spot his foot had touched, when, spurning the boat in which

he was a captive, he sprang ashore, and while the boat and the brains of the captors were whirling about in confusion, he was climbing the fifteen hundred feet of almost perpendicular rock which, with the opposite mountain, mingle eternal shadow over the most solemn of lakes. As in a crypt lay the chapel of William Tell, whose spirit might have been supposed to guard the sacred cradle of Swiss liberty, and to warn back the savage lieutenant of a barbarous despot. Suwarrow would have been more perplexed had he known the full horrors of his situation. His subordinate officers were beaten. He stood isolated, at the head of a few thousand troops. There was no road at either side, and nothing remained but to dare the horrible defile of the Schachenthal, leading to the canton of Glarus. Over slippery precipices, where a single traveler could hardly find footing, Suwarrow and his children were obliged to creep in single file, sacrificing artillery, horses, mules, and baggage. When he reached his destination this singular hero ordered his linen to be unpacked and aired. But idle was this affected security. He was surrounded by triumphant enemies, and after some desperate efforts to force his way, found himself obliged to retreat. Although early in autumn, snow was falling, and there was not the trace of a path—not a human habitation visible, but huge billowy wastes of snow, amidst which the sight of a naked rock was a relief and welcome for its shelter. At length they, or rather the survivors, did reach the valley of the Rhine, with about ten thousand men, or little more than one half the division which had found its progress arrested by the Lake of Uri. This miserable expedition dissolved the alliance. France was saved. Suwarrow returned home, to find discomfiture crowned by disgrace. The bitterness of his treatment at the hands of Paul made him turn with more grateful recollections to the memory of Catharine. He begged, as a last favor, that the portrait of his revered mother (as the Empress was called by her subjects) might be laid on his breast as his body descended into the grave. It was the only favor accorded to a man whose crimes against humanity were not those which counted. He had committed the one deadly sin of being unfortunate. The evil fit being uppermost in the head of Paul, he ordered that no military honors

should mark the funeral of the greatest of Russian soldiers. Attendance was prohibited. One foreign ambassador braved imperial anger. He was an Englishman. Lord Whitworth was the only person of distinction who followed Field-Marshal Suwarrow to the tomb.

Bonaparte was in Egypt a whole year in utter ignorance of the events passing in Europe throughout that long period. At length, on the seventeenth October, having escaped the British cruisers, he landed at Frejus in Provence. His appearance electrified the town. They had been living for some time in constant apprehension of invasion. Often they had said, Oh! if Bonaparte were here, the Austrians would not be threatening the frontier of the Var; and lo! here he was, a glorious fugitive, encompassed with the light of Eastern victories, and led safely home by his good genius, through the watchful vessels of his enemies. The people sprang from depression to joy. Their enthusiasm knew no bounds. It communicated itself to every town through which he had to pass on his way to the capital. Flowers rained by day on his path, banners waved above his head, and at night the streets blazed with illuminations. To all eyes he had appeared as the morning star of hope—the dawn of a new day. He himself believed that he was no less. He knew that he had only to let fortune come to him. In Paris he hurried away from the enthusiastic demonstrations of the people, and the caresses of parties, and half hid himself in his modest dwelling, cheered by his own beloved Josephine. Immediately the street lost its prosy old name, and at every corner was written *Rue de la Victoire*, Street of Victory. His house became the rendezvous of officers. His saloons blazed with uniforms. His rooms could not hold his military friends, who, flowing over, as it were, the threshold into the garden, were watched by an ever-waiting crowd, chained by the charm of some mystery of which the explanation was not far away. So far from appearing in Eastern magnificence of costume, Bonaparte assumed a negligent demeanor. He dressed with a sort of loose simplicity, like one sick and out of spirits. People said he was mourning for France. Renewing the mournful cry of the Roman—Where are my legions?—he asked, “Where are my victories—where are all

my conquests?” With the usual credulity of parties, each believed that Bonaparte would be its instrument. The Government of the Directory fancied that his sword would be at their service against the Jacobins; while the latter merged their wild theories in the common passion of the whole people, all having but one thought for the time—the recovery of the tarnished glory of France. The Directors, divided amongst themselves, sought to turn that powerful sword against rivals. The Houses of Parliament, if we may be allowed so to name the Council of Ancients and the Council of the Five Hundred, were the only bodies who seemed not to have dreamt it possible that Bonaparte was to play the part of Cromwell. The generals of the army, who attributed their failures to babblers, as they contemptuously called their rulers, held possession of the great soldier’s ear. The means for effecting the *Coup d’Etat* were very inartificial. A review was arranged; the troops surrounded the houses. Bonaparte entered the Council of Ancients with a couple of grenadiers, intending to parody the famous “Take away that bauble!” but assailed by cries of “Traitor!” the courage which had been proved in tempests of fire, quailed before an indignation with which his own conscience conspired. His head drooped on the shoulder of a grenadier, to whom he murmured: “Take me out of this.” Once more in his saddle, and with his soldiery around him, he was himself again, and he gave orders to have the houses cleared by bayonets, with as much resolution as he had mown down by cannon the sections which arose to anticipate the crime he was now committing. The *Coup d’Etat* of the eighteenth Brumaire was effected, and Bonaparte, under the name of First Consul, became, in fact, master of France.

Here arises a question which it behoves us not to pass over. Was Bonaparte justifiable in taking advantage of the unfortunate condition of his country to destroy her liberties? True it is that he did nothing to prepare a state of things which, as it were, conspired of themselves for his advantage. He was away from France, and for a whole year in ignorance of occurrences at home. It required his strong hand, resolute will, and the prestige of his name to restore order in the Government, and turn the tumults of factions

into confidence in his power to restore the tarnished glory of France. But dissatisfied as all parties were with themselves and with one another, opened as their eyes were to the defects of their constitution, no one was prepared to part with civil freedom. The proof is afforded by the general cry of the time: Is he to be a Cromwell or a Washington? A Cromwell, without his intensity of conviction, his lofty fanaticism, and his visionary aims. A frigid, selfish Cromwell, without the truth and purity of the English prototype; or was he to be a Washington, whose temporary exercise of the dictatorial power was to be a passing darkness intended to throw into most magnificent relief his supreme disinterestedness? Was he to stand for all time, and highest above all patriot names, an example of the greatness and goodness, the sublimity of virtue to which it is possible for human nature to raise itself? Talk not of the difficulties in his way. The easiest course is not always the best. He who would not allow the word impossible to be final when physical difficulties were to be overcome, ought to have had as much faith in resolute purity of purpose, to abash and shame factions and to lift up the honest and intelligent to their due place in the councils of a free nation. Bonaparte was neither a Cromwell nor a Washington. He had not the faith which made the one, or the equity which made the other. Greatest of soldiers, he knew no rule but that of the sword. Having become master of France, it must be confessed that he accomplished with marvellous genius the immediate desires of the nation. The whole machinery of administration was set in order and worked to perfection. His first aim, coinciding with that of the people, was the reconquest of Italy. How was an army to be sent there? The English held the sea. Between the frontiers of France and Italy swarmed the victorious legions of Austria. In one corner alone of the Italian peninsula the tricolor still floated. Genoa the superb, the city of palaces, covered by mountain bastions on the overhanging and protecting Apennines, was yet occupied. Massena was sent there, with private assurances of timely relief, and bound by pledges not to surrender until famine had brought the people and the garrison to the last gasp. A pledge kept with a fidelity that brought horrors on

the Genoese unsurpassed by all that has been written of the siege of Jerusalem. While famine and pestilence were consuming Genoa, Bonaparte was collecting an army at the foot of the Alps; but it became essential to his purpose that the enemy should be kept in ignorance of his designs. He calculated that the best way to deceive diplomatists would be to tell them the truth. So he publicly avowed that he was forming an army of reserve at Dijon for the relief of Genoa. But he had only told them a piece of the truth, not the whole. He did collect some troops at Dijon, but they were so few and inadequate for the proposed attempt, that the spies employed to make reports, comforted the Austrians with the assurance that they had nothing to apprehend. Sixty thousand men were so secretly assembled at the foot of the Alps that no power in Europe had the slightest inkling of the expedition that was preparing.

Having nothing to fear on the side of Germany, on the thirteenth day of May he appeared at Lausanne, where he reviewed the Army of the Alps. It was over the Great St. Bernard he resolved to conduct the main body, forty thousand men, directing twenty-five thousand over the Little St. Bernard, St. Gothard, and Mount Cenis. The distance over the Great St. Bernard, from the Lake of Geneva to the plains of Piedmont, was forty-five leagues, yet the great points of difficulty were of only ten leagues extent, but they were extraordinary. It was necessary to bring sixty pieces of cannon, with three hundred ammunition wagons, over paths a couple of feet broad, bordering fearful precipices, where winter reigned eternally, and avalanches threatened to overwhelm hosts, in their fall. The soldiers were obliged to carry not only their provisions but even forage for the horses. A large number of mules were hired. The gun-carriages were taken to pieces, numbered, and put on the backs of mules, and the cannons drawn up by means of sledges. The cavalry in their painful ascent suffered more than the infantry, for they were obliged to lead their horses by the bridle.

The descent proved still more difficult and dangerous. How to get down the artillery was the greatest difficulty of all. It took one hundred men to draw a single gun; but ingenuity and dexterity

were now required as much or more than force, and ingenuity and dexterity were never wanting to the French soldier. Their spirits, too, were enlivened by martial music, wildly, strangely, and beautifully ringing up the echoes of the answering rocks. Labor was lost in delight. Out of the trunks of pine trees cases were hollowed, in which the guns were enveloped, and slid down to the appointed place, when the carriages, taken off the mules' backs, and put together again, were ready to receive them. On the morning of the twentieth, Bonaparte before daybreak began the ascent of the mountain to the monastery of St. Bernard. In our days the melo-dramatic picture of David, representing the hero on a sort of Pegasus, in an impossible gallop, up jagged acclivities, has been stripped of its audacious exaggeration, and reduced to the simple sublimity of all great truth. David painted for men whose full-dress Republican costume was the Roman toga, and for women whose sandaled naked feet would have spurned crinoline. People at all times, and especially in times of enthusiasm, love to see their prevailing passion expressed in outward symbols. With the costume of Brutus and Portia, Parisian fashionables fancied they caught the spirit. They only succeeded in producing a sort of theatrical effect, bad in taste. When David had to bring a horse upon the stage, he made it a circus-horse, mounted by a dashing performer. A late artist of equal taste and genius has given the true picture. Bonaparte as represented by Delaroche, was mounted on a vigorous mule, sagacious and sure-footed, led by a mountaineer. The story is as beautiful as a poetic legend of the time of Charlemagne. The young muleteer was a lover, with whom the stranger, buttoned to the throat in a plain gray surtout, entered freely into conversation, for Bonaparte, who despised men, despised no means of satisfying his insatiable thirst of inquiry. The simple muleteer believed that the interest his answers excited, was on his personal account, and so he told his story. It is an every-day one, and yet seems never commonplace. He was a lover too poor to marry. His ambition must have set Bonaparte's active imagination making strange contrasts. He had marched as a conqueror over the three great scenes of ancient and modern civilization. He had

conquered Italy, the inheritor of Greek and Roman learning, the creator of Christian art. He had deposed the head of the second and greater Rome. He had then passed into Egypt, the land of the Ptolemies, the source of Pagan science and philosophy — and having spread a hecatomb of Egypt's oppressors at the base of the colossal tombs of the Pharaohs, eclipsed the deeds of the Crusaders in the land of Palestine, and here he was now thinking of the burning glories of the desert amongst the snows of the sublimest country of Europe, and subduing nature to his will, as he had bowed down empires. He with that expansive elasticity of spirits which dilates the breast breathing mountain air—he following the footsteps of Charlemagne, already felt his brow encircled with the Iron Crown of Lombardy, while his hand grasped the scepter of the Empire of the West. As he thought so, a fellow-creature by his side, fashioned in the same Almighty image, sighed after the apparent impossibility of a *châlet*, with its overhanging roof casting off the winter snow, and garnering the fruits of harvest under its eaves, and a dear wife making the window musical with the sound of the spinning-wheel, while his whole empire was bounded by a little black stream, and all his subjects the winged and four-footed denizens of the farm. The poor man's tale, like low music, rather aided than impeded the hero's reflections. When he alighted at the monastery of St. Bernard, Bonaparte dismissed his guide with a note to the administrator of the army. Although the poor fellow did not in the least divine its contents—the reader may. The hand of the modern Charlemagne endowed the muleteer with the means of living more happily than the divorcer of Josephine, and the baffled son-in-law of an Austrian Emperor. Bonaparte who declared himself a Mussulman in Egypt, and carried his hypocrisy so far as to imitate the movements of the muftis at prayer, affected towards the monks of St. Bernard the same appearance of pious conviction. It was his way of being polite, when so disposed, which was not always.

There was no force sufficient to impede the march of Bonaparte, who to the joy and astonishment of the people of Milan entered that capital June second. When he had before entered Milan, it was

through the fiery passage of the bridge of Lodi—this time it was a mountain of the Alps, one of the grandest scenes of nature, which formed as it were the avenue to the Imperial city. In either case the conqueror had heralded his way by an achievement of unusual greatness. When the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian forces heard that between the besieging army of Genoa and Milan there stood a French army, with Bonaparte in person at its head, he could not have felt more surprised had they descended from the clouds. The superstitious illusion of past ages, which beheld over doomed cities warrior hosts marshaled in the air, seemed to have been realized. An order was sent to raise the siege of Genoa; but Genoa had already surrendered. On the fourth June, the stock of provisions had sunk to two ounces of food per man—and hear what that food was: after every thing eatable had been consumed, after nothing had been left even of the most repulsive substitutes for food, a sort of bread had been made out of a mixture of ground cocoa and starch. It was of this stuff that two ounces a man remained the day that Massena, listening for the sounds of guns coming to his relief, was excited to joy by a distant roar of artillery, which proved to be a deceptive peal of thunder in the Apennines. The hospitals were crowded, the streets choked with the dying. The last desperate effort made by Massena to open a way for the admission of relief had been foiled by the elements conspiring with the besiegers. After he had sallied forth, and was face to face with the enemy, a thick darkness fell on both armies, and it was when the lightning for a moment revealed each other's positions, that the artillery confounded its thunders with the awful moaning of the heavens.

Massena was obliged to withdraw, and wait patiently the promised succor. Compelled to negotiate on his last two ounces of starch and cocoa, the heroic Massena nevertheless threatened, that unless he and his famished soldiers were allowed to march out free, they would attempt to cut their way and sell their lives dear. The Austrian general, aware of what Massena knew not, that Bonaparte was nigh at hand, and with orders to raise the siege, the execution of which was prevented by capitulation, accorded the required conditions. Half the garri-

son had perished, and of the population the difficulty would be to calculate how many of the survivors recovered from the effects of a famine so prolonged as to have driven savage men to dispute the spoils of the graveyard with the hyena. It was the same Austrian division, which, after its successful operations before Genoa, was hastening to join the main body of the army, was met at Montebello, the ninth June, by Lannes, and defeated with heavy loss. Then followed Marengo, turned from a defeat by the timely arrival of Dessaix and the charge of Kellerman to a victory so decisive, that, by a convention signed the following day, all the fortresses of Piedmont, with the city of Genoa, were surrendered to the conqueror, Lombardy evacuated as far as Mantua, and the river Mincio declared the Austrian boundary.

Hastening to Milan, where an enthusiastic reception awaited him, Bonaparte there proclaimed the restoration of the Cisalpine Republic. At Turin he established a Provisional Government under one of his Lieutenants, General Jourdan. As, much to the diversion of his free-thinking soldiery, he thought it good policy to act the pious Mussulman at Cairo, so, to please the Italians, he, in defiance of the wrath of the atheistical Government at home, attended the *Te Deum* chanted in the cathedral of Milan; and then it was that this extraordinary man, as quickly alive to immediate impressions as he was profoundly calculating, resolved within himself to revive respect for religion as a security for government by reconciling, as he said, Rome with the French Revolution. There remained no more for General Bonaparte to do in Italy. At a blow he had shattered three years of Austrian triumph. By a single effort he had, as it were, reconstructed the power which had been the fruit of twenty victories, lost more by corruption and extortion of his successors than by yielding valor or unequal skill. The blow indeed was from a thunderbolt gathered in the Alps. The restorer's hand was his, who had converted chaos at home into order and power. He returned to Paris through cities wearing the look of enchantment for their own and his delight, and the laurels he carried from Marengo hid, save from discerning eyes, the imperial crown, and wreathed the scepter which he felt already within his grasp.

Bonaparte once more master of Italy, arises the question, what did he do for that fine country? Let us recollect that France is still a Republic, and that the First Consul is a removable magistrate, his power being for ten years only. Well, the first use which the head of the French Republic made of his decisive victory over the despotic court of Vienna was to convert the duchy of Tuscany into the kingdom of Etruria, and sell the crown to the degraded court of Spain. The Queen was ambitious of seeing her daughter, the Duchess of Parma, elevated to a throne, and Bonaparte, on the part of the French Republic, resolved upon gratifying her wishes. Spain was still a maritime power, and Bonaparte wanted ships to replace the fleet destroyed by Nelson at the Nile; he wanted also to turn Spain against Portugal, and by menaces oblige that country to abandon her old ally, England. For these and other considerations the First Consul exhibited to the world the singular spectacle of a republican general, who being victorious, in the name of liberty, equality, fraternity, over the armies of an old oppressive empire, not merely disposes of crowns, but creates kingdoms and hands over an emancipated people to foreign rule. If he could do such things in the green tree, what would he not do in the dry? When he a few years afterwards put the imperial crown on his head, he kidnapped the same royal family of Spain, and sent his brother Joseph to play the king at Madrid. But we must confine ourselves at present to Italy. As for Italian republics, he had already resolved in his own mind to extinguish them. Brutal and tyrannical exercise of strength can not, however, be exercised without danger. Bonaparte might despise governments whose mercenary immorality he had measured; with respect to such he had only to bribe and bully; he might also despise the loose and wild revolts of ill-armed and unorganized populations, because he had steeled his conscience for any necessary amount of massacre; but there is a class of fanatics who, daring not to express the feelings with which they are consumed, or to relieve their oppressed spirits with language, allow those feelings to ferment into deadly hatred, while their minds corrupt into sophistry, until from dallying with the idea of assassination, they reach, through palliation and excuse, to the false sublimity of staking life against life. An

Italian sculptor, named Ceracchi, resolved to avenge the betrayed Roman Republic by the sacrifice of the First Consul. He was joined by Topino Lebrun, a pupil of the famous painter David, and by a Corsican representative, who could not forgive his having been obliged to jump out of a window the day of the perpetration of the *Coup d'Etat* of the eighteenth Brumaire. They chose a night for the execution of their plan when the First Consul was to assist at the representation of a new opera. The police got inkling of the plot; Ceracchi and some of his companions were arrested; the foolish men were sacrificed, and, as usual, failure turned to the advantage of the intended victim. Addresses of congratulation were poured in, and, as usual, the pamphleteer was not wanting to point so much good zeal to a practical effect. The man whose well-acted indiscretion was to burst out into the venial sin of a premature suggestion for turning a temporary dictatorship into permanent despotism, was nominally a M. de Fontanes; but although he blew the beautiful bubbles that were to fall into the eyes of mystified gazers, it was Bonaparte's own brother who in reality held the soap-lather. Bonaparte, apparently angry, punished Lucien with an embassy to Madrid, and this assumption of self-denial and republican virtue helped the suggestion to work its way in the public mind. Troops were ordered to march into Tuscany to take possession of the newly-made kingdom of Etruria. They were encountered on their march—by whom? By the poor people of the town of Arezzo, and the town, as it had been once before, was taken and punished, for its audacious love of independence, by fire and slaughter. During these proceedings, an Austrian envoy and Joseph Bonaparte were sitting at Luneville haggling about poor Italy. Bonaparte's exactions grew every day more and more excessive, until Austria, in sheer desperation, resolved to hazard another campaign. While the fighting was going on in Italy, and on the Rhine and the Danube, the two commissioners sat, as it were, looking on at the terrible game of war, of which one or the other was to have the stakes. The Austrians were beaten in the decisive battle of Hohenlinden, by Moreau, whose way to misfortune, by no unusual perversity of things, lay through success. His glory excited the jealousy of one who spared no

rival. Although combating with less disadvantage in Italy, the Austrians could not counterbalance the effect of the blow at Hohenlinden, and the treaty of Luneville was signed February ninth, 1801. By this treaty the boundary of Austria in Italy was limited to the Adige; Tuscany was turned into a Spanish monarchy; two republics, the Cisalpine and Ligurian, were for the moment, and with certain mental reservations, allowed to stand, and certain mental resolutions obnoxious to Piedmont, Naples, and Rome, were kept in the dark.

The treaty of Amiens, signed the following year, left Bonaparte in a position to accomplish for Italy all conceivable good. He was at peace with the whole world; he had suppressed opposition; he had no fears to stimulate the evil within him. On the contrary, the surrounding influences were all good. The English, on peace being proclaimed, swarmed over to France full of admiration for a man in whom they were determined only to see the brightest manifestation of human genius. He had sealed differences with the Church by the concordat, and had nothing to dread from the religious apprehensions of the Italians. On the throne of Russia sat Alexander, a young prince of an enthusiastic disposition, whose warm feelings and somewhat mystical turn of mind indisposed him to the brutal trial of the sword, which for the settlement of the rights of nations ought, as he fondly believed, to give way to the precepts of religion and the voice of equity. If Bonaparte did wrong, the evil would have come spontaneously from the depths of his own selfishness. He appeared to begin well, for he reëstablished the Cisalpine Republic, but his motives assumed a suspicious aspect when he contrived to have himself declared its president. Before he could think of carrying out his ambitious projects, it became necessary to have his own position at home determined. He was only Consul named for ten years. If his power was to be extended, it could only be legally done through the senate with the consent of the popular body. By artifice he contrived to have hostile members removed; he next tried an experiment on French vanity by the institution of the Order of the Legion of Honor, which, so strong was still the existing repugnance to the old order of things, he carried with much difficulty. Professing

disinterestedness and moderation, while in reality conducting himself with impenetrable dissimulation, the simple were led to believe that an extension of the consulate to ten years beyond the period originally fixed, would be received by the modest hero with gratitude. The senate adopted a decree in that sense, and some zealous senators hastened away to congratulate the First Consul on this distinguished mark of his country's consideration. To their surprise they were received with sulkily looks of disappointment. Then was invented the happy idea of an appeal to the people, on the plea, that owing his position to their votes, it was for them to express their will. The question put to the popular suffrage was at last in frank conformity with the Consul's secret aspirations. Would they have him for life? Yes! and by universal suffrage a successful military general was, by the people's voice, made absolute master of the Republic.

Here let us mark the value of institutions. The senate and the tribunate, although packed bodies with only a remnant of freedom, could find force enough in the personal dignity of educated members to set limits to an ambition which the headlong masses, in their blind admiration of success, pushed to the dizzy pinnacle of forgetfulness of every right and duty. Woe was the day when Bonaparte could assume the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, with the virtual attributes of imperial power and authority. By this act the peace of Amiens being placed in the hands of one man who had risen by war, and to whom war was in his own mind necessary as the fiery pathway to an imperial crown, amounted to a mere armistice. By a stroke of the pen the King of Piedmont was stripped of his kingdom, which was cut up into departments of France. This unscrupulous proceeding did not, however, excite so much indignation as Napoleon's invasion of the Swiss Cantons. By intrigue he had stirred up strife and according to the old wicked system of greedy rulers, had created a pretext for interference through a suggested invitation from the weaker party. The British Government, in the hope of calling Napoleon to his senses, refused to give up Malta according to the treaty of Amiens, unless he renounced his encroachments on other States. A rupture followed; the spirit of the tyrant now showed itself in the ab-

solute ruler. The English traveling in France were all arrested, and many kept incarcerated until delivered by the Allies in 1814. Strenuous preparations were made for a descent upon England, when the same spirit of tyranny breaking out in the most revolting form, the murder of a surprised and kidnapped man shook the whole Continent with horror; and Austria, encouraged by general sympathy, drew off the thunder-cloud from Boulogne to burst on her own head. The circumstances connected with the seizure of the Duke d'Enghein on neutral territory, and his murder in the ditch of the fortress of Vincennes, lie too deep in the memory of all to need more than a general allusion. Horror at home and abroad was more deepened when Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden, was banished, and Pichegru, the hero of Holland, found strangled in prison. The reality of a Royalist conspiracy was the pretext for getting rid of dangerous rivals. An Englishman, Captain Wright, who had been compromised by landing malcontents in Brittany, was also found dead in prison, said, without sufficient proof, to have died by his own hand. Wielding now the whole military power of France, in fear of a threatened general war, what was to prevent the machinery by which the head of a Republic had been turned into a Consul for life, being worked again to turn the same Consul into an Emperor? It was only to set a few senators talking about the wickedness of parties, and the prudence of investing the head of the State with greater personal prestige and authority, for courtiers and place-hunters to take the bait. And so the registry-books were opened, and universal suffrage ground an Emperor out of the ballot-box, and rejoiced in the bestowal of a grander name upon their accepted master. Crowned Emperor of the French by the Pope at Notre Dame, it was only natural to expect that Napoleon would at once abolish the Cisalpine Republic; but he did something more, which could not have been so easily foreseen, he proclaimed himself King of Italy.

But as even a Napoleon could not be in two places at once, he appointed, not an Italian, but the son of that poor Josephine whom he was in a short time to divorce, Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy — and thus that beautiful country, whose hopes had been raised to expect a revival of its ancient glory unhampered by local,

and distracting, and weakening jealousies and divisions, and unclouded by foreign mastery, was now sunk, by the applauded victor of Lodi and Arcola, into a Lord Lieutenancy, and the Lieutenant dared not, amidst his shadowy splendor and mock ceremonials, to question the commands of his imperial master. The Pope thought that Napoleon, having abolished the Cisalpine Republic, would now restore the provinces formerly belonging to the Church, which had been given to that Republic. The modern Charlemagne, as he loved to be called, rather differed from his prototype in this respect, that he preferred taking from, rather than making presents to the head of the Church. The Pope and Napoleon set out for Italy about the same time, the one discontented and disappointed, the other preparing for his second coronation at Milan, and preparing also to break his promise to the senate not to annex any more provinces to his empire, for he had hardly put on the Iron Crown of the Kings of Lombardy, when he abolished the venerable Republic of the Dorians by decreeing the annexation of Genoa to the French Empire. Immediately he inaugurated the system of cutting up the Continent into kingdoms, principalities, and duchies for his family, by creating the Dukedom of Lucca for his sister Elisa. These acts, although they determined Russia and Austria to enter into a coalition with England, were only the leisure amusements of a great monarch, whose serious attention was otherwise directed. His eye was upon Great Britain. Nelson's victory at Trafalgar settled the project of invasion of England.

If England was not taken by surprise, Austria was; for while her eyes were fixed on Boulogne, the French legions were moving with such rapidity that they were already on the Rhine before it was suspected at Vienna that they had left Boulogne. Prussia, which might have opposed a powerful barrier, had been lured into inaction by an offer of Hanover, and had soon to atone for her unprincipled cupidity at the hands of a man who punished lukewarmness more vindictively than open hostility. Ulm, surprised by an unexpected influx of troops enveloping that fortress on all sides, was compelled to surrender, leaving Vienna stripped of its strongest outpost, and by the following victory of Austerlitz the Continent was

laid at the feet of Napoleon. Master of the Continent, what did he with Italy?

As Austria had surrendered Venice, all that remained independent was the kingdom of Naples. Forthwith his brother Joseph was sent, with forty thousand men, to turn out the royal family and put the crown on his own head, and inaugurate his reign by a system of terror which would be incredible if not attested by his own letters. Joseph, to do him justice, became sick of his brother's ruthless tyranny. And his brother Louis, father of the present Emperor of the French, abdicated the crown of Holland, rather than submit to be the degraded instrument of the Dutch people's oppression. In fact, Napoleon was thwarted by the milder nature of the members of his own family, whom he chose to reproach with ingratitude. So much for Naples. The twice confiscated State of Venice was attached to the ex-Cisalpine Republic, now called the kingdom of Italy. It was thought that on the restitution of Italy the Pope would have got back, if not the confiscated Legations, yet a duchy or two; but Napoleon had too large a family of relations and needy soldiers to provide for to think of restoring the papal provinces. Elisa was already provided for with Lucca and Massa, but poor Pauline had got nothing, so he gave her the Duchy of Guastalla, which she soon after sold for ready cash. Talleyrand received the principality of Benevento, which belonged to the Pope; but as Talleyrand had formerly been a bishop, his scruples were probably the less. Then followed a number of duchies divided amongst his marshals, twenty-two in all, who were endowed from the confiscated lands of the conquered Italian States. Thus the aristocracy of the Empire—the new nobility—was reared on the ruins of Italy. The same system was pursued in the German States, but we confine ourselves to Italy, the greatest victim of all. The sacrifice is not yet consummated. Republics have vanished, the new as well as the old. Venice sits a forlorn slave on the Adriatic which her Doges wedded with a ring glittering with the jewels of the East. The proud and superb Genoa, the city of palaces, great in arts, arms, commerce, and freedom, with the Apennines for bulwarks, and the sea at her feet for a pathway, is the dwelling of a French prefect, and head-quarters of a brigadier of gendarmerie. Fierce

soldierly despotism has at Naples replaced the ineptitude of the Bourbons. The whole of Central Italy has sunk from the semblance of a Cisalpine Republic into that other semblance of royalty which is personified in a deputy-king holding his viceregal court in the capital of the old Lombard monarchs. The pontiff, whose ancestors were waited on by emperors of the West, honored by being preferred to hold their stirrups—the pontiff, stripped of those provinces which gave to the head of the Church the questionable dignity of a temporal prince—is still a sovereign; so poor, however, that he has actually pawned his tiara for money. A rival has arisen more formidable than that of the Ghibelins—nay, one who is ready to snatch the tiara which Ghibelins assailed and Guelph defended, and become in his own person Pope without belief, and universal ruler without law. Before the final struggle with the head of the Church could take place—rather say at the time when the subjection of the Continent left no ground for contest—greater battles than any we have yet named had been fought and victories not less wonderful won. The army of the great Frederick had succumbed at Jena. Obstinate Austria had resumed her arms only to lay them down with no dishonor, for she fought gallantly on the field of Wagram. Would that we could say as much of her political conduct. We have seen how abominably she had consented to receive from the hands of the spoiler the confiscated Republic of Venice. As she on that occasion renounced her principles of conservator of the public law, so is she now about to become a party in the meanest manner to a family conspiracy against a weak woman, and to violate a law which the Church, in whose name she had herself so often persecuted unto death, has ever held sacred. It was from the imperial palaces of Vienna that, on the seventeenth May, 1809, the conqueror of the Hapsburgs issued a decree abolishing the temporal power of the Pope and annexing the States of the Church to the French Empire. The Pope replied by fulminating an excommunication; but the time had gone by when a thunderbolt from Rome would have made a wilderness about king or emperor. Timid consciences were, no doubt, disturbed, but none dared speak, and the crowned soldier was only irritated to further violence. The Pope and his secretary, Cardinal Pacca, were

dragged by French soldiers from the Quirinal. To the Cardinal was assigned a solitary prison among desolate and savage rocks, in the neighborhood of Grenoble, from which he was not liberated until Providence had declared against his persecutor. The Pope himself was immured at Savona. Having, as he thought, silenced the tongue of the Church on the subject of divorce, Napoleon forthwith resolved upon carrying into execution his resolution to repudiate the universally beloved Josephine. Here we come to the meanest of mean pages in the history of monarchs. While the project of divorce was pending, Napoleon was carrying on negotiations with the Court of Russia for the hand of Alexander's sister. She was to bring no dower to the master of the Continent; on the contrary, he was expected to pay the purchase with a piece of Turkey. While the match-makers were haggling and Napoleon losing his temper, Austria glides in with an offer of an archduchess to take the place of Josephine, who makes way for Maria Louisa. The divorce was pronounced by the senate. The only person who could have furnished proof of Bonaparte's marriage with Josephine was Cardinal Fesch, who married them. He was silenced by threats. But as the Emperor was not without apprehension, a commission of seven prelates was formed, and they found a flaw in the religious contract which rendered reference to the Pope unnecessary. At the marriage ceremony, Napoleon, who was a great calculator, totted up the number of cardinals present. The sum total made fifteen. After this sum in addition, the happy bridegroom tried one in subtraction. Twenty-eight was the number of cardinals in France—take fifteen from twenty-eight and thirteen remain. If his first kiss was to the bride, his first whisper was to the minister of police to arrest the thirteen cardinals, strip them of the purple, seize all their property of every kind, and allow them only to walk out followed by policemen. This proceeding exposed the captive Pope to a new sort of persecution, because his Holiness refused to sanction the Emperor's bishops. The Emperor throws the Pope aside, calls a council as if he himself was pope, is again thwarted by finding that he can not coerce the bishops into compliance with his views, and he packs off a lot of them to Vincennes under a sergeant's guard, his cle-

mency sparing their wrists the pain of hand-cuffs. Rome was declared the second city of the Empire, of which the son he decreed to be born should bear the title of king. While these miserable proceedings were taking place — while monarchs of the earth were playing the most ignoble parts in the wretched spectacle, in which even the hero did not rise to ordinary dignity, the destiny of the world was turned by the peasantry of Castile. The mountains of Spain and Portugal lay, as it were, out of Napoleon's direct way. He had trampled down Italian insurrection; he had bullied the Swiss; he was obliged to conquer anew the heroic Tyrol after Austria had let go her hold of the most faithful of her provinces; he had proved his utter want of magnanimity by giving over Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol, to execution. Having by a base trick got hold of the Spanish sovereign, he transferred his brother Joseph from the throne of Naples, which he gave to Murat, to that of Spain. The Spanish people rose in insurrection, were cut up by thousands, but the insurrection spread. At length a great disgrace befell the arms of Napoleon: a French division had been compelled to lay down their arms at Baylen. The world rang with acclamation; nations began to ask, had they been under some delusion? French arms were not invincible; bold hearts were what was wanting. Even kings rubbed their eyes and dared to look at the conqueror's *prestige* and not feel blinded. The English people, especially, responded to the Spanish cry of independence with enthusiasm. Providence had raised up the right man to organize resistance and support Spanish fire with British unconquerable stendiness. Napoleon, presumptuously despising the Peninsular contest, marched on Moscow; but before setting out on that fatal expedition, there was one man who caused him uneasiness; the poor, feeble, old prisoner of Savona; but that man was a power whose legions were the traditions of eighteen centuries hovering over the sentiments of living millions. The Pope was transferred from Savona to Fontainebleau, out of the reach of ships of war and British sailors, disposed to afford to the successor of the excommunicator of Elizabeth an asylum in that island which has been open at all times to fugitives of every rank and creed, and their protector alike against the threats of tyrants or triumphant fac-

tions. When, in January, 1813, the Emperor came face to face with the Pope in the prison palace of Fontainebleau he had left nearly half a million of soldiery under the snow shroud of the north. The university students of Germany were rising in burning wrath, and Wellington was sweeping on victorious wing from Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees. Napoleon, the calculator, who could deduct fifteen cardinals from twenty-eight and find thirteen remaining to form a quotient in the brackets of a jail, took his usual business view of the catastrophe. So many ciphers had been rubbed out, but the senate had obsequiously decreed fresh levies, and with

half a million fresh cohorts he would soon set Europe to rights. But before setting out, the business-like Emperor did not like to leave arrears behind, so he resolved to finish with the Pope. Between wheedling and threats, he wrung from his prisoner a consent to a ratification of the abolition of his temporal power. The following year, in the same Palace of Fontainebleau, Napoleon, deserted by his marshals and courtiers, and surrounded by a victorious coalition, which was retaliating on French soil the indignities to which every Continental capital had been exposed, had with the rejected pen of Pope Pius to sign his own abdication.

From the British Quarterly.

HISTORIC PHENOMENA OF HUMAN RACES.*

THERE are few problems presented to the scientific investigator of more absorbing and world-wide interest than those connected with the mutual inter-relations amongst the various divisions of humanity; divisions not due to the artificial regulations of government or political institutions generally, not altogether due to geographical distribution or climatic agency; but to those differences of physical development, social state, language, and moral progress which afford lines of demarkation so broad between certain sections of our species, as to cause them to be classed as belonging to different types, races, or varieties.

These problems are not of speculative interest merely. Perhaps it would be

premature to state it as an established fact, but it is certainly a suspicion, rapidly growing into a conviction in the minds of thoughtful men, that the mighty contests that from time to time convulse the world, are less wars of nation against nation, than wars of peoples (or races) against peoples; indicating laws of antagonism which have their root much deeper in human nature than is implied by the development of the ambition or passions of individuals or governments. It is certain, also, that the influences exercised upon the history of the world by various sections of its inhabitants have been widely diverse; some races having exerted little or none, at least during historic periods; others having exerted chiefly a material, and others a moral influence; whilst the European races have manifested both in a much greater degree than all the others combined. The phenomena of aggression, on the one hand, and retrogression of frontier on the other, without apparently adequate force; the contrast of the indomitable energy and intrusiveness of the European, with the quietism and passive resistance of the Asiatic; of the utilitarian and progressive civilization of the one, with the stationary character of that of the other; the persistence of type, whether physical or moral; whether in color, in formation, in

* *Descriptive Ethnology*. By R. G. LATHAM, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., etc. 2 vols. London: 1859.

The Varieties of Man. By Dr. LATHAM. London: 1860.

Researches into the Physical History of Mankind. By JAMES COWLES PRICHARD, M.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., etc. 5 vols. London: 1836-47.

The Races of Man, and their Geographical Distribution. By CHARLES PUCKERING, M.D. London: 1860.

The Races of Man: A Fragment. By ROBERT KNOX, M.D. London: 1850.

Ethnology of the British Colonies; [and] Ethnology of the British Islands. By Dr. LATHAM. London: 1851-2.

superstition, in political tendencies, or in intellectual development during many ages; the perpetual antagonism between the different varieties; the apparent and probable result of this antagonism in the disappearance of some races, and the predominance of others; perhaps, above all, the different relation manifested to the spread of Christianity: all these are so significant as to bear weightily upon all the prominent political and religious questions of the day.

Hence arises a series of questions with which it is the province of ethnology to deal. Is the human species *one*—that is, descended from one original pair? If so, how, when, and where have these striking varieties originated? Where was the probable center or cradle of the species? What is its present geographical distribution? What is its probable antiquity, and what its future destination? Interesting and important questions, upon which mere history throws but little light, tradition still less. The history of each nation or tribe, so far as can be gathered from within, is tolerably uniform. The inhabitants came, some generations or centuries back, from the north or south, or elsewhere; displaced some previous inhabitants, and took possession of their country. In confirmation of this, frequently some remains of previous works, records of human labor, are shown; perhaps human remains are found, the skulls of which exhibit marked differences from those of the present people. And what of these people?—Were they the aborigines, or first dwellers on this soil; or was their history the same? History is silent on such points in the great majority of cases, in all perhaps. And even where history is most complete its revelations as to ethnology are most unsatisfactory; thus, we have histories of ancient Greece and Rome, and we have their modern condition before us; yet, to trace the connection of the ancient with the modern races is a most intricate problem, and one which the most learned ethnologists leave in an unsatisfactory state of non-solution. Above all, history contains no trace of any change in physical constitution, such as would be implied by the conversion of one race into another; on the contrary, so far as ancient records witness, the Negro, the Mongolian, the Egyptian, and other types remain now as they did in the days of the Pharaohs. The sacred records

are sufficiently precise upon the origin of man, but, being intended rather to teach man that which by wisdom he could not find out, than any science, there are no data whereon to found a plausible history of race, even during the limited periods of which they give any detailed account.

If history be thus imperfect in its results, tradition is much more so; for this reason—that tradition, so called, is but rarely the handing down of a *fact* from one generation to another, but rather the transmission of an inference or invention, intended to account for certain phenomena. Thus many of the Tibetan tribes attribute their relation to some distant ones, to their ancestors having passed as an army over the country, and they were the stragglers and tired ones who fell asleep and were left behind. On which Dr. Latham remarks: "Child's play this. Child's play, but still dignified by the name of tradition. Traditions do not grow on every tree." And, again: "Does any one believe this, namely, that one of the forms of tribute to one of the conquerors of one of the branches of the Khyens was the payment of a certain number of beautiful women? To avoid this, the beautiful women tattooed themselves and became ugly. This is why they are tattooed at the present time. So runs the tale. In reality they are tattooed because they are savages. The narrative about the conqueror is their way of explaining it. Should you doubt this, turn to Mr. Turner's account of Tibet, where the same story repeats itself, *mutatis mutandis*. The women of a certain town were too handsome to be looked at with impunity. . . . So a sort of sumptuary law against an excess of good looks was enacted; from the date of which to the present time the women, whenever they go abroad, smear their faces with a dingy dirty-colored oil and varnish, and succeed in concealing such natural charms as they might otherwise exhibit."*

From these errors and shortcomings of history and tradition has arisen the necessity for the comparatively modern science of ethnology; divided into ethnography, which records facts as existing, and ethnology proper, which reasons backwards from these facts, as effects, to

* *Descriptive Ethnology*, vol. i. p. 351.

former facts, as causes; and thus bears the same relation to the former that geology does to geography. Ethnology is, therefore a paleontological science, the tendency and result of which is history.

The one great question concerning which ethnologists war is this: Did all the varieties of man proceed from one common stock? or were there three, five, eleven, or more district centers of our species?—The monogenists, who support the former view, point to the broad lines of demarkation between man and all other creatures—to the closeness of resemblance in anatomical structure between all the superficially separated varieties—to the similarity of mental constitution when placed under similar conditions—to the identity of passion, tastes, and impulse—in short, to all those well-marked features in which man resembles man. The polygenists look upon the differences of color and form as indices of specific differences of origin. They consider the differences of intellectual and moral aptitude as marked and significant as those of physical nature. They deny the possibility of mixed races becoming permanent, and affirm that they return to one or other parent type, or perish. They point also to the apparent impossibility of the earth, as now known, having been peopled from any one center; and allege such fundamental distinctions in the various languages as can have originated from no one common origin.

As we propose at present to concern ourselves chiefly with the *differentia* of the various tribes of man, it is better to state in the outset that our creed is monogenic—that we believe that the whole family of man is *one*. The contrasts are on the surface; the fundamental accordances have to be sought for scientifically. In the paper on *Physical and Moral Heritage*, in January last, we gave a full exposition of the mode in which color, form, moral, and intellectual constitution might be modified, according to the physical conditions in which the various groups of the dispersed human family might be placed. Color corresponds in intensity very closely to latitude, elevation above the sea level, and the nature of the soil. In hot, low, and swampy regions the color is always dark; and nearly in proportion as these conditions are reversed, the color becomes lighter. Amongst the tribes inhabiting the southern slopes

of the Himalayas, we find with tolerable uniformity, that there is little color on the hill-tops, more on the hill-sides, and most in the swampy bottoms, and low jungles. For the origin of permanent varieties, however, we refer the reader to the paper mentioned, merely adding this—that as our most ancient history tells us of an original homogeneous race, “of one language, and of one speech,” and alludes to a confusion of speech, and a dispersion of this race in consequence over the whole earth, we do not conceive it impossible that other physical changes might occur at the same time in certain families, destined to certain districts; but as this is necessarily but the vaguest hypothesis, we merely allude to it in passing.

Without venturing to pronounce upon the mode in which the earth has been peopled from one common center, it may be noticed that there is no impossibility involved in the hypothesis, that remote islands and continents have been accidentally colonized by parties carried out of their intended course by ocean currents and storms. In his *Views of Nature*, Humboldt says: “There are well-authenticated proofs, however much the facts may have been called in question, that natives of America (probably Esquimaux from Greenland or Labrador) were carried by currents or streams from the north-west to our own continent. . . . In the year 1682, a Greenlander in his canoe was seen on the southern extremity of the island of Eda by many persons, who could not, however, succeed in reaching him. In 1684 a Greenland fisherman appeared near the island of Westram. In the church at Burra there was suspended an Esquimaux boat, which had been driven on shore by currents and storms. . . . In the year 1508 a small boat, manned by seven persons of a foreign aspect, was captured near the English coast by a French ship. The description given of them applies perfectly to the form of the Esquimaux (*Homines erant septem mediocri statura, colore subobscuro, lato et patente vultu, cicatriceque una violacea signato.*) No one understood their language. Their clothing was made of fish-skins sewn together. On their heads they wore *coronam e culmo pictam, septem quasi auriculis intextam*. They ate raw flesh, and drank blood as we should wine. . . . The appearance of men called *Indians* on the coasts of Germany under

the Othos and Frederick Barbarossa in the tenth and twelfth centuries . . . may be explained by similar effects of oceanic currents, and by the long-continuance of north-westerly winds." (Bohn's edition, pp. 123-4.)

And yet it can not be denied that, on a superficial view of the phenomena of human existence, and ignoring or modifying the testimony of revelation, the believer in the plurality of origin for the tribes of man would appear to have much reason on his side. The well-dressed Parisian or Englishman, and the naked Kuki or Naga; the fair European, with erect profile and silky hair, and the prognathous, woolly-locked black of Senegal; the alderman feasting with the Lord Mayor, and the Australian eking out a precarious meal of raw fish with ants, grubs, and gum; the red man of the Americas and the yellow Mongolian; the hardy, adventurous, quarrelsome dweller in the mountain passes, and the apathetic, dreamy, stationary inhabitant of the tropical plain; the fishy Esquimaux, gorging himself with incredible blubber; the swarthy Numidian chasing the lion under a tropical sun, and the South-Sea Islander making his choicest meal on a conquered enemy; the progressive, spreading, and encroaching white man, the becalmed Asiatic, and the receding, vanishing, disappearing red and black man; the Christian sending out the good tidings of salvation to the whole world; the quietist Brahmin or Buddhist, and the miserable truster in fetich and Shaitan; all these seem, at the first glance, to suggest any thing rather than a community of origin. We may go still further, and confess that, even when somewhat more closely examined, they present differences both of physical and moral nature as marked as those which in natural history are sometimes allowed to separate species; and that it is occasionally difficult to account for these on natural principles; and would be more so, were not the transition forms present.

Proposing to examine in some detail the various contrasted points in the different tribes of men, we commence with their physical conformation. "If," says Dr. Latham, "we were to take three individual specimens of the human species, which should exhibit three of the most important differences, they would, I think, be (1) a Mongolian, or a Tungus, from

Central or Siberian Asia; (2) a Negro from the delta of the Niger; and (3) a European from France, Germany, or England." Upon these this author founds his classification; not, so far as we understand, from any other motive than convenience of description; and because the varieties found under each *appear* to be probably allied by descent or affiliation. The Mongolidæ form a very large section of the human species; under this division including nearly the whole of the inhabitants of Asia, part of northern Europe, the whole of America, and almost all the islands of the Indian and Southern Oceans. The Atlantidæ comprise the natives of Africa; and the Iapetidæ those of Europe, speaking in general terms.

The typical Mongolian has a broad flat face, with prominent cheek-bones, and generally depressed nose; the forehead is retreating, rarely approaching the perpendicular. The eyes are often oblique, and the jaws or teeth generally rather projecting. The skin is rarely either white or black, but red, yellow, and brownish. The hair is "straight, lank, and black, rarely light-colored, sometimes curly, rarely woolly."*

The Atlantidæ are characterized chiefly by a jet-black skin, and jaws so projecting in some tribes "as to give the head the appearance of being placed *behind* the face rather than *above* it, . . . and so as in extreme cases to be a muzzle instead of a mouth."† The hair is crisp and woolly, and generally dark; the nose is flat.

The Europeans (Iapetidæ) have a nearly vertical profile, with a white or brunette skin; the characteristics are, however, well-known.

As we not propose to describe in detail the physical characters of the various tribes, we shall select one which is generally acknowledged to depart most markedly from any supposed original type—the Hottentots. Of them, Dr. Latham remarks that, "the Hottentot stock has a better claim to be considered as forming a second species of the genus *homo* than any other section of mankind." They are characterized by low stature, slight limbs, brownish-yellow color, prominent cheek-bones, depressed nose, and tufty hair. They have a Mongoliform cranium, with wide orbits, and a long, thin, forward chin. There are also very marked ana-

* *Varieties of Man*, p. 14. † Latham, *loc. cit.*

tomical peculiarities, for which we refer the reader to systematic works on the subject. They live chiefly on elevated, dry, hard clayey table-lands, on which rain rarely falls, at the southern extremity of Africa; at war with, and encroached upon, by the Kaffirs, and the Dutch and English of the Cape.

The social condition of various peoples is as diverse as their physical attributes. We are accustomed to consider man as essentially a gregarious animal; yet we are told of people who know of no such institution as *society*. According to the different aspects in which theorists view man, whether as fallen from a high estate, or as working out his own progress and civilization from an original unmitigated barbarism, these people are considered as "Original Man," or as men degraded by unfavorable physical and moral influences almost to brutes. In whatever aspect, their ontology can not fail to be of the deepest interest. Dr. Pickering quotes the following description from Dalton, of the WILD PEOPLE OF BORNEO:

"Further towards the north are to be found men living absolutely in a state of nature, who neither cultivate the ground, nor live in huts; who neither eat rice nor salt, and who do not associate with each other, but rove about some woods, like wild beasts. The sexes meet in the jungle, or the man carries away a woman from some campong. When the children are old enough to shift for themselves, they usually separate, neither one afterwards thinking of the other. At night they sleep under some large tree the branches of which hang low. On these they fasten the children in a kind of swing. Around the tree they make a fire, to keep off the wild beasts and snakes. . . . These poor creatures are looked on and treated by the Dyaks as wild beasts. Hunting parties of twenty-five and thirty go out and amuse themselves with shooting at the children in the trees with the sumpit, the same as monkeys, from which they are not easily distinguishable."

The same authority gives an account of what are called the "ORIGINAL PEOPLE," a forest tribe of the Malay peninsula:

"The Original People live in the dead of the forest. They never come down to the villages for fear of meeting any one. They live on the fruits of the forest and what they take in hunting, and neither sow nor plant. When a young man and woman have engaged to marry, they proceed to a hillock; the woman first runs round it three times, when the man pursues; if he can get hold of her, she becomes his wife, otherwise the marriage does not take place, and

they return to their respective families. Their language is not understood by any one; they lisp their words, the sound of which is very like the noise of birds, and their utterance is very indistinct. . . . They have no religion, no idea of a Supreme Being, creation of the world, soul of man, sin, heaven, hell, angels, day of judgment. . . . When one of them dies, the head only is buried; the body is eaten by the people, who collect in large numbers for that purpose."*

If these accounts were true, it would be difficult to define in what these tribes, especially the former, differed from wild beasts, except in possessing some rudimentary, semi-articulate form of speech, and the casual accomplishment of kindling a fire. They bear, however, internal evidence of having been loosely drawn up; for if it be true that "their language is not understood by any one," it is difficult to understand how any one can arrive at the knowledge of their creed, or absence of one. Perhaps we may safely gather from all this that certain of these people are as far sunk in barbarism, and as hopeless problems for the philanthropist or missionary, as can well be imagined. We have, nevertheless, some credible sketches of a condition not very much higher in the scale of civilization than these. Mr. Hodgson describes two broken tribes dwelling amid the dense forests of the central region of Nepaul, which seem to him like fragments of an earlier population. They live entirely by the chase and the wild fruits; they have no fixed dwelling-place, but wherever they roam they put boughs of trees together for temporary shelter. "It is due, however, to these rude foresters to say that, though they stand wholly aloof from society, they are not actively offensive against it. . . . They are not, in fact, noxious, but helpless; not vicious, but aimless, both morally and intellectually; so that no one without distress could behold their careless, unconscious inaptitude."†

The condition of the Saab Hottentot, or Bushman, is not much better; after a period of some communion with civilized tribes, where they become decently clothed, it is not unfrequent for them to return to their wild haunts, to their nakedness and indigence, apparently rejoicing that they can be free to live as they please in

* Pickering, pp. 305-6.

† Quoted from Mr. Hodgson, by Dr. Latham; *Descriptive Ethnology*, vol. i. p. 67.

the indulgence of their sensual appetites. Yet of these poor outcasts, it is said by Mr. Martin, a writer on the *British Colonies*, that some of them "have shown eagerness to become acquainted with the way of salvation. The children of such as are inhabitants of the settlement attend the school diligently; and of them we have the best hopes."

Between these and the civilized European, with his representative governments and other highly elaborated institutions, we have all possible grades of social condition; but, as we are merely giving illustrations of the departure from type, high or low, as this may be supposed to be, we content ourselves with these sketches, and state the conclusions which a general survey of the gradations suggest. Early separation from a parent stock appears, *cæteris paribus*, to favor degradation of type, when this has been accompanied by increased isolation; man appears to require the face of man, "even as iron sharpeneth iron." Whatever physical conditions, then, tend to prevent the free association of man with his neighbor, appear not only to retard any advance in civilization, but actually to induce decided, and ultimately complete retrogression to barbarism. Hence forests, mountain-passes, and deserts are generally found to harbor the rudest of tribes. Dr. Latham remarks of the natives of the Marquesas, that they are "most at war with one another of all the Polynesians. Their chief island is intersected by a mountain ridge, and the mountain ridge, like most mountain ridges, supplies a fierce body of quarrelers."* The same class of causes acts in another way: amid such physical conditions food is proportionately difficult of systematic access; hence, on the one hand, a deterioration of body, and, on the other, a tendency to the development of a low moral sense.

Closely connected with the social condition of the varieties of man is the nature of the food they eat. In the rudest state, man eats the produce of the country where he lives, as he finds it, generally cooked in some form, sometimes raw. As a general rule, the diet is more animal (azotized) in cold climates than in hot ones, where the vegetable diet prevails. This is strictly according to physiological law; and wherever we meet with a law in con-

nection with the religion of a country, the commands as to eating and abstinence are in accordance with it; the physical development is also correspondent. What can differ more than the enormous quantities of fat consumed by the Greenlander, from the rice-diet of a great part of Asia; or than the *physique* of the two races; or the date-fed African from the oily Esquimaux. Buddhists and good Brahmins are forbidden to use animal food; whether the recognition of the physiological propriety came before the giving of the law, or *vice versa*, we can not tell. It is, however, supported by their doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls—they must eat no flesh, lest they eat their fellow-men or relations. The cow, also, is a sacred animal with the Brahmins—an additional reason for not eating it. Amongst the Buddhists there is greater regard for animal life in general, and less *special* regard for that of the cow. One of their rules is "to kill no living creature." The wild tribes bordering upon India and China assume greater latitude of diet; there is still generally found some form of restriction, varying without any definable reason. Some eat the cow, but will not kill it; some will kill it, but only eat it under conditions; others, again, have no prejudice against treating it as may seem most convenient. The Kasias, Garos, and many other tribes have a prejudice against milk, but will not object to any thing else. The Khyens have an impression that the souls of good men transmigrate after death into oxen and pigs; hence they will eat neither beef nor pork. The Yakuts will eat any thing but pork. As to the eating of raw food, there is abundant evidence that such is the practice in many parts of the world, and that from preference, even where cooking is, to some extent, practiced. Nathaniel Pierce relates of the Abyssinians, who are a sort of imperfect heathen Christians, that they have certain prescribed fasts, with a great feast at the end of each. Then the assembled guests take the sacrament, and kill a cow; and "before the animal has done kicking, and the blood still running from its throat, the skin is nearly off one side, and the prime flesh with all haste cut off, and held before the elders of the church, who cut about two or three pounds each, and eat it with such greediness that those who did not know them would think they were starv-

* *Varieties of Man*, p. 198.

ed; but at all times they prefer the raw to the cooked victuals." By some ancient accounts of the Kamtschatkans they eat their meat either raw or frozen, and their messes of fish putrid. Of the Athabaskans it is related,* that "they are fond of unctuous substances, and drink immense quantities of oil, which they obtain from fish and wild animals. They also besmear their bodies with grease and colored earths. They like their meat putrid, and often leave it until the stench is, to any but themselves, insupportable. Salmon-roe is sometimes buried in the earth, and left for two or three months to putrify, in which state they are esteemed a delicacy." And so it would appear that the extremes of civilization meet over the dinner-table; for our game would probably be as intolerable to an unsophisticated nose or palate, as these disgusting dishes.

Great are the varieties of national food—with which we have at present no concern, but there is one point in which the rudest and the most polished nations agree—they will have something narcotic and intoxicating. This is one of the most universally diffused practices with which we meet—more universal than dress—as universal as a creed or superstition. Spirits, chong, distilled rice, dakká, opium, bang, hachish, betel-nut, tobacco—something to chew, drink, or smoke, universal man will have—and with it, systematically, or on state occasions, he will get very intoxicated.

Perhaps we ought not to conclude this brief notice of dietetics without some remark on cannibalism. On the subject of this horrible practice much has been said on both sides, and high authorities have asserted its existence in the fullest acceptance of the term; whilst others, equally high, have denied it, except under much limitation. Dr. Latham, who is exceedingly cautious in *weighing* as well as accumulating testimony on all points, grants that there are three different influences under which savage tribes may taste or eat human flesh. 1. As a mark of honor—Sir Walter Raleigh writes of the Arawaks, that this was showing posthumous respect. 2. In the way of revenge, as eating a conquered enemy. 3. "Human flesh is eaten, as *food*, under incipient famine only; in others, from ab-

solute appetite, and with other food to choose from. This last is true cannibalism. Of cannibalism so gratuitous as to come under the last of these categories, I know of no authentic cases; that is, I know of no case where the victim has been other than a captured enemy; but then I believe that the feast is one of the *certaminis gaudia*. The evidence is, in my mind, in favor of the Battas of Sumatra being cannibals in the most gratuitous form in which the custom exists."*

From social condition and diet, the transition is natural to a brief review of the most striking differences in manners, morals, and customs. On so extended a subject nothing in the way of an exhaustive or systematic account can be expected. We shall necessarily be fragmentary; and first on marriage relations. In Europe it is the custom, almost throughout, for one man to have one wife; in other parts of the world the rule seems to be that one man may have many wives; and this is very general. A singular variety of polygamy exists in Tibet—namely, polyandria; for whereas, in the East generally, one man has many wives, in Tibet one woman has many husbands: for the most part, she marries a whole family of brothers. The precise nature of this institution is not well known, nor, in consequence, is its bearing upon the country in general. Dr. Latham remarks upon it:

"I am slow to believe that polyandria can be an institution of any kind in its normal state. I was once slow to believe that the evidence in favor of a number of brothers having but one wife amongst them at the same time was unexceptionable. I must take it, however, as I find it. Turner especially states that women in Tibet, with their three or four husbands, were just as jealous as a Turk polygamist could have been of his harem. One woman he saw who had five brothers, all alive, and all her husbands. At the same time he shows that the chief, perhaps the real husband, was the elder brother. He it was who chose; he it was who went through the marriage ceremonies; he it was who represented the union."†

In Europe it is the custom for a husband to receive property with his bride; in the East, wives are frequently purchased either by money or by actual service, as was the case with Jacob in his transactions with Laban. In many instances, wives thus purchased become

* *United States Exploring Expedition.*

* *Varieties of Man*, p. 146. † *Desc. Eth.* vol. i. p. 45.

heritable property. Amongst the Mongols, a son inherits all the wives of his father except his own mother. Amongst the Kaffres, the wife is purchased as a slave, and is such. Side by side, however, with the purchase of wives, we meet, in isolated instances, with the custom of receiving a dowry with them, as amongst the Sheraunis.

A savage custom exists in Borneo and Sumatra, thus noticed by Dr. Latham:

"In Borneo, *head-hunting* is one of the essential elements of courtship. Before a youth can marry he must lay at the feet of his bride-elect the head of some one belonging to another tribe, killed by himself. According, then, to theory, every marriage involves a murder. . . . A morbid passion for the possession of human heads is a trait of the Dyak character. Skulls are the commonest ornament of a Dyak house; and the possession of them the best *prima facie* evidence of manly courage. Hence warfare, marauding and internecine, is the normal state of these islands."*

A curious custom prevails in Australia, some parts of Africa, and we believe in other parts of the world—namely, when a young man becomes of marriageable age, he undergoes a ceremony of initiation, the details of which are unknown, except that, as part of it, two of his front-teeth are knocked out.

According to Dr. Pickering there is one caste amongst the Hindoos, the Manabhwaa, in which marriage is strictly forbidden; the children are regularly killed, and the caste kept up by purchase. In general, however, it is an institution in much favor, and greatly encouraged. In some districts an awful fate awaits old bachelors who persist in their solitude to an advanced age. Thus in Kumaon, one of the sub-Himalayan districts, it is believed that "the bachelor who, without getting married, dies at an advanced age, becomes a will-of-the-wisp, or *tola*, whose society is shunned even by his brother-spirits; for which reason he is only seen in low places." The sanctity of the marriage-tie is very differently regarded, in the most heterogeneous manner, amongst half-civilized tribes. Sometimes its disregard is viewed as of no consequence whatever. In a neighboring tribe it may be punished with instant death; it is,

however, generally considered as a serious crime.

There is one point connected with this subject that we should not have expected, *a priori*, from nations so far behind Europeans in civilization. Throughout the greater part of what we consider the uncivilized world it is absolutely forbidden to marry near relations; and in some even of the rudest tribes the strictest pedigrees are preserved, in order to prevent the possibility of the union of any related even remotely by consanguinity. Writing on the Magars, Dr. Latham remarks:

"All individuals belonging to the same thum (or tribe) are supposed to be descended from the same male ancestor; descent from the same great mother being by no means necessary. So husband and wife must belong to different thums. Within one and the same there is no marriage. Do you wish for a wife? If so, look to the thum of your neighbor; at any rate, look beyond your own. This is the first time I have found occasion to mention this practice; it will not be the last. On the contrary, the principle it suggests is so common, as to be almost universal. We shall find it in Australia; we shall find it in North and South-America; we shall find it in Africa, we shall find it in Europe; we shall suspect and infer it in many places where the actual evidence of its existence is incomplete."

We occasionally meet with complications of the marriage-tie, in the Eastern regulations, that are quite incomprehensible to the European mind. Prichard states, that "the marriages of the Nayrs, (the caste in dignity next to the Brahmins,) so termed, are contracted when they are ten years of age; but the husband never lives with his wife, who remains in the home of her mother or brother, and is at liberty to choose any lover of a rank equal to her own. Her children are not considered as her husband's, nor do they inherit from him. Every man looks upon his sister's children, who alone are connected with him by ties of blood, as his heirs."* Perhaps this would admit of further investigation.

The inheritance of property out of Europe is subject to very singular varieties. In the Kooch tribe, when a man marries, he goes to live with his stepmother, and his property is made over to his wife, and becomes her daughter's when she dies. Amongst the Boda the sons inherit equally; but amongst the Singpho (both Ti-

* *Varieties of Man*, p. 166.

* Prichard, *op. cit.* vol. iv. p. 161.

netan tribes) the eldest and youngest sons divide the property; the rest get nothing. In another allied tribe the youngest son takes all; and amongst the Garo, the youngest daughter inherits every thing. It would be extremely difficult to trace these varieties to any special law of human thought; they are also quite independent of geographical interpretation. The same irrelevancy will be found in our next notices, those of death and burial.

We bury our dead—above all, we wait until they *are* dead. Some other nations and tribes burn them; others eat them, as we have seen; and if we may believe both ancient and modern authorities, some of the Sumatran tribes kill the sick man, because they consider that a long illness “spoils the meat.” He was killed and eaten, so Herodotus and some modern writers relate, let him say what he would about being in health. It would appear also that illness was not always a necessary preliminary. Marsden, in the *Asiatic Researches*, states that they themselves (the Battas) “declare that they frequently eat their own relations when aged and infirm, and that, not so much to gratify their appetite as to perform a pious ceremony. Thus when a man becomes infirm and weary of the world, he is said to invite his own children to eat him, in the season when salt and limes are cheapest. He then ascends a tree, round which his friends and offspring assemble; and as they shake the tree, join in a funeral dirge, the import of which is: ‘The season is come, the fruit is ripe, and it must descend.’ The victim descends, and those that are nearest and dearest to him deprive him of life, and devour his remains in a solemn banquet.” Major Canning confirms this and other still more horrible practices, having made “the most minute inquiries” during his residence there in 1814. Yet, without throwing discredit upon the whole subject of cannibalism, we can not but think that this and other tales require further confirmation. Doubtless the authorities are credible so far as they know, but the chief part of these relations depend upon hearsay; and we know that many savage tribes have the cunning, not only to appear more docile and moral, but also much more fierce and disgusting, as well as stupid, in their practices than they really are. In short, they give such ac-

counts to inquirers as will suit their present purposes. It is to this principle that Dr. Livingston attributes the generally received opinion concerning the stupidity of many African tribes, who really are endowed with a fair amount of intelligence. Some of them have been stated to be unable to count further than five, which he attributes altogether to their unwillingness to give information.

But to return; some burn their dead first and bury them afterwards; some bury them first and afterwards burn them. The inhabitants of Kumaon have a general burning at one period of the year, when they dig up all they have buried before. The custom of human sacrifices on the death and burial of persons of rank is very common. The Indian suttee is well known. A partial suttee is found amongst a tribe of the North-Americans, the Athabaskans, as mentioned in the *United States Exploring Expedition*:

“If the deceased had a wife, she is all but burned alive with the corpse, being compelled to lie upon it while the fire is lighted, and remains thus till the heat becomes beyond endurance. In former times, when she attempted to break away, she was pushed back into the flames by the relations of her husband, and thus often severely injured. When the corpse is consumed, she collects the ashes and deposits them in a little basket, which she always carries about with her. At the same time she becomes the servant and drudge of the relations of her late husband, who exact of her the severest labor, and treat her with every indignity.”

Wherever a Mongolian prince dies, he must be buried on the Altai. His best horse is killed, and his favorite servant, and buried with him. Whoever is met on the road is also killed, with the formula: “Depart for the next world, and attend upon your deceased master.” It is related that when Prince Mongu “was followed to the Altai burial-ground, no less than ten thousand persons whom fanaticism, or fate, or bad luck threw in the way, are said to have been killed.” In the same work we find it related, on the authority of Clapperton, that amongst the Yoruba, an African tribe, with a king are buried certain women and slaves. These last are poisoned; if the poison fails to take effect, the victim is no gainer, for he is presented with a rope, and sent home to hang himself. Amongst the Ashantis there is a similar custom, but

often great numbers of women and slaves are buried alive in one pit. The butcheries amongst other African tribes on such occasions are too horrible to dwell upon; often many thousand persons are destroyed during the awful rites that succeed a funeral. According to Pickering, the M'Knafi tribe have a very summary method of saving trouble with their dead friends—they put them in the bush for the wild beasts to eat. "The friends afterwards cry for ten or twenty days, and then kill three bullocks and make a feast." *Perhaps* some of these customs are related without sufficient investigation. We can imagine an utter stranger to our customs visiting England, and conveying a very incorrect impression to his friends in Africa by hasty induction from a limited number of observations, as thus: "When a rich man dies in England, his friends meet and feast, and rejoice greatly; his widow wears for a year an unbecoming garb, but does not appear otherwise affected. When a wife dies, the husband buries her, and goes to his club; he soon marries again."

Wherever we meet with funeral ceremonies we see indications of a belief in a separate state of spirits; perhaps no tribes believe actually in annihilation, although some have no definite notions of a future life. The victims that are slain at the tomb are not without some alleged purpose. The horse, the servant, the wife, are all intended to serve their master in his changed estate. In many tribes particular places are kept sacred for some time, for the use of the spirit that still haunts the scenes of his former life. Thus Dr. Latham says of the Ho, an Indian tribe: "Dead bodieds are interred, and gravestones placed over them. This, however, is insufficient to keep down the spirits, which are believed to walk about during the day, and to keep within doors at night. A certain spot, upon which is placed an offering, is kept clean for them." In many parts of the East, euhemerism, or a worship of departed spirits, chiefly heroes, is an important part of the religion. This all but universal belief in a future life would of itself afford a strong argument for the unity of the species, such psychological phenomena being very significant.

The same observation might apply to the universal, or all but universal, existence of some form of worship—some re-

cognition of a power higher than man—*greater*, certainly, if not higher. Is there any tribe or nation without a religion? It is so asserted by some; but is the authority indisputable? We can not affirm positively; we have seen some reason to doubt this from internal evidence, in the case of the "Original People" of the Malay peninsula; the same doubts may extend further with reason. According to Pickering, the M'Knafi tribe, already mentioned, "have neither prayers nor religion, but they eat and sleep;" yet he mentions that even they have a deity, called Angayai. We have never met with any history of a tribe with which the narrators could hold any intercourse, that had not some kind of creed, some recognition of a spiritual power, gross though it might be—some idea of a *cultus*. That these ideas vary is not to be wondered at; that they are often the grossest burlesques upon worship is inevitable. The refined mythologies of ancient Greece and Rome were little else than coarse embodiments and caricatures of human emotions, affections, passions, and vices; what are we to expect, then, from races whose highest hopes and aspirations are centred upon the supply of to-day's food, with an occasional or habitual longing for the skull of his neighbor? Man by wisdom has not found, can not find, God; but he has the divine idea within, obscured, hid, almost lost, it may be; but degraded as he may and can become, he can never shake himself loose from the conviction that there is a God that besets him around and before. Him, in his way, under some name or other, as a benevolent or a malevolent being, he recognizes and propitiates to obtain his favor, or to avert his wrath; this he does, waiting until the Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached to him, and the fullness of the Gentiles be brought in.

The primary forms in which this deep-rooted instinct of our nature develops itself, are the endless varieties of paganism and schamanism—these being but two names for the same thing—the former usually used with respect to Africa, the latter to Asia and some parts of Europe. Perhaps its most unmodified, or purest, consequently its grossest, form is found amongst the Gold-Coast tribes. "We are in the region of snake-worship, medicine-men, obi-sorcerers, superstitious ordeals, devil-drivers, and Mumbo-jumbos.

The inhabitants of a Fanti village meet at nightfall, with sticks and staves, to yell and howl. By doing this, they fancy that they have frightened the devils from the land, which when they have done, they feast." Snake-worship appears to have been one of the most generally diffused forms of *cultus*, from the earliest known times; in Cashmir it appears to have been very ancient, and also to have been diffused over the whole of India. In many instances it is found associated with legends, which bear more or less the traces of the original temptation by the Serpent; some of them certainly traces so strong as almost absolutely to preclude the idea of coincidence, and to suggest that even this benighted Paganism is not the *earliest* development of human religious sentiment, but a falling away from a previous higher state.

The fundamental idea of Paganism seems to be *dread*—dread of evil from natural objects, directed by unseen maleficent powers; which powers have to be propitiated by sacrifice, or counteracted by charm or formula. It is destitute of any literature, traditionary creed, or doctrine; unattended by any moral teaching. The fetich-men, obis, or sorcerers are the media of communication between men and the spirits; they alone see and hold communion with them; they alone appease them or compel them to their sway. Endless are the forms of development of these ideas, so much so as to render impossible any classification or analysis; yet, in whatever form they are met with, they are fundamentally the same in type, but differing in each tribe, village, nation, or community, in the gods worshiped, and in the forms with which they are worshiped. This applies equally to Africa and Asia. The degree of respect with which the gods are treated, varies much; to some the best of every thing must be rendered; to others the most worthless objects are sacrificed. Thus amongst the Nagas, the chief evil spirit is Rupaiba, blind of one eye; but his assistant, Kanquiba, is blind altogether, very bad-tempered and very malicious. "He must, however, be propitiated; and this can be done cheaply. A fowl is the sacrifice, but the sickliest and smallest of the roost will do. He can only feel what room it takes; so the crafty Nagas put the little bird in a big basket, and so deceive Kanquiba the sightless."

Yet it seems to be the opinion of those writers who have most attentively studied the subject, that fetichism or schamanism is not altogether a system of willful imposture, but one involving curious and recondite psychological principles. The following remarks of Baron von Wrangell, who, according to Prichard, has given the best portrait of schamanism extant, are worth attention:

"Schamanism has no dogmas of any kind; it is not a system taught or handed down from one age to another; though widely-spread, it originates in every individual as the fruit of a highly-excited imagination, acted upon by external impressions which are every where similar through the vast wilderness of northern Siberia. Schamans are not mere impostors, they are persons born with excitable feelings and ardent imagination, who grow up amidst a general belief in ghosts, wizards, and mysterious powers in nature, wielded by sorcerers. The youth conceives a strong desire to partake in these supernatural gifts. No one teaches him. His enthusiastic fancy is worked upon by solitude, by contemplating the gloomy aspect of surrounding nature, by long vigils, fasts, and the use of narcotic drugs, till he becomes persuaded that he has seen the shadowy beings who dwell in the obscurity of forests and mountains, and whose voices are heard in the winds of the desert. He then becomes a schaman, and is instituted with many ceremonies, which are held during the silence of the night, and receives from his order the magic drum. Still, his actions are those of the individual mind. The schaman is not a cool deceiver, but a psychological phenomenon of a wonderful sort. When I have seen them perform, they have always left a permanent gloomy impression on my mind."

Most Pagan tribes carry on their worship through recognized ministers of some sort; some few have no such office, but, as amongst the Khumia, each man worships and sacrifices as he thinks proper. Although some tribes recognize spirits that are rather good than bad, they sacrifice to the bad ones only; the Lepcha say: Why should they sacrifice to the good spirits, they are harmless enough? The same ideas are found in some mixed religions. The Kurds are Mohammedans, at least more Mohammedan than any thing else, yet they confess to conciliating the devil; they mention him with respect, if compelled to mention him at all; and object to hearing his name taken in vain.

* Prichard, vol. iv. p. 610.

There are six existing lettered religions or creeds, that is, founded upon and supported by a literature of written and recognized doctrines and dogmas. Three are monotheistic, and belong rather to the West than the East—Christianity, Judaism, and Mohammedanism. Three are polytheistic, and belong rather to the East than the West—Parsiism, Buddhism, and Brahminism. Paganism is more or less found in connection with all. Even the Christianity of Europe is more tinged with it than we are always inclined to admit. In many northern tribes they are intimately interwoven; in some the Paganism overlies the recently-introduced Christianity; in others, this barely tempers the other. For details, we refer the reader to Dr. Latham's notices of the Laps, the Udmurt, the Voguls, the Samoyeds, the Rumanys, and many others. As yet, Christianity has only spread where the influence of the European races has been felt. One very important fact may be noticed, namely, what may be called the varying receptivity of true religion by different tribes of men. Paganism receives Christianity much more readily than any of the literate religions, whether Buddhism, Brahminism, or Mohammedanism;* how little effect it has, thus far, upon Judaism, as now existing, is well known.

It must be remembered that we are speaking only of phenomena as at present observed. Thus far in the history of man there seems to be a persistent appropriation of certain creeds to certain geographical localities, or perhaps to certain great divisions of men. Christianity belongs as yet chiefly to the Indo-Germanic tribes, and numbers about 120,000,000 of

adherents. Judaism is confined, nearly without exception, to the Abrahamicæ, comprising not less than four, probably not more than six millions. Mohammedanism has appropriated the Turkish stock, and part of Africa; perhaps 250,000,000. Parsiism is unimportant in any calculation, not being a living influence, although surviving as a fact. Brahminism belongs essentially to India, and has, perhaps, 120,000,000 of adherents. Buddhism, first fully developed (although perhaps not *originated*) in India, has left its soil altogether; it is now the religion of vast tracts in Central and Eastern Asia; including China, Tibet, Japan, and many of the islands of the Indian Archipelago: it comprises considerably above 300,000,000 of followers.

That the knowledge of God shall cover the face of the earth ultimately we have the highest authority for believing; as yet, however, he is worshiped by but a small section of mankind; and, although some slight inroads are made here and there into the country of the enemy, the most enthusiastic must confess that the difficulties in the way of the spread of Christianity over vast tracts of country, and amongst immense hordes of people, seem to be not quite, but nearly insuperable. For this, plausible and elaborate reasons have been given, and may still be alleged—plausible, but unsatisfying. Perhaps it will only be when these difficulties are in course of being fully surmounted, that we shall clearly recognize and understand them. From mystical systems like Buddhism and Brahminism, perhaps there is a repugnance to descend, as it would seem, to the simplicity of the religion of the cross. From creeds whose morality is theoretically good, but whose practices are abominably bad, the constraint of the pure moral law, resulting from a changed and purified nature, would doubtless appear irksome. The characteristic apathy and immovability of the typical Eastern would also afford a strong obstacle to any change of creed. But to a deeper cause, underlying all these, perhaps we have a key in the phenomena of certain European nations. Ask where the Reformation has spread, and we are told amongst the proper German or Saxon tribes and their kindred. Ask where it has been rejected, and we find it to be, almost without exception, amongst the Celtic tribes and their kin-

* The following passage is suggestive and instructive: "Farewell, for a while, Buddhism, and welcome Paganism. We may say this and mean it; for Paganism is both more instructive than Buddhism, and more practicable. It is more instructive, because it exhibits the thoughts and feelings of an earlier period in the history of humanity. That it is more practicable is known to every commercial man and every missionary. It presents fewer obstacles to those who look for work; fewer obstacles to those who would make proselytes to Christianity. This is because its hold on the mind is weaker, and its prejudices fewer. Asia tells us this, speaking through the mouth of Parsia, Brahmins, and Buddhists. Africa tells us as much. A Pagan country is a promising, a Mohammedan a hopeless, field for the missionary."—Latham's *Descriptive Ethnology*, vol. i. p. 92.

dred. The different psychological tendencies and development of these two stocks, which lead us to trace this phenomenon to its probable proximate cause, may perhaps indicate to us the source whence we shall ultimately derive our knowledge of why the Mongolian tribes are Buddhist and Pagan—why the Hindoos are Brahminic and Pagan—and why the Turks and Africans are Mohammedan and Pagan.

The rite of sacrifice is almost as universal amongst men as the existence of a religion; of course excepting Christianity, where the sacrifice has been once and for all offered. This rite attains its maximum of importance and significance, when the sacrifice is human. In one form we have met with it already, in the single or wholesale butcheries accompanying funeral proceedings; but we meet with it also as an expiatory offering, in a most deliberate and revolting manner. The most striking instance of this is found amongst the Khonds, a tribe of the Rajmahal hills, on the southern bank of the Ganges. Condensed from Captain Macpherson's account, it seems to be somewhat as follows: The goddess Tari is malevolent, and must be propitiated with human sacrifice. On a great misfortune occurring to a family, its head pledges himself to find a victim, (called Tokki, or Kaddi,) within a year. Such victims are purchased from another tribe, who have kidnapped them from the Hindoos; though sometimes they will sell their own offspring. The victim is brought blindfold to the village, and is allowed to live there sometimes for years, honored as a consecrated being. He may bring up a family, who then become amenable to the same sacrifice. At length, however, the time arrives; and, after a day and night of horrible obscenity and drunkenness, on the part of the whole village, the unfortunate victim is immolated amidst dreadful tortures, lasting three or four days; his limbs being first broken, for he must die unbound, and yet be prevented from escaping. There is an elaborate ritual established for this sacrifice, containing a long invocation by the priest, a still longer address to the victim on his happiness in having been thus selected, an expostulation from the victim, still in prescribed formula, and a prolonged dialogue between him and his executioners. It terminates by the quivering body being torn

to pieces by the fanatic and maddened crowd around him; the fragments are burned, and the ashes sprinkled over the fields or plastered on the barns. Such is man when left to the exercise of his own devices, untempered by civilization, unsanctified by the Gospel. Yet, after this hideous performance, a prayer is offered up to Tari, which terminates in these words, "We are ignorant of what it is good to ask for. You know what is good for us. Give it to us;" a petition which might be extracted from a Christian prayer. Along with this practice of human sacrifice, we meet with the custom of female infanticide; if the mother's first child be a female, it is allowed to live; any subsequent ones are destroyed. Sometimes villages containing above one hundred houses may be seen without a single female child. The superstition connected with it is, that Bura had so much trouble with his wife, the aforementioned Tari, that he resolved only that number of females should be permitted amongst his worshipers as would carry on the population.

Amongst some tribes where *a priori* we should least expect it, we meet with legends on which their mythology is founded, bearing the very closest resemblance to the Mosaic records. This is the case amongst the Karens, where the names being changed, we have a sufficiently accurate account of the creation, the temptation by the Serpent, the eating of the forbidden fruit by the woman, her temptation of the man, his fall, and all the subsequent consequences. Probably where this close coincidence obtains, it is the result of early and forgotten missionary labors. There is also a legend of the fall of the angels.

In bringing to a close one section of our long list of *differentiæ* amongst men, it is necessary to inquire whether we have met with any phenomena incompatible with unity of species. We have taken only, or chiefly, the extreme departures in physical, social, and moral development, from any supposable type; and we have thus far seen nothing that would of necessity suggest diversity of origin. As to manners, customs, ceremonies, and religions we see them changing, decaying, and originating, almost daily, in communities where difference of race is never suspected; so that, could these by possibility be even more diverse than they are, a common origin would not be to be discredited

on that account. The one point on which a stand might be made would be the physical differences in color, formation, etc. That these present difficulties is indisputable; and yet it is susceptible of proof, that the extreme differences, say between the Bushman and the typical European, are not greater than those which we see frequently induced, as *permanent varieties*, in domestic animals, by the sum of the influences comprehended under the term *domestication*. Now, domestication of animals is, so far as the animal physical nature is concerned, strictly analogous to civilization in man. We have elsewhere dwelt upon this subject, and shall here adduce but one illustration—not a dignified one from which to judge humanity, but very conclusive. From the year 1493, when the island of St. Domingo was discovered by Columbus, pigs were at various epochs introduced there. A great number of these from various causes have returned to the wild state, and anatomical changes of a noteworthy character have supervened. The form of the skull has changed in a manner which to a transcendental anatomist would suggest the difference between a European human skull and one of some of the Negro tribes; the proportions of the limbs have altered, and, what is perhaps still more decisive, they have lost the varieties of color which the domestic pig presents, and have become *uniformly black*. They have, in short, resumed nearly the formation of the wild boar, from which they were doubtless originally descended. "No naturalist," says Blumenbach, "has carried his skepticism so far as to doubt the descent of the domestic swine from the wild boar. It is certain that before the discovery of America by the Spaniards swine were unknown in that quarter of the world, and that they were first carried there from Europe. Yet, notwithstanding the comparative shortness of the interval, they have in that country degenerated into breeds, wonderfully different from each other, and from the original stock. These instances of diversity, and those of the hog kind in general, may therefore be taken as clear and safe examples of the variations which may be expected to arise in the descendants of one stock."* Blu-

menbach further remarks, that "the whole difference between the cranium of the Negro and that of a European is by no means greater than that equally striking difference which exists between the cranium of the wild boar and that of the domestic swine."

On the varying intellectual and moral aptitudes of the different races of men, we have but incidentally touched. It is an undoubted fact that there are great differences observable—different capacities for receiving instruction, and for the recognition of the moral law. But these differences are all of *degree*, not of *kind*. As yet we have seen no races of men differ from Europeans (whether as men or as Christians) more than the Esquimaux, the Bushman, or the Negro; yet by cumulative evidence it has been fully proved that all these are amenable to the influence of the Gospel, and to intellectual development. If only *one* of each class had been found to be so, this of itself would assert a claim on behalf of the whole race to at least a possible brotherhood in psychical development; and there are many undeniable instances of this, for a collection of which we may refer the reader to Dr. Prichard's encyclopædic work. As a general rule, the intellectual status of a race will be found to depend upon, or correspond with, the facilities of intercourse with other nations; combined with the sum of the influences exercised by climate, soil, food, and the energies therefrom resulting. It will also be remembered that disuse of the intellectual faculties through a series of generations lowers the mental aptitudes and capacities in each succeeding generation; and that a corresponding time must be required to counteract this retrograde influence. Whatever, then, might be found to be the resistance to, or incapacity for, the reception of truth of any kind, in any given race, this would only become a valid argument for diversity of origin, when attempts at restoration had been made over a lapse of time, bearing some proportion to that during which the race had been deteriorating. Even then it would barely amount to a possibility until it had been proved that these differences were greater than those which we daily witness, both in individuals and families, clearly of the same race. And we think it safe to affirm, in conclusion, with Dr. Prichard, "that the phenomena of the human mind, and the moral and intellec-

* See Prichard's *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*, vol. I. p. 353.

tual history of human races, afford no proof of diversity of origin in the families of men; that, on the contrary, in accordance with an extensive series of analogies, we may perhaps say, that races so nearly allied and even identified in all the principal traits of their psychical character, as are the several races of mankind, must be considered as belonging to one species."

But questions yet remain still more difficult of investigation than those already noticed, and likely in all probability to afford doubtful problems, practically important to solve, for many generations. These relate to the special adaptation of races to soils and climates, and to the permanent isolation or possible mixing of races amongst each other.

It has generally been a received dogma that the whole earth is the domain of man; that, whereas animal and vegetable tribes have their geographical and climatic limits, which they can not pass with impunity, man may become a denizen of any latitude. Such is the truth in words; but when we examine facts, there are striking modifications necessary. Some varieties of men live and thrive, where others only die or wither. To take a familiar illustration, Europeans can not colonize a tropical country; to some extent they can *live* there, subject to a variety of diseases and a deterioration of constitution. But they can not even live there without assistance; they can not cultivate the soil; for this a tropical race is required. To this rule we know of no valid exception. England can not colonize, properly speaking, India nor tropical Africa; Spain, in the same sense, could not colonize South-America; France can hold Algeria as a military colony, but in what other sense? None of these can become inhabitants of the country invaded, in the proper sense of the term — independent, self-supporting. Their very numbers can only be kept up by immigration; let this cease, and probably in a century the invading race would die out.

It is strongly suspected that this law is more general in its application than this, that difference of latitude is not the only bar to colonization. The mightiest colony the world has ever seen is that of the United States; its progress has been most marvelous; yet, as an Anglo-Saxon race, its future at least admits of doubt. An impression is growing that this race languishes in North-America, all its apparent vigor notwithstanding. There are unmis-

takable signs in the people of premature maturity and premature decay; and another certain mark of a tendency to decay is that the average number of children in families is small. Up to the present time, mighty masses of population, Saxon and Celt, are daily pouring fresh blood into the Union, rendering population returns of no value whatever, ethnologically considered.

"But when this stream shall stop, as stop it must; when the colony comes to be thrown on its own resources; when fresh blood is no longer infused into it, and that, too, from the sources whence they originally sprung; when the separation of Celt, Saxon, and South German shall have taken place in America itself — an event soon to happen — then will come the time to calculate the probable result of this great experiment on man. All previous ones of this nature have failed; why should this succeed? Already I imagine I can perceive in the early loss of the subcutaneous adipose cushion, which marks the Saxon and Celtic American, proofs of a climate telling against the very principle of life — against the very emblem of youth, and marking with a premature appearance of age the race whose sojourn in any land can never be eternal under circumstances striking at the essence of life itself. Symptoms of a premature decay, as the early loss of teeth, have a similar signification. The notion that the races become taller in America I have shown to be false; statistics, sound statistics, have yet to be found; we want the history of a thousand families, and of their descendants, who have been located in America two hundred years ago, and who have not intermingled with fresh blood from Europe. The population returns now offered us are worthless on a question of this kind. The colonization, then, of Northern America by Celt and Saxon, and South or Middle German, is a problem whose success can not be foretold, can not reasonably be believed. All such experiments have hitherto failed."*

This is the extreme view; we quote it as such. Allowance must be made for the theory, to support which Dr. Knox pledged himself, namely, that "race is every thing;" all other influences — religion, politics, literature — nothing. Yet many more patient investigators than Dr. Knox hold similar doubts to these on the subject of colonization. Acclimatization is not well understood; at all events, within historic times we have no account of any people that have become so far acclimatized to a *materially different* climate to their own, as to be able to colo-

* Dr. Knox: *Races of Men*, p. 14.

nize it in the sense above mentioned. The fact remains unimpeachable that, as a general rule, certain peoples are specifically adapted to certain climates and soils. Perhaps it does but cut the knot to say that they have, by circumstances, been forced upon these localities, and have become accustomed to them. Why, then, can not Europeans become accustomed to them now? All experiments show that they can not. There is no self-supporting European colony any where within the tropics, notwithstanding all the attempts hitherto made. And *when* were these changes accomplished? Figured in the tombs of Egypt we find representations of Jew, Negro, Copt, Persian, and Sarmatian, distinct as now; doubtless adapted each to his climate, even in so short a period, comparatively speaking, after the dispersion of mankind. The whole subject is obscure and full of mystery. We shall not attempt to theorize upon it, but merely test by one instance how far it bears upon a diversity of origin:

"We are in India, and not in the best parts of it. We are in a belt of forest fatal to Europeans, fatal, in many cases, to even the Hindu of the healthier localities.

"Upon the extent that these unfavorable conditions affect the human frame, the evidence is conflicting. The Saul forest, full of malaria every where, but fullest to the east of the Kosi, is endured by no human being save and except the remarkable individuals that have for ages made it their dwelling-place. Yet the Dhimal, the Bodo, and others thrive in it, love it, and leave it with regret. When others show in their fever-stricken aspects the inroads of the poison of the atmosphere, these breathe it as common air. Nay, they prefer it to the open and untainted air of the plains, where the heat gives them fever. So writes Mr. Hodgson, and so his communicants informed him. Yet they may easily have been exceptions to their countrymen, stronger in body, more patriotic in spirit. They may also have exaggerated. It is certain that all our testimony is not to this effect. It is certain that other writers have noticed the unhealthy complexion and undersized limbs of the foresters of the Saul belt, the so-called aborigines of the district."

Now, these people are related closely in other particulars to those that surround them: they are not suspected, even by the polygenists, to be of a different race. They have become acclimatized; and of the same principle we meet in many parts

of Europe, and the world generally, many illustrations. And thus, whilst the fact remains undisputable, that some men can live, and cultivate the soil, where others infallibly perish, it proves nothing as to diversity of origin. What it does prove is this, that we know little of the circumstances upon which the success or failure of acclimatization depends. In the case of the European attempting vainly to colonize tropical countries, a great part of the non-success probably depends upon his carrying with him the habits and manners; and above all the diet, of Europe, and its vices, into these lands. In more similar latitudes there have doubtless been migrations of masses on to foreign soil; yet, on a broad view, there still seems a strange tenacity of possession by some races, and an equally strange incompetence to eradicate them on the part of others, of which we give an illustration below.*

But the great question upon which the positive proof of the unity of origin depends, is that involved in the crossing of races. Individuals are supposed to be of *one species*, descended from *one pair* of protoplasts, when they can unite to propagate a prolific offspring, capable of indefinitely perpetuating the race. Individuals of two closely allied species can occasionally have offspring; and in one or

† "Of the Slavonian race I have already spoken; they occupy their original ground, nor has any other race been able to supplant them. Trodden down by the Sarmatian, the German, the Turcoman, the Roman, the Hun, they occupy still the same ground they did before all history. Their Eastern origin is a fable. Twice did the Hun and the Turcoman penetrate to Vienna, across and through the great mass of the Slavonian race; and twice has the Crescent returned from the Slavonian native land, leaving no trace of their passage.

"Now this great race, the most intellectual of all, occupy, as I have said, as nearly as may be, at the present day, the same countries as in the remotest periods; at times advancing, at times receding; assailed by Roman power; overrun by the terrible Attila and his Cossagues; crushed down by the Mongol; oppressed by the Turcoman; cruelly butchered in Bohemia, and Posen, and Prussia, by the Sarmatian and German races; decimated by the Russ in Poland—there they still remain, aboriginal occupiers of the soil; no change in feature or form, but always recognizable from the surrounding nations. Gothic, no doubt; high-minded, original, inventive, mystical, transcendental. The Turcoman left in Hungary a portion of his race, the Magyars, but they can not hold their ground, noble though they be; nor can there be a doubt that their existence depends on the admixture by marriage with Slavonian families."—Dr. Knox: *Races of Men*, p. 124.

* Latham: *Descriptive Ethnology*, vol. i. p. 93.

two rare instances, these are prolific for another generation, under certain limitations; none of them permanently so. The bearing of this law is this—acknowledged by all—if the various races of men can unite and cross, so as to propagate a prolific, permanent, mixed race, then is the whole family of man *one*. If, on the contrary, races unite, and produce an offspring which, left to its unaided resources, and unreplenished from either parent race, dies out, or returns in a few generations to one or other original type, then the family of man is probably not one, but has various origins, or protoplasts.

Extreme views are held by anthropologists on this question. Some assert positively that permanent mixed races are impossible; that they must continually be reinforced from one or both parent stocks, or they will infallibly perish. Others point to various apparently conclusive facts, proving the actual existence of such races, and therefore their possibility. At the first glance the subject would appear easy of settlement. What more easy than to point to the populations of Western Europe as a proof that races do amalgamate. And yet, on a closer inspection, the subject is indeed beset with difficulties of an order almost insurmountable. Even in Europe, even in England, or rather in Great Britain, distinct races exist side by side, unmixed and unmixing. The Scandinavian and the Celt are still as distinguishable, not only physically, but morally, as within any historic period: Ireland does not become Saxon; nor England Celtic. That there is a mixed population can not be doubted; but it does admit of contest what this mixed population is. Is it descended from the mixed population of a century or three centuries back? or is it continually and necessarily supplied from the parent stocks, whilst generation after generation the veritable mixed race dies out. We have no data on which to settle this question. Prichard himself, the strongest supporter of the resultant monogenic doctrine, so far recognizes the insufficiency of any proof derivable from this argument, that he scarcely appeals to it.

The question has, almost of necessity, to be contested on other grounds; namely, where the races are so distinct in physical attributes, as to make the tracing of their history and that of their offspring both more easy and more conclusive. It must

be acknowledged that the undeniable instances of genuine intermixture are but few. Where history treats of type, we find it but little changed from then until now. The Mongolian and the Hindoo closely correspond to their formation as in the days of Herodotus; and the vast tracts of lands inhabited by them, present but few hints of a mixed race. The Negro, the Jew, the Copt, (a small relic,) the Persian, exist still as distinct races, corresponding in type to their portraits on the tombs of Egypt. The Jew and the Gipsy still live apart, mixed with all nations, but amalgamated with no race. The *rule* of race is evidently isolation; it is the exceptions, the possibilities for which we have to look. Of these Prichard points to three, as proving that races may and do mix, and propagate a self-supporting hybrid race; the Griquas, the Cafusos, and the Papuans.

The Griquas result from a mixture of Dutch and Hottentot blood; as a nation they have aggregated, during the present century, around a Moravian mission station. The time is too short to decide the question whether they can be considered as, or will ultimately become, a permanent mixed variety of the species. The Cafusos are a tribe of Brazilians, supposed to result from a mixture of the indigenous Indian with Negroes. Our information concerning them is too slight to be conclusive on so important a point. As to the Papuans, that they are a mixed race was originally but an hypothesis of MM. Quoy and Guimard; but has since been quoted from them as an authoritative fact.

Such is the state of uncertainty in which this very important question at present stands; very much further investigation will be required before any hope of a settlement can be reasonably hoped for. Ethnology, as a science, is still in its infancy; making rapid strides it is true, both by observation and by philological investigation, a part of the subject which we have necessarily omitted in this brief notice; *race* as existing, however originating, exerts a most powerful influence over the affairs of the human family; and we can conceive no more fruitful and promising field for the labors of such cautious and learned investigators as Dr. Latham, who feel that "the proper study of mankind is Man," than to analyze and accumulate whatever may elucidate those striking varieties called marks of Race.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE EARTH'S OLD AGE.

A FANCY SKETCH.

BY J. G. HARGREAVES.

THE knell of another year will have tolled when these paragraphs meet the reader's eye. We grow older with every beat of the pendulum. The human structure is an apparatus which has been wound up for a brief run of three-score years and ten. For each of us, whose bodily machinery is permitted to play out its task without interruption, there must come a time when the vital force will begin to languish; when our capital of strength will appear to be exhausted; when the nervous power, which now works the limbs with such splendid efficiency, will trickle from its source in penurious driblets; when the gateways of sensation will be obstructed, or some of them entirely closed; and when the mind, participating in the frailties of the frame, will perhaps squander its little remnant of vigor in the dreams and inanities of dotage.

Now, if old age produces its effects upon man and beast—upon tree and flower—why should it not tell upon the earth we inhabit? After sixty centuries of historic existence, to say nothing of the previous geological eras, would it be any wonder if the world had lost something of its sprightliness and vitality? Or, if burdened with a load of infirmities, it were now sinking into a state of hopeless decrepitude?

Let us venture to sketch a few of the consequences which might be supposed to result, were the great forces of Nature—the agencies which give activity to the phenomena of our globe—subject to the law of decline and decay. For the purposes of this waking dream, we will put forward the clock of Time some hundreds of years, at the least.*

* In a fancy sketch like this, it is scarcely necessary to say that some license of language, not admissible in a purely scientific subject, may be fairly

Look up. The sun has nearly reached the zenith; but, instead of flooding the earth with the fine golden radiance of former days, it bathes it with a feeble twilight, even at high noon. The glowing disk upon which men could not gaze without burning the delicate balls of vision, or raising a crowd of phantom suns to haunt the trembling retina, may now be eyed with perfect impunity. In the most cloudless sky the luminary shines with a dull red glare, such as it exhibited in better days when battling with the morning mists, or when its beams were plowing their way through sheets of fog. Why is this? The fountain of light is obviously failing. And is it surprising that such should be the case? For ages the great orb of days has been pouring out its streams of splendor without a moment's intermission. Not only has it lit up the group of globes for which it was specially constructed, but its emanations have occupied so huge a sphere of space, that not a single cosmical chip, not a stray atom of world-dust floating between us and Sirius, has been left in positive darkness. What artificial luminary could support such a prodigal issue of brilliancy, and not be beggared in a day? The sun is a lamp. All lamps and fires, as far as we know, require to be periodically recruited. Sir Isaac Newton thought that comets might be intended to serve as solar fuel; and that some of these wanderers, after fluttering round the sun like gigantic moths, fell into the furnace, and supplied it with fresh luminous material. All lamps and fires, too, demand occasional dressing. Why should not the sun? If that body is never trimmed

claimed and as courteously conceded. The reader is also requested to excuse certain incongruities which are almost inseparable from a topic of conjectural treatment.

from age to age, is it any marvel that its light should at last begin to wane? Great spots, we know, frequently make their appearance on its surface. Some of these have been distinctly perceptible to the naked eye. In the first year of Augustus, according to Plutarch, its brightness was so much impaired, that people could look it in the face without effort. In the ninth year of Justinian, it is said to have suffered under some peculiar obscuration for upwards of fourteen months. The acreage of some of these macule is enormous. In certain cases they have been calculated to extend over several hundreds of millions of square miles. Many persons have attributed them to the smoke and fumes arising from the body of the orb, and overcasting its fair front like the carbonaceous clouds which so often disfigure our landscapes at home. By others, as by Galileo and Maupertuis, they have been ascribed to the scoræ floating on the liquid matter of which the sun was supposed to consist. The better opinion, however, is, that these solar stains are simply openings in the atmosphere, or photosphere, of the orb—rents which are easily made, and as easily healed; for they sometimes appear very suddenly, and usually close up in the course of a few days at the furthest. Would it be extravagant if, in our ignorance of the precise cause of these variations, we inferred that the luminary was subject to internal changes which might seriously impair, and in the end wholly extinguish, its lustre? Might not fancy be justified in suspecting that the hour will come when the sun shall lie on the bosom of space—a burnt-out orb—a huge blackened cinder; and when the planets shall perform their rounds, draped in sackcloth, like a funeral procession of worlds weeping for some starry chieftain, some leader amongst the hierarchy of light, who has gone down to darkness and death?

Or if, adopting the undulatory theory, we remember that, in order to produce a red ray, the sun must throw the ether into such rapid motion that it will vibrate four hundred and fifty-eight billions of times in a second, could we expect that this prodigious activity would be maintained forever? Once let the powers of the luminary fall below that mark, and his disk would be blotted out from view,

for his influence would cease to be visible to eyes constructed like our own.

Let this be as it may, however. Now—that is to say, at the time to which we have transported the reader in imagination—the Lord of Day no longer comes forth from his Chamber in the East like a bridegroom radiant with gladness, or like a strong man rejoicing to run a race; but with saddened face and blunted beams—his golden smiles all gone—he pursues his weary way across the heavens. Nature has suffered sympathetically from the change. The earth has thrown off its green vesture, and the landscape wears a sickly garb, in place of the rich livery of the sun. The flowers are no longer steeped in vivid dyes, and the plants that continue to grow are pallid in hue and consumptive in texture. There is no gorgeous petaling in the garden—no glittering plumage in the grove; gone is the bloom on beauty's cheek, and dim the fire in valor's eye. And since all organic life is in some degree dependent upon "holy light, offspring of Heaven, first born," the fading efflux of brightness from the central orb intimates too plainly that the earth's years are numbered, whilst the blanched vegetation shows that it is already putting on the white hairs of senility. It would seem to be quite true that—

"This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss."

Concurrently with this change, the temperature of the globe is also reduced. For the larger portion of the year, you can not venture out without furs or mantles to protect you from the cold. The icy caps of the Polar regions are gradually expanding, and, having invaded the mid-zones, are threatening to overlap the whole earth. Mountains, once green to their summits, are now crested with perpetual snow. Glaciers are crawling down with deadly step into tropical vales, where these gelid monsters were anciently as unknown as snow on the burning sand. Rivers once fluent as the winds, and as untamable by frost as the plunging cataract, are now bound in fetters of indissoluble ice. Numerous families of birds and beasts, which formerly spread themselves over the temperate latitudes, have been compelled to migrate, and are

huddling under the equator; while various species, which required a glowing climate, have perished for lack of warmth. Let savage Winter thus continue to extend his sway, and the time may eventually arrive when

"Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chained,
And bid to roar no more."

And then, if not previously, the few survivors of the human race may encounter a fate like that of Sir Hugh Willoughby and his comrades, whom the cold of the northern main

"Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm."

But still, may not man contrive to keep the enemy at bay for some period at least, and at the same time find compensation for the sun's waning lustre in the use of artificial fires and flames? Alas! another symptom of decrepitude has supervened. What is combustion? Simply the union of some fuel element with another substance, mostly oxygen; but a union effected so energetically, that heat and light are freely disengaged. Let the combination, however, be lazily accomplished, and in that case no sensible caloric is evolved; still less is any visible flame exhibited. Now, considering that chemical action implies the exertion of force, not only at the moment when a change occurs, but also at every instant during which the connection continues, ought we to be astonished if we discovered that this same force was gradually decaying in vigor? Why should two substances rush together with as much intensity now as they did thousands of years ago? Oxygen, in particular, is the hardest-used element on the face of the globe. It combines with almost every thing in creation. It forms a large part of the sea, the atmosphere, the solid rock, the metallic ore, the fruitful soil, the succulent vegetable, the living animal. It is wanted in almost every process in art and nature. It is called for whenever a creature breathes, a plant grows, a taper burns, or a weed decays. We might almost fancy that its atoms would long ago have been worked to death, or that, if not altogether exhausted of vigor, at any

rate their powers would be seriously enfeebled after centuries of incessant service.

And just such a result we will suppose to have occurred. The oxygen of the air now combines so languidly with most combustibles, that the heat which the process affords is scarcely felt, and the light which it ought to supply is still more rarely seen. If a common candle requires a week to consume, what sort of illumination can we expect from such an attenuated flame? If a bushel of coals, thrown upon a common fire will last for months, is it not vain to expect that the caloric engendered will yield the same quantity of comfort which it would have done when poured out in a concentrated form in the compass of a few hours? Small profit, indeed, can those who are destined to live in the earth's declining years, derive from the splendid felony of Prometheus! In an era when gunpowder burns as sluggishly as small coal, many arts must necessarily be crippled; for how can glass be fused, copper melted, or iron cast? And if all the operations of cookery must be conducted over a slow fire, and demand many weary waiting hours for their achievement, can we imagine that a sirloin of beef will be particularly tender when roasted, or a plum pudding remarkably dainty when boiled?

In many other ways, too, this decay of chemical force has led to melancholy results. Why is it that both men and beasts are constantly gasping for breath, and that the lungs appear to heave with such frightful labor? Why this universal asthma which seems to prevail? It is because the absorbent power of the blood for the vital oxygen of the atmosphere has been considerably reduced. The competency of this gas to combine with the effete carbon of the tissues has been so far diminished that longer and larger inspirations are needed, in order to secure the requisite amount of aëration. The balance once so happily established between man's pulmonary work and his physical resources—a balance so beautifully maintained that his organs played unconsciously under all ordinary circumstances, though any undue exertion instantly told upon his frame—has now been broken, and consequently much additional duty is thrown upon the lungs. These extra drafts upon the fountains of energy must of course tend to drain them

at a premature age. The traveler who has quartered himself for a short time on the top of a high mountain, or who has simply slept on the Grands Mûlets for a night, knows how the toiling organs of respiration suffer whilst foraging for additional supplies of the life-sustaining element which the thin air so grudgingly affords.* Besides, the blood when imperfectly ventilated, produces a mischievous effect upon the brain and the system at large. Stop the flow of oxygen to the lungs altogether, and the venous current, loaded with carbon, would poison the individual as certainly as if the heart were a reservoir of prussic acid or serpent's venom. Precisely to the same extent that the process of vital aëration is obstructed, must the delicate adjustments of body and mind be vitiated by the change. Hence, in the races who people the earth when its latter days have arrived, one prominent feature is the dreamy, drunken look they exhibit, the staggering gait they assume, and the sense of stupefaction which appears to becloud the brain.

Then, too, the atmosphere is laboring under another species of disorder. It has become well-nigh stagnant. The winds that blow are few and feeble. Instead of the bluff healthy breezes of olden times, there are only languid, timid zephyrs. And what is the result? The smoke collects over such large towns as still survive, increasing in density, until the air becomes almost opaque, and the flakes of soot are drawn into the lungs with every breath. Fogs also hang over the place of their birth for days or weeks together. The carbonic acid exhaled from the respiratory organs, or developed by means of combustion and in other processes, rests like a deadly pall over the spot, or tumbles to the ground in a mephitic sheet. Whatever noxious odors or emanations may arise, whatever elements of pestilence may make their appearance in the air, will cling like the shirt of Nessus to the doomed locality, and probably sweep away its inhabitants by the hundred. No longer churned by the winds which kept the atmosphere in a state of salubrity, the foreign

materials poured into the aerial sea, soon engender a host of evils; and though the law of diffusion still operates to some extent, yet, as the force of chemical action is also declining, it can not counteract the mischiefs which those great scavengers of the air, the breeze and the tempest, were intended to prevent. Nor does the ocean suffer much less than the land from the failure of ventilating power. Without gales to plow up its surface, the waters grow torpid, and in quarters where currents do not exist, "the very deep" appears to "rot"—

"A thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.
I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay."

And the vapor, also, which formerly supplied the land with the great element of fertility, when hurried away by the winds, and deposited on the soil in pleasant showers, now falls idly back into the reservoir from which it was scantily lifted.

The means of irrigation being thus abridged, it follows that the desert tracts of our globe must constantly increase. Like spots of baldness appearing on the head of age, these patches enlarge until they overrun whole kingdoms, and threaten to convert the planet into a herbless wilderness. Besides, vegetation has already sickened under the decay of light and decrease of temperature. Tropical plants like the palm and sugar-cane, have been expelled by the cold, and the natives of each zone are crawling up towards the Line in concentric ranks, leaving the higher latitudes wholly denuded of botanic life. In our own country corn is never reaped from the open field, and in the once sunny South of Europe the grapes no longer hang in purple clusters from the trellised vine. The noble oaks and elms which formerly adorned our glades have been displaced by the shivering pines and puny birches of Northern climes.

And man, too, how does he fare in a world over which the snows of age are falling fast? Declining light, declining heat, declining vegetation, declining resources generally, have told upon the once lordly being who walked the earth with pride in his port and defiance in his

* Some persons are painfully affected on these occasions. M. Forneret, who ascended Mont Blanc in 1802, said that the agony he endured "could only be compared to that of a man whose lungs were being violently torn from his chest."

eye. Wan in countenance and shrunken in muscle, his frame has become stunted like that of the children of Frost. Let this degeneracy be prolonged, as it must if the race is perpetuated, and may not the world be ultimately occupied by a tribe of pigmies? The length of individual life has also greatly diminished. Amongst the Buddhists there is a tradition that the duration of existence has been constantly lowering from a period of eighty thousand years, at which it originally stood, down to its modern span, and that it will continue to contract until it reaches seven years; whilst in point of stature men will gradually dwindle away until they are no larger than your thumb. The intellect, as well, has kept pace with the body in its decay. Suffering not only from the cramped *physique* with which it is now associated, but also from the adverse external conditions under which men exist, and withering, too, under the decline of arts and social comforts, it has become so dwarfish in its development that little of its civilized brilliancy still survives. No more Platos, Miltons, Bunyans, Newtons, Davys, Humboldts, are born. No great books are composed. Not a single discovery is effected in the course of a year. The Houses of Parliament are occupied by small statesmen, whose sublimest efforts are not equal to the eloquence of an African Palaver. Royal Academies and National Operas have become extinct institutions. In the pulpits, sermons are heard which would not have done credit to a six-year-old schoolboy when the race was in its prime. The writings and the inventions of former ages are becoming quite unintelligible. Youths at school get as far as vulgar fractions in arithmetic, or the *pons asinorum* in geometry, and then pull up under the impression that their education is complete. To master a single language fully is deemed a sufficient occupation for a whole life. And when poor fallen humanity casts its eye upon some relic of by-gone grandeur—a ruined railway, a crumbling cathedral, a dilapidated picture, a moldering volume which tells of the great feats the race has performed—it might well parody Swift's melancholy exclamation upon opening the *Tale of a Tub*, as the shadows of lunacy were falling around him: "What a genius I must have had when I wrote that work!"

Let us not prolong this somber speculation, however, by picturing the unhappy results which would ensue were the principle of decay admitted into other departments of nature. If, for example, the magnetism of the earth were to become so feeble that the needle responded but faintly to its calls, or so eccentric that no dependence could be placed upon its movements, it is enough to ask how commerce would languish when ships were deprived of their trusty guides across the deep. If the electric force were now so superannuated that it could not even produce a few flashes of mild sheet lightning such as we are accustomed to witness on a summer's eve—or if its stormiest manifestations were as delicate as the tremulous pulses of the Aurora Borealis—who can tell how the earth would suffer from the change in her vegetative processes and in a variety of important phenomena? Were the cohesive properties of matter to alter, would it not be miserable to know that iron was becoming brittle as glass, marble soft as clay or putty, and that ultimately granite itself would crumble into dust? Or, perhaps, the gravitating tendencies of the earth towards the sun might be slackening, and, in that case, provided the primitive impulse continued unabated, our planet would recede in space, and travel round its primary in a larger and drearier orbit than we could afford to pursue.

This, however, or something like this, might have been the appointed destiny of our planet. Doomed to decay, like the beings by whom it is inhabited, all its great agencies might now be suffering from the infirmities of senescence. Why they are not so we can not comprehend. To keep them in ceaseless activity—for it must be remembered that they are "perpetual motions"—implies an inexhaustible stock of energy which none but a power that is truly divine could supply. If some of them, at least, had flagged in their labors—if, after undergoing the drudgeries of innumerable years, they had grown tired of their tasks—what could we have expected but that the machinery of Nature should break down, and all her phenomena fall into irreparable confusion? But it is not so. Ransack the whole creation, and not a single symptom of unquestionable decay, not a single token of absolute death, can be detected. The

"greater light" still sparkles in the firmament with "unsuffering splendor," for, fortunately—

"It is no task for suns to shine."

The atmosphere has not become turbid with the fumes it constantly receives, nor fetid with the noisome effluvia which are emptied into it incessantly, as if it were a huge cesspool. Far above our heads the clouds are continually conveying the rich moisture from the sea, and dropping it upon the needy land. Yet these fleets of vapor have not lessened in number, nor have the showers they discharged been reduced in quantity. The soil has not deteriorated in its produce, still less has it sullenly refused to yield its fruits. Thousands of crops have been extracted from its bosom, millions of men have fed on its corn, myriads of animals have fattened on its herbage. Forests, with tons of timber in many of its trees, and green leaves countless as the sands on the shore, have risen and fallen, and yet the ground has gone to its work as gladly as if the toil of rearing oaks or banyans were nothing but simple play. Fire burns as cheerfully as ever, and the mean temperature of the earth continues precisely the same, for aught we know, as it was at the commencement of the human era. The winds never forget to blow, and the waves are rarely at rest. Nor has man yet yielded to his forefathers in point of

stature, or fallen below them in point of strength; his imagination is still as brilliant as theirs, and his intellect not less searching and profound.

Yet the Psalmist tells us, in a fine figure, that, compared with the eternity of God, the whole universe shall wax old like a garment, and like a vesture shall it be changed. And the Apostle Peter declares "that the heavens (the atmosphere) shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein (thereon) shall be burnt up." What this transformation may be, no one can confidently predict; but that it will be preceded by a season of physical decrepitude and disorganization we have no right to assume. At the beck of the Creator, those mighty ministers of his will which now keep the world in action, will fulfill the task which may then be assigned them, and when the fires of purification have swept over its surface, and the memorials of man's art and man's iniquity have alike been destroyed in that avenging flame, the earth shall come forth, not consumed, but simply changed—not re-placed, but re-modeled—not groaning in bondage because of the curse, but rejoicing in its primal freedom—not with the guilty drapery of human depravity still clinging to its form, but clothed in the beautiful garments of righteousness and of peace.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BATTLE-FIGHT ON THE PEIHO.

ADMIRAL JAMES HOPE received his commission as Commander-in-Chief in the East-Indies and China when his predecessor had completed his period of service. Nothing could have been more decorous. He left England by the overland mail in March, 1859, and, on arriving at Singapore, found Admiral Sir Michael Seymour awaiting his arrival there, in order that he might take his passage home in the next mail-boat. Here those two officers met, the one with the acquired knowledge of

three years' command in those remote seas, and thoroughly conversant with Chinese tactics, military, naval, or diplomatic; the other, though well known as an officer of great ability and unflinching firmness, still perfectly ignorant of the nature of the country and people with whom he had to deal, the constituent parts of his force, its adequacy or otherwise for the task assigned it, and the amount of moral or physical support he was likely to get from our fond and faithful allies, the French

Admiral Hope, upon all these points, must have looked to Admiral Seymour for information.

Yet, strange to say, within a few hours—it appears to us, only forty-eight hours—after Admiral Hope arrives in Singapore, Admiral Seymour is steaming home in a Peninsular and Oriental boat.

By the treaty of Tientsin, ratifications were to be exchanged in Peking by June twenty-sixth. On or about the eleventh June, 1859, Admiral Hope and his squadron sailed from Shanghai for the Gulf of Pechili; and the Sha-liu-tien, or Wide-spreading Sand Islands, fifteen miles off the entrance of the Peiho river, was given as the general rendezvous.

Mr. Bruce and Monsieur Bourboulon sailed four days afterwards for the same destination; they had found the Commissioners Kweiliang and Hwashana merely “armed with pretexs to detain them, and prevent their visit to the Peiho;” and from all they had learned at Shanghai, there could be no doubt that every obstacle awaited the diplomatists as well as executives of Europe, in their forthcoming visit to Peking.

Yet we can not see that either Mr. Bruce or Admiral Hope would have been justified in any misgivings as to the issue of measures that might be deemed necessary to enforce their Treaty rights; and had it been possible for them at this juncture to have telegraphed the state of affairs to either Downing Street or Whitehall, we solemnly believe that the Ministry would have said: Proceed to Tientsin—these impediments have been anticipated; a treaty wrung by force of arms from an Eastern despot can not be expected to be ratified without some demur—and as no one, we believe, had taken the trouble to ascertain the nature of the new fortifications of Taku, it was a very natural inference that they would not differ, to any great extent, from all the many fortifications which the British had fought and taken elsewhere in China.

On June seventeenth, H.M.S. Chesapeake, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Hope, arrived at the anchorage under the Sha-liu-tien Islands, and on that day and the next, his squadron assembled round him; but without waiting for all to arrive, the Admiral embarked on the seventeenth on board a gun-boat, the Plover, and escorted by the Starling, proceeded over the bar of the Peiho river, to inform

the authorities of the anticipated arrival of the Plenipotentiaries, and to ascertain what obstructions, if any, existed at Taku. Admiral Hope found a number of earth-works standing upon the site of the old forts destroyed in 1858, and the river was rendered quite impassable by a triple series of booms and stakes. The fortifications seemed well constructed, singularly neat and finished in outline for Chinese earth-works; but there were few guns seen; most of the embrasures looked as if filled up with matting; and for the first time at a military post in China, there was a total absence of all display, and no tents or flags were seen to denote a strong garrison within the works. The officer who was sent on shore with the Admiral's communication was refused permission to go farther than the beach, and the men who met him said, that they were militiamen in charge of the earth-works; that the booms and stakes were placed as a precaution against rebels or pirates; that the ambassadors ought to go to another river ten miles further north, which was the true Peiho river; and concluded by assuring the English officer that they acted upon their own responsibility in all they said and did, as no high officers were at hand. Some expostulations which were offered against the existence of the barriers in the river, as obstacles to the Ambassador's friendly visit to Tientsin, were received in good part, and they promised within forty-eight hours to set about removing them. Such was the result of the Admiral's first reconnaissance, and decidedly there was nothing seen to excite alarm, or awaken suspicion of the admirable ambuscade which he was being drawn into. In fact, an examination of one face of well-masked earth-works must always lead to a very erroneous estimate of their strength—Sebastopol, to wit. The only way in which true information could have been gleaned was by keeping an intelligent officer in the Gulf of Pechili, and letting him watch the Peiho river subsequent to the cessation of hostilities in 1858; but that was a duty for which Admiral Hope can in no way be held responsible.

We will, however, proceed to describe the scene of the coming battle, and give that information of which Admiral Hope ought to have been put in possession.

The Peiho, or North river, has its source in the highlands of Manchouria, at no very

great distance from Peking, and passes within twelve miles of that capital. The velocity of the stream, arising more from the altitude of its source than from its volume, has scoured out a narrow tortuous channel, to the south-east, through the deep alluvial plain of Pechili, and cut into the stratum of stiff clay beneath it. As the stream approaches the sea, it flows for the last five miles through a plain, which is little, if at all, above the level of high water of spring-tides; the consequence is, that instead of cutting a channel for itself fairly out into the Gulf of Pechili, the force of the current becomes very much weakened by being able to inundate the adjoining banks whenever there is a freshet in the river, and the waters discharge themselves over a great bank, known as "the Bar." This bar, of hard tenacious clay, extends in a great curve out to seaward, of which the arc is fully six miles, and the distance at low water, from a depth of ten feet water within it, is nearly four geographical miles. Over this bar, at high tide, a channel exists, in which there is eleven feet of water; but at low water there is only twenty-four inches in most places, and extensive dry mud-banks on either hand.

Immediately within the bar there is anchorage for small vessels and gun-boats, where they can float at low water; but they are then only two thousand yards from the fortifications, and necessarily under fire from heavy guns and mortars; whilst vessels outside the bar can neither aid them, nor touch the fortifications; and with all the marvelous qualities imputed to Armstrong's guns, we do not believe that they will, by a horizontal fire from without the bar, do much damage to mud-forts.

Within the bar, the channel of the Peiho winds upward for a mile between precipitous banks of mud, which are treacherously covered at high tide, and render the navigation at that time very hazardous. The seaman then finds himself between two reed-covered banks which constitute the real sides of the Peiho river, and at the same time he is surrounded on every side by earth-works, which, from the peculiar configuration of this last reach of the Peiho, face and flank him on every side. These fortifications stand either upon natural or artificial elevations of some ten or twelve feet general altitude, and even at high water look

down upon a vessel in the channel—an advantage which becomes all the more serious when the tide has fallen, as it does fall, some ten or twelve feet. The actual channel of the river is never more than three hundred feet wide until the forts are entirely passed, and the current runs from two to three miles per hour.

The left-hand bank, looking up the stream, projects more to seaward than the right-hand one, and on it stood in former days three mounds of earth thirty feet high, well faced with solid masonry; a double flight of stone steps in the rear led to their summits, and within them was a hollow chamber admirably adapted for magazines of powder. The summit was a level space two hundred yards square, capable of fighting three guns on each face, except in the rear, which was perfectly open. Upon these *cavaliers* men and guns looked down at all times of tide upon the channel of the river, and fought in comparative security from any thing like horizontal fire. Round these *cavaliers* heavy mud-batteries were constructed, of twenty-two feet vertical height, so as to screen their basements from any thing like a breaching fire. These batteries had guns perfectly casemated, and were connected into one great work by a series of curtains, pierced, like the bastions, for casemated guns, and covered by flanking fire, and wet as well as dry ditches. This Grand Battery was pierced for fifty guns, and with the exception of those on the *cavaliers*, every embrasure was fitted with an excellent mantlet. Above and below the grand work, though probably connected with it by a covered-way, were two waspish-looking flanking forts. Each had a *cavalier*; and the one to seaward was excellently constructed, and looked like a three-tier earthen battery. On the right-hand bank stood another series of works, only inferior in importance to those on the opposite side, and finished with equal care. The right-hand works almost raked any vessels advancing beyond the seaward angle of the Grand Fort.

Apart from these fortifications, three barriers had been constructed where the channel was narrowest, and admirably calculated to detain vessels immediately under the fire of the works. Hitherto, however, in Chinese warfare, it had invariably been observed that, although they constructed massive fortifications, and

placed ingenious impediments in their rivers, the guns' crews would not stand to their guns at close action, and that they did not understand the art of concentrating their guns upon the point at which our vessels were checked by booms or rafts, and, consequently, it was always easy to outflank or turn their works in any way we thought proper.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth June, the squadron moved from the Shaliu-tien Islands to the anchorage immediately off the bar of the Peiho river, the smaller vessels passing within it for security against the seas and winds of the Gulf of Pechili; and on the latter day the English and French Ministers arrived in H.M.S. *Magicienne*, and H.I.M. corvette *Duchayla*. The advent of this foreign force, and their passage of the bar, did not excite the slightest notice, or appear to give any alarm to the Chinese. All was as quiet and sleepy as the most fastidious admirer of Chinese scenery might desire. The great broad plain of Pechili spread away to the north and south; the upward portion of the river could be traced (until lost in mirage) by the masts of the countless trading-junks which annually arrive at Tientsin from all parts of China. The long and straggling village of Taku was hid by the mound-like outline of the southern forts, except the Little Temple, from which, in 1858, the Governor-General of Pechili, one Tān, had made an ignominious flight before our dashing little gun-boats *Banterer*, *Leven*, and *Opossum*. Its quaint turned-up roof, with its cockey little air, was the only thing, inanimate or animate, that gave the slightest sign of defiance to the "red-haired barbarians."

Mr. Bruce, it is thus shown, arrived at the entrance of the Peiho river exactly six days before the expiration of the period for the ratification of the Treaty at Peking; and in that land of ceremony and etiquette Mr. Bruce well knew that if our Envoy did not make a strenuous effort to fulfill his engagement, and appear at Tientsin or Peking within the stipulated date, the war-party, which had done, and was doing, all in its power to subvert the treaties of 1858, would immediately magnify the breach of contract into a premeditated slight to the Emperor, and an indignity to the Court of one whom five hundred millions of souls actually worship. When Mr. Bruce, therefore, hastened to an-

nounce his arrival, and requested to be allowed to pass through the barriers at Taku to Tientsin, he was simply told to go elsewhere; and the barriers were obstinately kept closed, whilst the apparently stolid militiamen declared they did so on their own responsibility.

What was Mr. Bruce to do under such circumstances? There were but two measures open to him—the one was to remove the barriers placed, as they declared, by *local* authorities, without the cognizance of the Imperial Government, and proceed to Tientsin, where a high officer was always resident; the other course was to go to some place mentioned by these pretended militiamen, as one likely to lead the Minister to Peking.

Mr. Bruce very naturally, and very wisely, as the issue proves in the American's case,* determined to go to Tientsin; and as he could not reach it except through the barriers, and past the forts which watched them, he and M. Bourboulon, on the twenty-first of June, after recapitulating their reasons, tell Admiral Hope that they "*have therefore resolved to place the matter in your hands, and to request you to take any measures you may deem expedient for clearing away the obstructions in the river, so as to allow us to proceed at once to Tientsin.*" This is plain and straightforward language—a simple request; and with its policy the Admiral very rightly must have felt he had nothing to do. He was called upon to open the road to Tientsin; he had around him such a force as his masters at home considered ample for any emergency; it was his duty to endeavor to carry out the task assigned him.

Admiral Hope at once wrote a formal note to the authorities, informing them that, should the obstructions in the river not be removed by the evening of the twenty-fourth June, so as to allow the Allied Ministers to proceed to Tientsin, as they indubitably had a right to do under the sign-manual of the Emperor, he,

* The American Minister, after the repulse of Taku, adopted the second course; his triumphal entry into Peking in a cart, his close confinement whilst there, the attempt to make him worship the Emperor, the insult of ordering him back to the sea-shore for a worthless ratification, and the entire question of the readjustment of the tariff being referred back to a subordinate at Shanghai, is conclusive proof of what we should have gained by adopting such a course.

Admiral Hope, should proceed to clear the road. The force at Admiral Hope's disposal was as follows: Outside the bar, and incapable of crossing it, Chesapeake, Captain G. Willes; Magicienne, Captain N. Vansittart; Highflyer, Captain C. F. Shadwell; Cruiser, Commander J. Bythesea; Fury, Commander Commerell; Assistance, Commander W. A. Heath; and Hesper, (store-ship,) Master-commander Jabez Loane; the French corvette Duchayla, Commander Tricault; and tender Nosogary.

Vessels capable of crossing the bar and engaging the forts:

	Guns.	Howitzers.	Commanders.
1. Nimrod,	6	0	R. S. Wynniatt.
2. Cormorant,	6	0	A. Wodehouse.
3. Lee,	2	2	Lieut. W. H. Jones.
4. Opossum,	2	2	C. J. Balfour.
5. Haughty,	2	2	G. D. Broad.
6. Forester,	2	2	A. F. Innes.
7. Banterer,	2	2	J. Jenkins.
8. Starling,	2	2	J. Whitshed.
9. Plover,	2	2	Hector Rason.
10. Janus,	2	2	H. P. Knevit.
11. Kestrel,	2	2	J. D. Bevan.

— 30 g. 18 howit., and a combined rocket-battery of twenty-two 12 and 24 pounders. The total crews of these gun-vessels amounted to about five hundred officers and men.

A gale of wind and heavy rain prevented much being done on the twenty-second, but by the night of the twenty-third all the vessels capable of crossing the bar were assembled within it; and early on the twenty-fourth June, the marines from Canton, under Colonel Lemon, as well as those of the larger vessels, and the armed boats and small-arm-men, were assembled on board certain junks placed on the bar to receive them. This force, seven hundred strong, was intended as an assaulting party, under Colonel Lemon and Commanders Commerell and Heath. The Admiral, moreover, placed the Coromandel and Nosogary as hospitals, as far out of range as it was possible to anchor them.

The delight of the gallant little force under Admiral Hope was very great when the sun set on the twenty-fourth June, and no letter in reply to his communication of the twenty-second had been received. It augured well for resistance, and all felt assured of a fight and victory. There was not a single misgiving as to

the result of a combat; and if any was expressed, it was a fear that all they would have to do, would be to pull up the stakes instead of the Chinamen doing it themselves. As yet, nothing had occurred to excite the Admiral's suspicions of the nature of the opposition to be encountered, although he had, ever since the day of his arrival, especially deputed Commander John Bythesea and Lieutenant W. H. Jones in the Lee, to narrowly watch the forts and river, to see if any thing like an increase of garrison, or the nature of the armament, could be detected. But in order that a charge of want of preparation for battle might not hereafter be imputed to him, the gallant chief made every arrangement for taking up positions exactly as he would have done had he been at war, instead of at peace, with China. The first thing to be done was to see whether the stakes or rafts could be destroyed in the night by boats. Accordingly, when it was quite dark, three boats' crews, under Lieutenant Wilson, Mr. Egerton, (mate,) and Mr. Hartland, (boatswain,) commanded by Captain Willes, started to make the attempt. Anxiously were they watched for. At last two loud explosions, the flash and report of a gun or two from the forts, the return of the boats, and the cheers of the excited crews of the gun-boats, told the joy with which was hailed the double act of hostility—a pledge for the morrow's fight. Captain Willes brought back full information of the stubborn nature of the obstacles opposed to the flotilla, and that it was impossible to make a dash up the stream to take the works in reverse.

The barriers were three in number. The first extended across the channel, at an elbow where the curvature of the mud-banks, and direction of tide, placed vessels ascending the stream stem on, or in a raking position to the face of the Grand Battery. It consisted of a single row of iron stakes, nine inches in girth, and with a tripod base, so as to preserve an upright position in spite of the velocity of the stream. The top of each stake was pointed, as well as a sharp spur which struck out from its side, and at high water these dangerous piles were hidden beneath the surface of the river. This barrier was five hundred and fifty yards distant from the center of the Grand Battery on the left, and nine hundred yards from the forts on the right hand.

The second barrier was placed four hundred and fifty yards above the iron piles, and immediately abreast the center of the fortifications. It consisted of one eight-inch hemp and two heavy chain-cables, placed across the stream, at a distance of twelve feet from each other: they were hove as taut as possible, and supported by large spars placed transversely at every thirty feet; each spar was carefully moored both up and down stream.

The third barrier consisted of two massive rafts of rough timber, lashed and cross-lashed in all directions with rope and chain, and admirably moored a few feet above one another, so as to leave a letter S opening, above which were more iron stakes, so placed as to impede any gun-boats dashing through the opening, supposing all other obstacles overcome. The ingenuity of the arrangement here was most perfect. The force of the current would only allow the passage at this point to be effected at top of high water; at that time the iron piles were covered with water, and their position being unknown, the chances were all in favor of a vessel becoming impaled upon them.

Captain Willes passed through the interstices between the iron stakes in his boats, and leaving two of them to secure the explosion cylinders under the cables, he and Lieutenant Wilson pushed on to the third barrier, or rafts. They crawled over it, and although they could see the sentries walking up and down at either end, and they must have been seen by the garrison at the forts, which towered above them at the short distance of one hundred and fifty yards upon the right and left, neither party molested the other. Satisfied of the solid nature of the obstacle, and that a mere gun-boat pressing against it would never force away all the anchors or cables with which it was secured, Captain Willes returned to the second barrier, and exploded his charges, occasioning a breach apparently wide enough for a vessel to pass; but a carefully-directed fire from a gun or two in the forts warned him to desist. There was, however, no general alarm on shore, and the works did not, as might have been expected, open a general fire, or develop their formidable character.

It was evident that Admirable Hope had now but one resource left, namely, an attack upon the enemy's front; a flank

attack was impossible; for it would have been simple folly to have landed seven hundred marines and sailors outside the bar, either to the northward or southward of Taku; the force was far too small to risk such a maneuver. The Commander-in-Chief's plan was simple and judicious. He had eleven gun-vessels; nine of them were to anchor close to the first barrier, as nearly abreast as possible without masking each other's guns. Captain Willes in the Opossum was to secure tackles to one of the iron piles, ready to pull it up when ordered, and then, under cover of the anchored gun-vessels, the Admiral and Flag-Captain in the Plover and Opossum were to pass on to the destruction of the second and third barriers. Whilst the Admiral thus carefully made his plans to meet a strong resistance, few in the squadron thought of any thing but the fun and excitement of the coming day: many a witty anticipation was expressed as to promotion for another bloodless Chinese victory, mingled with jokes at the foolish obstinacy of John Chinaman. Daylight came; the forts were deceitfully calm; some thought an embrasure or two had been added during the night, but it was only certain that the second barrier, where it had been broken during the night by Captain Willes, was again thoroughly repaired. Every thing had the appearance of simple obstinacy. With cock-crow all was activity in the squadron; at half-past three in the morning, a chorus of boatswains' mates' whistles had sent all hands to their breakfasts, and by four o'clock the vessels commenced to drop up into their assigned positions. The flood-tide was running strong, a muddy turbid stream flowing up a tortuous gutter; gradually that gutter filled, and the waters, ruffled by a fresh breeze, spread on either hand over the mud-banks, and eventually washed the border of the reed-covered plain, and touched the basements of the huge masses of earth which constituted the forts of Taku. These lay silent and lifeless, except where at the flag-staff of one waved two black banners, ominously emblematic of the bloody day they were about to witness.

The Admiral commenced to move his squadron into action thus early, anticipating that by the time the flood-tide had ceased running, every vessel would have reached her position, the distance in no case being more than a mile; but the

narrowness of the channel, the strength of the breeze, and force of current, occasioned great delay by forcing first one gun-boat and then another ashore on the mud-banks; added to which, the great length of the Nimrod and Cormorant caused them, when canting or swinging across the channel, almost to block it up. The consequence was, that the squadron was not ready for action at 11.30 A.M., or high water. Prior to high water it would have been folly to have commenced action. No judicious naval officer would engage an enemy's works whilst a flood-tide was sweeping in towards them. Had Admiral Hope done so, every disabled vessel and boat, as well as every wounded man, would have fallen into the hands of the Chinese; and, moreover, the difficulty of anchoring by the stern in gun-boats, in so strong a tideway, can only be appreciated by seamen, and would have probably resulted in the whole force falling aboard of one another, and being swept by the tide, in one mass, under the concentrated fire of all the batteries. By one o'clock the ebb-tide was running strong; all the vessels were by that time in position, except the Banterer and Starling, and they were hopelessly aground, though in positions which enabled them to coöperate to some extent. The Admiral prepared to remove the barriers, and issued his final instructions.

At 2 P.M. the Admiral, whose flag was flying on board the Plover, signalized to the Opossum to remove the iron pile to which she was secured, and thus to make a passage through the first barrier. This the Opossum's officers and men, by means of tackles and steam-power, succeeded in accomplishing in thirty minutes. The Commander-in-Chief now led up to the second barrier, followed closely by the Flag-Captain in the Opossum. These were moments of intense excitement for those on the covering flotilla, as well as for the impatient assaulting party anchored on the bar of the river. Every eye was directed upon the batteries under which the gallant Rason was bearing the flag of his chief. The oft-repeated question of "I wonder whether the rascals will fight!" was about to be answered; and that moment of eager expectation, which all men feel before they join in combat, made every heart beat quick, and silenced every tongue. As the stern of the Plover touched the barriers, a single gun served as a

signal to all the works, and in a minute a concentrated fire of forty heavy pieces opened upon the little craft. In the words of the seamen, "it seemed as if the vessels had struck an infernal machine." The Plover and Opossum were wreathed in fire and smoke, above which the red flag of the gallant leader waved defiantly.

A rush and stamp of men to their quarters sounded through the flotilla, and as the Admiral threw out the signal, "*Engage the enemy*," with the red pendant under, indicating as "*close as possible*," the cheers of the delighted ships' companies mingled with the roar of that first hearty broadside. All day long, through that stern fight, that signal, simple yet significative, flew from the mast-head of the heroic Admiral. Never was the need greater that every man should do his duty, and nobly they responded to the appeal. So well concentrated was the enemy's fire upon the space between the first and second barriers, that the Plover and Opossum appeared to be struck by every shot directed at them. The flagship was especially aimed at. Within twenty minutes both these vessels had so many men killed and wounded, and were so shattered, as to be almost silenced. Lieutenant-Commander Rason, of the Plover, was cut in two by a round shot. Captain M'Kenna, of the first Royals, on the Admiral's staff, was killed early, and the Admiral himself was grievously injured by a gun-shot in the thigh. The Lee and Haughty, under Lieutenant-Commanders W. H. Jones and G. Broad, now weighed, by signal, and advanced to the support of the Admiral.

The shattered Plover almost drifted out of her honorable position, having only nine men left efficient out of her original crew of forty. The Admiral, in spite of wounds and loss of blood, transferred his flag to the Opossum, and the battle raged furiously on either hand. A little after three o'clock, the Admiral received a second wound, a round-shot knocking away some chain-work by which he was supported in a conspicuous position, and the fall breaking several of his ribs. The Opossum had by this time become so disabled, that it was necessary to drop her outside the iron piles of the first barrier, where both she and the Plover received fresh crews from the reserve force, and again took their share in the fight.

There was now no false impression upon

the mind of any one, as to the work they had in hand, or the novel amount of resistance they had to overcome. Retreat was disgrace, and in all probability total destruction; for the bar would be impassable long before the vessels could reach it—and who was going to think of retreat thus early? who wanted to be hooted at by all the world as men who fled before a Chinaman? No, strip and fight it out, was the general feeling from Captain to boy, and in a frenzy of delight with their chief, they went into their work like men, who, if they could not command success, would at any rate show that they deserved it. A pall of smoke hung over the British flotilla and the forts of Taku; under it flashed sharp and vividly the red fire of the combatants; the roar of great guns, the shriek of rockets, and rattle of rifles, was constant. No missile could fail to reach its mark; the dull *thung* of the enemy's shot as it passed through a gun-boat's side, the crash of wood-work, the whistle of heavy splinters of wood or iron, the screams of the wounded, and the moans of the dying, mingled with the shouts of the combatants and the sharp decisive orders of the officers—all were "fighting their best!" And it was a close hug indeed, for the advanced vessels were firing at one hundred and fifty yards' range, and the maximum distance was only eight hundred yards. Every officer and man rejoiced in this fact; for forgetful of the enormous thickness of the parapets opposed to them, our gallant sailors fancied that all was in favor of a race who had never been excelled in a stanch fight at close quarters. The Lee and Haughty were now suffering much; the fire of the forts had been most deadly, and was in every respect as accurate as ours. The Admiral in his barge, although fainting from loss of blood, pulled to these vessels, to show the crews how cheerfully he shared the full dangers of their position; and they who advocate a British commander-in-chief being in the rear, instead of, as Nelson and Collingwood ever placed themselves, in the van of battle, ought to have witnessed the effect of Hope's heroic example upon the men under him that day; even the wounded were more patient and enduring owing to such an example.

By four o'clock the Lee had a hole knocked into her side below the bow-gun, out of which a man could have crawled:

both she and the Haughty had all their boats and top-works knocked to pieces, and many shot had passed through below the water-line, owing to the plunging fire of the forts; their crews were going down fast; and the space between the first and second barriers was little better than a slaughter-house from the storm of the enemy's missiles, which in front and on both flanks swept over it. The Admiral had fainted, and was being taken to the rear for medical aid by his gallant secretary, Mr. Ashby, when he recovered sufficiently to order the barge to conduct him to the most advanced vessel in the line. That post was now held by the Cormorant, Commander Wodehouse; for the Lee and Haughty had been obliged to retire for reinforcement and support. On board the Cormorant the flag of the Commander-in-Chief was hoisted; and he, though constantly fainting from loss of blood, was laid in his cot upon the deck to witness the battle, which still raged with unrelenting ardor upon both sides, fresh guns' crews being brought up from the rear to replace the killed and wounded on board the vessels. First excitement had been succeeded by cool determination, and the men fought deliberately, with set teeth and compressed lips: there was no flinching the fight there were no skulkers; and had there been any, there was no safety any where inside the bar of the Peiho: blood was up, and all fought to win or fall; even the poor little powder-boys did not drop their powder-boxes and try to seek shelter, but wept as they thought of their mothers, or of their play-mates Dick or Bob who had just been killed beside them, and, with tears pouring down their powder-begrimed countenances, rushed to and from the magazines with nervous energy. "You never see'd any fighting like this at Greenwich School, eh, Bobby?" remarked a kind-hearted marine to a boy who was crying, and still exerting himself to the utmost. "No! Bombardier," said the lad, "but don't let them Chinamen thrash us!" School-boy pluck shone through the novel horrors of a sea-fight.

The enemy, whoever they were, Manchous or Mongols, men from the Amour, or, what is far more likely, renegades, deserters, and convicts, swept up from the frontier of Russian Siberia, fought admirably and most cleverly. We have every good-will towards the Mongolian Prince

Sungolosin: we are quite ready to allow that, though at the head of the ultra-conservatism of China, and representative of that formidable section who prefer fighting England to submitting to her demands, he yet may be a progressionist in the art of attack and defense. Nevertheless, it does startle us to find that, between July, 1858, and June, 1859, Prince Sungolosin should have learnt to construct forts and block up a river upon the most approved principles of European art; that, for the first time, the embrasures were so arranged as to concentrate a fire of guns upon particular points; that mantlets, hereafter to be described, improvements upon those used at the great siege of Sebastopol, were fitted to every case-mated gun; that guns in the bastions swept the face of the curtains; that the "*cheeks*" and "*soles*" of the embrasures were most scientifically constructed with a view to direction of fire; that reserve supplies of guns and carriages had been provided to replace those dismounted or disabled by our fire; and lastly, that the reinforcements were so cleverly masked, that our gun-boats could only see that, as fast as they swept away a gun and crew in the fort with a well-directed shell, a fresh gun and fresh men were soon found to have replaced them; and we must distinctly express our firm belief, that upon all these points the Chinese received counsel and instruction, subsequent to the signing of the Treaty of Tientsin, from Russians, whether priests or officers matters little; and that, during that fight of the twenty-fifth June, it was evident to all who had ever fought Asiatics, that no ordinary tactician was behind those earth-works.

As the tide fell, so the fire of the forts became more plunging and destructive, whilst our gunners, though quite close, had to *aim upward* at the enemy. The experience of Sebastopol has shown that a horizontal fire will not dislodge a brave opponent from behind earth-works; of course it would be much less likely to do so when the assailants were so low as to have to fire in an oblique direction upward; and such was the relative position of the two antagonists at Taku. The body of the forts was soon found to be invulnerable, and the embrasures became the targets of our gun-boats. Those on the *cavaliers* were subjected to a terribly accurate fire, yet, strange to say, the guns

at these points were seldom silenced for any length of time. The Cormorant's bow-gun, on one occasion, in four successive shots, fairly knocked over the three guns in the face of the *cavalier* of the center bastion—the whole squadron witnessed the fact, and saw the guns and crews shattered by the terrific effect of her solid sixty-eight pounders—yet in a quarter of an hour other guns were there and stinging away as waspishly as ever.

At 4.20 P.M., the Admiral was obliged to yield to the entreaties of the medical men, and to the faintness arising from loss of blood: he handed over the immediate command of the squadron to the second in seniority, Captain Shadwell, who, supported by Captain Willes and Captain Nicholas Vansittart, carried on the battle.

Of the individual acts of valor and devotion with which such a combat is replete, how many escape observation! whilst the mention of others often gives pain to the modest men to whom the writer would fain do honor. At any risk, however, we must narrate an anecdote or two illustrative of the zeal and devotion displayed in this glorious fight.

When the Cormorant's bow-gun did the good service of silencing, in four shots, the center *cavalier*, the Admiral, lying on his cot, was so struck with the accuracy of the aim that he immediately sent an aide-de-camp forward to obtain the name of the captain of the gun. The messenger found worthy Corporal Giles at the full extent of his trigger-line, the gun loaded and run out; his whole mind was intent upon one object—hitting his enemy. "Muzzle right," said the honest marine. "Who fired those shots?" interposed the messenger; "the Admiral wants to know." "Well!" shouted the man to his crew, adding, "I did, sir," (to the officer.) "Elevate!" "What's your name?" rejoined the messenger. "John Giles," said the marine, leaning back, shutting one eye, and looking along the sights of the gun, his left hand going up mechanically to the salute—"John Giles, corporal. Well!" (this to his crew)—"Second company" (to the officer)—"Ready! Woolwich division! Fire! Sponge and load! I beg your pardon, sir, No. 1275." We need not add that the worthy corporal was far more intent upon his work than mindful of the kind compliment his Admiral was paying him, and his best reward was the hurrah of his

gun-mates, as they watched the shot plunge into the enemy's embrasure.

"Opossum ahoy!" hails a brother gun-boat captain; "do you know your stern-frame is all on fire?" for smoke and flame were playing round one end of the little craft, whilst from the other she was spitefully firing upon the foe. "Bother the fire!" was the rejoinder; "I am not going to knock off pitching into these blackguards for any burning stern posts. No men to spare, old boy!"

"Werry hard hit, sir!" remarks the boatswain of the Lee to her gallant commander; "the ship is making a deal of water, and won't float much longer; the donkey-engines and pumps don't deliver one bucket of water for ten as comes into her!" "Can not do more than we are doing," replies the Commander; "it is impossible to get at the shot-holes from inside, and I will not *order* men to dive outside with shot-plugs, in this strong tide-way, and whilst I am compelled to keep the propeller revolving."

"There's no other way to keep the ship afloat, sir!" urged Mr. Woods, "and if you please, sir, I'd like to go about that 'ere job myself."

"As you volunteer, I'll not object, Woods," said the commander; "but remember it is almost desperate work; you see how the tide is running, and that I must keep screwing ahead to maintain station. You have the chance of being drowned, and if caught by the screw, you are a dead man."

"Well, sir!" said Woods, looking as bashful as if suing for some great favor, "I knows all that, and as far as chances of death go, why, it is 'much of a muchness' every where just now; and if you will keep an eye upon me, I'll try what can be done."

Woods accordingly brought up a bag of seaman's clothes, tore it open, wrapped frocks and trousers round wooden shot-plugs, tied a rope's-end round his waist, and dived under the bottom of the Lee to stop up the shot-holes. Again and again the gallant fellow went down, escaping from the stroke of the screw as if by a miracle; for he often came up astern at the full length of his line, having been swept there by the tide. His exertions, however, were not successful, although he stopped as many as twenty-eight shot-holes; and the noble little Lee was soon found to be in a sinking condition. The

Kestrel, with colors flying, and still fighting under the gallant Lieut.-Commander Bevan, went down in her station at 5.40 P.M., and affairs began to look very serious; yet the last thing thought of was defeat. One gun-boat swings end on to a raking battery, and a shot immediately sweeps away all the men from one side of her bow-gun, as if a scythe had passed through them. "This is what they call a ratification, Billy; an't it?" remarks the captain of the gun to one of the survivors; and raising his right arm, red with the blood of his slaughtered comrades, he cursed in coarse but honest phrase the folly and false humanity which in the previous year had allowed these mandarins to march off almost unscathed, "whilst we was a-*looting* brass-guns for the Tooleries," (Tuileries.) Phirr! came along a bar-shot, and a mass of wood-work and splinters knocked over and almost buried a commander and master of one of the gun-boats. The remaining officer, a warrant-officer, rushes up and pulls them out from under the wreck. Though severely bruised, neither was, happily, killed. "All right, I hopes, sir!" rubbing them down—"legs all sound, sir—ah! you will get your wind directly—but you *must* keep moving, sir; if you don't, they're sure to hit you. I was just telling the chaps forward the same thing—shot never hits a lively man, sir! and, dear me, don't they work our bow-gun beautifully—that's right, lads! that's right!" urged the enthusiastic gunner; "keep her going! Lor! if old Hastings could have seen that shot, Jim, he'd have given you nothing to do at the *Admiralty* for all the rest of your born days."

Thus manfully went the fight; explosions occurred now and then in the works, but nothing to indicate a destruction of any of the garrisons—the two black flags in the upper battery still waved gently in the light air, and no sign of surrender or distress appeared the Chinese side, except that all the embrasures showed a severe punishment must have been inflicted upon the men working the guns within them, and there seemed to be an inclination to cease firing upon the part of the enemy, or only to fire in a deliberate and desultory manner. Exhaustion was beginning to tell upon our men, just at the time that the shattered condition of their vessels called for most exertion. By six o'clock all probability of forcing the bar-

riers with the flotilla was at an end. The Kestrel was sunk, and the Lee obliged to be run on the mud to prevent her going down in deep water; many other vessels were filling, owing to shot-holes—the Starling and Banterer aground—Plover disabled; and if the Nimrod or Cormorant, by any accident to their anchors or cables, fell across the stream, the channel would be blocked up, and all the squadron be lost. The senior officers saw that nothing now remained but to withdraw, if it were possible, the squadron from the fight; the difficulties, however, in the way of such a maneuver were almost insuperable. It wanted yet nearly two hours before darkness would set in—the passage over the bar could not be effected before dark, on account of high water not occurring until midnight—the night was moonless—the probabilities great against the vessels being able to find their way in the dark, down so narrow and tortuous a channel—and so long as the vessels remained within the bar, so long also must they be within range of those hard-hitting long guns, of the effects of which they had had that day such bitter experience. The reserve force of six hundred fresh men had not yet been brought into action—they were begging to be allowed to retrieve the trembling fortunes of the day; even the crews of the sinking gun-boats only asked to be allowed to land and grapple with the foe, who skulked behind his earth-works, whilst they (stripped to their trowsers) had fought upon their exposed and open decks. There was yet another reason, which doubtless had its weight: out of the eleven hundred men and officers selected by the Admiral from his fleet to carry out the service which the representative of his Sovereign had called upon him to execute, only twenty-five were killed and ninety-three wounded at 6.20 P.M., after four hours' close hard fighting. That loss was simply insufficient to justify any officer in acknowledging himself thoroughly beaten, or in abandoning an enterprise.

Uninterested spectators upon the bar may say, after the result, that they saw within ten minutes of the action being commenced, that the British would not succeed. It would have been an evil day for Admiral James Hope and his captains, had such an idea entered their heads at so early an hour. It is true, they felt that they had been inveigled into an ambush,

but inasmuch as they went into it, having taken every precaution against surprise, and prepared for battle, it remained alone for them to fight it out, and trust to their God for victory in a good cause.

The gallant-hearted Vansittart urged one last bold stroke to retrieve the honors of the day, and at any rate to save, if possible, the entire squadron from destruction. Captains Shadwell and Willes concurred in this view, though they well knew it was a neck-or-nothing attempt—in short, a forlorn hope, which might, if once fairly hand to hand with the enemy, drive him from his works, but at any rate the attempt would divert the fire from the shattered flotilla, and allow night to close in, and afford them an opportunity of saving all the vessels from destruction. And let any one weigh well what would have been the effect throughout the seaports of China, to our countrymen and commerce, had those gallant officers lost all that squadron, as we believe they would have done in attempting a retreat at that juncture. The ingenious tactics of the enemy—Chinamen we will not call them—afforded just then an illusory ground for hope of a successful issue to an assault: they assumed the appearance of being silenced in many quarters, and only worked a gun here and there. An assault and escalade were at once ordered; the Opossum went to the rear, and, aided by the generous sympathy of the American Flag-Officer Taitnall—who, in his steamer, the Toeywan, assisted very materially—the boats filled with the marines and small-arm men were brought up to the front.

At about seven o'clock, Captains Shadwell and Vansittart, Major Fisher, R.E., Colonel Lemon, R.M., Commanders John Commerell and W. A. J. Heath, and Commandant Tricault of the Imperial navy, headed this forlorn hope of seamen, sappers, and marines, their march across the mud being directed upon the outer bastion of the Grand Fort, as it appeared to have suffered most from the fire of our vessels. The cheers of the excited crews of the gun-boats, the revived fire of the flotilla, and the dash of the boats to the point of disembarkation, warned the enemy but too well of the intended assault; and, to the astonishment of the assailants, from every work, every gun, and every loop-hole, a terribly destructive fire opened upon our devoted men as they waded

through the deep and tenacious mud. In spite of shot, grape, rifle-balls, gingalls, and arrows, the party, six hundred strong, formed a solid mass, and pressed forward, whilst close over their heads flew the covering-shots of their brethren in the vessels. It was a terribly magnificent sight to see that dark mass of gallant men reeling under the storm of missiles, yet, like a noble bark, against adverse wind and sea, still advancing towards its destination. Officers and men fell rapidly — Shadwell, Vansittart, and Lemon were soon badly wounded, and many a man fell grievously injured in the deep mud, to be quickly covered by the flowing tide; yet there was no lack of leaders — no hesitation in the dauntless survivors. It must be acknowledged that the garrison showed neither want of skill nor bravery; for in spite of the fire of the gun-boats they crowded parapets and embrasures, and opened a withering fire of musketry upon our men. At last a bank covered with rushes was reached — Commerell, Heath, Fisher, and Parke, still headed the devoted band, and they dashed into the first ditch, leaving, however, a very large proportion of killed and wounded strewn along their path. The flotilla had now to cease firing upon the point of assault, lest it should injure friends instead of foes. The excitement of the gun-crews may be imagined, as they saw the night closing around their comrades wrapt in the blaze of the enemy's fire, and they heard the exultant yells of the garrison, and marked the faint and desultory cheers, and ill-sustained reply of the assailants. It was with difficulty that they could in some cases be restrained from rushing to join the good or evil fortune of the fray; five hours' fighting had made all indifferent to life. As one gun-boat went down, the crew modestly suggested to the commander, that as they could do no more good in her, it would be as well "to go over the mud and join our chaps on shore!" It is not fair to say such men can be beaten; all had become imbued with the heroic spirit of their chief — the infection had even spread to the American boats' crews. The calculating long-backed diplomatists of the United States, who had sent their Admiral and Envoy to reap the advantages for which Englishmen were fighting and dying, forgot that there were certain promptings of the heart which override all selfish considerations;

and that, in short, as flag-officer Tatnall observed, "blood is thicker than water," ay, than ink either. An American boat visited one of our vessels, and on wishing to leave her, the officer found all his men had got out of the boat. After some delay they were found looking very hot, smoke-begrimed, and *fightish*. "Hilloa, sir," said the officer, with assumed severity, "don't you know we are neutrals? What have you been doing?" "Begs pardon," said the gallant fellows, looking very bashful; "they were very short-handed at the bow-gun, sir, and so we give'd them a help for fellowship sake;" they had been hard at it for an hour. Gallant Americans! you and your Admiral did more that day to bind England and the United States together, than all your lawyers and pettifogging politicians have ever done to part us.

The issue of the assault was not long doubtful after crossing the first or tidal ditch, and wading through its deep mud and some yards of perfect quagmire; beyond it another deep wet ditch was found, into which about two hundred men and officers recklessly dashed, wetting ammunition and muskets; only fifty of them, however, headed by Commanders Commerell, Heath, and Tricault, reached the base of the works; the rest, one hundred and fifty in number, of the survivors in the advanced party, lined the edge of the wet ditch. Every attempt to bring up scaling-ladders resulted in the destruction of the party, and the garrison threw out light balls, by which they could see to slay the unfortunate men outside the forts. The English were diminishing rapidly; there was no reserve or supports available; and at last, with deep reluctance, the leaders of this gallant band sent word to the senior officer afloat "that they could, if he pleased, hold their position in the ditches until daylight; but that it was impossible to storm without reinforcements." The order was therefore given for a retreat; and in the words of Admiral Hope, this difficult operation in the face of a triumphant enemy was carried out with a deliberation and coolness equal to the gallantry with which the advance had been accomplished. The last men to leave the blood-stained banks of the Peiho, after having saved every wounded man that could be recovered, were the two gallant Commanders, Commerell and Heath; and the severity of the enemy's

fire upon this assaulting party is best shown by the fact, that out of about six hundred men and officers, sixty-four were killed, and two hundred and fifty-two were wounded.

The management of the retreat devolved upon the able flag-captain, J. O. Willes—a most trying and anxious duty; for the enemy opened a perfect *feu-de-joie* from all sides, upon vessels and boats, and for a while threatened total destruction to the force. By 1.30 A.M. on the twenty-sixth, the survivors of the forlorn-hope were embarked, and the process of dropping out the gun-boats commenced, with, however, but very partial success. The scene was terribly grand; the night was dark, the sea and land veiled in gloom, except where the fire-balls of the enemy and the flash of his guns brought out the forts and shattered flotilla in striking relief; the turbid stream, pent up in its channel by the wreck of sunken vessels and the Chinese barriers, chafed and whirled angrily past the repulsed ships, bearing on its bosom the wreck of the combat and the corpses of the dead. The moans of the wounded, the shouts of officers, the frequent strokes of boats' oars, alternated with the roar of cannon and the exulting yells of the victorious garrison. But there was a still more thrilling sight—that on the decks of the *Coromandel*, where the gallant Admiral, and Captains Shadwell, Vansittart,* and Colonel Lemon, lay surrounded with their dying and wounded followers. Nothing that medical foresight could provide to alleviate mortal suffering was wanting; yet their agonies were terrible to contemplate. The deck was lighted up with every available candle and lantern, aided by which the surgical operations were being carried on as rapidly as possible. A pile of dead, covered with the flag for which they had fought so well, awaited decent interment on the morrow. The medical officers, after sharing in all the dangers and labors of the day, now called to renewed exertion on behalf of suffering humanity, were to be seen exerting themselves with a zeal and solicitude as remarkable as the magnificent bearing of the poor fellows who,

with shattered limbs, awaited their turn for amputation. It was, indeed, a scene of epic grandeur and solemnity.

We could fill a volume with anecdotes of calm endurance and heroism, which were almost childlike in their simplicity—of the poor foretopman who, mortally wounded, was laid by his kind commander upon the sofa in his cabin, and as his life-blood oozed away, modestly expressed his regret at “doing so much injury to such pretty cushions!”—of the old quartermaster, whose whole shoulder and ribs had been swept away by a round shot, and during the few hours prior to death expressed it as his opinion, that “them Chinamen hit hardish,” and had only one anxiety—“whether the Admiralty would pay his wife for the loss of his kit?” But we need not, we feel assured, dwell upon such traits to enlist the sympathy of our countrymen on behalf of the men who fought so well, yet lost the day at Taku.

One fact struck every one—and it is a fact of which Admiral Hope may well be proud—that from the lips of those shattered men and officers there arose no complaint of having been wantonly sacrificed or misled; and had it been thought so, the anguish of the moment would assuredly have wrung it from their lips, and yet have met with kindly pardon. On the contrary, though all acknowledged themselves thoroughly beaten in the fight, yet every mouth rang with praises of the leader who had set them such an example; and had Admiral Hope next day called for volunteers to renew the fight, desperate as such a measure might have been deemed, there was not one of the remnant of his force that would not again have cheerfully followed him. A repulse arising from the blunders of a leader never meets such sympathy. Officers and men knew all had been done as they themselves would have suggested, had they been consulted. The Admiral had exhibited foresight, audacity, and gallant perseverance. They were ready to follow such a man to the death. Had he turned back without testing the foe, and endeavoring to take the forts, every man's tongue would have railed at him, and all England would have stamped him an incompetent leader.

The survivors knew that they had been partially entrapped, and had had to fight far more than mere Chinamen; and if de-

* The gallant Vansittart died subsequently; and we have to lament the loss of another officer, Commander Arinne Wodehouse, H.M.S. *Cormorant*, who recently succumbed to a fever, brought on by the exposure and anxiety on that day.

feated, they could point to their sinking vessels, to a loss in killed and wounded of four hundred and thirty-four officers and men out of eleven hundred combatants, and ask their countrymen if they had not done their duty. Assuredly they had; no men could have done more. Nelson's repulse at Teneriffe was not more glorious or less bloody. Yet be it remembered, (and our cheeks ought to burn with shame at the recital,) that for this most gallant deed of arms, so replete with chivalrous bravery and devotion to Great Britain, not a single honor or promotion has been publicly awarded; and that act of cold neglect, and indeed indirect censure, has been perpetrated by those especially delegated to watch over the Royal Navy of England, to keep alive its spirit, and who are supposed to encourage the men and youth of this nation to enter on board her men-of-war. Shame on ye! shame on ye! not a thousand medals, wrung from you at a later day, can heal the wounded honor of the men thus unjustly treated.

There was no rest for any during that sad night of the twenty-fifth June; and daylight still found the exhausted officers and men endeavoring to save the flotilla, and place the wounded out of reach of the deadly fire of the forts. That we were thoroughly beaten back, there could be no question; even the sturdy seamen and marines, begrimed with powder, blood, and mud, rubbed their heads, and owned it had been "a mortal thrashing;" yet shook their horny fists, and looked defiance at the rascals, be they whoever they were, behind those invulnerable parapets of mud. The sun rose on a shattered squadron. The mast-heads of the Lee and Kestrel were alone visible; they had been fought until they sank beneath their gallant crews. The Cormorant, in an attempt to drop out, fell across channel, got aground, and had to be temporarily abandoned to save unnecessary loss of life; the Haughty was sinking—the Plover and Starling ashore under the batteries, and abandoned by the small surviving portion of their crews; in short, the only vessels in safety at daylight were the Nimrod, Banterer, Forrester, Opossum, and Janus—and six out of the eleven vessels which went into action were thus sunk or disabled. The condition of the *personnel* in the squadron equally well proved the stubbornness of the fight.

Lieut.-Commanders Rason and Clutterbuck; Captain McKenna, 1st Royals; Lieutenants Graves, Wolridge, and Inglis; Mr. Herbert, midshipman—were killed in action. The Admiral, Captains Shadwell and Vansittart, Colonel Lemon, R.M., and the Rev. H. Huleatt, chaplain, as well as a sad list of subordinates, were of the severely wounded: in short, of the heads of the executive, Captain Willes (Flag-Captain,) and Major Fisher, R.E., were the only two not wounded; and of the entire force, which never had more than eleven hundred men in action, the killed amounted to eighty-nine, and the wounded to three hundred and forty-five in number, or a total loss of four hundred and thirty-four. The French, out of their petty contingent, consisting of the officers and crew of the Duchayla, had four killed and ten wounded, amongst the latter the gallant Commandant Tricault, who had stood throughout the day in the foremost of the fight:

British forces actually engaged.

11 Vessels—1100 men.

<i>Losses of Vessels.</i>		
Sunk.	Disabled.	Much damaged.
3	4	3

<i>Losses of Men and Officers.</i>		
Killed.	Wounded.	Surviving.
89	345	660

Directly it was light enough to work, Captain Willes proceeded to save as many of the abandoned vessels as possible, and to blow up or destroy those that could not be saved. Although the enemy made deliberate and telling practice at the men so employed, the surviving officers and men succeeded in recovering three of the sunk and abandoned vessels, and those that could not be carried off, the Cormorant, Lee, and Plover, were destroyed and rendered worthless to the enemy as trophies of their victory.

Apart from the forts keeping up an excellent fire upon our men, large working-parties covered the face of their works, and rapidly made good the damage done to the parapets, embrasures, and mantlets,* by our fire on the twenty-fifth; and

* They were of stout wood, covered externally with a wattling of ratans, so as to be rifle-proof. The mantlet worked on hinges or rollers fitted to the outer and lower edge of the embrasures, and was

during the next two successive nights the enemy kept a most vigilant look-out, and often lighted up the front of the batteries with fire-balls, in anticipation of another night-assault.

The mantlets alluded to were so striking an innovation in Chinese warfare, and reminded many so painfully of the bitter siege of Sebastopol, that we must describe them, leaving others to conjecture how the slow-marching Chinamen should have suddenly learnt to apply them so ingeniously and successfully to the Forts of Taku. These mantlets would be quite worthy of imitation in our own fortifications, and the cleverness with which they were worked deserves all praise. Had they been fitted to the upper port or embrasure-sill, any accident to the lanyard would have caused them to fall down and block up the gun-port, so that they would have to be blown away to enable the gun to work; but placed as they were, by attaching the lanyards to the gun-carriage, as the piece recoiled, it closed its own mantlet, and if the lines were shot away, the mantlet merely fell down, and left the gun to fight in an ordinary embrasure. There was one more fact observed, which, evincing foreign advice and instruction, we deem

worthy of the notice of the Government: we are assured by one who shared in the honors of this bloody day, that he calibered most of the shot that struck and lodged on board his vessel; they were of a caliber generally used by Russians, and these, by a strange coincidence, we now find the Pekin Board of Ordnance to have adopted. We own that whatever be our opinions upon these coincidences, those opinions do not create any alarm as to the issue of such foreign advice, provided that we deal with China in future with a full recognition of the fact. Our only danger lies in fancying we are dealing with the same people at Pekin that we have to do with elsewhere throughout China.

Russia must expand; she wants Eastern empire; the laws of nature and of God call those northern hordes over which the Czar rules, to march forward to the conquest of climes more blest than those which have been the cradle of the race. Western Europe, dear old soul! put on her spectacles, and flourished her mop in the face of the Muscovite when he looked towards Western Asia and Turkey. We saved the Mohammedan, but we sacrificed the Buddhist nations. Our possessions East of Hindostan, our Chinese commerce, which it would have taken ages to endanger by way of Persia and Turkey, have become insecure ever since the Russian occupation of the Amour and Manchouria, an occupation only preliminary to the formation of a Russian eastern empire in Northern China and Japan, which will over-tower and over-shadow, with its military organization and brute force, the Empire of Britain, based upon commerce, justice, and forbearance.

triced up or lowered down by means of lines leading upward through the parapet on each side of the gun. When closed up, the casemated embrasures were not easily detected in the smoke of action, and the gun was loaded and laid point blank before being run out. Directly all was ready, down went the mantlet, out ran the gun, a shot was fired into the mass of vessels, and as the gun recoiled the mantlet went up again with such expedition that our men required sharp eyes to detect which of the enemy's embrasures was firing and ought next to be silenced.

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PHENOMENA OF PAPER, PEN, AND INK:

AN EXCURSUS IN TECHNOLOGY.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE WILSON.

MANY years ago, when I was young, I was told by a preceptor that, when asking for writing-materials, I should request Paper, Pen, and Ink—not Pen, Ink, and Paper; Ink, Paper, and Pen; or the three scriptorial essentials in any other order than that first named. I have since been told that the second formula was more in accordance with modern etiquette; but I was taught to prefer the first. No reason, so far as I remember, was given for this rule, which I never had formal occasion to apply. It seemed to me, when I first heard it, to be merely a conventional arrangement of words, built as much on a basis of euphony, as on a recognition of the relative importance of the things named. Yet it appeared to regard their importance also, and to imply that he who proposed to write should first provide himself with *paper*, then look out for a *pen*, and lastly make search at his leisure for *ink*. I frequently put to myself these questions: Was it intended by this mode of asking to signify that the *paper* was a more important writing-material than the *pen*, and the *pen* than the *ink*; and further, would the idioms of all the civilized nations of the world be found sanctioning a similar arrangement of words, and for the reasons supposed? But in trying to answer these questions, I was thrown back on the still more fundamental problem: What in its fullest sense is the idea conveyed in the respective words, Paper, Pen, and Ink? And again: What is the relative importance, as graphic or scriptorial materials, of the things represented by them? A little reflection showed that the points of view from which these questions could be looked at were so many, and so different, that no two nations, and perhaps no two individuals were likely to answer them in the same way; and that to press for an unanimous judgment would be foolish and

useless. At the same time there could be no harm in seeking to reach an individual conclusion, and the one to which I was led in the course of a somewhat erratic excursus is here offered with due deference to the reader.

The names of the three chief writing-materials—Paper, Pen, and Ink—are typical or representative. *Paper* represents all the receptive materials of graphic art; in a word, every surface or body on which we can paint, write, print, carve, inscribe, or otherwise impress the portraits of visible things, the pictures of imagined objects, and the signs or symbols which constitute written language. The *Pen* represents every graphic tool by which such painting, writing, printing, carving, inscribing, or impressing is effected. *Ink* represents every tint, shadow, or color which is employed to render more true to nature, more significant, or more visible, the work of the graphic tool on the receptive material. At first sight, it seems the least essential of the graphic three; for, with the manifest exception of the pictorial representation of colored objects, it may be dispensed with, and yet leave to the blind a great part of written language open to a full interpretation and a free use. Nevertheless, color in its graphic relations can be placed little, if at all, below its two sisters, for the blind assuredly are greatly hindered in their interpretation and employment of written characters by the invisibility of the latter to them; and those who do see are immensely assisted in reading and writing by the color of the symbols before them. In truth, even where we seem to dispense with color, as in engraved or sculptured letters, in reality we introduce it, by placing them so that they are unequally illuminated, and the place of ink is supplied by shadows.

It should thus seem, that, passing by

for the time with affectionate sympathy the privations of the blind, we must assign to each visible graphic material an equality of value. And such is our general and surely our wise estimate. The purest and most spotless of tablets, the finest and boldest of pens, the richest and deepest of colors, should all come together when some great graphic work must be done. Yet often all the three can not be marshaled side by side; nay, when the necessity for their use is greatest, there may be as many as two of them wanting. Strangely, however, it sometimes happens that one of them can for a time discharge the duties of all three. The olive leaf which Noah's dove brought back to the Ark, was for it paper, pen and ink; and Noah had no difficulty in reading the statement on the leaf, that "the waters were abated from off the earth." The branch which floated past Columbus as he went sailing westward was a whole folio in Nature-printing upon the trees of America; and of the rainbow which spans the sky the complaint of the nations has ever been, only that it is an illuminated missal, which in a moment so gracefully crowds itself with inscription upon inscription that they are able to read but a few lines in the thick clustered paragraphs.

We can not hope, however, like the Diluvian dove, to unite the whole three unless on rare occasions, or be certain that our writing will be read by eyes as sagacious as those of the Patriarch. The examples we have given are all indeed Divine, in invention and application. To us nevertheless is not denied the power of putting two at least of the graphic requisites together. This has been done from the first. A bit of charcoal, or a piece of chalk, or a black lead pencil, is *pen and ink* in one. The photographer's sensitive plate is *paper and ink* in one. The dyer's mordanted tissue is *paper and pen* in one; and we deal with *paper, pen, and ink* in one, when we count upon our fingers, and when the dumb and the blind, placing their hands together, write in invisible ink on each other's palms.

Any one of the three can thus on occasion be dispensed with, so that no one seemingly can claim precedence of the others. Considered in themselves, therefore, they may be represented by an equilateral triangle, of which the three equal sides are paper, pen, and ink.

When we look, however, at their practical employment, we find that it has always been a much more difficult thing for mankind to furnish themselves with the first two than with the last. They are better symbolized, therefore, by an isosceles triangle, of which the two equal and longer sides are the paper and pen, and the unequal side, a very little shorter, is the ink. Moreover, when they are in active, diversified use, their true symbol is a scalene triangle, of which the ink is generally the shortest side, whilst sometimes the paper, sometimes the pen is the longest. Thus to the sculptor the chisel-pen is the long side. To the sailor steering by night, the color-ink of the red light-house lamp. To the blind-mute the living paper of his hand. To the printer, again, the triangle is barely scalene, and even sometimes seems equilateral.

The world of graphic and scriptorial art is thus, as it were, entered by a gateway, of which the two tall side pillars or jambs are the paper and pen, and the shorter lintel crossing them is the ink.

Let us stand before this porch which leads into a land of wonders, and admire one by one its triple components. We will exalt each in turn, and praise each to the fullest, beginning with the right-hand pillar named *PAPER*, and giving it for the time the amplest pre-eminence.

No wonder the scribe asks first for paper! The pen does its work, and perishes in doing it. The ink forgets the lines in which it was guided, unless the paper grasps it and fixes it. The enduringness of the graphic work is in the guardianship of the paper. The nations have tried in turn many kinds of paper, but have preferred from the beginning until now, and will to the end of time prefer, one kind to all others.

Stones have been touched by the finger of God into Tables of the Law. Rocks riven by lightning and smoothed by the glacier have been plowed by the chisel into the Doomesday Books and annuals and almanacs of nations. The hardest of gems has furrowed below the harder steel into words of awe and wisdom. Every metal, from the dull lead to the shining gold, has submitted to bear some sign or inscription. The sand on the seashore has been written on between tide

and tide. The clay of the field has acknowledged the stamp, and bound itself by the ordeal of fire to proclaim the truth intrusted to it, so long as it endured. All the unliving things of the sleeping mineral world, except the wild sea and the viewless air, have served man as paper. On all of them he has written his thoughts, and where he had a great thought to express, one material has sufficed for its expression nearly as well as another. From the once living world he has borrowed the flat bones of dead animals as writing-tablets; the tusks of wild elephants he has converted into drawing-boards; and the skins of many creatures have served him as parchment.

But especially has he gathered from dead plants. When "by desire of power the angels fell, and men by that of knowledge," as Bacon reminds us they did, it was in the shape of a tree that the coveted knowledge of good and evil rose before our first mother. And with a tree the literature of every highly civilized people inseparably connects itself, preserving by such terms as *library*, *codex*, *folio*, and *leaf*, its recognition of the peculiar indebtedness of mankind to plants for what we, *par excellence*, style paper. And can it be the blood of Eve stirring in our veins, that makes us turn from even the most suitable of those dead papers, and find such delight as we do in carving the names of those we love upon the bark of living trees? Strange practice, with its absurd as well as its practical side! In the Museum of Kew Gardens I have stopped once and again to gaze at a strange and touching memorial of the fidelity with which a living tree will preserve, and even perpetuate by reproduction the record confided to it. On the inner *liber*, or book-bark, some one, a century or more ago, has carved two letters of the alphabet, probably the initials of a name, with a date attached. Long since the carver has died into dust, but the tree, faithful to its charge, has not only preserved the letters unharmed, but, as if they were dear to the Hamadryad who dwelt in its branches, has slowly drawn a veil of bark over the inscription, and made a copy of the letters in relief upon this cover!

From such records on the living pages of unconscious leafy organisms, I find myself unavoidably led a step higher, to gaze at that strangest of all papers, the

bodies of living men! There are nice discussions in historical works as to the date of the first English paper-mill, and whether British paper is older than the days of Queen Elizabeth. Queen Elizabeth! Say, rather, Queen Boadicea, or, far beyond her, select Queen Anonyma, who reigned in pre-historic times. Our ancestors wrote on their fair skins, in native woad or indigo, what they sought to put on record, and for I know not how many thousand years the practice has prevailed down to our own day. It is dying out, yet it still continues among soldiers and sailors, and for a touching reason.

The sailor imprints his name in indelible characters on his arm, that, should the fate which every moment hangs over him, overtake him, and the gnawing sea-monster or the wasting sea-wave disfigure him beyond recognition, perchance the words on his limb will secure him Christian burial on shore, and save mother, or sister, or wife, or sweetheart at home from being

— "doomed to bear
The hope that keeps alive despair."

The sailors, true to the tradition of their sea-cradle, mark their arms with blue. The soldiers use gunpowder; and I have seen one wild mercenary fighter who preferred the blood-red vermillion. He had been at the Retreat from Moscow, and had fought at Austerlitz, Jena, and Waterloo. With his life appraised by himself at a shilling a day, he shrank from a nameless sepulcher, and had printed his name (Joseph Jankowski) on his flesh, that, though robbed after death of all else, he might still have the chance of falling into the hands of his comrades, and be laid in a soldier's grave.

Affecting as such memorials are, they are, like a last will and testament, not intended to come into operation till after death, and they have no force while the testator liveth. From them I rise in thought to that living writing-paper which is in use all throughout life, and is useless after death; without which all other papers presented to the eye are valueless, and possessed of which, all others can be dispensed with. That living paper is within the eye; anatomists call it the retina. It is a faint and filmy web, finer than the finest tissue-paper,

exquisitely sensitive, good for every graphic art; the best of writing-paper, drawing-paper, music-paper; the only paper indeed, good for scriptorial or artistic purposes. Yes! Sculpture and carve as you will, engrave and write, paint and print, on whatever you please, you execute but outlines and rough drafts, and the final touching, correcting and printing are done when the transfer is made to the living eye-paper. The Egyptian might write on basalt, the Hebrew on gems, the Assyrian on alabaster, the Greek on marble and ivory, the Etruscan on clay, the Venetian on glass, the Anglo-Saxon on iron, and all the people of the world on endless stone and metal, wood and other surfaces, but these are in every case only what the printer or engraver calls proofs or revises. The final printing-room is the eye; there the only impressions which are seen are struck off. All previous printings are rejected, or rather of themselves cease to be; neither are first proofs, outline designs, or rough drafts essentially necessary. The telegraph-needle swaying in the air, the revolving handles on the clock-dial, the time-ball falling, write and print *directly* on the retina-paper. And the fewer the printings and transfers, the fewer the mistakes.

To the eye-paper must be transferred all that has been written on paper of any other kind, before it can be read or interpreted; and if the writing can be directly inscribed on the retina-sheet, all intermediate papers are worse than useless. Beyond this we can not go. At every moment a new sheet of this choicest nerve-paper is spread within the eye to receive a new inscription. With lightning speed the soul deciphers it, and the paper is changed.

So much for the Paper; and now we turn to the left pillar of our porch and ask: Is the PEN of equal eminence with the paper, and worthy to be called its peer? Who shall deny that it is? for if all other papers ultimately resolve themselves into the retina-paper of the eye, what is a pen but a living finger, or, more fully, a living hand? When a dumb man speaks to another, moving his fingers before him, we have writing reduced to its simplest conditions. With his finger as a pen, he writes through the air on the retina-paper of his neighbor's eye. It is

true that he generally uses both hands, and the one is sometimes taking the place of the paper on which the other writes. But the two are not needed. The experience of electric telegraphy has shown that the motion of two fingers of one hand would suffice for the spelling of every word in our language, letter by letter.

We rise but one step in complexity when we reach the Eastern schoolmaster, sitting cross-legged among his cross-legged pupils, each with busy finger inscribing numerals on the sand, and asking no intermediate pen or pencil to facilitate his calculations. The Egyptian and Greek of old practiced their geometry in the same simple way, and æsthetical travelers like Bayard Taylor expatiate on the beauty of the devices which the wandering Chinese artist produces, with his wetted forefinger and a little coloring matter, on a tablet of porcelain, or any smooth surface that comes in his way. And if we use in addition to our hands certain implements which we call pens, it is because we must often write for eyes distant from us in space, and distant in time; must send messages to friends on the other side of the globe, and make records for generations yet unborn. Therefore, as our hands are not long enough or strong enough, or our finger-nails sharp enough, and as the blood in our veins can not be shed from our finger-tips as ink at a distance, we arm these hands with what we call pens; but the power is in the hand, not in the pen, and any thing will almost do for one.

It was a foolish wish of the poet's: "Oh! for a pen plucked from a seraph's wing!" What good could that do him? Had he asked the loan of the seraph's living hand, there would have been wisdom in the request. If the seraphic power be in the poet, the smallest humming-bird's quill will serve to give it expression; and if that power be wanting, he will write as a weakling even with a seraph's pen-feather. A man's hand is his pen, and, as necessity demands, he supplements its shortcomings now by one weapon or tool, now by another. A sword is sometimes the best pen; sometimes an ax; sometimes a chisel; sometimes a needle; a bit of copper; an iron wire; a piece of loadstone; a lump of chalk; a metal punch; a burnt stick; a split reed or feather; a bundle of bristles; a drop of chemical liquid; a ray of light;

a ray of darkness. In so far then as these and all other pens but supplement the hand, which is the true pen, I place it side by side with the eye, the true paper.

On each of those, and all the other supplementary pens, I would willingly linger. Volumes might be written on them. The *Burnt Stick*, the pen of common humanity, of which the pencil and the writing-pen are simple modifications! The *Brush*, the fine-art pen, equivalent to the burnt stick, changed from the rigid immobility, which was all that prosaic reality needed, into the pliant hair-tassel, obedient to every motion of the idealist's hand! The *Chisel*, the architect's and sculptor's lithographic pen, with which cathedrals and Sebastopols are written in granite, and gods and men in marble! The *Printer's Type*, the pen of civilization, with which nation speaks to nation, and, in these latter days, God speaks to all men! The *Electric Telegraph*, the world's short-hand pen, which strings together the cities of the globe like beads upon its wire, and makes it the same time of day with them all! The *Actinic Ray*, nature's photographic pen with which the stars write to each other; the newest, and, in some respects most wonderful of pens which man has acquired! All those deserve notice, but to the last alone I shall refer. It has this peculiarity about it, that it is rather lent to us than made by us for ourselves; and some of its most wonderful work is done without the interference of human hands. Of all its astonishing and everyday increasing wonders, as guided by man, none perhaps is more marvelous than its power to confer perpetual youth upon every thing around us. The stars of heaven, the beautiful faces upon earth, the glories of the sea and sky, it transfers for us to abiding tablets, and multiplies to infinity. Familiarity has already deadened us to the value of these memorials; yet it is very great. All the visible historical monuments of the world are by it, in an important sense, rendered imperishable. The features of the planets, the inconstant moon herself, the mighty mountains of the globe, the famous buildings of all nations, their great pictures, their great sculptures, their rare manuscripts, have now the seal of immortality set upon them by light. The Pyramids may crumble down, the ruins of the Parthenon waste utterly away, the Transfiguration and the Crucifixion resolve themselves

into dust, and every manuscript of the Bible and writing of the ancient world fade into irrecoverable blankness; nevertheless, we shall possess the power of recalling and reproducing them in almost absolute fac-simile; and, though that does not warrant the least neglect of the originals, it supplies a consolation for the loss which some day must bring, such as none of our forefathers had.

A friend has described to me the speechless amazement with which a wild Arab Chief of the Desert watched, in a tent near Cairo, the development of a photograph of the Great Sphinx. When in the faint light, the glass taken, as it seemed unchanged from the camera, and subjected thereafter to a simple baptism, began to reveal line by line the well-known features of the mysterious sculpture, the Arab turned to my informant, and, pointing to the photographer, exclaimed: "He is the eldest son of Satan!"

With the Arab's wonder we should profoundly sympathize, although it is not from the hands of the Prince of Darkness that we will take the pencil of light. It speaks for itself as one of the choicest gifts of God reserved for us in these latter days. With this feeling I have found myself in a dream of the night, among the spirits of the great dead in the silent land, myself clothed in flesh and blood, a visitor for the briefest space from this upper world. There could be no speech between us; but to their longing looks for information regarding that world from which they had come, and to which they could not return, methought I replied by laying before the pale conclave the shadowy photographs which were in my hands. And the ancient Egyptian saw that the Pyramids would waste no more; and the Greek was consoled that the ruin of his temples could proceed no further, and knew that at length a Prometheus had come, who with the very fire of heaven had made each marble form immortal; and the Italian painter ceased to sigh at the fading of his frescoes; and the Mediæval architect mourned no longer over his cathedral falling before those fierce Iconoclasts, the Lightning and the North Wind, the Snow and the Rain; and the ancient Christian who, in the scriptorium of his convent, centuries ago, had reverently copied, letter by letter, every jot and tittle of the venerable Evangel before him, felt that the days of faithful copying

had come back again—nay, were exceeded in faithfulness—and realized that to the end of time his labor might not prove in vain. And over all the spiritual faces a gleam of shadowy sunshine passed, as I awoke; and behold it was a dream.

This pencil of light, however, is ours only in loan. Nature is every day, and all the day, employing it herself, not only writing transiently on the retina of every eye, but abidingly upon every object. Every shadow is a piece of Nature-writing, Nature-printing; sometimes like a pencil-note upon a slate, rubbed out next moment; often like the carving of a gem destined to endure for ages. These shadows have a strange power of fixing themselves, and, could we interpret them, we should find them furnish the Sun's Diary or Record of his daily work upon earth. As it is, we scarcely recognize the existence of such a solar journal, still less endeavor to translate it. Yet daily it is issued, and there are evening journals also. The Moon not only

" . . . nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;"

but leaves the tokens of her track wherever she passes; and each of the stars walking in darkness keeps some chronicle of all that its bright eye has seen during the silent watches of the night. It may be difficult at first to believe this, when we learn what pains it costs to obtain photographs of the heavenly bodies; but the difficulty is mainly occasioned by the swiftness with which they travel, and this does not hinder them from writing on tablets of their own choosing. How strangely they write may in some respects be realized by one example of their art. An amateur astronomer, resident in Ireland, was in the constant practice of using a fine reflecting telescope. On one occasion he neglected, on ceasing his observations, to put the cap over the mouth or object-glass of the instrument, so that the light was free to enter the tube and fall on the polished metal reflector. He was taken ill that day, soon became worse, and in the end died. For weeks, if not for months after his death, his study remained locked as he had left it on the first day of his illness. All this time the telescope stood with its mouth pointed to a distant church with a stately spire. Every day the sun peeped in to see if he

were wanted; every clear night the moon and the stars offered their services, and, as no other work was asked from them they drew the church spire and surrounding landscape on the mirror of the telescope as they made their rounds.

At length the observatory was opened, the telescope taken down, and behold, upon its mirror a permanent picture of the church-spire and the objects around it! The mirror had tarnished and rusted, but the light determined where the rusting should occur, and where the metal should remain bright, and employed the rust as if it were ink to furnish the shadows.

The sun, the moon, and the stars are writing in the same fashion every day on every surface. The pens which they use are of amazing length. I have elsewhere called the electric pen the long pen, and it is by far the longest earthly pen; but it is a mere stump or pencil-point when compared in length to the pen which the sun stretches through space to us; and the sun's pen is nothing in length to those with which more distant suns write upon the earth, across the vast abysses of space. These are the oldest as well as longest, and among the swiftest of pens. The mode in which the dust settles on a floor or a wall, the gathering of the dew on the leaves of a flower, the fading of color from a carpet or a curtain, are all determined by those wondrous beams of solar and abysmal light, which draw and paint upon the globe with catholic impartiality every object which presents itself to their pencils. At present most of us are indifferent to those wondrous pictures; we blot them out almost before they are executed, and do not appreciate them even when we preserve them. But we are quickly learning better, and in our meteorological observatories the swift and unerring pen of light is now from moment to moment chronicling for us in indelible ink the magnetic, barometric, thermometric, electric, and other fluctuations of the great physical forces of the universe.

Thus much of the Pen, the active member of the graphic triad, an extension of the hand, the symbol and instrument of man's intelligent energy. It is the equal, with a difference, of the Paper, the negative member of the triad, and simply receptive like the eye, of which it is an extension. Of the Ink, the connecting lintel

of the gate-pillars we have been considering, and to which we now turn, we can not say so much; but we must not say too little. It is of somewhat less importance than the other two, as it can be more easily dispensed with. But though we can scarcely mark paper with even our finger-nail, and not leave a trace in some degree visible, yet we must not think lightly of the ink which we seem not to miss. Intermediate between the positive active pen and the negative receptive paper, it often appears to us in the act of writing more important than either, and as the really potential graphic agent. If they represent the Eye and the Hand, it represents the Heart. The paper is before us, the pen in our hand, mere mechanical media as it seems; but the ink quickens and slackens its current, and ebbs and flows, as the tide of our emotions sinks and swells. In reality the pen is as sympathetic, as we feel when it takes the shape of the pencil; but the latter is only employed for temporary scriptorial purposes, and a liquid ink is used for all important writings.

Of particular inks there is no room to speak, as we did of particular pens and papers. Charcoal furnishes with water a black ink for white paper, and chalk with water a white ink for black paper. The latter is most familiar to us in its form of the solid chalk and blackboard of the public teacher; but common paper is only wood-fiber ground down, and made up again into a solid, and differs from the board only in thickness; and, with a board, a crayon is more convenient than liquid ink would be, especially as it must often be used alternately as drawing-pencil and writing-pen. In all cases, however, an ink ultimately resolves itself into a dried-up color; and if we compare inks dry, we can justly affirm that chalk and charcoal have been the two great graphic instructors of the world. The briefer daily lessons have been written in chalk; the germinal sketches of great works in art—paintings, sculptures, palaces—have been drawn with it. The abiding records, again, of all that concerns the teaching of the nations have been embodied in charcoal. The most famous ancient books and many modern ones have been written with charcoal and water; and, when they are re-written a million times by the printer's type, it is with charcoal and oil. The

artists of all ages have designed with charcoal; and the engraver, the lithographer, and even the photographer, fall back upon it when they would multiply and perpetuate special designs.

Any colored liquid, however, will suffice for ink; any flower-juice, any dye-stuff, the blood from any vein, a multitude of chemical compounds. They are not equally good, but any one is sufficiently so for an emergency; and if the paper and pen are secured, the ink is certain to be forthcoming. But whatever its material quality be, how little this strikes us when our hearts are stirred, and the words we have written stand before us, no longer thoughts which we can recall, but each a spirit-child with an independent life of its own, proclaiming "*Litera scripta manet.*" The functions of the paper and pen in producing this result are forgotten. We feel as if we directly thought out the words we see. The ink in which they stand is not charcoal, or galls and iron, but the very anger, or sorrow, or gladness we felt, fixed on the paper forever.

Think of a queen's first signature of a death-warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the dooming ink; of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall; of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows; of a lover's passionate proposal written in fire; of a proud girl's refusal written in ice; of a mother's dying expostulation with a wayward son written in her heart's blood; of an indignant father's disinheriting curse on his first-born, black with the lost color of the gray hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave—think of these and of all the other impassioned writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent, Protean thing, a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling at the behest of men. Here a despairing prisoner is writing with a rusty nail his dying confession of faith on his damp dungeon-wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which only she knows how to render visible. Beleaguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice-water or innocent milk their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Shipwrecked sailors, about to be engulfed in mid ocean, are consigning to a floating bottle the faint

pencil-memorandum of the spot where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of Death. Every where happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, are writing to each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever pen, whatever ink! The varied stream thus forever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world, and no one need visit Egypt, or summon an Eastern magician, to show him all the acts, all the joys and woes of men reflected from the mirror of a drop of Ink.

When Paper, Pen, and Ink have made the tour of the world, and have carried every where the acknowledgment of brotherhood between people and people, and man and man, and, the song of Bethlehem fulfilled to the full, has enlightened every intellect, and softened every heart, their great mission will be ended. And let us not complain that our writing-materials are one and all so frail and perishable, for God himself has been content to write his will on the frailest things. Even his choicest graphic media are temporal and perishable. The stars of heaven are in our eyes the emblems of eternity, and they are the letters in God's alphabet of the universe, and we have counted them everlasting. Great astronomers of old have told us that the sidereal system could not stop, but must forever go on printing in light its cyclical record of the firmament. But in our own day and amongst ourselves has arisen a philoso-

pher* to show us, as a result simply of physical forces working as we observe them do, that the lettered firmament of heaven will one day see all its scattered stars fall like the ruined type-setting of a printer into one mingled mass. Already the most distant stars, like the outermost sentinels of a flock of birds, have heard the signal of sunset and return, and have begun to gather closer together and turn their faces homewards. Millions of years must elapse before that home is reached and the end comes, but that end is sure. God alone is eternal, and they who through his gift are partakers of his immortality.

It is wonderful to find a patient mechanical philosopher, looking only to what his mathematics can educe from the phenomena of physical science, using words which, without exaggeration, are exactly equivalent to these: "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands: they shall perish, but thou remainest, and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same and thy years shall not fail."

If God's Paper, Pen, and Ink are thus perishable, shall we complain that ours do not endure? It is the writer that shall be immortal, not the writing.

* Professor William Thomson, of Glasgow. His researches and speculations on this and kindred points will be found in a series of papers communicated within the last ten years to the Transactions of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh.

From the London Review.

RECENT RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.*

It was some time last spring that intimations began to reach the public of a remarkable religious feeling awakened in certain districts of the North of Ireland. The American revival of the previous year had broken the silence generally maintained by the press upon such topics. Instead of the disinclination habitually shown to record or comment upon things so directly religious as prayer-meetings and conversions, the journals soon displayed a readiness (we had almost said an eagerness) to trumpet facts, and settle all questions of theory by decided, if not cautious, judgments. In the case of the Indian mutiny, at the first blush, it was argued that "the saints" had done it all; so, in this case, frightful results were coming upon society from the outburst of a modern fanaticism; and the religious people were again in fault.

* *The Revival in Ulster: its Moral and Social Results.* By BENJAMIN SCOTT, Chamberlain of the City of London.

Times of Refreshing. Being Notices of some of the Religious Awakenings which have taken place in the United Kingdom.

The History and Prominent Characteristics of the Present Revival in Ballymena. By the Rev. SAMUEL J. MOORE.

Revivals in Ireland: Facts, Documents, and Correspondence. By JAMES WILLIAM MASSIE, D.D., LL.D.

The Ulster Revival, and its Physical Accidents. By the Rev. JAMES M'COSH, LL.D.

Thoughts on the Revival of 1859. By JAMES MORGAN, D.D.

Personal Visit to the Chief Scenes of the Religious Revivals in the North of Ireland. By JAMES GRANT, Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*.

Revivals of Religion: with especial Reference to the present Movement in the North of Ireland. By ROBERT BAXTER, Esq.

The Revival; or, What I saw in Ireland. By the Rev. JOHN BAILLIE.

The Work and the Counter-work; or, The Religious Revivals in Belfast, with an Explanation of the Physical Phenomena. By EDWARD A. STOPFORD, Archdeacon of Meath.

Tracts for Revivals, Nos. 1 to 7. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M.

Three Letters on the Revival in Ireland. By JAMES C. L. CARSON, M.D.

Revivals in Wales. By EVAN DAVIES.

Response to the Question: May we hope for a great Revival?

But, to the credit of British journalism, the false ground taken at first as to India was soon abandoned; and in the more recent matter of the revivals, it is astonishing to what an extent the press has ceased to upbraid. Not a few journals, and some of them distinguished ones, have learned to treat the subject in a candid and reverent spirit.

The rapidity with which public attention became fixed on the revival was sufficiently accounted for by its extraordinary features and extensive spread. This thing was not done in a corner. It began in seclusion, and held on its way for a year and a half without public report; but then it burst like flames from within a building, and where all had been slumber, all became excitement. First villages, then market-towns, then the provincial capital of Belfast, then whole districts, then counties added to counties, became, in succession, the theater of this remarkable visitation. As *The Times* newspaper early and truly pointed out, it was nothing new. It was, in fact, a repetition of what had been witnessed in the days of Wesley and Whitefield. But this applied to the work taken in detail. Nothing of equally rapid spread had occurred in their day. They struggled all but alone. Where their personal labor bore upon the wide-spread ice, a breaking-up was heard; but every where else, until their example had raised up coadjutors, every man of education opposed them on grounds of taste, and every clergyman on grounds of religion, while politicians suspected, and the common people mobbed, them. Now, there was scarcely a parish where the clergy of every Protestant denomination, however they might differ as to the accidents of the revival, did not cordially hail tokens of increased life.

Until lately, the revival has been discussed chiefly in reference to those bodily prostrations which have borne so conspicuous a part in it. As to the essence of the matter—the moral results, in which lies the only test either of its origin or issue—those were, as yet, so much matter of individual observation, that, while per-

sons favorably disposed calculated with joyful confidence on a greatly improved standard of morals, others not only denied that such results would follow, but boldly prophesied that the worst social consequences would arise in new affinities between vice and fanaticism. It was well that such a stage of suspense in the public mind occurred. And it may hereafter be a curiosity to some one to find it recorded, that the *Northern Whig*, the great organ of the Irish Unitarians, declared that drunkenness, licentiousness, and vice generally were rapidly increasing, not only contemporaneously with the revival, but by reason of it; and that the leading London journal copied its important testimony, and set it forth as worthy of great attention. We commit this fact to our pages, expecting that if any one consult them a century hence, he will read it much as we have done the story of the man who dragged one of John Wesley's preachers before a magistrate to be punished, and, when inconveniently required to state a charge, alleged that the Methodists had converted his wife; but added the fact, that formerly she had been an unbearable shrew, and now was as meek as a lamb.

After curiosity had been raised by suspense on this vital question, it was also well that the scale of the revival was so extensive as to permit results to be traced in public events and criminal statistics, without waiting for those slow and fainter indications, which alone can be obtained when the religious impression does not affect some extent of country, and a large proportion of the population.

It is already early to expect results traceable in this manner; but they are forthcoming. In the town of Belfast, the great distillery of Mackenzie, capable of producing twelve hundred thousand gallons of whisky a year, is advertised to be let or sold. In the town of Hillsborough, another distillery is in the same position. At the late sessions in Belfast, the cases for trial have been just half as many as at the same period last year. In the town of Ballymena, where one hundred and twenty public houses flourished, among a population of only six thousand, and consequently broils, immoralities, and misdemeanors were of great frequency; at the late Quarter Sessions—only four cases were on the calendar. The presiding barrister said that, while it was no part of his duty to enter into the causes leading to this

wonderful change, he was called upon to congratulate the jury on the elevation in the morals of the people which it indicated. The clerk of the Petty Sessions for the same town says: "The consumption of spirits is not one half what it was this time last year; and the petty feuds and private quarrels have diminished fifty per cent." At Crumlin no less than nine publicans declined, at the sessions, to renew their licenses, and six others stated that they must obtain renewal, simply because they had stock on hand, of which they could not dispose without a license; but that there was no prospect of their continuing in business.

In Coleraine the head of the constabulary states that offenses connected with drunkenness have fallen from twelve to twenty in the fortnight, down to three or four; and that indecent language and profane swearing are now unheard in the streets.

In the parish of Connor, where the revival began more than two years ago, and where its course for eighteen months was silent and tranquil, the following facts are now attested. Out of nine public houses, two are closed by the conversion of the publicans, and a third for want of trade. The six now open sell less whisky than one did before the revival began. In the year 1857 they had, in that parish, thirty-seven committals for offenses connected with drunkenness; in 1858, eleven; and throughout the present year, only four, and of these two were strangers to the parish. This fact seals the former statement as to the amount of business done by the public houses still open, and prepares the way for another about pauperism. In 1857 they had twenty-seven paupers in the union—now only four; then the poor-rates were one shilling in the pound, now they are sixpence.

What do these figures represent? How many disorderly lives reclaimed? How many miserable homes made comfortable? How many demoralizing gatherings supplanted by edifying meetings? How many scenes of wickedness changed for those of penitence, worship, and domestic peace? How many sick-beds untended, uncomfited, and unblessed, for those which are solaced by prayer, and praise, and hope in God?

One day above all in the year is dear to the heart of the Irish Protestant—the twelfth of July, the anniversary of the

Battle of the Boyne. The boys of Derry still commemorate the deliverance of their own city with local enthusiasm, and it ought never to pass from their mind. But the banks of the Boyne witnessed the final struggle, on the issue of which turned the fate of Ireland. No wonder that every Protestant in the country should hail its anniversary with patriotic pride! It is a day never to be forgotten in any land—that on which the iron rod of a Popish despot is struck from his hand by the golden scepter of a Protestant and constitutional King. But so bad had been the mode of observing this day, that instead of being a pride to the true patriot, it became an anxiety and a shame. Not forgetful, but resentful, of the existence among them of a large number of Roman Catholics, the Ulster Protestants signalized the day by tumultuous processions. Drums beating, fies screeching, flags flying, with sashes, cockades, “orange lilies, and purple rockets,” for all, robes for officers, and arms for not a few, in an array regular enough to be imposing, loose enough to permit of pranks, with oaths, and shots, and “whiskey galore,” and frantic hurrahs and boisterous speeches, the Orangemen paraded the country, met in thousands, inflamed one another, and defied the Pope, and some mythic lady for whom they had an inveterate hatred, and whom they always described as “Nanny, the Pope’s granny,” consigning her to bad places.

In districts where the “Papishes” were so few that they dared not show their heads, they contented themselves with returning secret curses for public ones, and the day passed without collision. But this was not the delight of the hot Orangeman. He smelled a coming fight with relish. His “bullet-mold” was plied, his gun put in order, and the whiskey-fire within heated more than it was wont to be heated. And when “the twelfth” came, if the shamrock or the white cockade crossed the path of the “orange lily,” bullets whistled, and blood ran. Many a quiet nook in Ulster has its own red story, bearing date the twelfth of July. The power of law, the vigilance of the constabulary, the persuasion of landlords and magistrates, were ineffectual to check these irritating demonstrations. The bullet of the Orangemen had a kind of sacredness; if it did break law, it was only because the law itself was a traitor-

ous compromise, to restrain the loyal and the true from discomposing those who dwelt in the land only to hatch treason, and wait favorable opportunities for giving it wing. All may still remember the affair at Dolly’s Brae, in connection with which Lord Clarendon showed the displeasure of the government by such an extreme measure as taking away the commission of the peace from the venerable Earl of Roden, because he had opened his park to the Orangemen in the early part of that fatal day. And it is only one year ago last July, since the town of Belfast itself was the scene of battle. Sandy Row, with its nest of Orangemen, and some neighboring Ribbon-hive, teemed with fighting-men. Bullets flew, people fell, business was paralyzed, military law was established, and arms were taken from all parties alike.

The revival had not long prevailed before it was generally remarked that a great change had taken place in the spirit of the converts towards their Roman Catholic neighbors. Political rancor was replaced by Christian charity. “Instead of swearing at them,” said a gentleman living in the midst of the people, “if they met with a Roman Catholic, they would carry him to heaven in their arms.” But all doubted how this would stand the memory of the “Boyne-water.” Late in the month of June, a gentleman from England said to the good Bishop of Down and Connor: “Nothing in all this strikes me more than the change in the spirit of the people toward the Roman Catholics.” “Ah!” said the bishop; “wait till the twelfth of July; that will test it all.” And so said every one: “Wait till the twelfth of July.”

It came. For the most part the Orangemen were unseen; and those who had brawled and swaggered staid at home, or went peaceably to meetings for prayer. Here and there they assembled without drum, or flag, or arms, and quietly went to the house of God, or held solemn services in the open air. In only one or two neighborhoods was an Orange procession formed, and that with decorum and regard for peace. The whole community was amazed. The disappearance of Guy Fawkes in England, the failure of Bombast upon Independence Day in America, sailors voluntarily omitting a frolic on crossing the line, or freemen foregoing ale at an election, would not

be so unlikely as this new bearing of the "Protestant boys." It sent a deep feeling through the heart of Ulster. Men were now persuaded, that a moral force of immeasurable power had been operating not upon individuals only, but on masses; and not on the surface of their mind, but on the very foundations of their nature. "All the police force in the province of Ulster," said one gentleman, "had it been concentrated in this parish on the twelfth of July, could not before have maintained the same peace and quiet that I observed on the last one."*

Shortly after, Chief Baron Pigott, a Roman Catholic, sitting on the bench, in the Protestant, not to say Orange, county of Down, gave the following memorable testimony: "He took occasion to refer to the religious movement in the North as having extinguished all party animosities, and produced the most wholesome moral results upon the community at large. His lordship spoke in the most favorable terms of the movement, and expressed a hope that it would extend over the whole country, and influence society to its lowest depths."†

What Doncaster races are to the North of England, those of the Maze are to the North of Ireland. These were to be another test of the social influence of the revival. Usually ten or fifteen thousand spectators assembled, and it is needless to add that gambling and whisky took a conspicuous place. This year the day was fine, and the "field" good; but not more than five hundred people ever came upon the course. The *Northern Whig*, which had industriously preached that the revival would deteriorate public morals, confessed that even those who attended were under new restraints, and that, in fact, the reporter did not see one intoxicated person on the ground.

In the North of Ireland, as well as in the North of England, the Marchioness of Londonderry is a person of considerable note. She is in the habit of yearly meeting her tenantry, and favoring them with an after-dinner speech, on such topics as interest mutually "landlord and tenant." This year, at the accustomed gathering, her ladyship could not avoid

the topic of topics in the country. Guarding herself against any supposed interference with the religious views of her tenantry, she said: "It is impossible not to observe that one result of the much-talked-of revivals has been the closing of the public houses, and the establishment of greater sobriety and temperance. Let us hope that this change will be lasting."* Mr. George Macartney, late member for the county of Antrim, placed in the hands of the Chamberlain of the City of London the following statement as to three parishes falling under his own observation: "A great social, moral, and religious improvement amongst the small farmers and laboring classes has been the result."

"What is the effect of this movement upon your work-people?" said Mr. Robert Baxter to a gentleman in Belfast who employs three thousand hands. "I consider my work-people better than the average," he replied; "because, having been in business one third of a century, I have had an opportunity of selecting them; but the revival movement has had the very best effects in improving the manners and conduct of my people." It was dinner-hour, and the master pointed to a school-room, which Mr. Baxter found filled with work-people, whom a clergyman had met at their own request. The first half of their dinner-hour was spent in singing, prayer, and reading the Scriptures. At a second factory, as two thousand five hundred people came out from work, they surrounded Mr. Baxter and his friends, and wanted to be preached to. In a third, which employed six hundred hands, the superintendent reported that two hundred were converted, of whom seventy had been "struck;" and that the conduct of the whole was most exemplary.

The Bishop of Down and Connor, in whose diocese the revival began and first obtained notoriety, has in varied forms asserted not merely his conviction, but his knowledge, that a real improvement in the morals and habits of the people had taken place on all hands. The Archdeacon of Derry, in another diocese, speaks, among other things, of "open vice and wickedness in general so much lessened."

* Letter of Mr. Robert Brown, of Kells, to the *Northern Whig*.

† Quoted from the Report of the *Banner of Ulster*.

* Spoken in the Town Hall, Carnlough, reported in *The Times*.

An honest farmer, near the Giant's Causeway, speaking to Mr. Chichester, of Portrush, said: "I never heard an oath pronounced, nor a song of foolery, since that night of the meeting, (in June, four months and a half before,) but twice, and those were by strangers passing by." Bad language was one of the blotches upon Ulster; and the strong statement of the farmer is surprisingly confirmed by Mr. Raynard, a gentleman from London, whose wife, as L. N. R., has cheered many a soul by her *Border-Land*, and stirred up many to good works by *The Book and its Story*, *The Book and its Mission*, and the *Missing Link*. He says: "I was in Ireland six weeks, and traveled by steamer, by rail, on foot, and by the public cars and vans, several hundred miles, and I did not see a single man in a state of intoxication! and did not hear a single oath!!"

The man who would have prophesied in the streets of Belfast twelve months ago, that such a statement could be truly made in the year 1859, would have been voted mad by the whole community; just as in that town, some years ago, a lady was all but consigned to safe-keeping by her family, and the main ground of their persuasion that she was deranged lay here, that she believed the "time would come when the common newspapers would be preaching Christ." And surely those newspapers did preach with a witness this summer. Four, five, eight columns were often taken up with matter so intensely religious, so full of the pith and marrow of "soul-saving" work, that in thousands of well-composed sermons it would be rejected as too much after the model of John Wesley's most "fanatical" passages in his Journal, or the most heated narratives of the *Methodist Magazine*. This circumstance about the suspected insanity of a lady is one of the millions which illustrate the great fact, that a leading part of the faith of many Christians — persons who will and must be so called — lies in a fixed belief in the impotence of Christianity to conquer obstacles, and mold human society to its own pattern. And these people are especially "sound," and greatly suspect those of being flighty who have practical confidence that a religion in very deed sent from God, and designed for man, has the capability of subduing all things to itself, and

will triumphantly display it in believing hands.

The Author and Giver of repentance, when himself turning men away from their sins, did not shrink from noticing the contaminated and, to human society, the lost. In the train that followed him, were some who had once strayed to the uttermost limits of degrading offense. In this Ulster revival, few things are more touching than the frequency with which cases arise of the recovery of lost females. Mr. Darkin, Sub-Inspector of Factories for Ireland, mentions an officer of the constabulary, who told him, that he knew of twelve or fourteen who had left their haunts and, he believed, had reformed their lives. At Coleraine, the Chamberlain of London learned that the streets were entirely purged; one half of those who formerly infested them being in the Asylum; and of the other half, some were restored to their families, and others had disappeared.

The fact has been alluded to already, that a leading newspaper of Belfast, the organ of the only Protestant body to which the operation of a revival was unfavorable, alleged that immorality and crime were increasing. This statement received for a moment a coloring, in the eyes of those at a distance, by one fact, that the number of committals in the town of Belfast had increased. Even it, however, durst not say, though it did insinuate, that the persons affected by the revival influence, and those committed, were the same. The head constable of police promptly declared, that not a single person had been brought before him who had been in any way connected with the revival meetings. About one third only of the inhabitants of the county of Antrim, including Belfast, are Roman Catholics. Mr. Raynard, visiting the jail, found, to his surprise, that the Presbyterian chaplain had only fifteen or sixteen, out of one hundred and eighty prisoners. He then asked the turnkey as to the proportion between the Roman Catholic and Protestant prisoners. "We have usually about as many of one sort as of the other; but have lately had a great number of committals for short periods, especially about three months ago, when this revival began." ("I had not," says Mr. Raynard, "told him that I took any interest in the revival.") "The Catholics did not know

what to make of it, and a great many of them took to drinking, and got up rows, and got committed." "Have you," I asked, "as many Protestants sent here now, as you had formerly?" "Oh! no, we have scarcely any now: here is the list for this morning: six committals, and only one is a Protestant." Whereas, in proportion to population, all would have been Protestants but two.

Surely the few facts we have selected suffice. But if any one desires more, let him read the pamphlet of Mr. Benjamin Scott; or, better still, let him spend a month in the scenes of the revival. A great, a manifest, a wonderful change has passed upon a large section of British population in a single year; a change fraught with blessings to individuals, happiness to families, advantage to the State, and honor to the Christian Church. That change is well summed up by Mr. James Grant, in his *Personal Visit*:

"Nothing but Almighty power ever could accomplish such complete changes in human character as those which are hourly witnessed. The drunkard gives up his habits of inebriety; the swearer ceases to take the name of his Maker in vain; he who was addicted to the utterance of falsehood speaks the truth, and nothing but the truth; the man who stole, steals no more; and he who delighted in every thing that resembled the savage nature of the tiger, becomes gentle and harmless as the lamb. Husbands who ill-treated their wives, and acted unnaturally towards their children, are suddenly, as if by a miraculous agency, transformed into the best of husbands and kindest of fathers. Crime, in a word, has become comparatively unknown. The police constables have little or nothing to do, and the sessions and assizes, where offenders against the law are tried, and, if convicted, punished, have hardly any cases before them. The aspect of society in the districts where the progress of the Revivals has been most decided, has, in a word, undergone so thorough a change, that no one could believe it who has not been a witness of it, seen it with his own eyes, and heard the wonderful things with his own ears."

This abstract summary is illustrated in the concrete, by the following facts, given by the Rev. John Baillie:

"In one town, for instance, we were conducted into a house where father and mother and four little children had all been brought to Christ in a single week. We sauntered along, and at nearly every door were saluted by that peculiar smile of welcome which those only who have witnessed it can appreciate or understand. In

one of them we found a blacksmith, who told us most graphically what the Lord had done for him, whilst his brother stood by at the anvil, looking very wistfully, and his eye glistening with the big tear, as he listened to the tale of a work which he himself had not yet tasted. Then, a door or two further on, we came upon a young woman, whose grandmother kept a public-house, and had her as one of its chief attractions, but who told us so modestly, yet so firmly, that never again could she 'wet a measure.' And, still proceeding, we found another woman who had been the shrew of the house and of the whole street, but now was so tamed by God's grace that she knew not how to utter a bitter word or look one ill-favored look. In the same street, we were conducted into the house where three or four women who, a short time before, had been abandoned characters—one of them told us she had been twenty times in prison—were living under the care of an elderly woman whom some Christian friends had engaged to superintend them, the women themselves being engaged in regular occupations, and returning invariably to the 'home' for their meals and for the night."

It is not only probable, but almost unavoidable, that persons whose information is derived only from reading, will either disbelieve the statements made, or, on the other hand, take impressions beyond the truth: not as to the character of the transformations actually effected, but as to the proportion of the people who have experienced them. At the time when the American revival was attracting attention, persons spoke and wrote as if the whole dross of society in the Union must be purged away, if all this was true: and because theaters still flourished, it was alleged that the revival news was exaggerated. Yet did it ever represent more than a small proportion of the people as converted, and a further proportion as favorably disposed? We do not say a small number; for, accustomed as we are to look upon conversions as events which are to happen at rare intervals, a report of two hundred thousand converts is astonishing news; yet that number is a small proportion of thirty millions. So in the case of Ireland. Take the widest statement made, and it represents but a small proportion, even of the Protestants of Ulster, as actually converted.

Still it is undeniable that, in very extensive tracts of country, a power of conscience has been awakened among the masses, which puts sin to the blush, and elevates the common standard of social morals. But those who only yield to

restraint, and do not seek or experience true religious change, will sooner or later harden their hearts again, and tend backward to old ways. Therefore, it is for the Ulster churches steadily to press on, seeking the thorough conversion of all who are yet unrenewed; or they must prepare for days of great trial, when the mass cools down again.

"I would rather live three such weeks as the last, than three hundred years as before!" was the exclamation uttered in June last, by Mr. Hanna of Belfast, in his pulpit. In these words one almost hears an echo of the aged but exulting voice of Wesley, as, looking around on the renewed and happy crowd of spiritual children, who were marching with him to eternal life, he sang:

"All honor and praise to the Father of grace,
To the Spirit and Son, I return!
The business pursue, he hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

"In a rapture of joy, my life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim;
'Tis worth living for this, to administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name!"

Ay, it is worth living for; the coldest skeptic on earth being judge! For a Christian minister to see rising up around him faces beaming with more than earthly peace; to see mothers weeping for joy, that their lost sons are found; to see happy, holy, useful men thanking God that ever they heard the Gospel from his lips; to see a whole neighborhood moved with a Christian impulse, and numbers hasten and strive to do good, who once were strangers to such efforts! Of all human beings he who beholds this, the wicked repenting, the penitent finding mercy, the world yielding converts to the Church, the Church shedding lights and blessings on the world, may rejoice that he lives. What a work to exist for! On the other hand, to stand for years and years administering Christian ordinances, and see no lives regenerated, hear of no hearts blessed with unearthly happiness, must, we should think, be like standing among the gilded bottles of a surgery, while death is desolating the town, and your skill is inapt, your remedies impotent to save a single victim. It is something to thank God for, that our age has witnessed within these isles at least one dis-

trict of country sensibly changed by a sudden illapse of religious influence. But it is not only one. Wales has been the scene of a work second only to that in Ireland, if indeed second. The public information is less full, and we have had no opportunity of testing it by personal observation; therefore, we make little reference to it in this paper; but our persuasion of its genuine character and blessed effects is strong.

What is the Christian religion for? According to the books, it is to save people from their sins; but, according to the mind of most men who profess it, nothing is so hard to believe, nothing so proper to suspect of being fanatical, as a statement that some few tens of thousands, out of all the uncounted millions whom sin is bringing down to hopeless graves, have been converted. Is conversion a myth? or an esoteric rite for choice confraternities, never to be opened to the common crowd? If not, why all this wonder at large numbers being converted? and why this criminal ease in the face of tens of millions capable of being saved, but slumbering in sin?

Conversion, as has before been stated in these pages, must soon be formally recognized as one of the constituent powers of history, and eventually as the mightiest of them all. The man who, crossing to the shores of Macedonia, sounded a warning for the ancient ideas of Greece and Rome to depart, and for the Christian history of Europe to begin—his own history began in conversion. The man who, lifting up his hand in the face of the Papal world, gave the signal for its disruption, and for the entrance of human progress on a new stage—his history began in conversion. The man who, standing amidst a degenerating Church and a corrupt nation, in the opening of the last century, cried, "The world is my parish!" and went out to awaken it—his history began in conversion. Conversion is nothing more than the turning of a man from his sins to his Saviour. Its inward process is various as the human mind; its means numberless as the instruments of Providence; its outward result uniform as the law of righteousness. It is easy to say that men baptized in infancy, and trained in the lap of the Church, should not need any violent change, but ought to grow in grace from their youth up. Things are not so in Christendom. The majority of

baptized men are walking a course that looks like any thing but a progress to heaven. And if they are not stopped, and turned, what will be the end?

Human nature has a downward tendency. All movements which do not address its self-interest alone, with whatever vigor they may begin, gradually subside: and those which are not connected with an invisible source, whence to draw fresh impulses, will at last sink to nothing. How resistless was Islam in its youth! how steady its decay! how certain its disappearance! What a series of fresh starts, followed by slackenings, halts, and backslidings, is the course of ancient Israel! And in the Christian Church, every age has shown the tendency of man to let the heavenly fire die out, and again and again it has seemed really gone. But invisible powers tended it; and, when least expected, it has burst forth anew, as if oil had been poured on from behind the veil which shuts out our view of things unseen. It was a saying of Luther's, that no great revival of religion lasted more than forty years. In his old age, Wesley used joyfully to contrast this with what his eyes beheld; after more than that time, a rising fire, promising to inflame the country, and to illuminate the world. The revival of the last century was perpetuated into this, and never lost its vitality, as that of the Reformation did, before the Puritan age began, and that of the seventeenth century, before the opening of the Methodist era. Still the effect of the subsiding tendency common to all things complicated with human agency was very marked and, as the middle of this century advanced, was becoming more so. Vast agency and few conversions; imposing organizations, and easy disciples, who did not trouble their neighbors with zeal about individual salvation, were becoming common. There was life, and much to wonder at and love. But the conquering temper was departing. Many were zealous for great and general schemes, but slack in personal effort; and not a few were tolerably content, if religion kept fairly abreast with public movements, without saving the people by thousands, without doing any thing which must strike upon all as a divine operation for the regeneration of mankind. Even among the Methodists—had their course gone on as for the last thirty years, how far would

they, one short century hence, have understood the tales in Wesley's Journals of men and women cut to the heart, and "struck down?" Would they have apologized for such things, or welcomed their reappearance? The habitual tendency to make religion a matter of natural effect and cause, without supernatural action, had taken, in our days, the shape of a religion of organizations among Evangelical Christians, of ceremonial among Puseyites. For the former as well as for the latter, though on different grounds, it was needful that a fresh manifestation of the supernatural, a fresh display and triumph of the Divine, should be witnessed. One of the clearest proofs that the vital force of the last great revival still survived was, that just in proportion as the subsiding tendency developed itself, and multitudes contentedly yielded to it, others, and they not a few, not of any one school, longed, and sighed, and toiled, and cried to God for a fresh baptism of the Church with Pentecostal fire, that all her modern resources, blessed with primitive efficiency, might gloriously change the aspect of the battle engaged, all over the world, between good and evil.

Do the recent revivals in any degree meet this desire? They are at least great public events. In America, in Wales, in Ireland, by virtue of a pervading popular interest, they have forced the most urgent questions of religion upon the attention of the whole community. Are they a fresh proof of the immortal vitality and infinite resources of the religion we all profess? a further display of its invisible reserves of conquering energy? a new impetus given from the Spirit of its Author to the host commissioned by Him, not to settle in convenient quarters, but to subdue, at any cost, the whole world to righteousness, thereby raising it to peace and brotherhood?

Whenever such questions have been raised at the time of any great revival, they have been answered in the negative, except by a few. The impulse under which the early Christians moved the world, was looked upon as fanaticism. The same has been the case with all manifestations of religious life which have borne any kind of resemblance to it. The revival of the last century was treated as a low and rude example of the same thing. This being the instance nearest to our times, best within historical view, it affords a clearer

light whereby to judge of the present events than any other. On all hands it is now admitted that it was a true revival, a renewal of the youth of Christianity, accredited at the time by great reformations of character, attested ever since by permanent fruit, in Churches, nations, and gospeling enterprises. Even at a meeting of Socinians the other day, where the present events were discussed, one of the speakers admitted that there had been two real revivals in past times—that of the apostolic age, and that of the last. Its tokens are on every spot trodden by the British race, and far beyond their empires, in scenes lately the wildest and darkest upon earth.

In what, then, does the recent revival differ from that which flourished a century ago? So far as we can see, only in having, for instruments, those who were its fruits, and for a field, ground which it had prepared. This gives it a breadth and public force greater than its forerunner. But in all the points which can be raised by those who object to revivals in general, or to this one in particular, the identity appears perfect. As to doctrines, all in which the Methodist leaders were themselves agreed, is now proclaimed by the whole Christian community, except a section of the Church of England; and as to those wherein they differed, now, as then, success is shared by men on both sides. As to the lay agency which sprang up, from its long burial, at the voice of the Great Awakening of the last century, it reappears every where. As to the Christian fellowship, which every true revival forces into existence, but which the Methodists alone have formally recognized as a vital part of Christian organization, and provided for, in their class-meetings and love-feasts, it has suddenly sprung up on the most unfriendly soils; so that in parishes where two years ago such meetings as we have just named would have been a terrible innovation, now, to hear the common talk of the people, one might suppose they had been schooled in some Cornish or Yorkshire hot-bed of Methodism. As to the sudden conversions, the deep sorrow for sin, the clear and shining sense of God's forgiveness, the unearthly comforts, the joyful hope of heaven; all, in fact, that in the language of the Church constitutes "experience," and in that of the world "fanaticism," the converts of Antrim and Glamorganshire, and those of

Moorfields and Kingswood, answer to one another as face to face in a glass. As to the gifts displayed by "unlearned and ignorant men," we are apt to think that the present must excel the past; but that, probably, is owing to the difference between what we witness and what we read of: certain it is, however, that nothing has more tended to deepen the persuasion in the neighborhoods which the revival has reached, that it was a work of God, than the "wonderful praying;" the unaccountable force of thought and language, given to many of the new converts, in whom neither natural gifts nor education had prepared their neighbors to find such resources. And then, as to the dreams, visions, and bodily affections, which are the food of the scoffer, the problem of the candid inquirer, and the choice tokens of the simple wonder-lover—are they not as like in the pamphlets of to-day, and the magazines of last century, as green grass in England is to green grass in Ireland? If any one doubts the close resemblance of the bodily affections lately prevalent, and those which involved John Wesley in a world of reproach, let him take the trouble of reading a few pages of his *Journal* which narrate the first cases. And, finally, as to that which constitutes the essential propagating power of Christianity—the joyful zeal of new converts, the burning love for souls, the irrepressible ardor to tell others "what God has done for my soul," the firm persuasion that the grace which has been efficacious in their own cases will be so in that of friends and neighbors, the indisposition to wait for a convenient season—is not the identity so perfect, that the history of any village revival this year, and that of one in New England, or Birstal, or Newcastle, a hundred years ago, might be written in the same words?

On the general question of eccentricities and extravagances, connected with revivals, all we feel disposed to say is this: they ought to be discouraged in every way, except such as would show that life with exuberance is more dreaded than death with composure. But while they are to be discouraged, we are not to imagine that they will be avoided. If so, either multitudes, with the proportion of weak, hot-headed, odd, and blundering people, found in every promiscuous crowd, are never to be "awakened" at all—that is, made to lift up the eyes of their soul,

and see life, death, heaven, and hell, their Saviour, and their tempter, in a light shot direct from the eye of the Judge; or, if so awakened, a miracle, the most wonderful ever wrought, is to make them keep from any strange and affecting expression of their feelings. The first supposition may God avert! the second is not likely: and, therefore, let us be concerned only that the multitudes be awakened; then, they may be left, every man according to his own temperament, to cry aloud, or beat upon his breast, or weep in silence, or "fall down upon his face, and worship God." We believe that many think that such awakenings as we have described, even if purely mental, had better not take place. If they do not, the old Christianity that gave the world apostles, martyrs, and missionaries, will be replaced by another, which will only give it formal church-goers. None will hold that such

awakenings are always to be withheld from the ignorant and the ill-balanced, to be given only to those whose culture has reached the point at which a man may almost be killed with feeling, and yet keep perfect silence. We are under no need either to encourage extravagance, or discourage revivals. Let the spring come, though it brings weeds. And let us neither nurse the weeds, nor frost-bite the wheat, in our impatience to keep them down. It may be that, sometimes, He who is wiser than all, does not see it amiss to lower our self-congratulation, and let us know that the work he loves, the bringing of sinners to repentance, may prosper more where outbursting life disturbs conventional decorum, than where all is ordered so, as to preserve our respectability.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE CZAR AND THE SKEPTIC.

It was in 1829. Government dispatches affirmed that Diebitsch's army had achieved a great success, and that Silistria was in their hands.

But official news is not always implicitly believed when and where unofficial newsmongers are gagged.

"Holy Russia forever! the troops are in Silistria."

"Before it, Batushka, you mean to say."

"Before it! inside it: I say what I mean."

"Inside it! outside it: under correction still."

"Correction you may well say: I repeat it, inside."

"And, I repeat it, out."

"I have seen the dispatch."

"What, the government version?"

"The government, to be sure."

"Nothing less sure, I assure you."

"What? less sure than the government story!"

"All stories may be told two ways."

"But one way is true, the other false."

"Precisely, and I mistrust the latter."

"But the real truth is, the troops are in."

"The real truth is, the troops are out."

"In, I say."

"Out, I say."

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

In private saloons, in clubs, in cafés, at table-d'hôtes, on change, and on the Perspective-Nevskoi, might such wranglings have been heard. In the Gastinnoidvor, and in the vodka shops, there was more unanimity; the "black people's" wish was less doubtfully father to their thought; with their unquestioning as well as unquestionable patriotic prejudice, Holy Russia must have won, and Diebitsch must, for certain, be holding Silistria for the Gossudar, for our Lord the Czar.

There was a French gentleman, Mon-

sieur De la Jobardiére, shall I call him? whose mistrust of official bulletins had, perhaps not unreasonably, grown with his growth. *Russian Invalids, Northern Bees*, or whatever may have been, in 1829, the accredited organs of the Imperial Government, were to his mind so many miserable imitations of his native *Moniteur*, the feebleness of whose inventions, however, as compared with those of that great Gallic organ of mendacity, consisted not in the absence of mendaciousness. Monsieur De La Jobardiére was, himself, very much spilt, "*très répandu*" in certain social circles of St. Petersburg, to borrow an image from his own vernacular; and thus it came to pass, that being gifted, as is not unusual amongst his fellow-countrymen, with a considerable flow of words, he was enabled to spill the ink of denegation far and wide upon the spotless page of these same disputed government dispatches.

"Hold it to yourself for said, my good friends," he would insist; "your government wishes to throw you the powder in the eyes. It is one '*canard*,' one duck; how you say? this great news of Silistria. That poor sir of a Diebitsch, he kick his heel, what? outside still: and the Turk be safe and snug inside as one rat in a cheese, eh?"

Now, De la Jobardiére had his entries in "saloons diplomatic," as he would himself have said; and was altogether a man who, chatterbox as he was, might yet be supposed to have access to certain channels of authentic information, at which the vulgar of St. Petersburg might not easily slake their thirst for information. His constant and confident affirmations of the falsehood of the victorious intelligence were not without a certain effect within the radius of his own social "effusion," and perhaps beyond it.

Monsieur De la Jobardiére was a precise and somewhat ornate dresser: he was a chilly personage, in spite or because of his longish residence in the northern capital; he was also somewhat of a gastronome, particular as to the quality and regularity of his meals; he was, moreover, a sound sleeper.

So sound, indeed, that the heavy boot-tread of the feldjager, that hybrid between a police-officer and a government courier, failed to break his slumbers on a

certain night; nor was he roused from them until that functionary's rude hand had shaken his shoulder for a third time. Thereupon he started up to a sitting posture and unclosed his eyes, which closed again with sudden blink, at the glare of the lantern which the feldjager's other hand almost thrust into his face.

"Look sharp, sir!" said that official, "and come along."

"Come along, indeed! You are pleasing my good fellow," quoth the sleepy Frenchman.

"Well, then, if you won't," retorted the ruthless invader of his slumbers, "my orders are positive," and he transferred his paw from the shoulder to the throat-band of Monsieur De la Jobardiére's night-dress.

"*Laissez-donc*, grand brutal," exclaimed that worthy; "let me at least get on my pantaloons," and he inserted his feet into the slippers by the bedside.

But, by "fatality," as he always said, "my cossack of a domestic, Ivan Petrovich, had assisted at my dishabille, and had taken my clothes out with him to brush before I should rise 'of great morn-ing' the next day."

"Let me ring my domestic, at least?" he inquired of the stolid feldjager.

"Ring bells and resist authorities?" he growled. "Come, come, sir, none of that."

And again his rough hairy paw, was busy in proximity with the white throat of the finicking Frenchman.

"Quick, march! and not a word, or —"

"But it is unheard of, it is an infamy, a barbarism, an indecency!"

The scowl darkened upon the feldjager's unprepossessing countenance; it was more than evident that expostulation and entreaty were alike in vain.

"Happily that I lose not my presence of mind in this terrible crisis, and draping myself hastily in the sheets and blanket, and eider-down quilt, I yield to destiny and follow that *coquin* of a feldjager down-stairs, gentlemen; my faith! yes, down-stairs to the *porte-cochère*. There what find we? A telega, kibitka, tarantass, what do I know? Some carriage of misfortune at the door, with its own door open, eh?"

It was even so. The night was very dark and foggy; the rays from the

carriage-lamps added to the gleam of the feldjager's lantern gave but a dim light after all; but such as it was, its scintillations were reflected from the steel scabbards, spurs, and horse-bits of a mounted cossack on either side; and dark amidst the darkness, the open carriage-door yawned after the fashion of a tomb.

"Oh! by example," once more did De la Jobardière attempt to remonstrate, turning round; "here is what is a little strong. Do you figure yourself that I —"

He had one foot upon the carriage-steps already, and one hand on the handle by the door-way; a muscular grip seized his other elbow. In an instant he was hoisted and pushed forward in, and the tail of the quilt was bundled in after him; and he felt that some one had vaulted on the front seat outside.

"Iloupp la!" cried a hoarse voice; and three cracks of whips like pistol-shots made answer; and with a bound and a plunge the carriage darted onwards. He could hear the splashing gallop, through the slush and mud, of the mounted trooper, on the right hand and on the left.

"I try the windows, on this side, on that, in front, and I am quits of it for my pain. No means! I scream, I howl, I cry, I threaten that pig of feldjager that must hear in front. The Embassy French shall have reason of this outrage! When I tell you there that I am not one of your nationals, but a Frrrench! Hear you? A Frrrench! Animal that you are! Imbecile of a Cossack, go! A Frrrench, then, I tell you, eh? Useless! I pass to entreaty. Hear there, Ivan, Stephen, Nicholas, Sergius! My corporal, my serjeant, my lieutenant of police! Here is one billet of bank, that is to say, not here but there: in the pocket of that pantaloons, at home on the Morakafa, you comprehend. A billet of twenty-five roubles: of fifty: of a hundred say, how?"

"Again useless. Not a word; not a sign; he makes the deaf ear, that 'polisson de la police' outside.

"It is stronger than me. I am transported again of rage, of despair. I strike of the fist, of the foot, of the head at last against the panels of that carriage atrocious. Derision! My efforts desperating about to nothing. That

minion of a despotism brutal mocks himself well of this agony. I have dissarranged my drapery; and currents of air from the underneath of doors give my legs trances of cold.

"There is no remedy. I envelop myself once more of my eider-down, and resign myself to my destiny. I comprehend at last; all is lost for me. I see the Boulevards and the Champs-Elysées no more. 'Adieu, Belle France!' I share the fate of the prisoners of the Moskowa, the destiny ingrate of the Olds of the Old. No means now to mistake one's self: I am in route for the Siberja. Unhappy that I am! If at least I could have come in pantaloons!"

Even those that have traveled them under more auspicious circumstances than the luckless De la Jobardière have borne witness to the terrible condition of the Russian roads between late autumn and early winter. Bolt and bump, and thump and crash, swinging to this side, and swaying to that; with one wheel churning the liquid mud in a rut as deep as to the felloe, and the other apparently revolving in the empty air like the windward paddle-wheel of a sea-going steam-packet in the trough of a rolling wave. Then a pitch and toss, fairly up and down, stem and stern, as if over a chopping sea, but petrified. Endless were the miseries endured by the victim inside the closed carriage, on cushions of which the hardness did not fail to make itself felt even through such folds of the eider-down as could be spared from the protection of the lower limbs from the pen-knife like currents of air which came through the door-chinks. How the feldjager kept his hard perch outside was a marvel to the man in his custody.

"They must have strapped him with a leather, or corded him to the bench for sure, that detestable Cossack," thought De la Jobardière when he could spare a thought from his own deplorable condition. How long this voyage lasted he was never able to calculate. He lost all account of days in his excitement of agony and of despair. The same chinks which let in the aerial currents did indeed tell something of diurnal revolutions; for at one time they could be seen to admit some light-giving rays, at another time only felt, thanks to those keen draughts which they had admitted. There were no stoppages, except such momentary

delays, fabulous in the shortness of their duration, as were necessary for the busy fingers of experienced post-boys to harness the horses, which were always to be heard neighing and snorting in readiness as they dashed up to the relays.

There was a sort of little trap or window, unglazed however, in the front panel of the carriage, through which the red and hirsute paw put in a ration of brown biscuit together with a little flask of vodka, and a mug of water now and then.

"Un affreux brûle gueule que ce vodka, Messieurs, one terrible burning throat worse as the 'wiski' of the old Ireland, eh? Sometimes of night too, for it make a black of wolf, 'un noir de loup,' as we say in France, he just open, half open, the carriage-door, this Cossack, and put in one bowl of 'stchi' with a spoon. Do you know what that is, one 'stchi?' A soup to cabbage, but with such seasoning! A ragout of barbarous, I tell you to make a scullion cry! Well, I so hungry, I eat it, I devour it, I lick the spoon. Imagine you, I, De la Jobardière, who was at other times redactor, editor, what you say? of the 'Journal of Gormands' of Paris!"

On, and on, and on, through the darkness, mitigated or unmitigated by the kindly admissions of the chinks — on and on, till all reckoning of his time was utterly confused.

But all things have an end on earth here; and at last the carriage came to a dead stand-still, with its half-dead passenger inside.

It was at least as raw and as cold, as foggy and as disagreeable a night as that of the departure from St. Petersburg, when, for the first time, the carriage-door was opened wide. Right and left stood a tall figure, indistinct, in gray capote, with flat muffin-cap to crown it; but the reflected lights ran up the barrel of a burnished musket. In the open door-way of a house, whence a red glow as of a cheerful fire came streaming out, stood another martial figure, in cocked hat, with feathers, and a green uniform with aiguillettes of an aide-de-camp. He raised his hand to the cocked hat in question after the military fashion of salute.

"Deign to descend, Monsieur."

"I am then at Tobolsk?"

"Of none, Monsieur, to the contrary."

"Where then? at Irkutsk?"

"Still less, Monsieur; pray give yourself the trouble to descend."

"I am hardly in that costume," objected De la Jobardière, "for that brutal of a feldjager —"

"Obeyed, I have no doubt, his orders to the letter: pray, Monsieur, descend," insisted the plumed aide-de-camp, with imperturbable gravity.

"This, then, is at last Siberia?"

"Siberia, Monsieur! by no manner of means."

"But where on earth then have I the misfortune to find myself — excuse me — the honor to make your distinguished acquaintance?"

"I have the distinguished honor," said the staff-officer, unwilling to be outdone in politeness by the Frenchman, "to receive Monsieur at the grand guard of the head-quarters of His Imperial Majesty's army in Turkey, within the enceinte of the citadel of Silistria."

"Peste!" exclaimed De la Jobardière, "I begin to comprehend."

"Possibly," quoth the aide-de-camp.

"May I once more trouble Monsieur to descend?"

This last word was in a tone which admitted of no trifling.

With a mournful consciousness of the ludicrous appearance he presented that almost overpowered the weariness, the anxiety, the indignation which possessed him, De la Jobardière stepped out of his flying prison-van, and followed the aide-de-camp into the guard-room. There, by a solid deal table, stood the feldjager, whose snub-nose and scrubby red moustache were henceforth impressed indelibly upon his captive's memory. An officer, whose bearing and appearance would, without the stars and medals upon his breast, have given to the most careless observer indication of high military command, was reading a dispatch, apparently just handed to him by that functionary, the envelope of which he had thrown carelessly upon the table.

"A son Exc."

Le Maréchal Diebt" — was all that, in his confusion, De la Jobardière was able to spell out.

"Monsieur De la Jobardière I presume!" said this officer with a glance of inquiry, but of perfect gravity.

"The same, Monsieur le Maréchal," faltered the owner of the appellation.

"What officer has the grand rounds

to-night?" he next inquired, turning towards a group of officers in the back-ground.

"Major Razumoffski, of the Orenburg artillery brigade," answered one of their number, with the accustomed salute.

"Is he mounted?"

"And at the door, General."

"Let one of his orderlies dismount, and let Monsieur De la Jobardière have his horse."

"But consider a little, *Maréchal*, this costume—or, I may say, this want of it——"

"Is, no doubt, a regrettable circumstance, sir; but orders, sir, superior orders, excuse me; the grand rounds should be starting—you will be good enough to mount, and to accompany the Major."

There was no help for it; that stolid feldjager was holding the dismounted trooper's nag at the door with unmoved countenance. Upon the less impassible trooper's own Tartar physiognomy, however, was something like a grin. A frown from the feldjager suppressed it, as poor De la Jobardière scrambled into the saddle, and endeavored to make the best arrangement of the blanket as possible, to keep the damp night-air from his bare shins. The quilt he clutched convulsively round him with his right hand, while the left tugged at the bridle of his rough and peppery little *Baschkir* steed. It has a very wide enceinte, that fortress of *Silistria*; and the Major likewise visited several out-lying pickets. He rode at a sharp pace from post to post, and the roads, streets, and lanes were execrable.

"Equitation is not my forte, you know, my good friends; and a Tartar trooper's saddle, that is something—oh! to be felt if to be known. It was one long agony, 'that nocturnal ride.' I thought it, at little thing near as long as that desolating journey of jolts to *Silistria*. Day was beginning to point, as we drew up once more to the guard-room door."

The Frenchman shuddered on perceiving that the carriage with nine horses, harnessed three abreast, stood ready there as they rode up.

"The Marshal," said the polite aide-de-camp, his first acquaintance, "bids me to express to Monsieur that he is desolated not to have the opportunity of offering to Monsieur such poor hospitality as the headquarters of a captured fortress can

afford. But Monsieur will understand the importance of taking 'to the foot of the letter,' as his countrymen express it, instructions—superior instructions, he will comprehend. The military code upon such a point is absolute. And I have the honor," with a significant gesture towards the gaping carriage-door, "to wish Monsieur a 'bon voyage.'"

Bang! went that odious door again; again was the weight of the clambering feldjager felt to disturb the equilibrium of the carriage for a moment; again did the hoarse voice shout, "*houpp la*;" again did the three whip-cracks emulate the sharp report of pistol-shots; again a bound, again a plunge; again the carriage darted onwards; and again might be heard through slush and mud the splashing gallop of the mounted trooper right and left.

Why let the tale of De la Jobardière's misery be twice told? All, all was the same as before. The bumps, the thumps, the bolts, the crashes, the pitching and tossing, the swaying to and fro, the currents of air, the darkness and the struggling rays of light, the bits of brown biscuit, the sips of vodka, the occasional bowls of *stchi*—all were repeated—all, as before, jumbled and confused together in sad and inextricable reminiscence.

But when the carriage stopped again for good, and when its door was once more opened wide, the portico was loftier and the staircase of wider sweep, than at La Jobardière's own hotel-door on the *Morskaia*. It was night again, and it was again damp, and cold, and foggy; but a clear illumination rendered unnecessary the lantern of the feldjager or the glimmer of the carriage-lamps. Within the doorway on either side stood in full-dress uniform two non-commissioned officers of the famous *Preobajenski Grenadiers*.

A gentleman in a full-dress cut-away, with black satin tights and silk stockings to correspond, with broad silver buckles in his shoes, a chain of wide silver links round his neck, a silver key on his left coat-tail, and a straight steel-handled sword by his side, bowed courteously to De la Jobardière, and begged him follow him up-stairs.

Treading noiselessly upon velvet-pile carpets, he led the way through a spacious ante-room into an apartment where all the light was furnished by a lamp with a ground-glass shade, which stood upon a

bureau strewn with books and papers, at which a stately figure in undress uniform was writing busily. Although its back was turned, the breadth of loin and shoulder, the length and upright carriage of the back, the powerful but graceful setting upon the neck of the well-formed head, all revealed at once and beyond a doubt to the astonished Frenchman in what presence he stood: "C' était de plus fort en plus fort, voyez vous messieurs. A peine si j' en pouvais plus."

The usher advanced, bowed, spoke a word at the stately figure's ear, bowed again, drew back, and left the room.

The Czar wheeled round his chair, half rose, and made a dignified half-bow. Poor De la Jobardiére folded his eider-down around him, and made a profound obeisance.

"Monsieur De la Jobardiére," said that august personage, with just the least suspicion of a smile curling the corners of his imperial lip, "I am informed that you have recently visited Silistria?"

An obeisance deeper and more dejected.

"Had you there, may I inquire, an opportunity of visiting the citadel and of inspecting the military posts?"

A third obeisance, in the deep a lower depth.

"And you found them in full occupation by our imperial troops? May I request an answer expressed explicitly?"

"I found them so, your Majesty."

"Ah! that is well. Not but what I myself have had full confidence in Die-

bitsch; but people will be so skeptical at times. Would you believe it, there are rumors current that even now in certain *salons* of St. Petersburg, the taking of Silistria is doubted in the teeth of the dispatches?"

What could the hapless Frenchman do but bow down once again.

"However, I am glad to have unofficial and independent testimony from an actual eye-witness. You are certain the Marshal is in undisputed military possession?"

"I am certain of it, your Majesty."

"Thank you, Monsieur De la Jobardiére, I will not detain you longer; I wish you a good evening." And turning round to his desk again, his august interlocutor touched a little bell. The usher appeared again, and with the same courteous solemnity of demeanor, showed Monsieur De la Jobardiére down-stairs.

An aide-de-camp came tripping down just as the Frenchman's foot was on the carriage-step.

"Monsieur De la Jobardiére," he said, "you are an old enough resident in St. Petersburg to know that there are occasions on which it is wise to be discreet about state affairs. But I have it in command from his Imperial Majesty to inform you that as you have so recently yourself had occasion to visit Silistria there can be no possible objection to your stating in general society that you found the citadel, the fortress, and the city garrisoned by his Imperial Majesty's troops."

PETER THE GREAT.

IN addition to the leading portrait of the Emperor Alexander, as an embellishment to our present number, we have added a historic print of Peter the Great, illustrating a scene and marked event in his early life, in which he narrowly escaped assassination. Our readers will naturally expect an explanation of the print thus placed before them. We have only room for a brief outline sketch.

Peter was born at Moscow, on the eleventh of June, 1617. His father, Alexis Michaelowitz, was twice married.

By his first wife he had two sons and four daughters. By his second wife a son, Peter, and a daughter, Natalia. Alexis died in 1677, and was succeeded by his eldest son Theodore, a youth of delicate constitution, who died in 1682 without issue. As Ivan, his next brother, was of weak intellect and in poor health, Theodore named Peter, his half-brother, as his successor. The Princess Sophia, an ambitious woman, who had intended to reign herself, through the medium of her incompetent brother, being enraged at this ap-

pointment, engaged the Strelitz, or Imperial Guards, on her side by means of flattery of the officers and misrepresentation, and fomented an insurrection. The commander-in-chief of the Guards was an officer named Couvansky. He readily acceded to her proposals, and, in conjunction with him, she planned and organized a revolution.

In order to exasperate the people and the Guards, and excite them to the proper pitch of violence, Sophia and Couvansky spread a report that the late emperor had not died a natural death, but had been poisoned. This murder had been committed, they said, by a party who hoped, by setting Theodore and his brother John aside, to get the power into their hands in the name of Peter, whom they intended to make emperor, in violation of the rights of John, Theodore's true heir. There was a plan also formed, they said, to poison all the principal officers of the Guards, who, the conspirators knew, would oppose their wicked proceedings, and perhaps prevent the fulfillment of them if they were not put out of the way. The poison by which Theodore had been put to death was administered, they said, by two physicians who attended upon him in his sickness, and who had been bribed to give him poison with his medicine. The Guards were to have been destroyed by means of poison, which was to have been mixed with the brandy and the beer that was distributed to them on the occasion of the funeral.

These stories produced a great excitement among the Guards, and also among a considerable portion of the people of Moscow. The Guards came out into the streets and around the palaces in great force. They first seized the two physicians who were accused of having poisoned the Emperor, and killed them on the spot. Then they took a number of nobles of high rank, and officers of state, who were supposed to be the leaders of the party in favor of Peter, and the instigators of the murder of Theodore, and, dragging them out into the public squares, slew them

without mercy. Some they cut to pieces. Others they threw down from the wall of the imperial palace upon the soldiers' pikes below, which the men held up for the purpose of receiving them.

Peter was at this time with his mother in the palace. Natalia was exceedingly alarmed, not for herself, but for her son. As soon as the revolution broke out she made her escape from the palace, and set out, with Peter in her arms, to fly to a celebrated family retreat of the Emperor's, called the Monastery of the Trinity. This monastery was a sort of country palace of the Czar's, which, besides being a pleasant rural retreat, was also, from its religious character, a sanctuary where fugitives seeking refuge in it might, under all ordinary circumstances, feel themselves beyond the reach of violence and of every species of hostile molestation.

Natalia fled with Peter and a few attendants to this refuge, hotly pursued, however, all the way by a body of the Guards. If the fugitives had been overtaken on the way, both mother and son would doubtless have been cut to pieces without mercy. As it was, they very narrowly escaped, for when Natalia arrived at the convent the soldiers were close upon her. Two of them followed her in before the doors could be closed. Natalia rushed into the church, which formed the center of the convent inclosure, and took refuge with her child at the foot of the altar. The soldiers pursued her there, brandishing their swords, and were apparently on the point of striking the fatal blow; but the sacredness of the place seemed to arrest them at the last moment, and, after pausing an instant with their uplifted swords in their hands, and uttering imprecations against their victims for having thus escaped them, they sullenly retired.

At this point in the struggle, the print illustrates the position of the parties before the altar in the convent, which will give the reader a graphic picture of the personages alluded to.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

THIS illustrious personage acted a conspicuous part in the great historic scenes and events of the first quarter of the present century. As such, we trust an accurate portrait of his face and form will prove a pleasing embellishment to the present number of the *ECLECTIC*. We were the more desirous of placing this portrait before our readers, because the portraits of his successors, the Emperors Nicholas and Alexander II., have already adorned our Journal. These portraits are scarce. The one from which this has been engraved, was taken from life at St. Petersburg, and is believed to be accurate. In connection with the portrait, we place before our readers the following sketch :

The Emperor ALEXANDER was born December twenty-third, 1777. He was the son of the Emperor Paul and of Maria, daughter of Prince Eugene of Würtemberg. From his infancy he was distinguished for a gentle and affectionate disposition, and a superior capacity. His education was directed not by his parents, but by his grandmother, the reigning Empress, Catharine II., who lived until he had attained his nineteenth year. Under her superintendence he was carefully instructed by La Harpe and other able tutors in the different branches of a liberal education, and in the accomplishments of a gentleman.

Catharine was succeeded, in 1796, by her son Paul, whose mad reign was put an end to by his assassination on the twenty-fourth of March, 1801. No doubt can be entertained that Alexander, as well as his younger brother Constantine, was privy to the preparations which were made for the dethronement of his father, which had indeed become almost a measure of necessity; but all the facts tend to make it highly improbable that he contemplated the fatal issue of the attempt. The immediate sequel of this tragedy was a slight domestic dispute, occasioned by a claim being advanced by the widow of the murdered Emperor to the vacant throne, who had not been admitted into the conspiracy. After a short altercation

she was prevailed upon to relinquish her pretensions; and the Grand Duke Alexander was forthwith proclaimed Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias. This collision does not seem to have left any unpleasant traces on the mind either of Alexander or his mother, to whom during his life he always continued to show respect and attachment. The Empress Maria survived her son about three years.

The history of the reign of Alexander is the history of Europe for the first quarter of the present century. When Alexander came to the throne he found himself engaged in a war with England, which had broken out in the course of the preceding year. He immediately indicated the pacific character of his policy by taking steps to bring about a termination of this state of things, which was already seriously distressing the commerce of Russia; and a convention was accordingly concluded between the two powers, and signed at St. Petersburg on the seventeenth of June, 1801. The general peace followed on the first of October, and lasted till the declaration of war by England against France on the eighteenth of May, 1803.

Alexander did not immediately join England in the war against France; but even in the early part of 1804 symptoms began to appear of an approaching breach between Russia and the latter country. On the eleventh of April, 1805, a treaty of alliance with England was concluded at St. Petersburg, to which Austria became a party on the ninth of August, and Sweden on the third of October following. This league, commonly called the third coalition, speedily led to actual hostilities. The campaign was eminently disastrous to the allied powers. A succession of battles, fought between the sixth and the eighteenth of October, almost annihilated the Austrian army before any of the Russian troops arrived. Alexander made his appearance at Berlin on the twenty-fifth, and there, in a few days after, concluded a secret convention with the King of Prussia, by which that prince,

who had hitherto professed neutrality, bound himself to join the coalition. Before leaving the Prussian capital, Alexander, in company with the King and Queen, visited at midnight the tomb* of the Great Frederick, and, after having kissed the coffin, is said to have solemnly joined hands with his brother sovereign, and pledged himself that nothing should ever break their friendship. He then hastened by way of Leipzig and Weimar to Dresden, from whence he proceeded to Olmutz, and there, on the eighteenth of November, joined the Emperor of Austria. On the second of the following month, the Austrian and Russian troops, commanded by the two Emperors in person, were beaten in the memorable and decisive battle of Austerlitz. The immediate consequences of this great defeat were the conclusion of a convention between France and Austria, and Alexander's departure to Russia with the remains of his army.

Although Alexander did not accede either to the convention between France and Austria, or to the treaty of Presburg, by which it was followed, he thought proper, after a short time, to profess a disposition to make peace with France, and negotiations were commenced at Paris for that object. But after a treaty had been signed on the twentieth of July, 1806, he refused to ratify it, on the pretense that his minister had departed from his instructions. The true motive of his refusal no doubt was, that by this time arrangements were completed with Prussia and England for a fourth coalition; and it is even far from improbable that the negotiations which led to the signature of the treaty had from the first no other object beyond gaining time for preparations. On the eighth of February hostilities recommenced, and the victory of Jena, gained by Bonaparte a few days after, laid the Prussian monarchy at his feet. When this great battle was fought, Alexander and his Russians had scarcely reached the frontiers of Germany; on receiving the news they immediately retreated across the Vistula. Hither they were pursued by Bonaparte, and having been joined by the remnant of the Prussian army, were beaten on the eighth of

February, 1807, in the destructive battle of Eylau. Finally, on the fourteenth of June, the united armies were again defeated in the great battle of Friedland, and compelled to retreat behind the Niemen. This crowning disaster terminated the campaign. An armistice was arranged on the twenty-first; and five days after, Alexander and Napoleon met in a tent erected on a raft in the middle of the Niemen; and at that interview not only arranged their differences, but, if we may trust the subsequent professions of both, were converted from enemies into warmly-attached friends. A treaty of peace was signed between the two at Tilsit on the seventh of July, by a secret article of which Alexander engaged to join France against England. He accordingly declared war against his late ally on the twenty-sixth of October following. The treaty of Tilsit indeed converted the Russian Emperor into the enemy of almost all his former friends, and the friend of all his former enemies. Turkey, though supported by France, had for some time been hard pressed by the united military and naval operations of England and Russia; but upon Alexander's coalition with the French Emperor, a truce was concluded between Turkey and Russia at Slobosia, August twenty-fourth, and the Turkish empire was saved from the ruin which threatened it. The meeting of the Emperors of France and Russia at Tilsit is an important event not only in the life of Alexander, but in the history of Europe. It produced a total change in the policy of Russia, as well as in the personal sentiments of the two Emperors, who from deadly enemies became to all appearance cordial friends. At their first interview, on the twenty-fifth of June, 1807, each left the banks of the Niemen in a boat attended by his suite. The boat of Napoleon cleared the distance first; and Napoleon, stepping on the raft, appointed for the conference, passed over, and receiving Alexander on the opposite side, embraced him in the sight of both armies. The first words of Alexander were directed to flatter the ruling passion of Napoleon. "I hate the English," he exclaimed, "as much as you do: whatever you take in hand against them, I will be your second." "In that case," replied Napoleon, "every thing can be easily settled, and peace is already made." In the first conference they remained together two

* The tomb or mausoleum is in the old church at Potsdam, twenty-one miles from Berlin.—*ED. OF ECLECTIC.*

hours; the next day they met again, and Alexander presented to Napoleon the King of Prussia, who was soon after joined by his Queen. During the remainder of the conferences, which lasted twenty days, the two Emperors were daily in the habit of meeting and conversing on term of intimacy; while the King of Prussia was treated by Napoleon with haughtiness, and the Queen with rudeness, and Alexander appeared almost ashamed to make any exertion in their favor with his new friend. He even concluded a separate treaty with Napoleon to the bitter mortification of Frederick William, the treaty made with whom soon after was of a very different character from that between the two Emperors.

On the twenty-fourth of February, 1808, Alexander, in obedience to the plan arranged with Napoleon, declared war against Sweden; and followed up this declaration by dispatching an army to Swedish Finland, which, after a great deal of fighting, succeeded in obtaining complete possession of that country. On the twenty-seventh of September the Russian and French Emperors met again at Erfurt. Many of the German princes, with representatives of the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria, also attended the Congress, which continued to sit till the fifteenth of October. On this occasion a proposal for peace was made to England in the united names of Napoleon and Alexander, but the negotiations were broken off after a few weeks.

The friendly relations of Alexander with France continued for nearly five years; but, notwithstanding fair appearances, various causes were in the mean while at work which could not fail at last to bring about a rupture. In the mean while, however, the treaty of Vienna, signed on the fourteenth of October, 1809, which, following the battles of Esling and Wagram, dissolved the fifth coalition against France, increased the Russian dominion by the annexation of Eastern Galicia, ceded by Austria. The war with Turkey also, which had been recommenced, continued to be prosecuted with success. But by the end of the year 1811 the disputes with the courts of Paris, which ostensibly arose out of the seizure by Bonaparte of the dominions of the Duke of Oldenburg, had assumed such a height as left it no longer doubtful that

war would follow. A treaty of alliance having been previously signed with Sweden, on the nineteenth of March, 1812, Alexander declared war against France; and on the twenty-fourth of April he left St. Petersburg to join his army on the western frontier of Lithuania. On the twenty-eighth of May peace was concluded at Bucharest on advantageous terms with Turkey, which relinquished every thing to the left of the Pruth. The immense army of France, led by Napoleon, entered the Russian territory on the twenty-fifth of June. As they advanced the inhabitants fled as one man, and left the invaders to march through a silent desert. In this manner the French reached Wilna. On the fourteenth of July Alexander had repaired to Moscow, whence he proceeded to Finland, where he had an interview with Bernadotte, then crown-prince of Sweden. Here he learned the entry of the French into Smolensk. He immediately declared that he never would sign a treaty of peace with Napoleon while he was on Russian ground. "Should St. Petersburg be taken," he added, "I will retire into Siberia. I will then resume our ancient customs, and, like our long-bearded ancestors, will return anew to conquer the empire." "This resolution," exclaimed Bernadotte, "will liberate Europe."

On the seventh of September took place the first serious encounter between the two armies, the battle of Borodino, in which twenty-five thousand men perished on each side. On the fourteenth the French entered Moscow. In a few hours the city was a smoking ruin. Napoleon's homeward march then commenced, and terminated in the destruction of his magnificent army. Not fewer than three hundred thousand Frenchmen perished in this campaign. The remnant, which was above one hundred and fifty thousand, re-passed the Niemen on the sixteenth of December.

In the early part of the following year Prussia and Austria successively became parties to the alliance against France. Alexander, who had joined his army while in pursuit of Bonaparte at Wilna, continued to accompany the allied troops throughout the campaign of this summer. On the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh of August he was present at the battle of Dresden, and on the eighteenth of October at the still more sanguinary conflict

of Leipzig. On the twenty-fourth of February, 1814, he met the King of Prussia at Chaumont, where the two sovereigns signed a treaty binding themselves to prosecute the war against France to a successful conclusion, even at the cost of all the resources of their dominions. On the thirtieth of March one hundred and fifty thousand of the troops of the allies were before the walls of Paris, and on the following day at noon Alexander and William Frederick entered the capital.

Alexander, owing in a great measure to his engaging affability, as well as to the liberal sentiments which he made a practice of professing, was a great favorite with the Parisians. The conquerors having determined upon the deposition of Bonaparte, and the restoration of the Bourbons, Alexander spent the remainder of the time he staid in inspecting the different objects of interest in the city and its vicinity, as if he had visited it in the course of a tour. He left the French capital about the first of June, and proceeding to Bologne, was there, along with the King of Prussia, taken on board an English ship-of-war, commanded by the Duke of Clarence, and conveyed to Calais, from which port the royal yachts brought over the two sovereigns. They landed at Dover on the evening of the seventh, and next day came to London. They remained in this country for about three weeks, during which time they visited Oxford and Portsmouth, and wherever they went, as well as in the metropolis, were received with honors and festivities of unexampled magnificence, amidst the tumultuous rejoicings of the people. From England Alexander proceeded to Holland, and thence, after a short stay, to Carlsruhe, where he was joined by the Empress. On the twenty-fifth of July he arrived at his own capital St. Petersburg, where his appearance was greeted by illuminations and other testimonies of popular joy.

The Congress of European sovereigns at Vienna opened on the third of November, 1814. In the political arrangements made by this assembly Alexander obtained at least his fair share of advantages, having been recognized as King of Poland, which country was at the same time annexed to the Russian empire. Before the members of the Congress separated, however, news arrived of Bonaparte's

escape from Elba. They remained together till after the battle of Waterloo; when Alexander, with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, proceeded to Paris, where they arrived in the beginning of July, 1815. On the twenty-sixth of the following September, the three sovereigns signed an agreement, professedly for the preservation of universal peace on the principles of Christianity, to which, with some presumption, if not impiety, they gave the name of the Holy Alliance. On leaving Paris, Alexander proceeded to Brussels, to arrange the marriage of his sister, the Grand Duchess Anne, with the Prince of Orange; and thence, by the way of Dijon and Zurich, to Berlin, where he concluded another family alliance, by the marriage of his brother Nicholas, afterwards emperor, with the Princess Charlotte, daughter of the King of Prussia. On the twelfth of November he arrived at Warsaw, and after publishing the heads of a constitution for Poland, he left this city on the third of December, and on the thirteenth reached St. Petersburg.

No great events mark the next years of the reign of Alexander. On the twenty-seventh of March, 1818, he opened in person the first Polish diet at Warsaw, on the close of which he set out on a journey through the southern provinces of his empire, visiting Odessa, the Crimea, and Moscow. The congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, at which he was present with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, met in September, and on the fifteenth of the following month, promulgated a declaration, threatening, in reference to the then state of Spain, the suppression of all insurrectionary movements wherever they might take place. The congresses held in 1820 and 1821 at Troppau and Laybach, on the affairs of Naples and Piedmont, and that of Verona in 1822, were also mainly directed by the Russian autocrat.

In the beginning of the winter of 1825 Alexander left St. Petersburg, on a journey to the southern provinces, and on the twenty-fifth of September arrived at Taganrog on the Sea of Azof. From this town he some time after set out on a tour to the Crimea, and returned to Taganrog about the middle of November. Up to nearly the close of this latter excursion, he had enjoyed the highest health and spirits. But he was then suddenly at-

tacked by the common intermittent fever of the country, and when he arrived at Taganrog he was very ill. Trusting, however, to the strength of his constitution, he long refused to submit to the remedies which his physicians prescribed. When he at length consented to allow leeches to be applied, it was too late. During the last few days that he continued to breathe, he was insensible; and on the morning of the first of December he expired.

It was for some time rumored in foreign countries that Alexander had been carried off by poison; but it is now well ascertained that there is no ground whatever for this suspicion. It appears, however, that his last days were embittered by the information of an extensive conspiracy of many of the nobility and officers of the army to subvert the government, and even to take away his life; and it is not improbable that this news, which is said to have been brought to him by a courier during the middle of the night of the eighth, which he spent at Alupka, may have contributed to hasten the fever by which he was two or three days after attacked.

The death of Alexander took place exactly a century after that of Peter the Great, under whom the civilization of Russia may be said to have commenced. The state of the empire did not change so completely during Alexander's reign as it did during that of Peter; but still the advancement of almost every branch of the national prosperity, in the course of the quarter of a century during which Alexander filled the throne, was probably,

with that one exception, greater than had ever been exhibited in any other country. He founded or reorganized seven universities, and established two hundred and four gymnasia, and above two thousand schools of an inferior order. The literature of Russia was also greatly indebted to his liberal encouragement, although he continued the censorship of the press in a modified form. He greatly promoted among his subjects a knowledge of and taste for science and the fine arts by his munificent purchases of paintings, and anatomical and other collections. The agriculture, the manufactures, and the commerce of Russia were all immensely extended during his reign. Finally, to Alexander the people of Russia were indebted for many political reforms of great value. Under Alexander also both the extent and the population of the Russian dominions were greatly augmented; the military strength of the nation was developed and organized; and the country, from holding but a subordinate rank, took its place as one of the leading powers of Europe.

Alexander was married on the ninth of October, 1793, to the Princess Louisa Maria Augusta of Baden, who, on becoming a member of the Imperial family, assumed the name of Elizabeth Alexiowna. By her, however, he had no issue. On his death, his next brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, was proclaimed King at Warsaw; but he immediately surrendered the throne to his younger brother, the late Emperor Nicolas, according to an agreement made with Alexander during his lifetime.

From Chambers's Journal.

TRADE IN DIAMONDS.

KNOWN from very early times, the diamond has always retained for itself the principal place among jewels. Still in the east, a superstitious feeling attaches itself to this stone, about which innumerable fables have, in various ages, been current. The orientals believe that certain diamonds shine in the dark, so as to be used by solitary students for lamps; and at Bagdad, they say, in the reign of Haroun al Raschid, a youth was discovered in an oratory reading the Koran by the light of a diamond as large as a hen's egg. With respect to size, the exaggeration is not very great, since the stone found at Kooloor fell little short, before it was cut and polished, of the dimensions attributed to the Bagdad stone by the imagination of the Arabs.

The trade in diamonds, though often highly lucrative, did not form a separate branch of commerce till a comparatively recent date, and even now is seldom entirely detached from the traffic in other gems; yet it demands so much skill, acuteness, and experience, that those only achieve great success who devote themselves exclusively to this department of trade. Its profitableness, however, depends much on fashion, on accidental variations in public taste, and on fluctuations in the supply, regulated by no law, and therefore not to be foreseen or guarded against. Where these glittering vanities will turn up, science is unable to determine. They are found in mountains and on plains, in plowed fields and in marshes, in India, in Siberia, in Borneo, and in Brazil. Sometimes there is a scarcity of them, at other times a glut; but whether scarce or plentiful, there has never since their discovery been a period during which they have not constituted a favorite article of regal and imperial magnificence, and been thought to lend additional splendor to beauty itself.

Throughout the east, queens and princesses never consider themselves properly appareled unless they have a blaze of diamonds about their waists, ornaments of the same gems flashing between the tresses of their raven hair, and descend

ing in festoons upon their bosoms. Sultans and chiefs also aim at producing effect upon their subjects by decorating their persons after the same fashion, and studding the hilts and scabbards of their poniards and sabers with jewels. Here, in Europe, the same taste, a little modified, prevails. Men do not consider it effeminate or ridiculous to wear diamond-rings, while women are often vainer of these brilliants than of their own personal charms. The wife of an English ambassador appeared, not very long ago, at the French court with a million's worth of jewels on her dress, so that, as she moved beneath the vast chandeliers of the Tuileries, she looked like a personification of the mines of Golconda. Most persons will remember what marvels have been wrought by diamond-necklaces, and how the fate of thrones and the destinies of whole nations have been influenced by one woman's passion for these adornments. Once at Calcutta, a curious substitute for diamonds was used by a lady at the governor-general's ball. She caught a number of fire-flies, and stitched them to her dress in diminutive bags of gauze. The effect was striking beyond conception. As she moved, the flies shot forth their light, so that the side of her dress which was turned from the chandelier seemed to be spotted with fire.

With the changing phases of civilization, all kinds of jewels rise or fall in public esteem. The diamond seems to have exerted its greatest influence during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, when the belief in its mysterious properties was still rife throughout Christendom. Merchants then traveled over the whole east, exposing themselves to every kind of peril, and enduring hunger, thirst, and extreme fatigue to collect these glittering spoils of the earth, by dealing in which they amassed princely fortunes, purchased immense estates, and founded powerful families. Accident occasionally came to the aid of their skill and intrepidity. Amid the ruins, for example, of Constantinople, a poor boy picked up a diamond which he sold to a janizary for four-

pence; the soldier, in his turn, disposed of it to some one else for a few shillings; and thus the jewel proceeded from hand to hand, until, for a comparatively small sum, it became the property of a merchant, who obtained for it, from Sultan Mourad II., the sum of a hundred thousand crowns. So, again, in India, a poor peasant, turning up the soil with his plow, was struck by the peculiar glitter of a pebble lying among other stones. Stopping his oxen, he picked it up, and though he understood nothing of gems, immediately, with the quickness of an oriental, persuaded himself he had found a prize. Abandoning his plow, therefore, and wrapping up the pebble in a rag, he walked, barefoot, a distance of forty miles, to Golconda, where his good fortune directed him to an honest merchant, who informed him he was in possession of the largest diamond in the world. What sum he obtained for it is not stated; but it was sufficient to enrich both himself and his descendants. The history of this stone, if it could be given in full, would form a volume. Having been purchased by an ambitious chief, eager to barter his ornaments for political power, he presented it to the great descendant of Baber, Aurungzebe. From him it passed down, through various vicissitudes, to the last Sikh ruler of the Punjaub, and became, by victory, the property of the East-India Company. However vast might be its value, they made a present of it to the Queen; and under the name of Kohinoor, or Mountain of Light, it was beheld by millions of the English people, beneath a strong iron grating, at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

When a diamond-merchant traveled eastward from Europe, wherever he made known his destination, princes and grandees were sure to intrust him with fresh orders, particularly in Turkey and Persia. Before he reached India, therefore, his commissions were often so numerous that he had much difficulty, even in the mart of Golconda, to find gems sufficient to supply the demands of his customers. The great traveler, Tavernier, may be looked upon as a fair representative of the diamond-dealers of his age. Being a man of more than ordinary intelligence, who extended the sphere of his observations considerably beyond the limits of commerce, he was often consulted by the most powerful princes, whose understand-

ings, however, were not always commensurate with their riches and authority. Of a conversation which he once had with a shah of Persia, he has left a minute and curious account; but as it did not turn on the diamond-trade, it would be beside our purpose to repeat it. When he made known his intention of visiting the Indian mines, most of those with whom he conversed sought to dissuade him from realizing his design, by representing them as encircled by every kind of danger, malaria of the most deadly kind, forests infested by wild beasts, and tribes of men surpassing the worst of these in ferocity. But the traveler, confiding in his own experience, despises all their warnings. He had invariably found perils vast and threatening at a distance diminish as he approached, especially where he had to deal with men, who might generally be conciliated by fair words and the act of putting confidence in them.

The condition of the Deccan, it must be owned, was far better then than it has been since. At the present day, it would hardly be safe for a merchant with large bags of gold to travel from the coast of Malabar, through the gorges of the Western Ghauts, to Bejapore and Golconda, since he would be nearly certain to encounter predatory bands of Arabs, breaking away, perhaps, from the service of the Nizam, or on the way to offer to His Highness the use of their swords. Thugs, Phansigurs, Dakoits, and other robbers, in spite of the police organized by the English, might likewise have something to say to his treasures and to his throat. But in those days of Mogul supremacy, when the scepter of Delhi was stretched with more or less vigor over all India, the adventurous diamond-merchant landed at Surat, familiar to all readers of the *Arabian Nights*, and made his way without let or hindrance to Golconda. There, under the charge of an apothecary, he left a large portion of his wealth, and with the remainder proceeded to the mines.

Nearly all the old writers describe the scene of their operations in a vague and unsatisfactory manner, which imparts an air of romance to their accounts, but compels us to have recourse to more modern authorities when we would acquire precise information. The diamond-mines of India are chiefly situated between the Kistnah and Pennar rivers, and many of them cluster about both banks of the latter

stream. The gems are found in the alluvial soil, or in rocks of the most recent formation, in lands not greatly elevated above the level of the sea. Not far distant, however, are ranges of hills about a thousand feet in height, in one of which the Pennar rises, and after forcing its way through a gap in the other, flows through a channel alternately soft and rocky, through the district of Nellore. The search for diamonds still goes on as of old; the speculators farm from the government plots of ground, more or less extensive, which they inclose with a low fence, within which they carry on their operations. Large gems are rarely found, but when they do turn up, a third of their value is claimed by the government, which is therefore far more grasping and oppressive than in the seventeenth century, when it was satisfied with a duty of two per cent from the seller and buyer. The enthusiasm which once animated this branch of industry has almost entirely died away. The work is carried on languidly both here and at Sumbhulpore on the Mahanuddy, where sixty thousand men, women, and children were once beheld diffused like swarms of bees over the plain, digging, washing, sorting, or bearing bags of jewels in the matrix to the offices of the overseers. Smaller diamonds are discovered by their sparkle amid the gravel, which shows they are only fragments of larger stones broken by accident, because when entire they are wrapped in a crust, polished and shining indeed like pebbles on the sea-shore, but disclosing no other symptoms of the brilliance within.

Nothing like a philosophical history of precious stones has yet been written. We know nothing of the chemical process by which nature forms them, nothing of the materials of which they are composed, for all that has been discovered by experiment amounts to this, that the diamond may be destroyed by immense heat. Practically, it is observed that it acquires certain peculiarities from the nature of the soil in which it is found. When perfect, it exactly resembles so much pure water, congealed by nature's chemistry, and rendered harder than the hardest metal. When its interior is exposed, by polishing, to the light, the rays of the sun descend into its depths, and playing and wandering there, are reflected, refracted, and intermingled, so as to produce an almost supernatural blaze of splendor. From

this unclouded brilliance, the diamond passes through a thousand intermediate changes to absolute black, when it presents the appearance of translucent ebony. Occasionally, when it has been steeped for thousands of years in a morass, it assumes the hues of the beryl or of the topaz, or even of a very pale sapphire. The last is least in esteem among the merchants, who detect its lurking blue by examining it under the thick foliage of a tree. In Europe, lapidaries study the water of the diamond in broad daylight; but the Hindoos, for this purpose, prefer the night. Placing a powerful lamp in a square opening in a wall, they stand before it, and hold up the diamond between the finger and thumb against the stream of light, which enables them to detect the minutest flaw in its interior.

When the trade was at its height, a merchant arriving from foreign countries was waited on by the governor, who explained the rules in conformity with which business was carried on in the place; he then, if the stranger consented, took all the money he had brought with him into his keeping, and bound himself to answer for its safety to the smallest fraction; but both Mohammedan and Hindoo dealers were so addicted to the practice of fraud, that the government found itself under the necessity of keeping the strictest possible watch upon them. A secret war, indeed, was always carried on between the rulers and the merchants—the former seeking to obtain their share of all profits made; the latter, to elude their demands. In Tavernier's case, four inferior officers were granted him, nominally as a guard of honor, but in fact as spies upon his proceedings, for, having never been accustomed to honesty, the worthy governor found himself under the necessity of suspecting and watching every body. But Hindoo craft easily outgeneraled the heavy wits of the Moslems. One day, as the traveler was seated enjoying himself in the midst of his guards, a native merchant approached, dressed in mean attire, and displaying every external token of poverty, but accustomed to the devices of the Hindoos, the European took no notice of this fact, and invited the Banian to sit down beside him. He was, of course, a dealer in precious stones, though apprehensive of the rapacity of the government, or preferring mystery before open dealing, he would not enter upon

business in presence of the Mohammedan guards. He had, however, timed his visit well; the hour of prayer approached, when these disciples of Mohammed would, he conjectured, in spite of all earthly considerations, depart to repeat their orisons in the mosque. As soon as the muezzin's voice was heard from a neighboring minaret summoning the faithful to their devotions, three of the four spies attended to the call; but the fourth, having the fear of the governor before his eyes, remained to observe the dealings of the Frank and the Hindoo. Tavernier, however, was not to be so disappointed; pretending to be without bread, he dispatched the Moslem to the town in search of some, and was thus at liberty to converse on business with the Banian.

The Hindoo, now unrolling his long dark hair, drew forth from among its plaits a diamond of so rare a lustre that the traveler was struck with extraordinary admiration. It weighed nearly fifty carats, and its pure transparency appeared to be without flaw; but the money he had with him fell greatly short of the price of so precious a jewel, though he could not restrain himself from gazing at its beauty. "Do not waste your time," said the Hindoo, "but meet me in the evening outside the city walls; bring a sufficient sum along with you, and the diamond shall be yours." At the time appointed, just as the shades of evening were thickening into night, the merchant, without attendant or witness, repaired to the place of meeting, and the dealer, being true to his word, brought along with him the gem, which Tavernier afterwards sold to a Dutch officer on the Malabar coast for what he called an honest profit, which in all likelihood, was considerable.

The quickness and penetration of the diamond-dealers of Golconda, which invariably excite the astonishment of strangers, may easily be accounted for by the nature of their business education. At the age of six years, the sons of the dealers commence their studies; not in schools or colleges, but on the public mart. The boys are formed into a sort of guild, at the head of which is the senior of the company. They are each furnished with a bag of gold and a pair of scales, and thus equipped, they seat themselves cross-legged in a circle, and await in silence the coming of the sellers. When a person

with any precious stone presents himself, he delivers it to the head of the guild, who, after due deliberation, hands it to the boy next to him in age, and he to the next, until it has made the circuit of the whole body. It is supposed that by some touch of the hand given while passing on the gem, the boys intimate to each other their favorable or unfavorable opinion, for not a word is spoken or a look exchanged, as far as the keenest observer can perceive. The diamond is then weighed, and either bought or rejected. Every day they make up their accounts, and divide the profits equally among them all, save that one quarter per cent is given in addition to the eldest boy. If, however, he should be unlucky enough to make a bad bargain, the entire loss falls upon him. But so great, as a rule, is their skill, that any member of the guild will, in case of pressure take at its full price the purchase of any other without the least examination.

Much the same system is pursued by the older dealers, except that they affect greater mystery. It has been already stated that a percentage of the gains made by the dealers is paid to the government; and as Eastern rulers are often unscrupulous in all transactions with their subjects, the latter have recourse to the most subtle craft in self-defense. This fact will satisfactorily account for the following mystical method of buying and selling. The nature of the article to be transferred and the denomination of the coin being understood, the seller spreads out the end of his waist-shawl, and places his hand beneath it; the buyer immediately introduces his hand likewise, and the pantomime commences. The use of language on these occasions is entirely abjured, so that, on the Exchange of Golconda, millions may pass from man to man in absolute silence. Two or three hundred merchants, perhaps, seated in couples upon the floor, are engaged in making bargains, which, taken altogether, would represent the wealth of whole kingdoms. When the buyer offers a thousand pagodas, he grasps the entire hand of the seller, and for every thousand gives a separate pressure. If he grasps the fingers only, he means five hundred; one finger, one hundred; from the middle joint, fifty; from the lower, ten. There are masonic tokens for smaller

sums, but these seem to have escaped detection. It is obviously practicable for persons who do business after this fashion to estimate their own income-tax in defiance of the government myrmidons, and thus the most opulent of the Hindoos are able to conceal the amount of their riches, and the extent of the transactions they carry on.

Most Asiatics entertain peculiar notions respecting silence, and it was from them, unquestionably, that Pythagoras learned to associate disuse of the tongue with the study of wisdom. At the Borneo diamond-mines there is a superstition connected with this subject, which may be worth mentioning. The persons employed in the washings are enjoined to abstain at least from loud talking, lest they should offend the presiding spirit of the mines, who, in revenge for the disturbance of his repose, might frustrate their search after the riches he dispenses to mortals. Yet all sounds are not displeasing to him: with the voice of a woman's singing his ear is charmed; and, if in addition to a sweet voice, she happen to possess a beautiful countenance, he pours the jewels without stint into her lap.

A complete revolution was brought about in the diamond-trade, in 1844, by the discovery of the mines of Sincura, in Brazil. For ages it had been known that the diamond was produced in that empire, whence the King of Portugal obtained the gem long regarded as the finest in the world. But in the year above mentioned, accident threw open to the enterprise of the Brazilians what may be denominated the great diamond-fields, which have been not unaptly compared to the valley of Sindebad, and the jeweled gardens of Aladdin. All the social phenomena since witnessed at the diggings of California and Australia were then exhibited at Sincura. The sugar-growers deserted their works, the merchants their counting-houses, sailors their vessels, and even effeminate gentlemen their pleasures, and rushed to the diamond-mines, where for a while they picked up jewels by handfuls. This new source of wealth was discovered by a slave, who, having collected gems of immense value, traveled a great distance to dispose of them. The avarice of the authorities being thus excited, the slave was seized and thrown into prison, where means—none of the gentlest, we may be sure—were employed to

compel him to disclose the site of his discovery. But the obstinacy of the African proved more than an equal match for the cruelty of the Brazilians, though not for their cunning. His escape was purposely connived at, but several Indians were put upon his trail, and these following him like blood-hounds night and day, at length beheld him rooting up for diamonds at the foot of the Sincura Mountains.

What became of the black finder is not stated; but no sooner had it been ascertained that the precious stones really existed there in great abundance, than the population of the province multiplied as if by miracle, swelling in a few months from eight thousand to thirty thousand. To the credit of the government, freedom of search was granted to all comers, which at the outset induced the most fearful desperadoes, robbers, and murderers to engage in the operation. No police existed, provisions were scarce and difficult to be procured, and violence and assassination became common incidents. By degrees, however, a regular police was established, and a certain amount of order introduced, after which the business was conducted in something like a civilized fashion.

Three fourths of the early exports from Sincura found their way to England, the remainder was distributed through France and Germany, and employed all the lapidaries in Europe for several years. But however abundant may be the mines, the Brazilian gems are inferior in lustre, as well as in dimensions, to the oriental. Those of Paraguaçu are of a dun color, while such as are found at Lancões are white or pale green, which are most highly valued in commerce. The flooding of the market occasioned by this discovery diminished, as might have been expected, the value of diamonds, which, in a few years sunk twenty-five or thirty per cent. The chemical experiments, moreover, which have lately been made in all parts of Europe, have deprived this gem of its title to be considered adamantine—incapable of being subdued by the force of the elements. Innumerable experiments, however, have now shown that a degree of heat insufficient even to affect the polish of the ruby, will reduce the diamond to white ashes. But, though more indestructible, all rubescent gems are inferior to the diamond in beauty. In this quality it still surpasses every species of jewel,

not even excepting the opal, which sometimes throws forth a wilderness of brilliant colors in the light. It has been found, in the East, that burning in a moderate fire improves the water of the diamond, and changes its hues from dusky green or beryl yellow to transparent white.

In cutting and polishing these stones, very different processes are followed in different countries. In some, a number of small facets are preferred; whilst in others, the lapidaries aim at producing longitudinal flat surfaces, which permit the rays of light to pass undisturbed into the interior of the gem, where they are met by the rays entering through other faces, and create a commingling of brilliance which appears to kindle before the eye. The objection to this latter mode of cutting is, that it greatly diminishes the weight of the stone, though it undoubtedly gains in splendor what it loses in di-

mensions. An anecdote is somewhere related of a Venetian lapidary who, having been employed by a prince to cut and polish a diamond, presented it to him so diminished in size, that he ordered him to be put to death. Calculating upon the possibility of such a result, the Venetian had only cut a model in glass, and carried the real diamond in his pocket. This therefore he produced to calm the prince's rage; but immediately, by reasoning and argument, convinced him that the jewel, if reduced according to his model, would be worth far more than in the rough state. He was therefore commissioned to do, with the owner's consent, what, had he done it previously, would have cost him his life. Many years afterwards, he used to point jocularly to his wife's necklace, saying: "There is what my head was thought to be worth by a king!"

From Titan.

THE IMPERIAL GODDESS WORRY.*

THE great characteristic of modern life is Worry.

If the Pagan religion still prevailed, the new goddess, in whose honor temples would be raised and to whom statues would be erected in all the capitals of the world, would be the goddess Worry. London would be the chief seat and center of her sway. A gorgeous statue, painted and enriched after the manner of the ancients, (for there is no doubt that they adopted this practice, however barbarous it may seem to us,) would be set up to the goddess in the West-end of the town: another at Temple Bar, of less ample dimensions and less elaborate decoration, would receive the devout homage of worshipers who came to attend their lawyers in that quarter of the town: while

a statue, on which the cunning sculptor should have impressed the marks of haste, anxiety, and agitation, would be sharply glanced up at, with as much veneration as they could afford to give to it, by the eager men of business in the city.

The goddess Worry, however, would be no local deity, worshiped merely in some great town, like Diana of the Ephesians; but, in the market-places of small rural communities, her statue, made somewhat like a vane, and shifting with every turn of the wind, would be regarded with stolid awe by anxious votaries belonging to what is called the farming interest. Familiar too and household would be her worship; and in many a snug home, where she might be imagined to have little potency, small and ugly images of her would be found as household gods—the *Lares* and *Penates*—near to the threshold, and ensconced above the glowing hearth.

The poet, always somewhat inclined to fable, speaks of Love as ruling

* *Friends in Council: A Series of Readings and Discourses thereon.* A new series. Vol. I. and II. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

"The court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and heaven above."

But the dominion of Love, as compared with that of Worry, would be found, in the number of subjects, as the Macedonian to the Persian—in extent of territory, as the county of Rutland to the empire of Russia.

Whence comes the power of this great goddess? what are the scourges that she wields? To men of a certain age it is only necessary to mention some dread names which will at once recall to their minds her mighty influence, and make them desirous of propitiating her awful power. Law, repairs, taxation, partnership, executors, trusteeship, bankruptcy, are some of the names, which, if pronounced before the most innocent and even the most cautious of men, will often act like a spell upon them, bringing a slight shudder through their frames and not a slight gloom over their countenances. If they are blessed with progeny, one has only to mention the words education and furtherance of children, to tame them down a little in case their spirits should ever be too bounding.

Perhaps, however, it is in minor matters that the power of Worry is preëminently conspicuous. When we think of voting, testimonial-giving, attendance at public dinners, attendance on committees, management of servants, buying and selling, and, last and greatest, correspondence by letter—a trouble which you mow down each day, and each day see a new crop rising up for the scythe—we can form some slight notion of the power of the great goddess Worry.

What contrivances there are in modern life for losing time and adding to worry! Consider the distances in a great capital that have to be traversed upon the most trivial occasions, the various social annoyances that have to be encountered—visits as tiresome to the person visiting as to the persons visited—the duties and responsibilities of a witness, a juryman, a creditor, a godfather, a trustee.

Then there is the worry of pleasure, which is often accompanied by all the difficulty, the tiresomeness, and the monotony of business, without any attendant credit or inward satisfaction of mind. See what a tyrant is fashion; and how much every one endures in the way of dress in order to disfigure himself as much as the

rest of mankind, and to avoid being hooted by little boys in the streets!

Then consider the worry connected with conjoint action—how, when you are acting with others, you are never certain of being up to time; and how it requires a long and painful experience of the world before you learn to make allowance for the necessary variation in your calculations which results from other men's backwardness, unpunctuality, and even their reasonable hindrances. There is nothing like certainty in any transaction where you have colleagues. This man, just at the point of time when you relied upon him, is ill; that man torn by domestic affliction; a third indifferent to the project which he had hitherto been sanguine about; a fourth won over to the enemy, while you, assured of his adherence, have been working in other directions and neglecting him. The army is to concentrate upon a certain point at a certain time; but this marshal has lost his way, and that one has been beaten on the road; and one is stupid, and another is traitorous and a third is unlucky; and at last you find, that to have insured success, you must yourself have been every where at the same time. These things happen, too, in private life; for the ordinary affairs of man are not very different from war, diplomacy, and government; and the impartial goddess Worry finds time to attend to private and most obscure persons.

Indeed, it is such persons—common-place, unromantic people, who are not likely to cut any figure in history—that are mainly thought of in this essay. Pity is sure to be given, and is justly due, to a Charles the Fifth in his old age, lying sick at Innspruck, the clouds of ill-fortune gathering round him from all quarters, and each post bringing intelligence of Duke Maurice's stealthy and treacherous approach; to the sorry ending of a Columbus, who was to gain so little himself from the discovery of a New World; to the struggles of a Napoleon during his closing campaign, grasping still at great projects which he could not hope to realize, and the stern facts coming daily to him, a master of facts, which contradicted all his hopes; to many a poet like Dante or Camöens, who has to sing what song he may amidst the most sordid and miserable accompaniments of poverty, exile, imprisonment, and debt. But all our pity must not be given to these high-raised ex-

amples of men suffering from the great or small miseries of human life; and the ordinary citizen, even of a well-settled state, who, with narrow means, increasing taxation, approaching age, failing health, and augmenting cares, goes plodding about his daily work thickly bestrewn with trouble and worry, (all the while, perhaps, the thought of a sick child at home being in the background of his mind,) may also, like any hero of renown in the midst of his world-wide and world-attracting fortune, be a beautiful object for our sympathy. The suffering, no doubt, is great of the conquered general, reluctantly hurried by his attendants from the field of battle, who thinks with anguish how differently he would play the game if he had to play it over again. But neither is the suffering light of any one of the peasants whose charred and blackened home the conquerors and the conquered press unheeding over.

To return to the worry incident upon conjoint action. If the matter upon which a man is engaged in conjoint action with others be a great matter, something that may be dignified by the name of "a cause," what an amount of life-long trouble there is to any person sincerely embarking in it! What an immense number of people have to be persuaded, silenced, or tired out, before any thing good can be done! How uncertain it is whether such a subject will surge up at the right time! how the cause becomes incrustated with fools, and bores, and vain men, who hinder its progress far more than the marine creatures that stick to the keels of vessels, hinder theirs: and thus it is that the men, who of all others should, for the highest interests of mankind, be least obstructed by worry of all sorts, are often those who have to endure, and if they would succeed, to bear down the most of it. That delicate German writer, Jean Paul, says somewhere, when magnifying the office of a learned writer, that kings and princes should sit in dutiful humility upon the bench before him; and so, when a notable man comes into the world, resolutely bent on doing some good in it, and giving fair promise of ability to work, the world could scarcely spend its time better than in defending such a man from all the small cares, hindrances, and worries which seem to grow up in greater profusion under his feet than under those of other

men, and often make him a victim instead of a defender.

The especial plague of modern life lies in the perpetual acts of decision which it requires, while at the same time the power of decisiveness is enlightened, encumbered, and often deadened, as the generations of men proceed, by more insight, more forethought, and a constant increase of the sense of nice responsibility. The great Von Humboldt went into the cottages of South-American Indians, and, amongst an unwrinkled people, could with difficulty discern who was the father and who was the son, when he saw the family assembled together. These comfortable Indians took misfortune when it came, without regret, without much looking back, without much looking forward; bearing it with the exemplary patience of a dumb animal. It would, perhaps, be not too much to say, that a man, living in a highly civilized community, makes, at some expense of thought and suffering, (if indeed we can dissociate the two things, for steady thought is a kind of suffering,) four hundred decisions whilst the savage makes one.

No sane man is likely to talk now as Rousseau did, and to magnify beyond measure the blessings of a savage life; but it may be well occasionally to pause in the midst of counting our gains from civilization, and looking at the other side, to see in what directions worry invades and torments us most successfully—also to study how she may best be resisted. This last investigation may be resolved into two branches: the art of abridging needless annoyance, and the art of taking things coolly.

How much might be done, for instance, in studying taxation with reference to the abridgment of needless annoyance, yet how rarely we find that statesmen enter with any heartiness into financial discussions, except with regard to the amounts to be raised! in short, how little they seem to care about the worry endured by the tax-paying subject!

In physical matters, too, such as the building of houses, how much might be done to avoid worry! Fire insurance is a great field for the influence of our goddess, yet by a little skill and resolve we might baffle her completely there.

But perhaps the field where she might be encountered with most chance of suc-

cess would be that of social intercourse amongst men. A late prime minister, who was not in the habit of confiding much, once confessed to a foreign ambassador that social claims weighed heavily upon him as a minister—that is, that the necessity for being ever before the public, which seems to lie upon an English minister, was an afflicting burden to him—as indeed it must be to every man who wishes to do good and lasting work. Now, this demand upon a statesman, and others like to it, show a sad want of consideration on the part of the public. All men of eminence in any department suffer greatly from demands upon their time and attention, which may be very natural on the part of the people making them, but at the same time are very unreasonable and substantially unkind; and a wise man who cared for himself alone, if such a man there be, would almost as soon part with obscurity as with life itself, so deadly a thing in a large and civilized community is the possession, often wildly coveted, of any kind of notoriety.

The late Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, that he answered every letter addressed to him. I have sometimes thought that that very great man did something to diminish his claim to public gratitude if he ever made such a remark. A great many letters are so intrusive in their nature that they deserve to be neglected. If a man, whose time is valuable, does answer readily to every foolish claim upon his attention, the important things which he could do well and where his energy is most needed, run some chance of being put aside. And often the neglect of these important things is less visible than any breach or intermission of mere routine work, such as the answering of common letters. The best kind of work often makes least show.

It were well that some skillful essayist should write a short treatise on the art of taking things coolly. Look at the labor that men give even to their sports, with their game-books, and their skillful apparatus, and their fox-covers, and their preserves. That form of pleasure has altogether entered into the domain of tiresome business. And now to moralize upon ourselves. What an elaborate worry we travelers almost always make of traveling! how resolved we are to see more than can possibly be seen with pro-

fit or comfort! how much too large and comprehensive our plans are! how seldom we let ourselves be carried away by any real present enjoyment! and how we have ever ringing in our ears the names of great cities and remarkable mountains, the limits of our journeys, which we are resolved to compass the sight of, let the trouble or worry be ever so great! Then we are resolved to “do,” as we say, these towns so thoroughly that we scamper about them like wild animals with something attached to their tails; and at the end, we have a jumble in our memory of all the things we have seen, whereas the profit of a journey is to have a clear recollection of what you do recollect at all, so that in troubled moments and in the midst of a busy life, sitting by a sea-coal fire, and glancing into the “long unlovely London Street,” some bright and perfect view of Venice, of Genoa, or of Monte Rosa, comes back to you, and is as full of repose as a day wisely spent in travel. On a journey, so far from being anxious to exhaust every thing at once, and so to mix in your memory the most heterogeneous elements, you should always think that you will come again that way, and take up all the stitches that have fallen through this time. Sincerity and coolness are the two requisites for enjoying a journey—sincerity, to prevent you from worrying yourself by looking at things which you do not really care about, and which you will only have to talk about in future, (why should you care to talk about them?) and coolness, that you may have your wits, and your soul, and your powers of observation at liberty to disport themselves. You have mostly come away from business. Why take up a new trade—the irksome trade of travel?

But the grand source of worry, compared with which perhaps all others are trivial, lies in the complexity of human affairs, especially in such an era of civilization as our own. I was much surprised to find a complaint of this complexity in an author like Göthe, whom I should have expected to find on the other side. He says:

“The natives of old Europe are all badly off. Our affairs are by far too artificial and complicated; our diet and mode of life want nature, and our social intercourse is without love and benevolence. Every one is smooth and polite, but no one is bold enough to be candid and true;

and an honest man, a man of natural learning and sentiments, is in a very awkward position. It makes one wish to be born in the South Sea Islands, as a so-called savage, if it were only to get a pure and unadulterated enjoyment of human life."

Look at the niceties of law, with which all men are presumed to be acquainted, but of which no private person knows any thing, until he finds that he, or his partners, or his predecessors, have committed, or omitted, some trivial thing, which may, however, be fatal to his fortunes. Look at the tenure of land, which is often such as to insure worry even to the most careful person. The largest city in the world is mainly built on lease-hold land—which mode of tenure an eminent person of the present day maintains to be a sufficient cause in itself for the bad building of that city. Thence come all manner of contracts with respect to sub-letting, and with respect to fire-insurance, and all manner of restrictions which hinder usefulness, prevent improvement, and create worry in abundance.

I have not hitherto alluded to the vexation and worry occasioned by the confusion which prevails in law-making, especially in a free country. If those could be consulted on whom the law is to act, many grievances and vexations might be avoided. As it is, a new law, generally completed in a hurry, and being the subject of innumerable compromises, is a thoroughly tentative process, and probably requires amendment before it has begun to work.

If we turn to that great branch of parliamentary law which comes under the head of private bills, we shall find that matters are still worse in this direction. In fact, you have only to mention the words "private bill" to any person who has had experience in such transactions, and even if he be of a very placid nature, the chances are that he will break out into a passion, and narrate to you grievances so intolerable that he imagines he is the only unlucky person who has endured them.

We have already touched upon the miseries and worries of conjoint enterprise. Well indeed might Sixtus the Fifth exclaim, "He that has partners has masters!" and he might have added: "He that has subordinates has torments." Indeed, it requires a very clever man, and

a scrupulous one, to be obedient. All persons who have been in command will tell you of the sufferings they have endured from subordinates thinking for themselves, as they say, and acting for themselves, on occasions when supreme obedience is necessary. Men in command have no time to explain; and this law holds good from great generals down to the masters of one or two servants. The Duke of Wellington issues orders that certain divisions of the Peninsular army are to move in a certain direction, by a road not the shortest, and not apparently the best. Before dawn he is on the road. The troops do not come. The Duke, rightly conjecturing what had happened, gallops off to the other route, and surprises these divisions by his presence at a point where it was impossible to pass, but at which, knowing how likely men are to disobey orders, he expects and fears to find them.

Such being the difficulties of acting with others, whether as equals or subordinates, it might have been expected that none but shrewd and strong men would have the courage to embark in adventures over which they are likely to have so loose and wavering a hold. But, strange to say, the persons, generally speaking, who are most attracted by the apparent benefits to be derived from conjoint enterprises, are the least fitted to embark in such undertakings, requiring, as they do, a bustling tiresomeness, a questioning activity, and considerable knowledge of affairs to begin with. From the absence, however, of these qualities in many of those persons who have embarked in great enterprises, it comes that, borne by steam, we travel over railroad-lines laid, if I may so express it, in the ruin of unnumbered families. We can not wonder that Charles Lamb should speak of the "sweet simplicity of the three per cents; yet it would be ruinous to a nation if every body studied this simplicity in the arrangement of his fortune; and as a large majority of men would almost rather be ruined than be inactive or non-enterprising, all one can do in warning men against the miseries and worries incident to conjoint action, is just to suggest to them whether they are the fit persons to enter upon such undertakings.

Then come the worries, not by any means unnoticed in this age, inflicted by

routine. Now, routine is not to be despised. If you were ever to see a business which demands a considerable amount of routine attempted to be carried on by too little routine, or by none, you would almost be surprised at the magnitude of the evils that arise from this neglect. Yet, if carried beyond bounds, and routine seldom knows where to stop, what a fertile source of worry it becomes!

Worry is so extensive a subject that you might descend upon it from early morn to lingering eve of the longest day of the year, and yet leave many of the fields of its operation unplowed and in fallow. I might have spoken, for instance, of the worry of education—not as regards one's self alone, but as regards the education of those about one, and under one, whose welfare must be attended to. In these days, when little is to go by favor, and much by proficiency, this form of worry is terribly increased. It is sometimes forgotten that each generation has, somehow or other, to teach the next. There may be more skillful elementary works than there used to be, but this gain is more than counter-balanced by the increased quantity of knowledge that is now demanded of every one; and babies do not come into the world a bit wiser or more learned than they used to come.

Again, I might have touched upon the worry connected with charity, which once was a simple matter, or at least seemed to be so, but now is encumbered with all manner of questions relating to political economy, and has to deal with such a complex state of affairs that the most benevolent men are perfectly bewildered, not only as to what to give, but whether to give at all, and how to give.

Finally, I might have commented at length, and with painful details, upon the worry of keeping up appearances, upon the worry of governing servants, upon the worry of governing a household, upon the worry of buying and selling; but I forbear. Enough has been said, or at least suggested, with reference to social, domestic, political, educational, legal, financial, military, and politico-economical worries, to indicate the extent and influence of the great goddess, whose powers I began this essay by enlarging upon, and to show that her empire is larger than the Assyrian, the Median, the Roman, the Gallic, or the Anglian—that, in fact, she not only rules over a territory on which the sun never sets, but even that the dark hours of the night are peopled by her myrmidons, and that men's dreams are by no means freed from her overpowering and oppressive sway.

THE ELEMENTS OF PLEASANTNESS.

PLEASANTNESS is the chief element of agreeable companionship; and this pleasantness is not merely not a function of the intellect, but may have scarcely any thing to do with what is purely intellectual. Now there may be such a thing as good society, when witty and well-mannered people, who do not care much for one another, meet together; but I venture to assert that society does not assume its highest form—is not in fact delightful—unless affection pervades it. When you are with people who, you are conscious, have a regard for you, your powers of pleasing and of being pleased expand almost indefinitely. It is not merely that in such society you feel safe from backbit-

ing, and can leave the room without any apprehension of your character being torn to pieces in your absence. It is not merely that what you then say and do is sure to be well received, and the least possible misconstruction be put upon your sayings and doings. But there is something beyond all this—something beyond the domains of logic—which produces a sunny atmosphere of satisfaction that raises your powers to the highest when you are with good and loving people. Now if this is true of society in general, it is probably true of more restricted companionship; and kindness of disposition must be admitted to be one of the principal elements of pleasantness in a companion. Of course

sympathy insures a certain good companionship. But we have no right to expect to meet with many sympathetic people in the course of our lives. Pleasantness has a much wider, if a lower, sphere. The pleasant man to you is the man you can rely upon; who is tolerant, forbearing, and faithful.

Let us consider the hindrances to pleasantness. Fastidiousness is a great hindrance to the formation of a pleasant character. People who have every other merit are prevented from being pleasant persons by fastidiousness. Again the habit of over-criticism is another hindrance to pleasantness. We are not fond of living always with our judges; and daily life will not bear the unwholesome scrutiny of over-critical persons.

Even refined manners, if they have reference only to the refined person himself, may be a drawback from pleasantness rather than an aid to it. On the other hand, that rudeness which some people mistake for frankness, is never found in a pleasant person.

Flattery, even when there is a dash of truth in it, is hostile to pleasantness, for flattery is full of fear to the person flattered. You feel that the man who flatters you now will, under a change of circumstances, be among the first to condemn you.

A singular hindrance to pleasantness in man or women, and one that requires to be dwelt upon, is the habit of exigence. That last is not a common English word, but I do not see why we should borrow from the French a word which may fairly be adopted into our own language. It is worth while to inquire a little into the causes that make people tiresomely exigent. This habit springs from many sources: from a grasping affectionateness; from a dissatisfied humility; from egotism; from want of imagination, or from a disordered imagination.

Let us take a common instance of its practical working. You are thrown into intimacy with a person by some peculiar train of circumstances; you relish the company of that person; and you two become friends. The circumstances change; and naturally, perhaps inevitably, you do not see so much of one another as you used to do. If he is exigent, he makes this a matter of offense. His dignity is hurt, his egotism is aroused, his affectionateness is wounded, and his want of imag-

ination prevents him from seeing that this discontinuance of intimacy is inevitable. The truth is we are not guided in our companionship with others by our likings only, for companionship is greatly controlled by external circumstances. Peevish, exigent persons will not perceive this, and will complain about broken friendship until they often succeed in breaking it. This class of persons must have affection proved to them; and by such a habit of mind they become exceedingly tiresome.

The foregoing is but one instance of the tiresomeness of exigence; but it is very multiform and varied; and for no given day can you thoroughly satisfy a person who has suffered this habit of mind to develop itself to a morbid extent, and who is always thinking whether he or she is sufficiently loved, honored, and regarded. Such people make those about them timid and ill at ease from the constant fear lest they should give offense; and thus the chief charm of companionship is blotted or effaced.

It may appear to detract from the high merits of a pleasant person when it is asserted as very desirable, that he should have a good opinion of himself. He can, however, do without this good opinion of himself, if he have a noble constancy of nature, for he is then very apt to attribute a similar constancy to others, and is not prone to believe that he is the subject of any intentional slighting. The self-reliant, hearty, uncomplaining person, believing that every body thinks well of him, and means kindly by him, creates good and kind thoughts in others, and walks about in an atmosphere of pleasantness. To form a pleasant character it had better even be a little obtuse than over-sensitive and exigent.

I might go on enumerating the many hindrances to pleasantness; and, with few exceptions, they would be found to consist in moral defects such as those I have just commented upon.

It is one of the most certain characteristics of a supremely pleasant person that he is at his ease in every society, is unembarrassed with a prince, and, what is far more difficult, is not uncomfortable with his own servant, if he is thrown into near society with him, as on a journey.

Lord Bacon, commenting upon diet,

declares that there should be a variety, but that it should tend to the more generous extreme. That is exactly what should happen in the formation of a pleasant character. It should tend to credulity rather than to suspicion, to generosity than to parsimoniousness, be apt to think well rather than to think ill of others, looking every where for the excuse instead of the condemning circumstance.

A man blessed with such a character it is good fortune to meet; and speaking with him at the corner of the street enlivens the beginning, and cheers the end of a working day. "*Gratior et dies*" applies to the presence of such a person more than it ever did to an Augustus or a Mæcenas.

Now I maintain that it would be a very laudable ambition to endeavor to become a pleasant person; and that it is not at all a work left for fools or for merely empty good-natured persons. There are many who are almost dying for fame, who are longing for great office which they will probably fill badly; who think life wonderfully well spent if they can amass a sum of money which they will not know what to do with when they have got it. I venture to put before them a new ambition—that of becoming pleasant to their fellow-creatures. It is a path in which they will not be jostled by a crowd of competitors.

It might be thought that women, who are excluded from some of the higher objects of ambition, would be especially inclined to cultivate pleasantness; and I do think that they are pleasanter than men. But still there are a great many hard, unpleasant women; and, judging from what little I have seen of the world, I should say that women do not cultivate pleasantness to that extent that might be expected of them. The reason probably is, that they make their circle a very limited one, and are content, I suppose, with being exceedingly agreeable in that circle.

I have been mainly thinking of that pleasantness (the only kind that I have any faith in) which proceeds from sweetness of disposition and broad geniality of nature. But it will be instructive, as well as curious, to observe how rare it is that men are, intellectually speaking, pleasant—in short how few persons excel in conversation. This man spoils conversation by asking large questions which have not

been fairly worked up to in the course of the conversation. That man is too verbose, and talks in a parliamentary fashion. Another is too exhaustive. He takes every case that can happen. You see beforehand that there is only one branch of the subject which he is really going to deal with, or to say any thing new about; and your impatience is not slight as he calls up and dismisses the various parts of the question which he is *not* going to enter into. Then there is the man who interrupts all good talk with bad jesting. Then there is the parenthetical talker—often an excellent, scrupulous man—who qualifies every adjective with a parenthesis; and if, unhappily, he indulges in a narrative, scatters it into fragments by many needless explanations and qualifications. He is particular in fixing a date which has nothing whatever to do with the gist of the story. Then there is the utterly unmethodical talker, who overruns his game; who has come to the end of a story or an argument, before he has well begun it; and yet occupies more time than if he took up things in an orderly manner. Then there is the man who deals in repetition. Again, there is a large class of persons who talk famously, who have none of the defects before mentioned, who are bright in repartee, swift in rejoinder, terse in statement, and thoroughly skillful as combatants. But combat is what they love, and sophistry is what they clothe themselves in. You feel that it is a perfect chance as to which side they will take in any argument. In fact it chiefly depends upon what others have said, for these men are sure to oppose. When you are talking with a man of that class, you feel that if you had not taken this side, he would not have taken that. And if, just to try him, you veer skillfully round, you soon find him occupying the position which you have abandoned. Now, good conversation is not law, and you do not want to have it made the mere sport of intellectual advocacy. I grieve to say that such a man as Dr. Johnson was one of this class, and with me it would have taken off great part of the pleasure of listening to him. On the other hand, in a conversation with Burke, you might have had what was lengthy, or what was declamatory, but you would have had the real outcome of the man's mind, and that to me is what is precious in conversation. Again, turning to a new

fault, you have very clever men whose opinions you would like to learn, but they are over-cautious. They love to elicit other people's thoughts; and when you part from them, you find they have said out to you nothing of their own. They have paid you the ill-compliment of seeming to think that you were not to be trusted with their thoughts. Then there is the rash talker, often very witty and very brilliant; but those who sit round him, especially his host, are a little afraid each moment of what he will say next, and of whether it will not be something offensive to some body. I remember an apprehensive host describing to me once the escapades of such a man in a mixed company, and ending by saying: "I thought all the time how I should have liked to have left them all there, and got at once into a cold bath in my own room." Lastly, I must notice the self-contained talker, whose talk is monologue—not that he necessarily usurps the conversation—but that he does not call any one else out, as it were, or make answer to any one. He merely imparts fragments of his own

mind, but has no notion of the art of weaving them into conversation; and so a texture is produced consisting of threads running in one direction only. He makes speeches; he does not enter into a debate.

I think I have shown from the above how difficult it is for a man to be, intellectually speaking, a pleasant companion. But so greatly more effective in this matter are the moral than the intellectual qualities, that a man shall have any one of these faults, or all of them combined that will admit of combination, and yet be a pleasant and welcome companion, if he be but a genial and good fellow.

An eastern monarch, (I think it was Tippoo Saib,) after stating succinctly in his letters what he had to say, used to conclude with the abrupt expression: "What need I say more?" So I too, having shown you that pleasantness proceeds from good qualities, that it is rare, that it is a worthy object of ambition, beg you all for the future to study to be pleasant. What need I say more?

From the Scotsman.

DEATH OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

MR. THOMAS DE QUINCEY died at Edinburgh, December eight, 1859, after an illness of some weeks' duration. This announcement will excite a deeply sympathetic interest among all lovers of English literature throughout the world. With his departure almost the very last of a brilliant band of men of letters, who illuminated the literary hemisphere of the first half of our century with starry lustre—differing each from each in glory, but all resplendent—is extinguished. It is only the other day that a volume of Mr. de Quincey's collected works appeared with his own corrections and notes, and, till close on the hour when it passed beyond our horizon, his pure and high intellect shone serene and clear as when in its zenith. Almost till the very last his perceptions were as vivid, his interest in knowledge and affairs as keen as ever;

and while his bodily frame, wasted by suffering and thought, day by day faded and shrunk, his mind retained unimpaired its characteristic capaciousness, activity, and acuteness. Within a week or two he talked readily, and with all that delicacy of discrimination of which his conversation partook equally with his writing, of such matters as occupied the attention of our citizens or of our countrymen, displaying so much of elasticity and power, that even those who had the rare privilege and opportunity of seeing him in those latter days can not be otherwise than startled and shocked by the seeming suddenness of his death. Yet he was full of years, having considerably passed the term of threescore and ten, and in him, if ever in any man, the sword may be said to have worn out its scabbard. Not only the continual exercise of the brain, but the ex-

trene sensibility of his emotional nature had so taxed and wasted his never athletic physical frame, that the wonder lay rather in his life having been so prolonged. Full of years he has also died full of honors such as he cared to win, leaving behind him the name not only of a profound scholar in the department he affected, but one of the greatest masters of English pure and undefiled who ever handled the pen. He is the absolute creator of a species of "impassioned prose" which he seemed born to introduce, and in which he had no prototype, no rival, no successor. In the free exercise of his rare and peculiar genius, he swept with eagle-plume through spheres far too ethereal to sustain a common flight; yet he soared not vaguely, but as bearing with serene and steady eye towards the light of truth. Nor while familiar with all the mysteries of "cloud-land, gorgeous land," was he less a denizen of our common earth, or less keenly alive to the influence of its "smiles and tears." Indeed, as he admits in his famous Confessions, Mr. De Quincey was only too susceptible to every touch of human sympathy, being endowed with such exquisite sensibility as thrilled with too ready and deep response to every note of

The still, sad music of humanity.

This overwrought sensitiveness it seems to be that caused him to withdraw almost entirely from the society of even his most esteemed friends, to shut himself up with his books and manuscripts, and to remit his seclusion only at rare intervals. For many months past he has resided in Edinburgh, preferring the town to his house at Lasswade, mainly for the convenience of superintending the passage through the press of the collected edition of his works, now being issued by Messrs. Hogg, and of which the fourteenth and last volume is nearly ready for publication. For some weeks past his health had been seriously affected, but as he was frequently an invalid, alarm was not excited as to his condition until very lately, and the end, though it could not be said to be either sudden or premature, was yet so far unexpected. Nothing that the most earnest and devoted medical skill could supply was wanted to alleviate the symptoms of what was ultimately rather rapid decay than disease; and, as far as such days and hours ever can be, these mortal hours of

his were soothed and cheered by the gentlest and most tender filial solicitude and care. Two of Mr. de Quincey's daughters, his youngest and eldest, were with him at the close. The second, the wife of Colonel Baird Smith, is in India with her husband; one of his sons is also in India, a captain in the army; the other, a physician, is in Brazil. The eldest daughter is the wife of Mr. Robert Craig, formerly of this neighborhood, now a farmer in Ireland, whence she was called to her father's death-bed. The youngest is unmarried. Though living, as we have said, generally in studied seclusion, Mr. de Quincey had many friends who will be saddened by the announcement of his removal; no one could even have casual intercourse with such a man without ever afterwards cherishing towards him a feeling of kindly and admiring interest. When his often feeble health and always uncertain spirits permitted him, in later years, to mingle, at rarest intervals, in a small social circle at his own house, or elsewhere, he was always one of the most cheerful of the party, touching every topic with the lights of his exquisitely delicate fancy, and enjoying, with catholic zest, now the playful prattle of a child, and again the sharp encounter of maturest wits. His conversation had an inexpressible charm—with all that beauty of language, subtlety of thought, variety of illustration, and quaintness of humor that distinguish his writings, his talk never either became pedantic or degenerated into soliloquy or monologue. It was that of a highly accomplished scholar and gentleman; his whole manner and bearing had something of almost chivalrous polish and refinement of tone, the result not more of intercourse with refined society than his exquisitely considerate and courteous nature. A nature so deep and tender drew towards itself affection as largely as admiration; and with profound esteem for the learning, the power, the genius of the writer, will always mingle much of love for the man. It will be long before the literature of England can boast renewal of such a rare combination of scholarship, of analytic force, of acute reasoning, and courageous speculation, with such imaginative power and deep all-embracing sympathy as this generation has had the privilege of knowing in Thomas De Quincey.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. In about fifteen large octavo volumes, of 750 two-column pages each. New-York: D. Appleton and Company, 346 and 348 Broadway. London: 16 Little Britain.

WE beg to call the attention of our readers to the full statement and programme of this great work to be found on the last leaf of the letter-press of the February number of the *ECLECTIC*. No work of the kind, we believe, has ever been before attempted or published on this side of the Atlantic, scarcely approximating in perfection and completeness to this splendid work of the Appletons. It is an honor to the literature of the country—to the talents, learning, research, and indomitable industry of the accomplished editors and their collaborators, and to the enterprise of the well-known publishers. The ordinary reader can hardly appreciate the vast amount of knowledge—acquaintance with general literature and all the great family of the sciences—of history, biography, philosophy—the great names which have adorned past ages and countries and the present, needful on the part of the editors in order to introduce and arrange in these volumes the immense treasures and effluence of knowledge which they contain. They have performed thus far (for only eight or nine volumes of the fifteen are complete) their arduous labors with great skill, taste, and judgment in the lucid use of language, condensed and powerful thought, and in the arrangement of the innumerable variety of subjects and topics of general knowledge which are so useful and valuable in a work of this kind. If the reader had in his possession the most complete library, public or private, in this country, we doubt if he could find by any means all that he will find in this noble monument to the industry of the editors the *New American Cyclopaedia*. All we can say in this brief notice can convey no adequate notion of the value of the work itself. Gentlemen of wealth and literary appetites, patrons of learning and knowledge, the friends of public libraries and atheneums, colleges, and high-schools, we doubt not will enrich their libraries with the wealth of these volumes, and thus place within the reach of a multitude of minds this great store-house of convenient and valuable knowledge.

THE VOYAGE OF THE FOX IN THE ARCTIC SEAS. A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Captain MCCLINTOCK, R.N., LL.D. With maps and illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

A DEEP and heart-felt sympathy for the sad and melancholy fate of the renowned Sir John Franklin and his brave companions has sent a thrill of sorrow through the civilized world. The narrative of their adventures and sufferings, and of those who sought to find and relieve them, will long continue to be read with interest. So, this volume will take the

reader far away into Arctic regions and eternal ice, without the dangers and privations which these bold and fearless navigators encountered.

LIFE WITHOUT AND LIFE WITHIN; or, Reviews of Narratives, Essays, and Poems. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI, author of *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, *At Home and Abroad*, etc. Boston: Brown Taggard and Chase. New-York: Sheldon and Company. Philadelphia: Lippincott and Company.

THIS volume is divided into three parts: I. Reviews, of which there are twenty-six, on various topics of interest. Part II. Miscellaneous comprising twenty-three subjects. Part III. is made up of poems, longer or shorter, on various themes, of which there are more than forty, from the pen of the talented authoress. The friends of this unfortunate lady will be glad to find the fruits of her pen in a form so attractive.

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH; the Story of its Introduction and Marvelous Progress among the Burmese and Karens. By MRS. MACLEOD WYLIE. New-York: Sheldon and Company, 115 Nassau street. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860.

THE graphic and marvelous story of the Gospel's introduction into Burmah by the apostolic Judson and his compcers, is an illustration of the remark, that "truth is sometimes stranger than fiction." It is enough to mention the theme of this book to any who have heard of it, in order to secure its purchase and perusal.

SIR ROHAN'S GHOST. A Romance. Pp. 352. Boston: J. E. Tilton and Company, 161 Washington street. 1860.

THE scene of this spirited Romance is laid in the north-east of England, and is then transferred to the region of Cornwall in the opposite part of the island, by raising the curtain of its graphic descriptions. The first salutation to the reader is, that "There is a Ghost in all aristocratic families." This attendant ghost had a particular fondness for the great house of Belvidero, of which Sir Rohan was a renowned member. The ghost went with him to every place, riding in his train or not far from it, whose imagination had given it birth. The book is graphic in its imagery, and gorgeous in its drapery of language, carrying the mind of the reader along the course of the narrative with delighted footsteps to the end. The author holds the pen of a pleasant and graceful writer, with whom the reader will find it agreeable to go along to the end of his literary journey. We ought sooner to have told our readers about it.

LIFE IN SPAIN: PAST AND PRESENT. By WALTER THORNBURY. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THE substance of these volumes appeared in *Household Words*; but the matter has been revised

and newly arranged. The account given relates chiefly to Moorish and Southern Spain. The volumes belong to a class of publications in which the vivid, the picturesque, and the strongly-marked character and incident are so common as to make you desirous of knowing how far the fact has been overlaid with fiction. Perhaps the impression conveyed by such narratives is not, upon the whole, untruthful, and certainly in Mr. Thornbury's hands, they both amuse and interest.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES. A Review of his History, Character, Eloquence, etc., by Dr. CAMPBELL, has just been published by Snow. A Library Edition of his collected Works, edited by his son, is to be immediately published by Hamilton, Adams & Co. Rev. R. W. Dale, his colleague and successor, is preparing a Memoir of him.

SCHILLER'S LIFE AND WORKS. By EMIL PALESKE. Translated by LADY WALLACE. 2 vols. Longman.

The *British Quarterly* characterizes it as "very sentimental, very laudatory, and very ungenerous towards all genius that does not happen to be Schiller genius." The *Westminster* notices it with commendation.

MARVELS IN GREECE AND AN EXCURSION TO CRETE. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Low & Co.

The *British Quarterly* says of it: "Mr. Taylor is an American of considerable experience in travel, and looks on Greece with the eye of an intelligent United States man, rather than with the eye of an Oxonian fully up in the old Greek authorities. But his descriptive powers are good; he can tell his story well, is all the more trustworthy for being prepared to judge of what he sees by sight, rather than by pre-conception. But it must be remembered that Mr. Taylor's travels extended through Hungary into Russia."

SIXTEEN YEARS OF AN ARTIST'S LIFE IN MOROCCO, SPAIN, AND THE CANARY ISLANDS. By Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY. 2 vols. Hurst & Blackett.

"THESE are two remarkably pleasant and interesting volumes," says the *British Quarterly*, "giving an intelligent lady's narrative of her long sojourn in Morocco, her traveling experiences in Spain, her residence and journeys in the Canary Islands. Mrs. Murray, as a lady traveler, has had peculiar advantages for seeing harem-life among the Moors, scarcely less amusing domestic details among the Spaniards and the inhabitants of the Canary Islands; she has, therefore, given us a series of very graphic sketches, although, as the artist, she has here done but little."

THE OLD BATTLE-GROUND. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE, author of *Father Brighthopes*, etc. New-York: Sheldon & Company. 1860.

THIS little volume describes not "the Old Battle-Ground" of blood and carnage and mortal strife, but the conflicts of passion amid life's phases and changes, its vicissitudes and bitter trials, which make most of the world a battle-ground of human conflicts.

The same house has published **THE OAKLAND STORIES**, of kindred spirit to the *Rollo* Books, by Jacob Abbott, well suited to interest and instruct the youthful reader.

ARCHITECTURE.—Mr. Ruskin is about to bring out a fifth volume of his *Modern Painters*. His *Elements of Perspective* he describes as "arranged for the use of schools, and intended to be read in connection with the first three books of Euclid."

G. H. Parker, of Oxford, has published several works on *The Domestic Architecture of England*, understood to be mostly from his own pen, and "forming," says the *British Quarterly*, "a valuable, deeply-interesting contribution towards a full and accurate appreciation of English History."

THE first number of a *Quarterly Index to Current Literature* has appeared. Its object is a good one; and if the work is carefully and thoroughly executed, it will be a great help to the student of literature.

DARWIN'S *Origin of Species by Natural Selection* is exciting much interest from the novelty of his views and the ability with which they are set forth. The work has been republished in America.

THE first number of the eagerly-anticipated *Cornhill Magazine*, edited by W. M. THACKERAY, has appeared. Great disappointment is expressed in some quarters in regard to its artistic and literary attractions.

THE Abbé Domenech, whose work on Texas recently excited so much attention in Europe, is about to publish in London a book, in two volumes, called *Seven Years' Residence in the Great Deserts of North-America*.

MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, the celebrated Italian statesman, author and artist, has recently published in Paris, and in French, a work entitled, *La Politique du droit Chrétien, au point de vue de la question Italienne*. D'Azeglio's theory is that, whereas Christianity has penetrated the social, intellectual, and religious life of nations, the sphere of politics is still left a prey to Paganism and the ruling principles thereof—violence, conquest, and slavery. Hence the present complications.

THE FLORENCE STORIES, by Jacob Abbott, forms another neat volume published by Sheldon & Company. It is enough to mention the name of the very popular author of this book to attract a host of readers.

LORD BROUGHAM is about to publish, in a single volume, his principal scientific and mathematical works. They consist of: General Theorems, chiefly porisms on the higher geometry; Kepler's Problem; Calculus of Partial Differences; Greek Geometry, (ancient analysis); Paradoxes imputed to the Integral Calculus; Architecture of Cells of Bees; Experiments and Investigations on Light and Colors; Optical Inquiries, experimental and analytical; on Forces of Attraction to Several Centers; and lastly, his Oration on Sir Isaac Newton. This volume is to be dedicated to the University of Edinburgh—a graceful compliment for his lordship's late nomination to the high post of Chancellor of that learned establishment. We understand that Mr. Gladstone, who has been chosen Rector of the same University, has some idea of publishing his speeches in a single volume, and also of dedicating them to the University of the northern capital.

NISBIT & Co., London, announce a new work in press, which we doubt not will be read with interest, *Through the Tyrol to Venice*. By Mrs. NEWMAN HALL.

Rev. A. MORTON BROWN, LL.D., (Snow, publisher,) has given to the world a book which is attracting attention, entitled, *Peden the Prophet: a Tale of the Covenanters*. The *Glasgow Examiner* says of it: "We have read the book with intense interest. While the book is emphatically one of facts—facts the most astounding in the annals of Scotland—it has all the fascination of fiction."

WHEN Mr. Adam Black, M.P., commenced the new edition of his *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Lord Macaulay felt so strong an interest in the undertaking, and so warm a regard for his old friend the publisher, that he said he would endeavor to send him an article for each letter of the alphabet. This generous offer the noble historian's failing health and various avocations prevented him from fully realizing; but he sent five articles to the *Encyclopædia*—memoirs of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and William Pitt, the last being the latest finished production from his pen. As any publisher would have been glad to give £1000 for these contributions, their being presented as a free-will offering to Mr. Black, is a fact most honorable to both parties.

A NEW FORM OF MERCURIAL BAROMETER.—M. de Celles has exhibited to the Academy of Sciences, of Paris, a mercurial barometer, constructed under his direction. The barometer is the instrument of Torricelli, with the following modifications; first, the diameter of the barometric chamber is increased in proportion as it is desired to make the instrument more sensitive; second, the cistern is replaced by a horizontal tube 0.15 ins. or 0.2 ins. in diameter, and of a length proportionate to the sensibility of the instrument. The instrument has the form of a square. Slight variations of the height of the vertical column correspond to considerable, but always proportional, movements of the horizontal leg. This ratio is inversely as the squares of the diameter. An index of iron, placed in the horizontal tube, is pressed outward while the pressure of the air is diminishing, and is left when the column returns. It makes the minimum pressure, and may be brought back by a magnet. M. de Celles claims for this instrument the three advantages: first, of very great sensitiveness; second, a constant level; third, a minimum index.

ASSYRIAN SLABS.—A new room has just been fitted up at the British Museum, in which are arranged a collection of Assyrian slabs, received from Kouyunjik, from the recent excavations of Hormuzd Rassam and Mr. W. K. Loftus. They contain many animal groups in low relief, but differ materially from the collections of Layard and Rawlinson, in the spirit and life-likeness of their representations. Some of them are hardly inferior to the Greek sculptures in artistic merit. They are supposed to belong to the latest period of Assyrian art, about 2500 years ago. In an adjoining room, the Curators are arranging Carthaginian sculptures and antiquities, lately exhumed by Rev. Nathan Davis, among which are a number of reliefs, with Phœnician inscriptions.

Dr. WATTS.—Nearly £400 have been subscribed for the statue to Dr. Isaac Watts, in the public park at Southampton, Dr. Watts' native town. Mr. Lucas, the sculptor, has commenced the statue, which will be above life-size, and with the pedestal will stand nearly twenty feet high. About £200 more are required to be subscribed by the public. Mr. Lucas has completed a model of the statue, and has succeeded in perfecting an admirable likeness of the poet. The statue and pedestal will be of Balsover stone. The inauguration of the erection of the statue by a grand public ceremonial will take place.

THE BOTANICAL GARDEN of the Czar of Russia contains one of the finest collections of tropical plants in Europe. The extent of hot-houses is nearly a mile and a half. As there are only three warm months in the year, the plants during this interval are forced as much as possible, so that the growth of six months is obtained in that time, and their productive qualities kept up to their normal standard. Although in the regions of almost perpetual snow, one may here walk through an avenue of palm-trees sixty feet high, under ferns and bananas, by ponds of lotus and Indian lily, and banks of splendid flowers, breathing an air heavy with the richest and warmest odors.

DIAMONDS.—A Mr. Amunn has arrived in London, having for sale a considerable parcel of diamonds, some of them quite extraordinary for size and importance. He had disposed of a few, the price ranging from £1000 to £15,000. An uncut brilliant of unusual magnitude he has refused to part with for seven million francs, and stands out for £300,000, which, if he can't get in Paris, he carries the gem to Amsterdam or St. Petersburg. The "diggings," in Lucknow and some other favorite hidden localities during the mutiny were not unproductive.

A CARGO OF BONES FROM SEBASTOPOL.—A ship laden with two hundred and thirty-seven tons of bones, last from Sebastopol, arrived in England on the twenty-fifth ult. The fact is gravely announced, and we would ask seriously: Is it true? Are these the bones of the Russian or of the allied soldiers? Are they the bones of horses and of other animals which perished in the siege? Are they the bones of men and of animals commingled, and now exported by Russia and imported by English speculators to manure our fields? The subject is one which must be so painful to many persons whose relatives and friends were engaged in the late war that it would be well if it were quickly and quietly set at rest. All we know of the matter is, that an English ship has just arrived in port with—among other articles of freight—two hundred and thirty-seven tons of bones from Sebastopol.

WHEN the celebrated Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was "stating law" to a jury in court, Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying: "If that be law, I'll go home and burn my books." "My Lord," replied Dunning, "you had better go home and read them."

SOON after the battle of Lobau, a wit observed that Bonaparte must now be in funds for he had lately received a check on the bank of the Danube.

WHEREFORE AND WHY!

"Oh! the world is a happy and beautiful world!"
 Said a child that I met by the way,
 "For hark! how the wild winds rush through the
 pines;
 And see how the sunlight dances and shines
 Where the rippling waters stray.
 Oh! the woodlands are filled with wonderful
 things,
 There the woodpecker taps, and the storm-throistle
 sings,
 And the squirrels are ever at play;
 There the startled water-hen claps her wings,
 And the dragon-fly airy summersaults flings;
 And the trout breaks the pool into sparkling
 rings,
 And the bulrush waves in the tangled springs
 Where the white lily floats all day."

"Ah! the world is a beautiful world!" I said,
 "To a shadowless spirit like thine!"
 As from forest and field through the shining
 hours,
 He heaped up his treasures of eggs and flowers,
 And fairy-stones rare and fine.
 At times, from coppice and hollow hard by,
 Rang out his blithe and exulting cry,
 Till the sunlight had ceased to shine.
 When the blue veil of twilight covered the sky,
 And the spirit-like stars came out on high,
 And slumber fell soft on his weary eye;
 Still he murmured: "How fast the hours *do* fly
 For a life so happy as mine!"

"Oh! this world is a dark and a wearisome world!"
 Said a man that I met by the way;
 "I look on my lifetime of fourscore years,
 And alas! what a picture of gloom it appears,
 Scarce touched by a golden ray.
 What fearful phantasies fill the brain;
 For the past with its visions of sorrow and pain
 Still haunts me by night and by day.
 What is life, when our pleasures so quickly
 wane—
 When all that we toil for, and hope for, is vain;
 And long in the dreary churchyard have lain
 The dear friends of youth; and alone I remain?
 Oh! would that I too were away!"

Oh! the world goeth round from sun to sun—
 Now moonlight and starlight shine—
 Surely wiser we grow; yet the Wherefore and
 Why,
 That this thing or that thing first should die
 Poor man hath no wit to divine.
 The gray morn is breaking; the cock may crow,
 The wind and the rain may beat and blow,
 And the dark sky redden and shine:
 But the child so light-hearted some hours ago,
 Is mute—ay! and blind—in death lying low;
 Whilst the old man wakes up, and rocks to and
 fro,
 Moaning ever: "Oh! would that I too might go—
 What a wearisome life is mine!"

WESTRY GIBSON.

THE DUKE D'AUMALE, we understand, has purchased the whole of the magnificent library of the late M. Cigongne, amounting in number to 4000 volumes, and abounding in bibliographical treasures. The sum given for it, as we have heard it named, is £15,000.

A WATERFALL SIX TIMES THE DEPTH OF NIAGARA.

—Did any of your readers ever hear of the Gairsoppa Falls, near Honore? If not, they will probably read a description which has just appeared, with some pleasure. It is curious that a fall six times the depth of Niagara should remain almost unknown. From the village of Gairsoppa, reached by a river of the same name, the writer was carried for twelve miles up the Mallmuneh Pass, and reached the Falls Bungalow about three and a half hours after leaving the top of the Pass:

An amphitheater of woods, and a river, about five hundred yards wide, rushing and boiling to a certain point, where it is lost in a perpetual mist and in an unceasing deafening roar, must first be imagined. Leaving the Bungalow on the Madras side of the river, and descending to a position below the river level, you work your way up carefully and tediously over slippery rocks until you reach a point, where a rock about twice the size of a man's body juts over the precipice. Resting flat upon this rock, and looking over it, you see directly before you two out of the four principal falls; these two are called the "Great Fall" and "the Rocket." The one contains a large body of water, the main body of the river, perhaps fifty yards across, which falls massively and apparently sluggishly into the chasm below; and the other contains a smaller body of water, which shoots out in successive sprays over successive points of rock, till it falls into the same chasm. This chasm is at least nine hundred feet in depth, six times the depth of the Niagara Falls, which are about one hundred and fifty feet, and perhaps a quarter to half a mile in width. These are the first two falls to be visited. Then move a little below your first position, and you will observe, first, a turbid boiling body of water of greater volume than the Rocket Fall, running and steaming down into the same chasm—this is the third fall, the "Roarer;" and then carrying your eye a little further down, you will observe another fall, the loveliest, softest, and most graceful of all, being a broad expanse of shallow water falling like transparent silver lace over a smooth surface of polished rock into this same chasm; this is "La Dime Blanche," and the White Lady of Avenel could not have been more graceful and ethereal. But do not confine yourself to any one place in order to viewing these falls; scramble every where you can, and get as many views as you can of them, and you will be unable to decide upon which is the most beautiful. And do you want to have a faint idea of the depth of the chasm into which these glorious waters fall? Take out your watch and drop as large a piece of rock as you can hold from your viewing place; it will be several seconds before you even lose sight of the piece of rock, and then even it will not have reached the water at the foot of the chasm, it will only have been lost to human sight; or watch the blue pigeons, wheeling and circling in and out the Great Fall within the chasm, and looking like sparrows in size in the depths beneath you. But you have yet only seen one, and that not perhaps the loveliest, and at least not the most comprehensive view of the falls. You must proceed two miles up the river above the falls and cross over at a ferry, where the waters are still smooth as glass and sluggish as a Hollander, and proceed to the Mysore side of the falls, walking first to a point where you will see them all at a glance, and then descending as near as you can to the foot of these, to be drenched by the spray, deafened by the noise and awe-struck by the

grandeur of the scene and by the visible presence of the Creator of it, in the perpetual rainbow of many and brilliant hues which spans the foot of the chasm.—*Times Calcutta Correspondent.*

THE EMPRESS'S APARTMENTS AT THE TUILERIES.—A correspondent of the *Independence Belge* writes: I had the good fortune to visit, the other day, the private apartments of the Empress at the Tuileries. Workman had been engaged on them for two years, during the absence of their majesties. These suites of rooms, which run in a parallel line with the reception-rooms on the drawing-room floor, consist of ante-chamber, a waiting-room for the ladies of honor, a saloon of audience, a private room for her Majesty—that is to say, the most retired and private rooms of the suite. The Emperor, whose preference for the style of Louis XVI. is well known, has desired for apartments in question to be entirely decorated after the fashion and taste of Marie Antoinette. M. Lefuel received orders to renew the elegant ornamentation of Trianon in this Parisian palace. Art and industry have done marvels under his superintendence, so that we see again the graceful arabesques, the rounded tapering volutes, the exquisite garlands, and the fine carriage of the latter part of the eighteenth century. All the models are unique, and executed with admirable nicety, from the door-handles to the chimney-pieces, the panels and squares of glass; and the whole furniture, from the time-piece to the tongs in the fire-place, is in harmony with this style of decoration. The first saloon, of a pale green, is adorned with arabesques of a deeper tint. Medallions glisten in the panels, and within them are birds, painted by M. Appert. The prevailing color of the second saloon is a rosy white; the arabesques are rose-colored. Then comes the private saloon of the Empress, the ground of which is likewise of a very light green, and the paneling of which contain the portraits of her ladies of honor, painted by M. Dubuffe; then her first withdrawing-room lined with green stuff, on which are hung valuable pictures; the doors of this cabinet and the next are of amaranth and palisander, set off by bronzes, gilt and admirably chased.

DR. VELPEAU has just laid before the Academy des Sciences a strange discovery, superseding chloroform as an anæsthetic, without any of the danger or risk of the latter process. It appears that if a bright object is held at some short distance between the eyes, and the patient is directed to squint with both orbits at this brilliant point, catalepsy supervenes, and perfect insensibility of some duration, allowing all surgical operations to be performed.

A METHOD of administering chloroform is now used in France, which is said to combine safety with convenience. The principle is that of a regular admission of air along with the chloroform; and the apparatus which secures this simultaneous action also prevents the excessive inhalation of the powerful agent employed.

THE Duke of Wellington giving orders during the Peninsular campaign for a battalion to attempt a rather dangerous enterprise—the storming of one of the enemy's batteries of St. Sebastian—complimented the officer by saying that his regiment was the first in this world. "Yes," replied the officer, leading on his men, "and before your lordship's orders are finally executed, it will probably be the first in the next."

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.—It is perfectly natural for all women to be beautiful. If they are not so, the fault lies in their birth, or training, or in both. We would therefore respectfully remind mothers that in Poland a period of childhood is recognized. There girls do not jump from infancy to young ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the drawing-room to dress, sit still, and look pretty. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take in sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Plain simple food, free and various exercise, abundant sunshine, and good moral culture during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life.

BOOKS.—In the last year of which the accounts have been made up—the great over-trading year 1857—the total value of books imported from England to the United States was £133,247. At least one quarter of this sum was made up by special importation orders from public libraries, colleges, etc., and old books, which compete with nothing now manufactured, leaving about \$300,000 as the amount that supplies the entire demand for English editions in this country. Last year the importations were probably less, and during the present one they are most likely about the same as in 1857; and the small effect they can have on the trade, is shown by the fact that at least three publishing houses each sell, during the year, of their own publication, more than double the whole value of books imported from England.

THE Charivari publishes a caricature representing the Sultan up to his neck in troubled waters, and, to all appearance, in danger of drowning from losing the support on which his feet rested, and which is marked "finances." In his agony, he calls out for help, and a European on the bank seems inclined to stretch to him a long pole, but which is marked "reforms." The Sultan, however, seems to have no choice but to seize it, unless he makes up his mind to perish.

THREE manuscript volumes of observations of the solar spots, made by the late M. Pastorf, originally presented by the author to Sir John Herschel, are now transferred to the Astronomical Society, on the understanding that they shall be considered as belonging to Sir John Herschel during his lifetime, but after his decease shall become the property of the Society.

ALFRED TENNYSON has been paid £10 a line for a poem, which appeared in the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. It is entitled: *Sea Dreams—an Idyll*.

A CHURCH is about to be erected by the Russian Government near Inkermann, the funds for which are supplied by the sale of the caanon-balls which have been picked up at Inkermann and Sebastopol.

MR. LAYARD, who has just returned from Italy, is preparing for the press a pamphlet on the Italian question.





CHARLES MACAULAY. 1845.

Macaulay

Japan is beyond all comparison the most curious and important addition yet made to our imperfect knowledge of that most remarkable country; and although we are afraid it can not be said that Lord Elgin's treaties have permanently established our relations with the furthest empires of the East on a secure and peaceful footing, there is no doubt that the narrative of his lordship's proceedings is highly instructive as to the best mode of conducting them hereafter.

The spring of the year 1857 was a crisis of no common danger to many of the most important interests of this country in Asia; and those who for the purpose of a factious attack on the Ministry of the day, lent themselves to a false cry of "justice to China" were, as it has since turned out, as ignorant of the real situation of our countrymen at Canton at that moment, as they necessarily were of the terrific tempest which was about to sweep over British India in the summer of the same year. In truth, a series of untoward events had contributed to extinguish the respect felt by the Chinese authorities for the power which fourteen years before had extorted from them the treaty of Nankin. All experience has proved that our treaties with China cease to be worth more than the paper on which they are written from the moment that the Chinese think they can be evaded with impunity; and whatever may be thought of the legal merits of the "lorcha" question, Sir John Bowring and Mr. Parkes were perfectly right in the conclusion at which they arrived, that British interests in Canton could no longer be sacrificed with impunity to the arrogance and obstinacy of Commissioner Yeh. Unfortunately their judgment was not equally correct as to the means at their disposal for enforcing their demands. The result showed that Yeh was perfectly able to resist them. A reward of thirty, and afterwards of a hundred, dollars was offered for the head of every Englishman. Mr. Cowper was kidnapped from Whampoa; the Thistle, postal steamer, was seized, and eleven persons murdered; supplies were interdicted; trade was stopped; an attempt was made to poison the whole foreign community at Hong-Kong; the very urchins in the street, says Mr. Oliphant, considered a Briton a fit subject for "chaff," while their respectable parents took a mercenary view of his head; and at length the Admiral was

compelled to abandon all the forts in the Canton river, except one at Macao, to write to India for five thousand troops, and to wait for instructions from England. Such was the state of our affairs in China when the House of Commons engaged in that most discreditable debate on Mr. Cobden's motion; and when, in fact, had the exact truth been known, every Englishman would have agreed that we must above all things rescue our countrymen from so dangerous and ignominious a position. This state of affairs had not much altered when Lord Elgin reached China; nor could it materially improve for some considerable time afterwards, because in the interval the Indian mutiny drew to itself, as to some great *maelstrom*, the interest and the available resources of the British Empire. With the utmost judgment, resolution, and disinterestedness, Lord Elgin at once diverted the forces on their way to China, and sent them to Calcutta, where they powerfully contributed to restore our authority in the Lower Provinces of Bengal. He himself followed in the Shannon, and that magnificent frigate, with her intrepid commander, William Peel, was thus withdrawn from the Chinese expedition altogether; and, in short, many weary months elapsed before it was possible to assume the attitude and language of a British plenipotentiary at Canton. That these things were not unknown to the Chinese, appears from the draft of a report from Yeh himself to the Emperor, which was probably sent about the commencement of December, 1857. The paper was found among those captured in Yeh's yamun, on the last day of the year, and it deserves to be quoted as a specimen of that mixture of fact and fiction, good sense and puerility, which commonly occur in Chinese state documents. It also throws some light on the Chinese notions of French interference.

"(Yeh, etc.) presents a Memorial to the effect that the English barbarians, troubled at home, and pressed with daily increasing urgency by other nations from without, will hardly attempt any thing further; that they are reported to have had several consultations upon the opening of trade, and earnestly desire the suggestion of some means to that end; that in consequence of the English chief not returned to Canton. A respectful memorial (of which particulars) he forwards by courier, at the rate of six hundred li a day, and looking upward, solicits the sacred glance thereon.

"On the sixth of the ninth moon, (twenty-

third October, 1857,) your servant had the honor to forward to your Majesty various particulars of his administration of barbarian affairs during the seventh and eighth moons, (August and September,) as it is recorded.

"Since the engagement of the tenth of the fifth moon, (first June,) a period of more than six months, the English barbarians have made no disturbance up the Canton river.* (It should be known,) however, that in the defeat sustained by Elgin at Mang-ga-ta† in the seventh moon, he was pursued by the Mang-ga-la (Bengal) barbarian force to the sea-shore. A number of French men-of-war, which happened to be passing, fired several guns in succession, and the force of the Bengal barbarians falling back, the Chief, Elgin, made his escape. The Chief, Elgin, was very grateful to the French force for saving his life, and on the arrival of the French minister, Lo-so-lun,‡ who, in the beginning of the ninth moon, had also reached Quang-Tung, he, the Chief, Elgin, feted the Chief, Gros, at Hong-Kong, (*lit.* merrily feasted and prayed him [to drink] wine,) and consulted him upon the present position of affairs in China.

"The Chief, Gros, said: 'I was not an eye-witness of last year's affair, but the story current among people of different nations who were by at the time, has made me familiar with the whole question. You see, when the forts were taken, the Chinese Government made no retaliation; when the houses of the people were burned, it still declined to fight. Now, the uniform suppression, three years ago, of the Quang-Tung insurrection, in which some hundreds of thousands were engaged, shows the military power of China to be by no means insignificant. Will she take no notice of her injuries? (No.) She is certain to have some deep policy which will enable her so to anticipate us, that before we can take up any ground she will have left us without the means of finding fault with her, while she, on the other hand, will oblige the foreigners to admit themselves completely in the wrong. On the last occasion that your nation opened fire, it was but for some days, and people came forward, (as mediators,) but this time you did your utmost for three months. (You fired) four thousand rounds and more from great guns, as well as three thousand rockets. The high authorities of Canton, it is plain, have all along made their minds up, (or have seen their way.) They understand the

character of all classes, high and low, in our foreign states. This is the reason why they have been so firm and unswerving. When I was leaving home the instructions my own sovereign gave me, with affectionate earnestness, were these:

"There is a quarrel with the English in Quang-Tung; when you go thither, confine yourself to the observance of the treaty and pacific communications. You are not to avail yourself of the opportunity to commit acts of aggression or spoliation. Do not make China hate the French as a band of hostile wretches who violate their engagements. The circumstances, too, are so different (from those of the last war of the English with China,) that it is essential you should judge for yourself what course to pursue. There is no analogy, I apprehend, between the present case and the opium question of some ten years since, in which they had some wrong to allege."

"It appears that in the country of the five Indies appropriated by the English barbarians, they have established four tribal divisions—three along the coast, and one in the interior. One of the coast divisions is Mang-ga-la, (Bengal,) the country in the extreme east; one is Ma-ta-lasay, (Madras,) south-west of Bengal; and one is Mang-mai, (Bombay,) on the western limit of India. That in the interior is A-ka-la, (Agra,) lying midway between east and west. About the end of last summer, it is stated, twelve marts (or ports) in Bengal which had revolted, were lost. Since the eighth moon, the marts in Bombay have all been retaken (*sc.* from the English) by (Indian) chiefs; and since Elgin's return after his defeat, the leaders of the English barbarians have sustained a succession of serious defeats. The Indian chief drove a mine from bank to bank of a river, and by the introduction of infernal machines (*lit.* water-thunder) blew up several large vessels of war, killing above one thousand men. On shore they enticed (the English) far into the country, and murdered above seven thousand of them, killing a distinguished soldier named Pu-ta-wei-ka-lut, and many more.

"Elgin passes day after day at Hong-Kong, stamping his foot and sighing; his anxiety is increased by the non-arrival of dispatches from his government."—*Oliphant*, vol. i. p. 148.

The time was, however, at hand when a very different aspect was about to be given to affairs. Reinforcements at length arrived; Baron Gros, the French Commissioner, actively coöperated with Lord Elgin; an ultimatum was sent in; the bombardment of Canton opened on the twenty-eighth December; the Braves were routed and the walls carried by the allied troops; and on the last day of the year Lord Elgin himself ascended by a scalding ladder the south-east angle of the city wall, and entered the streets of that

* The affair of the first June is the destruction of Heoang's fleet up Fatschau Creek, doubtless reported to Pekin as a victory. The manner in which the next sentence is introduced, shows that Lord Elgin's return had been already announced, but without full particulars.

† Mang-ga-ta is clearly a compromise between Mang-ga-la, Bengal and Calcutta.

‡ The French ambassador's name is elsewhere given as Go-lo-so, (Gros;) his title of baron is evidently taken to be his name, and is put in Chinese fashion after his surname—*lun* representing, doubtless, *pa-lun* for baron.

proud Canton which had never been trodden by an European. A few days later Yeh himself was seized, and the city was placed under the joint authority of its Chinese magistrates and a military commission. These events have already been narrated with so much spirit by another eye-witness, that Mr. Oliphant has passed over them with greater brevity than their importance would otherwise deserve; but, not to linger over a twice-told tale, we shall at once accompany him to the mouth of the Peiho, where the principal objects of the mission were to be attained.

No sooner had the blockade of Canton been raised and the trade reopened, at the urgent entreaty of the Chinese authorities as well as of our own merchants, than a letter was dispatched by Lord Elgin to Yu, the senior secretary of state. This communication, dated the eleventh February, 1858, informed the Court of Peking of the events which had occurred at Canton, and announced the intention of the Allies to continue the occupation of that city until their demands were satisfied. At the same time the Chinese were invited to send an Imperial Plenipotentiary to Shanghai before the end of March, and they were told that the non-arrival of such a negotiator would be held at once to justify the British Plenipotentiary to proceed nearer the capital, and to have recourse to such measures as he might think fit to adopt. Mr. Oliphant and M. de Contades were dispatched with this mission and its French counterpart; and their successful expedition from Shanghai to Soochou for the purpose of delivering these dispatches, is one of the most interesting chapters of the present work.

Soochou lies on the Imperial Grand Canal, which at the period of Sir H. Pottinger's expedition was the great artery of the internal commerce and navigation of the empire. But Mr. Oliphant speaks of it as that *once* celebrated channel of commerce.

"For since the bursting of its banks by the Yellow River, and the destruction in consequence of a section of this canal, it has not been used for the last five years. The vast supplies of grain which were annually conveyed along it to the capital are now sent in sea-going junks from Shanghai, and other ports of the Yan-tse-Kiang, round the promontory of Shantung, and up the Peiho river. The expenses incidental to the rebellion have prevented the Government from spending any money in repairing this magnificent work. The consequence is, that

the enormous imperial grain junks formerly employed now line the bank in a rotting condition."

This sudden and extraordinary change in the line of communication of the grain fleet, on which Peking depends for its subsistence, increased the importance attached by Lord Elgin to the command of the month of the Peiho, and he was especially anxious that a sufficient naval force should be assembled there to interrupt, if necessary, the junks which bring their innumerable cargoes to that stream immediately after the monsoon. With this view, as early as the second March, he had called upon the Admiral to collect before the end of that month at Shanghai as large a naval force as possible, especially of gunboats drawing little water; and in the Admiral's reply to this requisition the Ambassador was assured that measures had already been taken to meet his wishes, and that Sir Michael Seymour himself would sail for Shanghai in the *Calcutta* on or about the sixteenth March. On the third April intelligence was received from the south that the Admiral had postponed his departure for ten days; but on the tenth April Lord Elgin, in company with Baron Gros, and such vessels as had been collected, resolved to proceed to the mouth of the Peiho, convinced that any appearance of wavering at so critical a juncture might entail the most serious consequences, and defeat the main objects of the Mission. The weather was lovely, and nothing impeded the advance of the squadron up the Yellow Sea, until it reached the bar at the mouth of the Peiho, which was scarcely within sight of land. Although at that time the British squadron had no less than eighteen gunboats in the Chinese seas, adapted for this particular service, and although the speedy appearance of Admiral Rigault de Genouilly with the whole French force demonstrated that the voyage could be made with ease and safety, it was not till the *twentieth May* that Admiral Seymour had brought up his forces. *Five weeks* were spent by the Ambassador and by our allies in deplorable inaction at the mouth of the Peiho, in consequence of the non-arrival of the British gunboats; during the whole of this period the Chinese were actively engaged in constructing stockades and abattis to strengthen the forts which might have been taken in April without a blow. Nine hundred grain junks were

computed to have passed the spot where the Furious lay, and to have entered the river; and at one time it seemed probable the allied squadron might have entered the Gulf of Pechelee without an attempt to force a passage. As it was, although the blow was eventually struck and the treaty of Tientsin signed, yet the most favorable season for operations in China was lost, and it became impossible to complete the design of Lord Elgin by advancing to Pekin—a circumstance which has doubtless powerfully contributed to the renewal of hostilities by the Chinese, and the subsequent disastrous result of Admiral Hope's attack on the Peiho forts.

Mr. Oliphant has touched very lightly on these facts; and he has not made the remarks upon them which they are well calculated to call forth, probably from a laudable desire to bury in oblivion acts of misconduct, which must have occasioned the deepest annoyance to Lord Elgin. We think these acts have not yet been visited with the reprobation they justly deserve in this country. We are aware that Admiral Seymour, having been called upon to explain his conduct, did so in a dispatch to the Admiralty, in which he alleges the dangers of navigating the Chinese seas in the monsoon, and similar excuses for his procrastination. This explanation was accepted by the Admiralty; but, having carefully weighed all these circumstances, we must be permitted to retain and to express our opinion that the unjustifiable delay of Sir Michael in bringing up the gunboats as he had promised to do, was in the highest degree detrimental to the objects of the mission and to the public service, and that it placed our squadron in a position of humiliating contrast with that of our allies: we may add that the ulterior consequences of our apparent vacillation and weakness on that occasion, have probably contributed to encourage the Chinese to fresh acts of resistance, which will render necessary another campaign. We are the more desirous to call the attention of the country to this subject, because it is not the first time that the naval authorities at home have shown what we must consider a very culpable disposition to screen the shortcomings and misconduct of admirals employed on active service abroad; and more than one such officer has received a ribbon who would in former times have

been arraigned before a court-martial. We hear, with great regret, complaints of the relaxed state of discipline in the British Navy; but that discipline is no where so much at fault as when it fails to visit officers of the highest rank. To them, especially, several of the disappointments and reverses which the Navy has of late years sustained may be distinctly traced.

The principal concessions obtained by the Treaty of Tientsin were, the right to send a Minister Resident to Pekin, and permission for British subjects to travel and trade in all parts of the empire. The new ports of Teng-chow in the province of Shantung, and of New-chwang in Manchooria, were opened to foreign commerce, as well as the important trading posts on the Yang-tai-kiang, after the rebels are expelled from its shores. The onerous transit duties on merchandise were commuted for a pass or certificate to be purchased once, for all, by a payment of two and a half per cent *ad valorem*; and an indemnity of about £1,300,000 sterling was stipulated for losses at Canton and the expenses of the war. These remarkable and satisfactory results, obtained within a year from Lord Elgin's first arrival in China, and obtained under many discouraging circumstances, were due in great measure to the spirit and judgment of the Ambassador; and although subsequent events have unhappily shown that our future prospects in China are less clear and brilliant than they appeared to be when this treaty was signed, it still remains the basis of the rights we may have to enforce.

We can not, however, take leave of this part of the subject without remarking that there appears to be something radically erroneous in the attempt to place our relations with the Chinese on the footing of our relations with states which acknowledge the obligations of international law. Mr. John Stuart Mill observes, in the course of some pages on our foreign policy which have recently proceeded from his able pen, that to suppose the same rules of international morality, and the same reciprocity of international obligation, which obtain between one civilized nation and another, will also obtain between civilized nations and barbarians, is a grave error. The history of our treaties with the Chinese authorities demonstrates that the conditions we have attempted to

impose on them by a diplomatic instrument have no binding force at all; and that they will be evaded and broken the moment it appears that their stipulations can be set at naught with impunity. Probably a Chinese statesman thinks that when concessions galling to the national pride, or adverse to the national policy, have been extorted by force of arms, and as it were under duress, he is doing no more than his duty in regarding the treaty as a nullity, when the force that imposed it is removed. Accordingly, the more extensive the concessions are which we think we have obtained, the more certain is it that they will be violated, and the less practical benefit shall we derive from them: thus the opening of Canton promised in 1843 was never obtained till the place had been reduced and occupied by force; and the stipulation for sending a Resident Minister to Peking will be either resisted or rendered nugatory, unless he be accompanied by an army. As for the engagements of Mandarins with blue buttons, or even the strokes of the Vermilion Pencil, they are absolutely without binding force, and the formalities of diplomacy become ludicrous if they fail to constitute a substantial engagement. We find ourselves, therefore, in a vicious circle; for when one expedition has exacted and obtained certain concessions, another and more powerful expedition is required to enforce them; and our diplomacy stands for nothing when we have not a fleet on the spot to back it. The conclusion we draw from these facts is, that far from seeking to blind the Chinese government to greater concessions, and consequently to interfere still more directly in their internal affairs, the wiser course both for them and for us, in the interests of peace and commerce, would be to confine ourselves strictly to that superficial contact on certain points of the coast, which the trading propensities of both nations will keep up under any circumstances. Lord Elgin himself is known to have arrived at the conclusion that the principal value of the right of sending a British Minister to Peking is the dread which the bare possibility of the execution of such a threat inspires in the breast of every thoroughbred Mandarin; and recent experience has proved that the presence of a permanent European *corps diplomatique* in Peking would be a constant source of irritation and outrage; indeed, far from be-

ing a pledge of peace, it would probably give rise to incessant disputes and hostilities. Although, therefore, it is probably necessary to avenge the recent defeat of the squadron at the mouth of the Peiho, we trust that we shall not find ourselves hereafter fettered by additional liabilities under the name of privileges and rights.

Notwithstanding the events which have occurred, we are by no means disposed to rely on force as the best, or the sole, mode of placing our relations with China on a more satisfactory footing. On the contrary, the destruction of semi-barbarous forts, and the discomfiture of Mantchou soldiers—nay, even the military occupation of great cities by a handful of troops, can have but a transient effect. The Chinese are a crafty and sagacious people, on whom a more lasting impression may be made by their interests than by their fears; and we believe that the opinion we express is precisely that to which Lord Elgin's own experience and good sense have led him, in deprecating any hasty and violent attempt to destroy what it would be impossible for us to restore, and scarcely less difficult for us to replace.

The spirits of Lord Elgin and his companions, both civil and naval, appear to have risen when a happy combination of circumstances, of which the Ambassador promptly availed himself, enabled the mission to pass from the wearisome and oppressive scene of their labors in China to the unexplored island-empire of Japan. Accordingly Mr. Oliphant's work rises rapidly in vivacity and in interest: his second volume is in every respect more entertaining and more curious than the first. He finds himself on new, and one may almost say enchanted, ground—so unforeseen are the incidents, so beautiful the scenery, so bewitching the reception which awaited the mission in Japan. There at least war had not preceded the messengers of peace, and the engagements contracted by the Japanese rulers were not accompanied by humiliation or extorted by fear. A long series of quarrels and mutual injuries had not tainted either side with animosity or distrust; and in treating with the Japanese, the British Ambassador was forcibly struck by their immeasurable superiority to the Chinese in all that constitutes the government of a great nation and the dignity of the human character. The ministers of Japan,

acting under the most singular political constitution that exists in the world, and in the name of an emperor who realizes one of the fanciful conceptions of the Abbé Sièyes, showed themselves to be men of a high sense of personal dignity; they resorted to none of those puerile equivocations and artifices which are common to most of the Asiatics, and preëminent among the Chinese; their administration is singularly free from corruption; their great ingenuity and acuteness are not applied, as in China, to surround themselves with an imaginary halo of unapproachable superiority, but on the contrary, to penetrate with singular rapidity the intentions and habits of the foreigners with whom they were thus suddenly brought into contact; and the effect on Lord Elgin's Embassy was that during the whole period of his visit, every incident that occurred tended to heighten the wonder and interest and respect which the conduct of the Japanese was calculated to inspire in our countrymen.

China was long ago selected by M. de Tocqueville as the most striking example of the degradation a nation would probably arrive at, in which an entire equality of conditions prevails, and the absolute power of the sovereign predominates over a purely democratic state of society. Japan is, on the contrary, as far as we can judge from the slight knowledge already acquired there, an aristocratic State, not without some admixture of popular municipal institutions. Its hereditary nobles are its real governors, for the authority of the spiritual and temporal emperors is purely formal. Accordingly the policy of the country is not determined by the caprice or ignorance of a court, but by the will of a body of men, whose interests, convictions, and passions act upon and control each other. The entire action of the administrative power is not that of pure despotism, but of mutual checks; and the demeanor of the Japanese statesmen is not that of the mere slaves of a barbarous absolutism, but that of the members of a national government. It is long since any spectacle has been disclosed to the observer of politics and of manners so novel and so interesting as that which Mr. Oliphant affords us of the internal condition of Japan; and we can not lay down his second volume without in some degree sharing in the enthusiasm and astonishment the aspect of the Japanese Empire

appears to have excited in his own mind.*

Let us accompany the mission, in the first instance, as the *Furious* steamed up the bay of Nagasaki, and caught its first view of Japan.

"The distance from Shanghai to Nagasaki is not above four hundred and fifty miles; but if oceans rolled between the two empires, Japan could not be more thoroughly isolated than it is from the rest of the world. We steamed smoothly and rapidly over this narrow strip of sea, so rarely traversed by craft of any sort. There was not a speck of foam to ruffle its glassy surface, scarce a fleece of cloud to check the deep blue overhead: well might we imagine ourselves gliding across these solitary waters to some dreamland, securely set in a quiet corner of another world, far away from the storms and troubles of this one. On the afternoon of the second of August we first saw symptoms of land, and passed close to some high pointed rocks of picturesque form, in places covered with verdure, but not affording standing ground for an inhabitant. These bold landmarks are out of sight of the Japanese coast, and are called the *Asses' Ears*. Early on the following morning the highlands of Japan were in sight, the nearest land being the islands of Iwosima. As we approached it, the first object visible was an evidence of civilization unknown among the Chinese; on its highest summit a flagstaff at once telegraphed our appearance to the mainland. We did not then know that cannon, placed at intervals the whole way to the capital, were noisily repeating this signal, so that intelligence of our approach was even then reverberating almost from one end of the empire to the other; and his majesty the Tycoon at Yedo, six or seven hundred miles away, was informed that we had entered the Bay of Nagasaki by the time that we had dropped our anchor in it.

"The high green islands of Iwosima conceal from view the entrance to the bay until you round their westernmost point: even then other islands and projecting promontories make it somewhat uncertain. The overhanging promontory above us is crowned by a battery of guns, round which a few soldiers are grouped, gazing curiously; beyond it more batteries appear on sundry other projections of the shore, which is here and there indented with bays, from which deep-wooded valleys run up into the island. They seem thickly populated, for the cottages, with their high thatched roofs, cluster up the hill-side, and peep out from under the dark foliage. In places the islands are precipitous, and masses of towering rock deny even to the hardest shrubs holding ground.

* For a succinct but animated account of what was known of Japanese government and institutions previous to Lord Elgin's visit, we may refer our readers to our own pages. (*Ed. Review*, vol. xvi. p. 348.) And we rejoice to find that the prognostications expressed in that article have been so speedily fulfilled.

"In charming contrast with these sterner features are grassy slopes and rice-fields rising in terraces on the green hill-sides, and shady groves with blue smoke curling above them, denoting the existence of snug hamlets. Securely moored in secluded creeks, or hauled up on little patches of sandy beach, are quaint-shaped native craft; others are glancing about these calm inland waters, ferrying across from islands to the main passengers and cargo, or lying motionless as though asleep on the water, their sails 'folded like thoughts in a dream, while the occupants are fishing. These sails are composed either of strips of matting or of cloth. These are generally black and white alternately, each strip not being above two feet wide, and hoisted perpendicularly. Some of these passenger-boats passed close to us for the purpose of a closer inspection. Those within manifested no fear, but a good deal of interest and curiosity; numerous flags fluttered from small flag-staffs in the stern, each device having its appropriate signification, unknown to us. The colors were generally black and white, and the form square or angular. A black circle on a white ground, or black and white triangles, were the commonest; but often they were complicated, and presented to the uninitiated the appearance of an elaborate collection of the emblems of freemasonry.

"Steaming gently on, we presently open the mouth of the long narrow harbor, with the conical wooded island of Pappenberg guarding its entrance; beyond which, formerly, foreign ships were not allowed to penetrate, and which must ever hold an unenviable notoriety in the historical annals of Japan, as the Tarpeian rock, down the precipitous sides of which hundreds of Christians, during the fierce persecution which had for its object the utter extermination of all who professed the creed, were hurled into the deep-blue waters which eddy round it. The moral of the sad story is written on the face of the steep hills which inclose the bay; tiers of cannon rise one above another; battery succeeds battery, as point after point is revealed to view. These guns are pointed not so much against the stranger as against the Christian, who, while he is dreaded, is no less despised, and the principal result of whose intercourse with the Japanese has been to furnish them with weapons by which they can the more effectually resist his encroachments. Notwithstanding this, Japan is once again open to the Christian; it will remain to be proved how far the estimate which former experience led the authorities of that empire to form of his practice and his profession, will be justified in the course of his renewed intercourse with its inhabitants." — *Oliphant*, vol. ii. p. 1.

The contrast which we have already indicated between the character and demeanor of the Chinese and Japanese statesman occurs in almost every form that can strike the eye of a foreign ob-

server. Indeed, oddly enough, the populace of Yedo seeing in our own countrymen something peculiarly unlike themselves, but never having heard that there existed any other foreigners beside the natives of the Celestial Empire, took the members of our mission for Chinese, and pursued them with the cry: "Chinaman, Chinaman, what have you got to sell?" The compliment was undeserved, and, to those to whom it was addressed, most unwelcome. The traveler who lands in a Chinese town finds himself in a dense congeries of wooden houses, built without order and often extremely neglected; the filthy habits of the people offend him at every turn; beggars and homeless wretches in every form of disease and misery infect the public ways, and may even be seen dying by the roadside; the sense of smell is outraged by the most detestable odors, while the whole aspect of things is that of a swinish confusion, in which, with great pretensions to arbitrary authority, the legal and methodical protection of the public interests and conveniences is scarcely known. Enter the city of Yedo, or even an outlying seaport like Nagasaki—a town of sixty thousand inhabitants—and every thing bears marks of a peculiar but most elaborate form of civilization. On reaching the landing-place, a wide spacious street, about a mile in length, flanked by neat houses of two stories, opened before our travelers. A paved way ran down the center of the street, on each side of which it was carefully graveled to the gutter. The footways were animated by numerous passengers, but no wheeled carriages or beasts of burden were to be seen. Beyond the street, this vista terminated in the foliage of the adjacent temples and tea-houses, or the white-washed walls of some fire-proof storehouse. Every thing indicates careful control and ingenious forethought. Scarcely a beggar was to be seen, except here and there a religious mendicant; and not a drunkard was ever met with.

With regard to personal cleanliness, the Japanese are the most active bathers and washers in the world. The "tub," which may elsewhere be regarded as one of the peculiar institutions of Great Britain, flourishes in all the light of publicity in Japan:

"Light wooden screens, neatly papered, and

running on slides, are for the most part pushed back in the daytime, and the passer looks through the house, to where the waving shrubs of a cool-looking back-garden invite him to extend his investigations. Between the observer and this retreat there are probably one or two rooms, raised about two feet from the ground; and upon the scrupulously clean and well-wadded matting, which is stretched upon the wooden floor, semi-nude men and women lull and lounge, and their altogether nude progeny crawl and feast themselves luxuriously at ever-present fountains. The women seldom wear anything above their waists, the men only a scanty loin-cloth. In the mid-day, during the summer, a general air of languor pervades the community: about sunset the world begins to wash, and the Japanese youth, like copper-colored Cupids, riot tumultuously."—Vol. ii. p. 19.

So exact is the control exercised by Japanese authority over the whole people, that every street has its magistrate, who is expected to settle all disputes, to know the most minute details of the private and public affairs of every creature within his jurisdiction, as reported to him by spies, and to keep an accurate record of births, deaths, and marriages. He is responsible for the good conduct of the street generally, and is elected by the popular voice of the inhabitants of the street; he is assisted in his duties by small companies of the principal male-householders, who also patrol at night.

Even the dogs of Japan live and flourish under the protection of the law:

"The streets of Yedo are infested with dogs—not the wretched mangy curs of Constantinople or the pariahs of India, but sleek, well-fed, audacious animals, who own no masters, but who seem to thrive on the community, and bid it defiance. They trot proudly about, with ears and tail erect, and are most formidable to meet in a by-lane. These animals are held in as high veneration and respect as they were in former times in Egypt; the most ancient traditions attach to them, and it is a capital crime to put one to death. There are even guardians appointed for their protection, and hospitals to which they are carried in case of illness. Certainly a long experience has taught them to profit by the immunity from persecution which they enjoy. It is only due to them to say that, as a race, they are the handsomest street-dogs I ever saw. The only large animals in Japan are horses, oxen and cows, and buffaloes; but milk, butter, and cheese are unknown as articles of consumption. There are no asses or mules, and scarcely any pigs. The largest wild animals are deer, of which, however, there are very few."—Vol. ii. p. 141.

To this concluding sentence it should be added that sheep, as well as pigs, are unknown, and that the British residents in Japan must prepare to forego the use of mutton—a privation which seems to have been already very severely felt by the American consul at Simoda. It is, however, a most extraordinary fact, that in these Islands, where the population is dense, and no supplies are drawn from foreign countries, the domestic quadrupeds chiefly used for the production of animal food and of manure are almost entirely wanting, and that even the use of preparations of milk is unknown. We wish Mr. Oliphant had been able to furnish us with a scheme of the rotation of crops on a Japanese farm. It would seem as if farming were reduced in such a country to rearing poultry and market gardening.

The same nicety which thus provides for the street police, may be traced in a thousand different shapes in the arts and manufactures, the manners and customs, the laws and government of Japan. Although it turned out that the manufactured products of Japan, which have been obtained by the Dutch at Desima and Nagasaki, are extremely inferior to the articles exposed for sale in the bazaars of the capital, yet the display at Nagasaki at once astonished our countrymen. In bronzes, the Japanese far excel the Chinese, the design and workmanship being infinitely superior. Excellent telescopes, clocks, magnifying glasses, and glass-ware, all of native manufacture, were to be met with; and the Japanese have shown extreme aptitude in applying all they have learnt of European arts from the Dutch factory. Their country abounds in metallic wealth, and they have great skill in the manufacture of cutting blades of steel, whether for arms or for tools; a circumstance which alone gives them an immense superiority over the clumsy implements of China and Hindostan. The most remarkable proof of this mechanical skill is that, on arriving at Yedo, the mission found there a very neat steamer built by Japanese artificers under the direction of a Dutch engineer. Prince Satsuma, one of the principal nobles of Southern Japan, has an electric telegraph at work from his capital city to his palace; and he employs eight hundred native workmen in glass factories and cannon foundries. And Mr. Oliphant found that—

"Under Captain Katendyke's direction, the Japanese were at that time carrying out some extensive public works in the harbor. These principally consisted of a machine-shop and foundry, with all the appurtenances necessary for the building and repairing of steamers, which the Emperor had recently determined on establishing at Nagasaki. For the last six months prior to our arrival, the Dutch engineers had been engaged collecting machinery; a large quantity had already arrived.

"The spot selected for the erection of the various buildings is in a beautiful valley, sloping down to, and terminating at, the left bank of the harbor, entering from seaward opposite Nagasaki. We observed a boat-load of Dutch artificers and engineers cross to it daily, but had not time to inspect their progress ourselves. It was calculated that two years would elapse before the works could come into operation. A pier, several hundred feet in length, and extending out sufficiently far to insure twenty feet at low water, was being built immediately in front, and as a part of the establishment. In the construction of this pier, the Japanese workmen, under Dutch direction, were making constant use of a diving-bell and Nasmyth's hammer.

"Japanese are allowed to enter these works as apprentices, in order to perfect themselves in engineering and mechanics, and so strong are their acquisitive propensities, where knowledge is concerned, that several princes have sought and obtained permission from the Emperor to place themselves under instruction, and are to be seen daily at the works, busily engaged at the lathe, the vice, or the forge, as the case may require, while others may be found in the drafting-room, preparing the necessary drawings for the various departments. Besides this, there has been for some years a naval school. By accounts we have received from Nagasaki, dated April last, we learn that an imperial decree has been received from Yedo, directing that the naval school be removed from Nagasaki to the capital, the Government believing that their officers have attained such proficiency in navigation as to enable them to dispense with further instruction in that department. This conclusion appears to have been arrived at from their screw steamer Yedo having lately made a successful passage from Nagasaki to Yedo in nine days, unaccompanied by any foreigner. The school of engineers, however, above alluded to, is still to be continued, as well as one of medicine and surgery, which has been for some time in existence, and very well attended."—Vol. ii. p. 65.

In immediate connection with this part of the subject, the following passage is extremely worthy of attention:

"Although we took leave to doubt the existence of professors of European languages at Yedo, there is no question about the advanced state of education, and its wide diffusion throughout the empire. Dutch is certainly taught at Yedo as well as at Nagasaki; and

pupils who have studied the latest mechanical and scientific inventions at the latter place under the Dutch, come to the capital as teachers. Thus they are competent to manage their own steam-engines, and to navigate their own ships, working their course by observation. They are extremely sensitive at being supposed incapable of acquiring any branch of knowledge which is possessed by others, and have a very high estimate of their powers in this respect. This was amusingly illustrated in a discussion which took place as to the language which should hereafter be the medium of official correspondence. 'Oh!' said one of the commissioners, 'you had better make English the official language; there is no telling how long it will be before you will be able to write a dispatch in Japanese; but give us five years, and we shall be quite competent to correspond with you in English.' This affords a striking contrast to our experience at Tientsin, where we found such difficulty in inducing the Chinese to accept the English as the official language, even as a prospective arrangement—one, indeed, which I have little hope of ever seeing carried out; for even if a Chinaman could be induced to study a foreign language, he is so utterly destitute by nature of the faculty of acquiring any tongue but his own, that a lifetime would be spent in the vain attempt. During the whole period of my stay in China, I did not meet a single native who could speak, read, and write English correctly.

"In Japan, on the other hand, there is a rage for the acquisition of every description of knowledge. A Chinaman thinks that any study but that of the Confucian books is degrading, and treats every modern invention with an air of calm contempt. A Japanese, on the other hand, is full of zeal and curiosity. He examines and asks questions about every thing within his reach, carefully noting the answers."—Vol. ii. pp. 177-8.

In spite of this eagerness for information, and this readiness to dispose of their manufactured produce, indications were not wanting, even here, of the vigilant control of a jealous government. Thus, although book-stalls were numerous, it became evident that no books were to be sold to the foreigner; a scramble instantly took place, and they disappeared. So again, no person whatever was allowed to receive any foreign coin. The money of the different members of the mission was solemnly exchanged by the government changers, for the currency of the country, and we have seen a Japanese "itzibus" as well struck as a franc piece, except that it happens to be *square*. But not a sou would the people receive, even in charity, that was not stamped with their own standard of value. They preferred to do the stranger's bidding without payment,

so great was their dread of being detected in the crime of handling foreign money.

These are two trifling examples of the principle which seems to pervade Japanese society, namely, that of universal *espionage*, and mutual control. Every man lives in fear of being reported by his neighbor. Every office is filled by two individuals, that one may preserve the other from backsliding. Even the letter-carriers (for there are letter-carriers if not a penny post in Yedo) run in couples. No one is so great or so insignificant as not to have his own double watching him and watched by himself. Even the Emperor is said to be as narrowly watched by spies as any of his subjects. In fact, the more we investigate the extraordinary system under which Japan is governed, the more evident does it become, that the great principle upon which the whole fabric rests, is the absolute extinction of individual freedom: to arrive at this result, resort is had to a complicated machinery, so nicely balanced, that, as every body watches every body, so no individual can escape paying the penalty to society of any injury he may attempt to inflict upon it. When the Saimios or titular princes, who are the next in degree to the Daimios or hereditary princes, (of the rank, as we might say, of privy councilors below the peerage,) came off to meet Lord Elgin,

"They were plainly dressed, and accompanied by the usual retinue, the use of which we now began to perceive. Most of them were engaged during the whole period of the interview with Lord Elgin in reporting in note-books precisely every word that passed. I even caught one fellow, as I glanced over his shoulder, making a sketch of his Excellency."

"When no conversation was actually taking place, they noted down observations of surrounding objects. Most inquisitive were they in their inquiries about every thing, and ready in booking the answer. The people who had no note-books were spies, whose business it was to see whether those who had, did their duty properly; also to keep an eye on the princes, and report any indiscretion of which they might be guilty. So when every body was watching every body else, it was only natural that the Japanese should wonder who was watching us. They solved this difficulty in an amusing way. Finding that there was only one British minister on board, but observing also that his letter had been signed Elgin and Kincardine, they gave us to understand, in the least offensive way possible, that Kincardine, who was no where visible, they supposed to be engaged in keeping his eye on Elgin. It was some time before we made

them understand how two titles could be vested in one and the same person."—Vol. ii. p. 98.

There are now in Japan three hundred and sixty feudal princes of greater or less importance, each of whom is compelled to have a residence in Yedo, to live in the capital six months of the year, and during the remaining six months to retire to his principality, leaving his wife and family at Yedo, as hostages for his good behavior. But their territorial rights in their own possessions are by no means absolute, as most of them are compelled to submit to the supervision of two government secretaries, who take it in turn to administer their affairs. There are besides three hundred smaller territorial divisions, so that the empire consists of upwards of six hundred fiefs. Political power seems chiefly vested in the hands of this oligarchy, and they control the Council of State, consisting of five members of the highest grade of the aristocracy, who are chosen by the Tycoon himself, and a minor council consisting of eight of the titular princes. All these are under the strict surveillance of private spies, who report to their own masters; and from the evident difficulty the Commissioners found in conceding certain points to which the kamis or princes were avowedly hostile, the Government probably stand in awe of that influential body. This Venetian constitution, as it may fairly be termed, naturally inspires the Japanese, and especially the members of the governing class, with a prodigious respect for rank; and one of the causes of Lord Elgin's success among them, was that they acknowledged in him a rank equal to their own. When Her Majesty's Commission was read upon the exchange of powers, and translated by the interpreter into the language of the country, upon hearing the words "trusty and well-beloved cousin," addressed by the Crown to Lord Elgin, the Japanese immediately rose with great courtesy, to mark their respect for Queen Victoria and her envoy, and then inquired whether he was indeed a cousin of the Queen of England, and what was his actual rank? To this Lord Elgin replied that the words were those customarily applied in instruments of state to a British earl, and that a British earl might in fact, according to the Japanese notions of rank, be termed an hereditary prince. No man on this side of the border will dispute the claim of the Bruce to

be styled a Scottish Daimios; but it is a singular incident in the fortunes of that illustrious house, that one of its chiefs should have obtained immediate recognition of his rank from the peers of Japan, and that it should have contributed, as it undoubtedly did, to the success of his mission. This anecdote is not related by Mr. Oliphant, but we have it from another member of the Embassy, who was present on the occasion. Lord Malmesbury committed a great mistake when he intrusted the chief management of our affairs in Japan to a mere consul-general, whom the native nobles could not fail to regard as a trading agent, and Lord John Russell has very properly done what he could to repair this blunder by raising Mr. Rutherford Alcock (of whose personal qualifications we entertain a high opinion) to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary.

It does not very clearly appear from Mr. Oliphant's narrative what were the decisive motives which induced the ruling powers of Japan suddenly to relax the highly prohibitive system by which they had excluded all foreigners for more than two centuries. Undoubtedly, they were well acquainted with the progress of our arms at Canton and at the mouth of the Peiho. Perhaps, also, they thought that as partial relations had been opened with some Christian States, and as the Russian settlements on the Amour are drawing to a dangerous proximity with the northern coasts of the empire, they were more likely to find safety and independence in treating with several foreign powers on terms of equality. However this may be, the sumptuous abodes of the grandees who inhabit the Grosvenor Square of Yedo, were impenetrable to the members of the Embassy. They belong to a class who are for the most part unfavorable to the introduction of foreigners into Japan. With few exceptions, the old aristocracy of Japan dread the foreign element as possibly subversive of that influence which they at present exercise in the government of the country; and the Tories of that empire take precisely the same view of the "foreigner" as the Tories of our quarter sessions and our House of Commons. It was, therefore, with great apprehension that Lord Elgin learned, on arriving at Yedo, that the enlightened Prime Minister, Bitsuno-kami, whom we take to be an advanced Whig in the scale of Japanese parties, and who had just before concluded

the American treaty with Mr. Harris, was no longer in office; a crisis had occurred in the cabinet, and the Tories had just come in. Nothing could be more unpromising than such a revolution in the direction of affairs: but here again, we have fresh occasion to admire the flexibility of the Japanese character and their native readiness to adapt themselves to the exigencies of constitutional government. The Tories, it is true, were in; but so was Lord Elgin. Prohibition was the basis of the constitution of Japan; once gone, the sun of the empire set forever. But the fatal preliminaries had already been opened. The Daimios and the Saimios had already surrendered the approaches of the capital to the insidious stranger. In a word, the Japanese conservatives did precisely what Lord Derby and his colleagues were doing at about the same time. They hastened to assure Lord Elgin that he would get a much better treaty from them than from that rascally Whig, Bitsuno-kami; and to do them justice, they surrendered the bulwarks of Japan with a grace of which Mr. Disraeli himself is not yet a master.

Mr. Oliphant's account of the negotiation is amusing, and increases our liking for this people, whose motto really ought to be *seria ludo*—they laugh over serious things, instead of making laughable things very serious.

"Before proceeding to work, our guests sat down with great readiness to luncheon, and made formidable inroads upon the ham, the dish of all others which they most highly appreciate. They also indulged freely in champagne; indeed, so conscious were they of the risk attending these libations preparatory to entering upon business, that Higo facetiously expressed a hope that the Treaty would not taste of ham and champagne.

"After luncheon we adjourned to Lord Elgin's sitting-room, where his Excellency and the Commissioners seated themselves round the table and mutually exhibited their full powers."

"Now that we had really settled down to work, every body lighted a pipe or a cigar, and although, as regarded from a red-tape point of view, the general aspect of the scene may have been somewhat informal, a great deal of business was accomplished. It was necessary, however, to get over a difficulty in the first instance, arising from the necessity which the Commissioners felt of being watched. It was an unnatural thing for them to transact business except in the presence of government and private spies, so they formally requested that a certain number of these gentry should

be allowed to be present during the conferences. This was of course objected to by Lord Elgin, his Excellency remarking that there were already six Japanese Commissioners to one English Minister, and that any further accession of force on the other side would be manifestly quite unfair. On which the Commissioners neatly enough replied, 'that it did indeed take six Japanese heads to cope with such an English head as they saw before them, and that, in fact, they felt quite unequal to the task.' The matter was ultimately compromised by the presence of one secretary being allowed in addition to the indispensable Moriyama.

"We were now able to enter upon the body of the Treaty, and very soon discovered that the Commissioners manifested the greatest acumen in the discussion of points of detail, never resting satisfied until they thoroughly comprehended the *rationale* of every question raised. Once, indeed, so serious a difficulty arose, that, to create a diversion, some one proposed that we should have some cha, (tea,) upon which Lord Elgin suggested *châ-pagne*, an amendment which caused infinite merriment, and which was carried by acclamation. The Japanese have a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, and many a knotty point was solved by *bon mot*; indeed, to judge by the perpetual laughter in which they indulge, they are forever making jokes. Higo was the wit of the party, and was often in consequence not only inattentive himself, but apt to distract the attention of the others. It was evident in the twinkle of his eye when he was meditating a pun. His observations, nevertheless, upon business matters, whenever he condescended to make them, were always shrewd and to the point." (Vol. ii. p. 37.)

Mutato nomine de te—the resemblance to the Derby Administration is nearly perfect.

Upon the final signature of the Treaty a dinner was given by Lord Elgin to the Commissioners, and the following ludicrous scene occurred :

"At last the final act was concluded, and Lord Elgin informed the Commissioners that, it being the habit among loyal Englishmen to drink the health of their sovereign, he was now about to propose that toast. This was evidently a custom entirely new to them; and they had scarcely had time to comprehend its meaning before their ears were startled by the noisy 'honors' with which it was immediately followed. Quickly taking their cue, however, the three-times-three had not been rung out before it was lustily joined in by our guests. The next toast was the health of his Majesty the Tycoon, which was no less uproariously responded to, the Commissioners by this time having arrived at a pitch of enthusiasm and champagne which made them enter warmly into the proceedings of the evening. 'When

you in the West want to honor a person especially, you roar and shout after your meals. It was a curious custom, but they understood it now.' Indeed, to prove it Sina-nono-kami, a very grave old man, during a dead pause in the conversation, suddenly started to his feet and emitted a stentorian cheer, after which he sat solemnly down, the effect on the rest of the company being to produce an irresistible shout of laughter." (Vol. ii. p. 225.)

In the course of these discussions, although they were conducted, we doubt not, with as much courtesy on the one side as on the other, much must have arisen to surprise, perhaps to alarm, the Japanese ministers; for the stake between the parties was not equal, and concessions which would only add some trifling advantage to the wide and general interests of England, might affect in an essential manner the very existence of Japan. Yet such was their consummate address and good breeding that no instance was witnessed by the Embassy of a Japanese losing in any degree his self-command and good temper. Thus far, then, the experience of Lord Elgin and Mr. Oliphant confirms the favorable impressions of the Japanese character which have been recorded by old Kämpfer and by St. Xavier, centuries back; and these are shared by the more recent residents.

"Mr. Harris spoke in terms even more eulogistic than those universally employed by the Dutch, of the Japanese people. His residence among them, under circumstances which compelled him to form intimate relations with them — for they were his only companions — only served to increase his high opinion of their amiable qualities and charming natural dispositions. He told us numerous anecdotes illustrative of this, more especially of the extraordinary attention shown him by the Emperor and Empress on the occasion of a serious illness which he had suffered. The Emperor insisted on sending his own medical man to attend upon him; while her Majesty delighted in providing him with culinary delicacies prepared by herself, and suited to his state of health."

And the same kindly spirit appears to pervade the social and domestic relations to a degree utterly unknown in any other Eastern country, and not very common in the Western world.

"Universal testimony assures us that in their domestic relations the men are gentle and forbearing, the women obedient and virtuous; and in every department of crime, we have reason to believe that the amount of grave offenses committed against society is less in proportion to the population than that of other countries.

All the Dutch writers unite in extolling the excellence of the native tribunals, and their competence to deal with criminal, and give satisfaction in civil causes. We could only judge by the result. As locks and keys did not exist, our rooms were open to the incursions of any of the numerous attendants who swarmed about our lodgings, and though we left the most tempting English curiosities constantly displayed, yet we never had to complain of a single article missing, even of the most trifling value.

"I thought it singular that, during the whole period of our stay in Yedo, I should never have heard a scolding woman, or seen a disturbance in the streets, although, whenever I passed through them, they were densely crowded. Upon no single occasion, though children were numerous, did I ever see a child struck or otherwise maltreated. Kæmpfer, Charlevoix, and Titsingh agree in saying that the love, obedience, and reverence manifested by children towards their parents is unbounded; while the confidence placed by parents in their children is represented to be without limit. Parents select their children to be arbitrators in their disputes with others, and submit implicitly to their decisions; it is also a constant practice for parents to resign their state and property to a son when he shall have attained a suitable age, remaining for the rest of life dependent on him for support; and abuse of this trust is said to be unknown." (Vol. ii. p. 205.)

We trust these impressions may be permanent and that nothing may arise to shake our confidence in them. Much depends on the Europeans themselves who may frequent the ports of Japan or obtain an entrance into the country; and it is incumbent on all persons who may enter into communication with this remarkable people to remember that Christians, as

well as those we call barbarians, have a character to uphold and duties of self-restraint to perform. We know enough of the darker side of the Japanese character. They proved themselves in the course of that revolution which led to the extirpation of Christians and the ejection of foreigners a haughty, fanatical, and cruel people when provoked. Probably the same causes would even now lead to the same results, and place us in the painful alternative of hostilities or humiliation. We devoutly hope, for the honor of civilization and for the interests of mankind, that no such catastrophe will occur. But whilst we deplore the gross vices of sensuality which, in some respects, degrade and pollute Japanese society, and the superstition which enthalls them in thirty-five different forms of idolatry, we must leave to a Higher Power these questions of morality and of faith. Speaking the language of human affairs, we discern much in the existing institutions and government of Japan which commands our respect, and we sincerely hope that the benefits we may derive from the opening of that empire by Lord Elgin's treaty, will be returned ten-fold upon the natives of the country, who have confided in our honor and good faith. Certain it is, that the name of Lord Elgin will ever be most honorably associated with this mission; and that the volumes in which Mr. Oliphant has related these transactions will be read with the strongest interest now, and deserve to retain a permanent place in the literary and historical annals of our time.

From the London Review.

IMPORTANCE OF CHILDRENS' LITERATURE.*

ONE of the most interesting features of our modern literature is the ample provision it contains for the real or supposed wants of childhood. As we cast our eyes over the formidable and ever-lengthening catalogues of new books issued by our London publishers, we can not fail to notice the large proportion which specially claim the patronage of "parents and guardians," and which profess to be adapted to the requirements of children. It seems that the numerical increase of such books goes on in a higher ratio than that of any other class, and that in the literary market children's books always command the surest sale. The production and the decoration of such books must employ an increasing number of persons every year; and the amount of ingenuity and labor involved in the preparation of such constant novelty must be very large.

It would be pleasant to infer from this obvious fact, that children were better understood than formerly, and that their mental and moral needs had been more accurately gauged. We can not conceive a higher proof of the wisdom and thoughtfulness of an age than any token which showed it to be specially capable of sympathizing with childhood. A generation of men distinguished from its predecessors by keener insight into a child's nature, and greater power of adapting itself to his wants, must necessarily be in a very hopeful state. It must have perception, and taste, and judgment. It can not fail to be characterized by gentleness and unselfishness. The "spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind," must assuredly have aided its development; and a grand future must lie before it.

But there are several reasons which forbid us to accept too hastily the flattering conclusion that all this is true of ourselves. An age much occupied in self-analysis and in criticism, the best products of whose literature are of an abstract and speculative cast, is not one in which *a priori* we expect to find nursery books of the highest excellence. Nor is a review of our possessions in this department altogether calculated to alter this impression. The fact is, that while books written for children, and sold for them, are abundant enough, a real child's book is still a comparatively scarce product. Scores of persons who could not succeed in any other branch of letters, are attracted to this by the prospect of certain remuneration, and by the supposed easiness of the task. Any body can write common-place anecdotes, and diluted history, and sham science, in jargon which, because it is not the language of men and women, is conventionally supposed to be that of children; and when the outward furtherance and embellishment of crimson and gold binding and colored engravings are added, it is easy to mistake the result for a child's book. Many a volume freely bought by parents for the juvenile library

* *The Fall of Cræsus*. By the Rev. W. ADAMS, M.A., Author of *The Shadow of the Cross*. Rivington.

Tales and Fairy Stories. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by Madame DE CHATELAIN. Routledge.

German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories, as told by GAMMER GRETHEL. Translated from the Collection of M.M. GRIMM. Joseph Cundall.

Round the Fire. Six Stories by the Author of *The Day of a Baby-Boy*. Smith & Elder.

SCHNORR'S Bible Pictures. Williams & Norgate.

The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. Smith & Elder.

The Children's Year. By MARY HOWITT. With Four Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Longman & Co.

The King of the Golden River; or, The Black Brothers. A Legend of Styria. By JOHN RUSKIN. Smith & Elder.

A Poetry Book for Children. Bell & Daldy.

The Heroes; or, Greek Fairy Tales for my Children. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley. Macmillan.

Days of Old. Three Stories from old English History for the Young. By the Author of *Ruth* and her Friends. Macmillan.

The Rose and the Ring. By MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH. Smith & Elder.

A Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People. Sampson Low.

is of this kind; delighting the eye of its little possessor for a while; giving a pleasant feeling of pride and ownership as he looks at the pictures, or sets it up on his shelves; yet never read—not, in fact, a *book*, in any true sense of the word—only a feeble, showy, and worthless substitute for one.

The truth is, that the task of producing the literature of childhood is not one which can be safely left to the mere manufacturers of books. It is a great mistake to suppose that it is an easy thing to write a good juvenile book. On the contrary, the highest gifts scarcely suffice for the discharge of this duty, humble as it may seem to be. A rare faculty of moral insight, and much observation, are needed, in order rightly to discern what is going on in the mind of a child, to realize all its little experiences, to see with its eyes, to understand its manifold bewilderments, joys, troubles, and fears; and so to sympathize with it, as to know precisely what it is that books can do, and what it is that they can not do, for childhood; and what is the kind of intellectual food for which the infant appetite is adapted.

There are few questions of more universal interest and significance than this; and few which demand more of serious and enlightened consideration. In every household which by the Divine favor is beautified and blessed with the presence of a little child, the duty of providing the right *pabulum* for its newly-awakened curiosity, and of furnishing it with healthy books, is, if not a paramount, at least an urgent and weighty one. Other problems in life seem to call for solution with greater importunity; but the growth of a young soul, and the maintenance of its happiness, are at stake here; and a parent who acts as if the selection of a book for his child demanded no judgment, and involved no responsibility, is guilty of neglecting one of his most important functions.

Children's books will be well written and wisely purchased in just the proportion in which the nature of childhood is studied and understood. This seems a truism, but it nevertheless needs to be stated. For, of all branches of recondite science, *pedology*, or the science which systematically observes the phenomena of child-life, and investigates the laws which govern its early development, seems to

have fewest professors, and least encouragement. It is a department of human knowledge in which we have all had some teaching, but in which we have for the most part been eager to forget all we ever knew. In youth we have hastened on, anxious to become men and women, glad to throw off the traditions of childhood, and unaware that the child's experience, if we could retain it in our memory, would be priceless in after life. Many a parent remembers with bitterness the time when he sought to cover with oblivion feelings and notions which in later days he has vainly striven to recall, and for even a faint glimpse of which he could now find abundant use. He looks back, and knows that he has lost, not only the freshness of a child's heart, but even the knowledge of what that freshness is. The world has closed round him, the claims of active life have become more urgent; and in the glare of the "light of common day" it is hard, and indeed almost impossible, to recall the sensations which were once imparted by the fresh breath of dawn, and the sweet bright rays of the morning sun.

Yet it may be safely said, that they who in after life retain most of this experience, are generally the best and the noblest. The power to understand and sympathize with children is one which belongs to the higher, not to the lower, order of minds. It is, *ceteris paribus*, most likely to be possessed by those of the deepest natural sensibility, united with the highest culture. And since the day when the Divine Teacher tenderly "took a little child and set him in the midst," a new and touching sacredness seems to attach to infancy. To the Christian man it has become the type of that purity of heart which he longs to attain; and when he meditates most on the meaning of the words, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children," he sees a new reason for desiring that his own sympathies for children may be enlarged, and that his own mind may be opened to understand them better. Indeed, it is seldom that any man has failed to experience a thrill of delight on finding that he was a favorite of a young child. Something has told him that the love and trust which he had been so fortunate as to awaken, constituted a truer compliment than could ever have been put into words by older lips. He has been conscious

that that side of his own nature, on which it opened itself to communion with the heart of the little one, was the purest and the best. He has felt that it would be well for him if the emotions thus called forth could last longer, and influence him more. He has known that in simple affectionate intercourse with a child, he has himself been receiving, when perhaps he thought he was only teaching; and he has guessed that there might, after all, be some wisdom in the much-derided lines which Wordsworth addressed to a boy:

"My heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn."

We regard this reverent and thoughtful study of childhood as indispensable for the production of a sound juvenile literature. Consciously or unconsciously, the writers of children's books should be possessed with a respect for children, over and above the desire to instruct and entertain them. One of the first conditions of a good book of this class is, that it should not be written contemptuously, with the notion that any nonsense will do for the purpose; or with the patronizing air of one who writes *down*, rather than *up*, to the level of a child's comprehension. But this condition is seldom fulfilled. Our book-wrights do not realize the fact that the point of view from which a child looks into literature and the world is not necessarily a lower one than their own. It is different, no doubt. But the difference is one in kind, rather than in degree. Children are not merely undeveloped men and women, with all the mental and moral faculties in a like condition of inferiority. If they were, it might not be unreasonable to give them in a diluted and simplified form exactly the intellectual sustenance which would suit adults. But, on the contrary, they are beings in whom certain intellectual powers are far more active, and certain moral attributes are in condition of greater purity and more healthy action, than in later life. They therefore require provision of a special kind, adapted to stimulate the growth of what is good, as well as to check the growth of that which is too luxuriant. Few things disgust children more than to be treated as mere diminutives of men and women, and to

be addressed in that tone of artificial childishness which is adopted by grown up persons, who think to suit themselves to their little hearers by eliminating all the sense and meaning from the words they use. In this respect the child's instincts are right. He knows that injustice is done to his own nature, and that he is meant for something better. We do not doubt that in the long run more errors are committed in this respect, through under-estimating the endowments of children, than through shooting above their heads. For one book which errs by being beyond the comprehension of children, ten are written which exhibit a mean and mistaken anxiety on the part of the writers to keep within it.

We have no right to complain of the provision which exists for supplying the wants of very little children who are just beginning to use books as toys. Up to the age of five or six, it is very easy for a parent to find in abundance the sort of literature he requires. Felix Summerly, Mr. Absolon, Mr. Dean, and the Messrs. Darton, have contrived to produce colored picture-books which are as remarkable for their splendor and attractiveness as for their cheapness. Before the age of six, the only use a child can make of a book is to look at its pictures; and the only aims which the manufacturer of a book of this kind need keep in view are, first, to give the little one pleasant associations with the thought of a book, by making it as agreeable to the eye as possible; and, secondly, to offer something which shall make the child open its eyes and look intently, and so learn to distinguish and observe. For at this stage of a child's progress there is much to be done in educating the senses, and especially the organ of sight. Now it matters little *what* the child sees, so long as it sees clearly and sees much. Few things are more painful than to see children grow up with a habit of gazing slightly and cursorily at the things which surround them. Such a habit is sure either to betoken mere vacuity and listlessness of mind, or else to produce it. A trained eye is a great acquisition, and is almost sure to be connected with an orderly and observant mind. All pictures therefore are good which merely rivet the attention and delight the sense of vision by their gay colors. Something is gained even if nothing more is excited than a feeling of

admiration, and the disposition to look and look again. But if, besides this, the picture can make the child distinguish and compare objects and their parts, much more is gained. Any practice in finding out the different objects which compose a picture, in identifying the representations with the things represented, is sure to be of great value in the education of a child. For this reason those pictures are best which represent familiar objects. At first it is a mistake to try to instruct children by giving them the knowledge of rare plants, or foreign animals, or strange scenes, by means of pictures. It is not knowledge of distant things which they want, so much as the habit of looking closely at near things. And this habit is strengthened every time the eye is beguiled into dwelling on a picture of some common animal or domestic scene, and into making comparisons and contrasts with the real objects themselves.

Throughout the whole of a child's career pictures will be useful, rather in proportion to what they suggest than what they teach. It is as a help to the child's fancy, not as a substitute for it, as a contrivance for making him look at real things, not as a thing in itself worth looking at, that the picture possesses value. Hence color may be dispensed with as soon as possible. If too much used, it weakens the imagination, by its greater appearance of reality. Moreover, when false or exaggerated, it always vitiates the taste. As boys and girls grow up, they should be left to discover that the glaring colors are only meant for babies, and that they must learn to do without such aid. The more the picture leaves for the fancy to fill up the better. Hence it is more important in books for older children that the drawing of the outlines should be correct, and that the subjects should be well chosen, than that any attempt should be made to give large or finished pictures. All illustrations, of course, become relatively less and less necessary as the stories become more interesting and attractive in themselves. When a verbal description is very vivid, or a tale unusually exciting, a picture is apt to lower and vulgarize the conception which the mind of a child would otherwise form. The visions which the words suggest are more beautiful and vast than the artist can represent. Every adult

who after reading Milton has turned to Martin's, or Westall's, or even Turner's illustrations of the *Paradise Lost*, must have been conscious of disappointment and loss.

"We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?"

This is equally true of children, and therefore it should be remembered that pictures are less needed in books whose subject-matter is in itself attractive, and in books which address themselves most to the fancy of a child. They will be useful as subsidiary attractions to graver books, but it is a great triumph of good training to economize such expedients, and to rely as little as possible upon them. Especial care needs to be taken with Bible pictures. If well used, they may do much to increase a reverent interest in the Sacred Word, and a healthy curiosity about its contents. Too many of them, however, are utterly unworthy of their subject, and are gaudy in general effect, but coarse in feeling and careless in execution. We are glad to find that the Christian Knowledge and the religious Tract Societies are meeting this difficulty by the production of a better class of colored prints on Scripture subjects, which are dignified and pleasing, and many of which are copied with considerable fidelity from the works of the great masters of Christian art. Schnorr's series of outlines, which have been introduced into this country from Germany, are remarkable for their bold and accurate drawing, and for their grace and purity of conception. We think that this series deserves to be better known. It will be a useful auxiliary to the Christian parent, who desires to familiarize a little one with scriptural stories; and will be found far more accurate and suggestive in details than the mass of cheap Scripture prints.

But it is not to the æsthetic view of children's literature that we are mainly desirous to direct the attention of our readers. The discipline of the eye, and the culture of a taste for the beautiful, are important points in early education; but they are to be gained chiefly from trees, and flowers, and fields, or from noble pictures—in short, by other instruments than books. It is rather our busi-

ness to inquire what features there are in a child's moral and mental conformation, to which special regard needs to be paid by the writers and the purchasers of juvenile books, and what conditions such books should fulfill.

There are few things more affecting than the credulity, the entire faith and trustfulness of children. "Nature has," says Jean Paul, "as if figuratively, richly prepared them for reception: the bones of the ear are the only ones which are as large in the child as in the grown-up man. Never forget that the little dark child looks up to you, as to a lofty genius, an apostle full of revelations, whom he trusts altogether more absolutely than his equals." It is this undoubting confidence in the wisdom of elders which most of all needs to be cherished and cultivated. There can be no real education without it. That faith which in later life must find higher objects, centers itself in infancy on the parent as on a being almost divine. It should then be sacredly preserved, as the basis of religion, and of all true reverence and love. But this is a necessity which is only imperfectly recognized in children's books. In many of them attention to authority, obedience to parents, and general submissiveness, are not only inculcated, but enforced by argument and explanation. We have seen stories in abundance in which parental claims and rights are urged on the conscience of the little ones by the example of good little boys who have held edifying conversation with pious mammas on the fifth commandment. Tommy and Fanny are described as receiving in an *explicit* form, in short, that notion of the reverence due to parents, which, if learnt to any purpose, should come to them *implicitly*. Now the principle of authority is not a thing to be talked about to a child, but to be felt. It should be taken for granted, in all the intercourse of parents and elders, that *that* is a settled point. A conversation, or a book, in which the grounds of obedience are discussed, is simply injurious to a child. It makes an appeal to his reason on a point which his reason is not competent to decide. It causes him to regard as an open question that on which his own nature, if it were not for an over-careful and meddlesome education, would never lead him to doubt. It sets up his understanding as the measure of his duty; and tends

to destroy that attitude of affectionate and unquestioning trust which the Divine Father for wise purposes has made natural to a child.

The influence of Pestalozzi and De Fellenberg, in many respects so healthy, has, we think, been in one department of education somewhat harmful. A great point was gained when the kindly and sympathetic discipline of these eminent educators became fashionable among teachers and writers in England and America. Yet Jacob Abbott and Mrs. Sherwood, and many others of the same school, have pushed the theory to an injudicious extent. Their works, like the system of Pestalozzi, do not sufficiently cultivate confidence in the teacher. They assume that children need explanations which shall be satisfactory to their understanding on the elementary truths of morals and religion. Now such explanations are too apt to weaken faith, and to suggest more doubts and questions than they remove. In early life the only possible basis of moral obligation lies in authority and love. In attempting to construct another basis, we are losing sight of the peculiar conditions of infancy, and measuring them by our own standard. In manhood credulousness is weakness; in childhood it is beauty and power.

This entire readiness on the part of children, when in their normal condition, to believe all that is told them—this absence of all suspicion on their part, that their elders are untrustworthy, or even fallible—suggests to us several inferences as to the spirit in which children's books should be written. In the first place, their trustfulness should be always recognized and assumed; not claimed, or entreated, or made the subject of discussion; the tone adopted by the writer or speaker being never apologetic, but that of one who has an unquestionable right to be heard. Again, it is ungenerous to take advantage of this feeling, and to press more upon the acceptance of the child's faith than it is intended to receive. There are certain truths and opinions which can not be received to any purpose by a human being, unless they satisfy his judgment and convince his understanding. Controverted doctrines, and the questions which divide the sections of the Christian Church from each other, are of this class. Now, if any attempt is made to inculcate opinions on these points, by the pressure

of mere authority, a mischievous reaction is sure to follow. For a time the child acquiesces, but when the day comes in which the opinion, if at all, is to be of real use to him, when he discovers that he has been taking on trust that which ought to have been the result of independent investigation, his mind will, in all probability, vibrate strongly in the contrary direction, and he will have a sense that his weakness has been tampered with. The teacher or book-writer should remember this, and should take care not to dogmatize to the little ones on any but the great fundamental truths of religion and morality; and not to urge upon an immature judgment, and a half-developed conscience, conclusions which require ripen powers and experience, before they can be truly appropriated at all. Finally, all trustfulness increases the responsibility of those on whom it is bestowed. If children listen with less criticism or suspicion than adults, then all the more scrupulous fairness in statement is due to them. We should remember that special confidence requires to be met with special candor; and that when once a child detects in its instructor a design to deceive or mislead him, its own sense of truth is weakened, and its character is permanently injured. If truthfulness be, as indeed it is, one of the cardinal virtues of youth, if of all hateful things a lie is the most hateful and degrading, then how tenderly we should reverence the trustfulness of the little ones, and how earnestly all *façetie* in tone or sentiment should be avoided! The childlike faith disappears far too early; let us strive to retain it as long as we can.

How far are fairy and mythological stories open to objection on this score? If we may not deceive children, what right have we to amuse them with narratives which have not one word of actual truth in them? These are questions which occur to all conscientious parents, and which deserve some attention. There can be no doubt that the imagination is a very prominent faculty in a child, and that purely fictitious stories are very welcome to him. How can we reconcile the act of indulging this instinct with the higher claims of truth and justice? We know that children invariably have an appetite for the marvelous, and it is hard to doubt that it was given them to be gratified. The sense of wonder with which

they look forth upon the world which surrounds them, is evidently intended to make them look more keenly, and to set all the perceptive powers in vigorous action. "In wonder," says Archbishop Leighton, "all knowledge begins;" the feeling of delighted bewilderment and curiosity which characterizes childhood, plays an important part in education. Without it, no future study of the works and ways of God is possible. Where there is no mystery, there is no need of revelation. But grant that this is true, surely there are wonderful and yet *real* things, which will serve the purpose. There are machines of intricate structure and of gigantic power; there are volcanoes and cataracts; there are fixed stars and comets, the sizes, and distances, and motions of which, are such as to surpass the wildest conjectures. Can we not feed the sense of wonder with accounts of these, instead of stories concerning giants, and fairies, and ogres, *et hoc genus omne*?

The child's own answer to this question would be very easily given. He loves the fairy story; and, up to a certain age, he does *not* care for the marvels of science. And this answer is as philosophical as it is natural. For no child was ever permanently deceived by a marvelous story about a giant. He likes it, or a tale from the *Arabian Nights*, because it fills his mind with new images and strange pictures. The question of the probability or improbability of the story itself, does not trouble him. He is in a new world, in which

"Truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife."

Hence a very young child is neither surprised nor shocked at improbable things; he is simply delighted. Such receptive power as he has is fully at work. His eye and his heart are open. He is peering a little further into the hitherto invisible mystery of life; and while reading, he is in a happy dream. How much of what he sees is substance, and how much shadow; how much matter of fact, and how much mere spectral illusion, he neither knows nor desires to know. And why should he? The knowledge of life's realities, and of the prosaic conditions of human existence, will come soon enough. A very little experience will enable him to find them out. Meanwhile, it is enough if his perceptions and the whole *apprehensive* power of his nature be awake and lively. Imagination

comes, in order of time, *before* judgment; just as, in logic, terms come before propositions, in order that the mind may be stored with images and notions, before it is called upon to compare or weigh them. And this beautiful arrangement in the providence of God is as evident in the youth of nations, as in the youth of every human being; so that at first they do not reason, they only seem to dream.

"During the first five years," says the author of *Levana*, "children say neither what is true nor what is false—they merely talk. Their talking is thinking aloud; and since the one half of thought is frequently a yes, and the other a no, and both escape them, (though not us,) they seem to lie when they are merely talking to themselves. Further, at first they find great pleasure in exercising their new art of speech, and so they often talk nonsense, only for the sake of hearing their acquisitions in language. They frequently do not understand some word that you have said; little children, for instance, often confuse to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, as well as numbers and degrees of comparison, and so give rather a mistaken than a false reply. Again, they use their tongues more in sport than earnest, as may be seen in the long discourses they hold with their puppets, as a minister or an author does with his; and they easily apply this sportive talking to living people. Children always fly to the warm sunny side of hope; if the bird or the dog has gone away, they will say, without any further reason, it will come back again. And since they can not altogether separate their hopes, that is, their fancies from copies or truths, their own self-deception assumes the appearance of a lie. It is worthy of consideration whether children, when they practise a lie, do not often relate remembered dreams which must necessarily be confounded by them with real occurrences."

A careful observer of children will soon learn to distinguish between this sort of innocent prattle, and the willful falsification of a fact. He will soon find that while he must punish the one with the greatest seriousness and severity, he may fearlessly encourage the other. He will find that he can safely minister to the child's love for the marvelous and the supernatural, and at the same time educate him to feel the most scrupulous regard for truth in all which concerns himself. For there are duties of *being* as well as of doing. There are truths of imagination, as well as truths of fact; and it is the inner and deeper part of the nature of man which calls for a supply of these. Pictures and gay colors and romances do not give us literal truth, nor indeed truth in an ob-

jective sense at all; but they are true subjectively. They interpret our dreams and fancies to ourselves, and keep the imaginative power in healthy exercise, by employing it upon some object of external interest, when otherwise it would brood painfully and unhealthily upon itself. No books which can fulfill this function wisely and innocently should be despised.

Stories of the impossible and the marvelous are, in short, the *poetry* of childhood. The cultivated man enjoys the highest poetry, simply because it does not deal with the mere truth of fact. He feels the want of other mental sustenance than this. Books of science or of history tell him what *is*; but poetry tells him what *might be*, or leads him to think of what *ought to be*. He delights in it. He feels that in thus lifting his thoughts out of the region of common-place, poetry does him an immense service. It ennobles him: it widens his range of vision, it deepens his sensibility, it stirs him with a vague thirst and longing after the unattainable, the grand, and the vast. And he knows that he has been refreshed and strengthened by the process, even when he is least able to put into words a single proposition which his judgment has accepted. A child does not know this; but it is not the less true in this case. A fairy tale, or *Belisarius*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, has done for him what the story of Hamlet, or *Comus*, or *Guinevere*, has done for his father; it has opened his eyes to behold a hitherto unseen world; it has filled him with images of nobleness or beauty; it has made him put forth all the seeing faculty which resided in him, and in this way has imparted to him at once strength, and insight, and gladness.

It is interesting to find a confirmation of this view in the *Biographia Literaria* of Coleridge—a man who was singularly gifted with the power of watching and recording the history of his own mind, and able, in a remarkable degree, to estimate at its true value the training through which he had passed. He says:

"My early reading of fairy tales, and about genii and the like, had habituated me to the vast; and I never regarded my senses in any way as the criterion of my experience. I regulated all my words by my conceptions, not by my sight, even at that age. Ought children to be permitted to read romances and stories of giants, magicians, and genii? I know all that has been said against it; but I have formed my

faith in the affirmative. I know no other way of giving the mind a love of the great and the whole. Those who have been led to the same truths, step by step, by the constant testimony of their senses, seem to want a sense which I possess. They contemplate nothing but parts, and all parts are necessarily little, and the universe to them is but a mass of little things. It is true the mind may become credulous and prone to superstitious fancies, by the former method. But are not the experimentalists (the practical men) credulous, even to madness, in believing any absurdity rather than believe the grandest truths, if they have not the testimony of their own senses in their favor? I have known some who have been rationally educated, as it is styled. They were marked by an almost microscopic acuteness; but when they looked at great things, all became a blank, and they saw nothing, and denied that any thing could be seen, and uniformly put the negation of a power for the possession of a power, and called the want of imagination, judgment, and the never being moved to rapture, philosophy."

Another advantage of stories of pure imagination is, that by them the thoughts of a child are carried out from himself. The world which attracts him is not that of which he forms a part. In it no unhealthy introspection, no personal vanity can possibly be stimulated. His whole observant and reflective faculties are absorbed in the contemplation of something separate and distant. He is profoundly impressed with the cruelty of *Blue Beard*, or awed and disgusted by the prodigious greed of the ogre, as "he sits on a hill picking his teeth with the kitchen-poker." He admires with all his might the skill and courage of *Jack the Giant-Killer*, or the *Seven Champions*: he is touched with the undeserved misfortunes of *Cinderella*, or convulsed with laughter at the grotesque vanity of the Emperor in his new clothes. But all these emotions are not only perfectly sincere and healthful; they are unalloyed by any reflex action on the child, himself, or his playfellows. It may be said, that a hatred of cruelty will be excited as much by the genuine story of a bad boy as by the story of an impossible ogre. But there is this difference. In the former case, the child is tempted to compare himself with the delinquent, and to draw from the story the conclusion of the famous *Jack Horner*, who, on very slender grounds, as it has always appeared to us, exclaimed: "What a good boy am I!" But, in the latter case, the disgust or admiration, not being excited by a contemporary or a companion, begets no ill

will, no rash or unkind judgment, no sense of superiority or self-conceit. It is the very remoteness of the scene from the every-day world of probability and of fact, which tends to make the emotions thus excited more pure and innocent, and, therefore, more practically effective on the conduct.

After all, it is a great point in education to awaken the curiosity, and feed the fancy, because we thus give a child a sense of the greatness of the universe in which he has come to live. The awe and astonishment with which a child contemplates the mysteries of life, and gazes on things too deep for him to fathom, and too high for him to understand, is one of the best possible means of preparation for future knowledge. The pattern child of Mr. Gradgrind, in one of Mr. Dickens's books, who had been brought up on strictly scientific principles, expressed a contempt for another little one who had been heard to repeat,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!"

He had never been permitted to wonder at any thing of the sort. On the contrary, he had been taught all about the star, how big it was, and how far off, and why it twinkled. It was part of the system of his education, that every question he asked should be met with a prompt answer, that no room should be left for doubt, nor for curiosity, nor for brooding over mysteries. We all know how great a nuisance such infant prodigies are. We are all interested in discouraging the pernicious system of training which produces them. Even the grown man who has ceased to marvel at the phenomena of life, who is no longer overpowered with a sense of the infinite greatness of the fair, broad world, in which he finds himself, nor oppressed when he thinks of the impossibility of ever understanding a thousandth part of the things he sees, is neither wise nor on the road to wisdom. It is far worse for a child to be unconscious of any thing awful, or puzzling, or mysterious in life. He may indeed be a paragon of learning, and, as a machine for retaining the maximum amount of school-book erudition, he will probably be noteworthy enough; but he will not be childlike. He will infallibly become cold, selfish, and conceited, and will gain but a poor compensation for a

full memory, in the shape of weakened perceptions and a barren heart.

We are quite aware of the dangers of an over-stimulated imagination; and a wise parent will take care, that as the child grows older, the due oorrective for any tendency in this direction should always be administered in the shape of a knowledge of facts. But we desire to vindicate for the little ones their *right* to the mental entertainment of which they are so fond. We believe that much of the recent literature of children, especially that of the beginning of the present century, when Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Edgeworth, and Dr. Aikin, were popular authors, has been characterized by a coldness and an absence of sympathy with the true wants of children in this respect. These writers and their successors, of whom *Peter Parley*, and his many imitators, are good examples, have thought the understanding of children a nobler power than their imagination, and have accordingly overlooked the claims of the one, and addressed themselves to the other. But this can not be done with impunity; and we shall never deal fairly by children until we recognize the necessity of a harmonious development of *all* their powers, nor until we have learnt from a careful study of their natures which of those powers were intended, by the Divine Father of our race, to be cultivated first in order.

But even if the reading of fictions and tales of wonder served no purpose in the education of the intellect, they would still be necessary. For childhood is a time of enjoyment, and the great object of books, toys, and such devices, is, after all, to make the little ones *happy*. We have no right to think of happiness in their case only as a means to some end, such as instruction or obedience. It is itself an end, and one worth striving after for its own sake. It is a necessity of the moral nature, just as warmth is of the physical nature. It is the condition of its growth. Work and effort are indeed the appointed lot of man upon earth, but it is no true economy which binds the little ones into premature harness. The first needs of a little child's life are light, and heat, and love, and joyousness. To *us* life is a stream whose banks we can see, and whose current we feel bearing us along to the infinite ocean; but to a child life is a calm and boundless lake, with no motion but

the dancing of its sportive waves, and no light but the rosy hue of perpetual sunrise. Who would not prolong for the young traveler the blessed season of unconsciousness and delight? Who knows how much strength for the future contest the little one is drinking in at every pore, while yet the arena of the contest itself is far out of sight? Every picture which delights the eye, every bright image which dances before the fancy, every toy which keeps the fingers or the limbs in joyous motion, every stimulant to a grateful curiosity, every pulsation of pleasure from sight or sound, is a source of power, and an instrument in the development of life. It is a main requisite then of a child's book, that it should give pleasure. If it does no more than this, something valuable is gained. So long as the pleasure is innocent, it is enough. Let us respect the happiness of children; let us acquiesce without grumbling in the decision of a child who prefers *Jack and the Bean Stalk* or the *Ugly Duck*, to a book on the properties of matter or the classification of animals. It is in the mental as in the physical digestion, the appetite is a pretty sure index of what is good for it. In rejecting what we call the valuable information, and in readily assimilating what seems to us useless, the nature of the child is asserting for itself the real requirements of an age which perchance we have forgotten. It is wise to submit to this arrangement, however we may wish that it were altered. If we can find out what brings most enjoyment to the healthy young spirit, we find at the same time what it is which it is our business to provide. Better still, if we can find what pursuits tend to impart a tone of cheerfulness to the child's whole life, we may thankfully avail ourselves of the hint. For cheerfulness is the sunshine of the young soul, and in it all good and beautiful qualities are likely to thrive.

Of course, it is impossible to overlook the necessity of teaching as well as delighting children; and accordingly, a vast number of books professedly written for amusement are in their essence didactic. Just as for older persons novels are now written "with a purpose," so even fairy-tales and picture-books are apt to be considered incomplete unless they are duly furnished with a moral. It is wonderful to observe the manifold disguises under which the "instructor of youth" manages

with more or less success to conceal himself. George Cruikshank has contrived to tell the story of *Beauty and the Beast* so as to make a teetotal allegory of it; and we suppose that nine tenths of even the gayest and most attractive volumes in an ordinary juvenile library are designed to teach some lesson, or to inculcate some moral truth. In the present generation this is done more systematically and somewhat more skillfully than in the last. In the old editions of *Æsop's Fables*, the word "moral" at the head of the long paragraph which followed each fable gave a warning to the young reader, of which we believe he habitually availed himself; and that portion of the book was never read. At present so many ingenious devices have been discovered for insinuating moral or scientific truths into story-books, that children are never safe. The pleasantest picture of a fireside, and the most promising anecdote or conversation of some children with their papa, are too often only the prelude to a conversation on chemistry, or a discussion of the question, "Why does the water rise in a pump?" Children are so often entrapped in this way, that they learn to suspect that the inevitable schoolmaster is lying *perdu* under every variety of innocent disguise. It is true they acquire, after short practice, a surprising talent for skipping all the moral reflections and the scientific conversation, and selecting so much only as really is a story. But the fact remains the same, and it is on the whole more creditable to the conscientiousness and right principle of the writers of children's books than to their knowledge of human nature, that there is generally an educational aim even in those tales which seem to have been written most exclusively to entertain and amuse.

When will grown-up people understand that though truth comes to *them* often in an abstract form, *as truth*, that is not the form in which it is natural or even possible for a child to receive it? He does not analyze or infer. If he grasps principles at all, it must be in the concrete; he must hold them as sentiments, as impressions, not as propositions. In the order of logic, abstract truths are antecedent to all events, and explain them; but in the order of discovery, they come last. A child has as yet no sense of the value of a truth, *per se*. Though he infers, he knows nothing of inference.

His range of experience has not been wide enough to give him even a notion of the meaning of induction, or the use of general principles. To a man, the truth which lies hid in phenomena, or which is illustrated by historical events, is the great object of search. He studies, that he may discover it. He only values the knowledge of facts and appearances in so far as they can contribute to give him this. Hence he is apt to think it the highest triumph of art, if, in writing a child's book, he can succeed in leading up to some moral, or drawing some general inference. But the fact is, that the child seldom or never receives the moral at all in the form in which it is given. If the truth is latent, or held in solution, so to speak, in the story, it will indeed be duly received by the child, will sink in a concrete form, *with the story*, into the memory; will unconsciously influence his conduct, and will, at some future time, be reflected on, and found to be capable of shaping itself into words, as an abstract proposition. Then, perhaps, the proposition may prove valuable in this shape; but at present, the child, even if he seems to receive it, does no more than recollect it as a formula of words. It is by no means necessary that all a child's knowledge should come to him in the shape of knowledge; or that he should set consciously before him every inference which he draws. So long as the duty or the principle which an author desires to inculcate is either vividly illustrated in the story, or grows naturally and spontaneously out of it, it may safely be left to take its own course, and find its own way into the child's conscience. It need not be separately stated, or put into a didactic and abstract form. The great art of a story-writer, who wishes to make his book serve any moral, religious, or scientific purpose, is to secure that the principle to be taught is a genuine element in the story, and organically connected with it; not artificially attached to the end, or ostentatiously proclaimed by one of the *dramatis personæ*. The author of *Robinson Crusoe* does not profess to be a moral teacher. He says nothing about self-reliance, or industry, or forethought, or the duty of adapting one's self to circumstances. But he teaches these things nevertheless. And he does it the more effectually, because he never seems to be teaching them as abstractions. He is

content to let the story carry its own moral, and to leave the interpretation to work itself out in due time in his little reader's mind; and this is the wisest course. It is in harmony with the true requirements of a child's imperfectly developed nature. For in early life some of the best lessons which we learn are learnt unconsciously, and when we are least aware that they are lessons. The lessons which are conveyed in books of amusement, since they are intended to be acquired voluntarily, should all be of this class. Otherwise it may be safely predicted that they will not be acquired at all.

On the whole, we may conclude that the great purpose of children's books is not so much to impart instruction as to promote growth. We must not think of a child's mind as of a vessel, which it is for us to fill, but as a wonderfully organized instrument, which it is for us to develop and to set in motion. He will be well or ill educated, not according to the accuracy with which he retains the notions which have been impressed upon him from without, but according to the power which he puts forth from within, and to the activity and regularity with which the several feelers or *tentacula* of his nature lay hold on all that is to be seen and thought and known around him. We must be more anxious to promote individuality, than to see our own character and tastes reproduced in his. The teaching in our books should be less dogmatic than suggestive. It should seek rather to awaken appetite than to satiate it. So long as a book makes a child wakeful and interested, it is by no means necessary that he should comprehend it all. The thought, "I can not understand this now, but when I am older I shall be able to do so," is not only a natural one to a child, but one which at once betokens modesty, and provides a stimulus for future exertion. The excessive care to explain every thing clearly, which characterizes many modern books for young people, renders this thought unfamiliar to a child. We may, in fact, always measure the merit of a child's book by two or three very simple tests. Are the images it presents innocent and healthful? Will it raise them above their present level, or render them satisfied with what they have attained? Will it excite them to greater activity, and make them see or hear or feel more acute-

ly? Will it illuminate the conceptions already in the child's mind, as well as give him new ones? Above all, does it make the eye glisten and the cheek glow, and the limbs of the little one move with delight? For if it fulfills this one requirement, all the rest are likely to be included in it.

With these views as to the general conditions which the literature of childhood ought to fulfill, it will be interesting to name some of the more conspicuous examples of excellence in books which have been recently published, in each of the classes into which such books may for convenience be divided. Those classes are: 1. Domestic stories about possible events, but designed simply for amusement; 2. Books of pure imagination, as Fairy and Mythological Stories; 3. Stories or conversations, embodying some educational purpose; and, 4. Books of Poetry.

I. Perhaps the largest species of the genus "Juvenile Book" consist of those stories of home or school life, which are the *genre* paintings of the child's picture-gallery, and which are designed primarily for amusement, but incidentally to familiarize the little reader with the world in which he lives, and to make him understand his own position in it. We presume it is the largest class because it is that which is considered easiest to produce; certainly not because it is the most attractive or acceptable to children themselves. The descriptions of the ordinary scenes which surround children, and recitals of the sort of talk which they hear every day, soon become wearisome to them. Stories of real life and adventure are welcome to a boy, if they carry his thoughts into some new scene in which he can fancy himself the actor. It is by no means necessary that all such stories should be true; but it is essential that they should be truthful, and should describe events which are not only possible but natural. Hence a writer of a book of this kind needs little of creative power; it is chiefly necessary that he be an accurate and steadfast observer, and that he should never seek to excite interest by exaggeration. He should be an artist of the school of Wilkie, or Webster, or Frith, content honestly to paint some one corner, however small, of the actual world, and filled with a wholesome horror of lay-figures,

and of mere conventional beauty or deformity. *Sanford and Merton*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Swiss Family Robinson*, continue to be among the best types of this class. The language is transparent and simple, yet not childish. The incidents are perfectly natural, and the story captivating. The last-mentioned book has also a higher merit than either of its predecessors. There runs through it a quiet, unobtrusive, but still genuine recognition of religion and its claims, which can not fail to impress a young reader very strongly. The same, indeed, may be said of the simple but powerful narrative of Defoe. In this one respect, story-books of the naturalistic school are not unfrequently deficient. Miss Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*, *Harry and Lucy*, and *Popular Tales*, were all deservedly admired in their day, and are still favorites with many children. They are characterized by great pictorial power, and there is a verisimilitude as well as a general tone of health and soundness pervading them which fully justify their high reputation. But it seems to us an objection to them that there is a coldness on the subject of religion, and a careful avoidance of the topic, even when the natural course of the story seems to demand at least a proof that the author acknowledges its supreme importance. This is rather a negative than a positive fault. But it is, in our judgment, a serious one. A true picture of life, whether of the family or of general society, can not fairly ignore the most important element in domestic and social life. We do not ask for dogmas or doctrinal teaching in

books of this class; but we have a right to ask for a fair recognition of the fact, that true religion is generally the motive power in a really beautiful and well-ordered home; and to be dissatisfied with the hard and frigid Deism, which constitutes the only faith ever alluded to in Miss Edgeworth's books. *The Evenings at Home* of Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld are not wholly free from the same fault; although in directness of purpose, good sense, and adaptation to the intellectual condition of children, this book has seldom been excelled. *The Parent's Cabinet of Instruction and Amusement*, some portions of which are generally attributed to Miss Edgeworth, and the whole of which is characterized by all the excellencies of her style and purpose, is now being republished by Messrs. Smith and Elder in a very attractive serial form. Some of its stories, such as that of *Brave Bobby* and others, have taken a permanent hold on the tastes of children, and have been reprinted a hundred times. But the book as a whole is not free from the fault of treating children in a somewhat pedantic and artificial way, and attaching a very exaggerated importance to their little acquirements in science or in self-knowledge. Miss Lamb's little series of stories for girls, *Mrs. Leicester's School*, although somewhat old-fashioned, is one of the simplest and most straightforward books of its class. It treats the readers as children, and yet without condescension or silliness.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

From the Westminster Review.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.*

THE attempt, however partially successful, to connect Europe with America by a continuous cable adapted to convey telegraphic messages across the Atlantic ocean between two stations, one in Ireland and

the other in Newfoundland, will probably be regarded in future as a great epoch in the history of science. Like the introduction of steam, at first awkwardly and with little economy, but gradually dis-

* *Physical Geography of the Sea*. By M. F. MAURY, LL.D., Lieutenant U. S. Navy. Third Edition. 1 vol. 8vo. London. 1855.
Deep-Sea Soundings in the North Atlantic Ocean,

between Ireland and Newfoundland, made in H.M.S. Cyclops, Lieutenant-Commander Joseph Dayman, in June and July, 1857. 8vo. London. 1858.

placing all other kinds of power for large classes of work, the progress of electric telegraphs has advanced by rapid steps, until men are inclined to believe that though checked for the moment, it must advance; and in this, as was the case with steam-power, mechanical and physical difficulties seem to vanish as the necessity for new inventions and modifications becomes felt. There was, perhaps, as great a distance to be accomplished in the way of practical advance between the conveyance of a wire on land from one station to another, and the obtaining a safe and permanent communication through a wide, deep, and unknown sea, as there was between the Marquis of Worcester's invention and the construction of a modern locomotive engine; and while all must regret the partial and temporary failure in the attempt to lay the Atlantic telegraph cable last year, few are perhaps aware of the real nature of the difficulties overcome, and the great amount of information that has been obtained in preparing for the gigantic and costly experiment and securing its success when it shall again be attempted.

A great deal of this information is of a scientific nature, and bears quite as much on physical geography and natural history as it does on telegraphs. Every step made in one department of science is certain to lay open some truths and laws that will be found useful and applicable in others, and the special investigations made for the purpose of laying the cable successfully, have already thrown a flood of light on the constitution of a large area of ocean floor, have discovered relations and differences between various portions of the earth's surface, have shown what are the marine animals influential in modifying or producing deposits in deep sea, and have proved that while the successful deposit of an unbroken cable across the vast breadth of the Atlantic is possible, there is still something more to be done before this whole question is solved, and a practicable communication established. On the other hand, the results already obtained, and the advances made in cognate sciences, can not fail to assist in the future attempts that must be made, and that will doubtless terminate in perfect success. Already have distinct propositions been made to carry electric communication by other totally distinct lines from Europe to America, and it has become a question merely of time whether we or our children

shall see the most distant parts of our own empire brought into instant communication with the central Government.

The electric telegraph, in its simplest state, requires that a wire should be so placed that an electric current passing through it shall not communicate with the earth except at will. In this state, the wire is said to be insulated, and the conveyance of an insulated wire is the great problem to be solved.

On land there is comparatively little difficulty in insuring insulation. The wire can be conveyed through the air, supported at convenient intervals on poles by porcelain or other non-conducting ledges, or enveloped in non-conducting casing of caoutchouc or gutta-percha; or it may safely be carried through the earth itself. A nearly similar provision enables the wire to be carried across rivers, and through tracts of water of inconsiderable depth, and for small distances.

When however, a sea, is to be crossed, the difficulties become magnified in proportion to the breadth and depth of the ocean to be traversed; and this is the case partly from the larger scale of the operation, but partly also because the seabottom and its irregularities of form can only be approximatively determined. A wire so placed is also subject to the mechanical action of the waves, especially at the two shores, where the stones and shingle constantly shifting, inevitably and rapidly wear the wire to pieces by constant rubbing and pulling. It must be evident, too, that the occasional storms that occur greatly increase the risk of injury; and that ships anchoring in the vicinity of a wire, and dragging their anchors, must always be regarded as possible events wherever the wire approaches a frequented shore. It thus becomes necessary to strengthen the line, and make it capable of resisting all these chances of injury; so that instead of a mere wire, a stout twisted cable of iron or copper of the strongest kind has been generally employed, and this cable is insulated by successive coatings of substances which are as bad conductors as possible of electricity.

A cable thus made is, however, a heavy and very unwieldy thing, and the quantity sufficient to cross a very few hundred miles of sea is a troublesome and even dangerous cargo for any ship even in fair weather, and one which is almost unmanageable when the sea is rough, and the

ship labors and pitches. The cable laid to communicate between England and France, by way of Dover and Calais, is an example of this. It weighs no less than eight tons to the mile, and thus even in the very narrow sea separating our island from the Continent, and easily crossed in two hours by a steamboat, the weight of cable required is nearly two hundred and fifty tons. Notwithstanding its weight and great strength, this cable has been frequently damaged, not only at its two ends but at various points across. The submarine cables in the Mediterranean are likewise of some magnitude and very unwieldy, but are less subject to injury when once laid.

If, therefore, the question should be asked, why a cable can not be carried across a wide, deep sea as easily and safely as across a narrow and shallow strait, it may be answered that the mere magnitude and weight of such cables as have generally been selected would render the conveyance of the line an impossibility; and when this difficulty is overcome by reducing the weight of the cable, many others still remain. The unknown depth of the water was for a long time a still greater obstacle, while the ignorance till lately of the nature and form of the sea-bottom under deep water, the possibility of the existence of deep currents that might drift a light cable, or prevent its sinking at once to the bottom, the chance of icebergs drifting over and grounding upon it, the questionable nature of the inhabitants of deep water, and numerous mechanical and electrical difficulties, all presented themselves to those engineers who first imagined, and ultimately carried out, the scheme of laying a telegraph cable across the Atlantic.

The mechanical and electrical difficulties, although of a very interesting nature, and requiring great ingenuity and perseverance to overcome, it is not proposed here to consider. Some idea may be obtained as to their extent, when we are told "a series of upwards of two thousand distinct experiments was carried out on the subject of signals and the rate of transmission alone, while as many as sixty-two different kinds of cable were tried before that ultimately adopted was decided on." Although, however, we do not here enter into details concerning these matters, and it is probable that in any future attempt a considerable modification will be made in

respect to many of them, it is necessary that a general outline statement of this very important part of the work should be given.

The cable ultimately selected consisted of six strands of pure copper wire, of one sixteenth of an inch diameter, twisted about one central wire of the same dimensions. All seven wires must break before contact would be destroyed; and this construction rendered the whole sufficiently elastic to stretch to the extent of one fifth of the total length without breaking.

The weight of the cable was as nearly as possible one ton per mile in air, (equivalent to fourteen cwt. in water,) and it was calculated that the greatest strain it was likely to have to bear was not more than two and a half tons. Much trouble and risk were anticipated and experienced in paying out the cable from the vessel in which it was carried to sea, and it is well known that several partial failures occurred in this matter before the whole of the line was completed. The various matters, whether mechanical or electrical, that had to be either tried beforehand or risked at the last moment, must not however detain us longer, as the main object with us at present is to explain the extent in which physical geography and natural history participated in the great work which was at last accomplished.

There are three divisions of inquiry that are more especially recognizable. They are:

1. The depth of the ocean in what is technically called blue or deep water, and the approximate form of the ocean-floor.

2. The temperature of the deeper waters of the ocean in various latitudes as compared with the surface; the set and force of currents acting at great depths, and the nature and extent of what may be called the deep drift, whether along the bottom by currents, or produced by the passage of icebergs loaded with detritus from high to low latitudes.

3. The actual geological condition, or the nature of the rock at the sea-bottom, whether hard, naked, and jagged, or smooth and soft; and also, if possible, the nature of the inhabitants of the bottom, if any exist, or, at any rate, the nature and state of organic remains at great depths.

First, then, as to the depth of the ocean and the contour lines of the sea-bottom.

The depth of shallow water is easily ascertained by suddenly dropping a heavy

weight attached to a marked line, and noting the point where the line ceases to run out rapidly. This is called at sea sounding, or "*throwing the lead*," and has been seen by every one who has been much on board ship. In this case the lead is frequently provided with a hollow cup-like depression on the lower side, in which a lump of tallow is placed. When the lead falls to the bottom, the tallow either fixes into small stones or mud, which adhere and are brought up with it, or else receives the impression of coral or hard rock, thus in some measure indicating the nature of the floor. It is only in moderate depths that these measures have hitherto succeeded, and until within a very few years, there were no more accurate means of ascertaining great depths than by throwing into the water a heavy weight to which was attached spun yarn, (coarse hemp, threads twisted together,) or silk threads. It was supposed that when the lead reached the bottom, either a shock would be felt, or the line becoming slack would cease to run out.

Beyond the depth of a few thousand feet (at the most six or eight thousand) these methods were exceedingly uncertain and could not be depended on; for, in the first place no shock is communicated when so great a length of line is out; and, in the next, it is quite certain that a very slight under-current of water will so act on such a line as to carry it out long after the weight has ceased to act upon it. Many ingenious inventions were then applied to obtain the depth, by ascertaining the pressure of the water; but though these succeeded beautifully in moderate depths, all failed when attempted in really deep water.

One person, for example, tried the effect of exploding heavy charges of gunpowder by dropping a shell, expecting that the distance would be determined by the time the sound took to travel, the moment of explosion being known by calculation. Another constructed a deep sea-lead, having a column of air where compression could be registered; a third constructed a delicate apparatus, marking the number of turns of a screw-propeller, which revolved once for every fathom of depth. But no sound from the explosion reached the air above; no instrument could be constructed to bear the enormous pressure of many hundred atmospheres, exerted by the vast column of water which it was ne-

cessary to penetrate; no machinery was at the same time strong enough, and manageable enough, to render available the action of the screw-propeller. Again and again were experiments tried, and as much as fifty thousand feet of line have been run out without any indication of a bottom. The parts of the ocean thus experimented on were spoken of as unfathomable, and mysterious enough, to all appearance, were those vast depressions of the earth occupied by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

It must be quite clear that no attempt could reasonably be made to sink a telegraph cable to the bottom of the Atlantic between England and America; no estimate even could be formed as to the quantity of cable that would be needed, until this first great problem as to the depth of the water was satisfactorily solved, and at length an approximate method was suggested. Special sounding-twine was constructed; one hundred fathoms of it weighing only one pound, and of strength sufficient to support a weight of sixty pounds in air. By a series of experiments, and using always a sinker of the same size and weight, it was found that a law of descent could be established, at least approximately, so that by watching the time the line took to run out one hundred fathoms, at each successive one hundred fathoms of descent, and tabulating the result, the final termination of the experiment could be obtained, and the instant of striking the bottom discovered, because then the weight of the sinker ceased to carry out the line, and the currents alone began to act. Thus it appeared that the average time of the lead descending from the depth of four hundred to that of five hundred fathoms was two minutes twenty-one seconds. Between one thousand and eleven hundred fathoms, the time was three minutes twenty-six seconds, and between eighteen hundred and nineteen hundred fathoms, four minutes twenty-nine seconds. Something like an approximation of the true depth could thus be obtained; but of course no idea of the nature of the seabottom was communicated, and the method was subject to considerable doubt.

At length a very simple and ingenious contrivance was suggested by Mr. Brooke, of the United States Navy, by which, when the bottom was reached by a heavy weight acting as a sinker and carrying down the line and an apparatus attached,

the sinker or weight was immediately detached by a simple mechanical contrivance, and the frame-work carried down, being lightened of its load, could be lifted back again through the water, and bring with it to the upper world some proof of its having really reached solid matter. The contrivance in question consists of a rod, at whose lower end is an inverted cup, provided with a valve, and from the upper end of which is slung a cannon-ball hollowed to receive the rod. The mode of slinging the ball and suspending the rod is such, that the moment the bottom of the rod rests upon the sea-bottom, and the weight is thus removed from the line, the ball is released from its sling and drops off. The rod, which is of no great weight, can be lifted with the line, and the cup carries up indications of the bottom, and a portion of the bottom itself when sufficiently soft.

With an instrument of this kind a number of soundings were made in various parts of the Atlantic, first by the American hydrographers, and since by the officers of our own navy; and in most cases with results exceedingly satisfactory. A modification of Brooke's apparatus by Mr. Massey has been generally adopted by English navigators, and weights varying from thirty-two to ninety-six pounds each are now generally used, the detaching apparatus itself weighing about thirty pounds. To sink these, three kinds of line are employed, one being the usual deep sea-line, weighing twenty-three pounds per one hundred fathoms, another a whale-line, weighing ninety-six pounds per one hundred fathoms, and the third, a light silk line, about one tenth of an inch in diameter, made in France. Supplied with an ample provision of the various kinds of line, (in all twenty-seven thousand fathoms,) and with eighty self-detaching iron weights, each fitted with a valve for bringing up the bottom, besides twenty of Massey's sounding machines to check the time-law, on which so much depended, H.M.S. Cyclops, Commander Joseph Dayman, set sail in the early part of June, 1857, to repeat and confirm the soundings of Lieutenant Berryman, in the United States steamer Arctic, who had discovered not long before the very important fact, that the Atlantic Ocean, so far from being generally unfathomable, was really of very ascertainable and uniform depth, for the greatest part of the distance between

Ireland and the coast of Newfoundland. His statement was, that a kind of depressed plateau existed for almost the whole way across, commencing about two hundred and fifty miles from the Irish coast, and terminating within about four hundred miles of the American shores; that for upwards of a thousand marine miles of distance, the average depth of this plateau was about twelve thousand feet, and with one exception, (nearly midway,) there was no difference of level to the amount of two thousand feet; that at the two ends there was a sudden and very considerable elevation, corresponding to steep submarine cliffs, rising on the European side seven thousand feet in a very few miles, and on the American side four thousand feet in about fifty miles. Moreover, it was stated, that the bottom consisted for the most part of soft mud. It will be interesting to follow the narrative of the operations, which, in confirming this statement, made the estimate of the length of cable required, and the mode in which it might be expected to rest, matters much more clear than many engineering operations for which contracts are readily taken.

The Cyclops was specially fitted for taking deep soundings. In addition to the apparatus and line already mentioned, she had a twelve horse-power steam-engine to heave in the line. She was also provided with six sets of Burt's buoy and nipper of very large size, by means of which the ship could be kept up to and over the lead as it went down, and by this means was enabled, with steam and sail combined, to keep her position without drifting the whole time of the descent of the line.

It was found on trial that soundings could be obtained not only in calm but in windy weather, and even in a fresh breeze with a high sea. Generally, however, the weather was fine and the sea calm during the trials actually made.

It was required that the soundings should be taken on the arc of a great circle, from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in the island of Newfoundland. In deep water the intervals between each sounding were to be from thirty to fifty miles, and near shore a much shorter distance. Sixteen casts were taken before the steep cliff facing to the west (two hundred and fifty miles from the coast) was reached. Judging

from these, it is now known that the water deepens gradually from the west coast of Ireland to the depth of five hundred and forty feet, and every where with a sandy bottom. It then deepens more rapidly, until at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from land the depth is twenty-five hundred feet, with a bottom of hard rock. It then shallows gradually to a depth of eleven hundred feet, deepens rapidly to thirty-three hundred feet, and shallows again to thirteen hundred and twenty feet, and at a distance of twenty-two miles further west, the lead dropped at once to ten thousand five hundred feet, a fall steeper than that of the Alps on the Italian side. In this first really deep sounding the weight employed was fifty pounds not detaching; the line (an ordinary deep-sea line) was upwards of an hour running out, and required an hour and three quarters to haul in. The lead brought up, both in the receptacle intended for it and adhering to the rod and line, a soft, mealy, sticky substance, light-colored and mud-like, which is designated "oaze." On the return voyage, with the advantage of more experience, with a much heavier weight, consisting of ninety-six pounds of iron, with a deep-sea lead attached, in all one hundred and twenty-six pounds, a cast was taken at a distance of about twenty-five miles to the west of the same point. In this case the time of running out was only forty-two minutes sixteen seconds, but the depth recorded was the same and the bottom of the same nature.

From this starting-point the depth was taken and the nature of the bottom ascertained, at tolerably regular intervals, all the way across.

The existence of the plateau was fully determined, the depth being almost every where between ten thousand and twelve thousand feet,* and the bottom almost every where of the same peculiar oaze, which is presumed to be of no great thickness, as small pieces of rock were occasionally brought up with it. In two instances only, between the fifteenth and forty-fifth degrees of west longitude, was the bottom of any other material, and in

one of these broken shells, in the other two small stones were brought up. West of the forty-fifth degree of longitude, the water became gradually less deep as far as the fiftieth meridian, after which the depth is no where so much as twelve hundred feet.

The evidence thus obtained as to the form and depth of the bottom was fully corroborated by the actual laying of the telegraph cable, which was completed, as is well known, on Wednesday the fourth of August, 1858, the quantity of cable paid out amounting to two thousand and fifty miles, being about three hundred and fifty miles in excess of the actual shortest distance from point to point at the surface from Valentia, in Ireland, to Trinity Bay, Newfoundland.

It will be evident to any one who considers the subject for a moment, that the errors in depth as calculated by the observations recorded can only be in excess. In other words, the ocean is no where deeper than determined by soundings, when those soundings bring up specimens of the bottom, while, on the contrary, it is quite possible that the depth may really be very much exaggerated. Some confirmation, therefore, is needed to satisfy us as to the value of the estimate of these depths which we are told are equal to the height of Mont Blanc, and which are measured with so little difficulty and in two or three hours by a plumb-line. It is true that the uniformity of the result over so wide a space is some evidence that there can be no very enormous error, but it occurred on several occasions during the cruise of the *Cyclops*, that observations were made which tended in a remarkable way to give confidence to those occupied in the survey, and satisfy them that the error was really very inconsiderable. The repetition of the sounding as nearly as possible in the same spot where the sudden drop, already mentioned, occurred, and again under very different circumstances, with different kinds of lines, but still with the same result; and the obtaining identical results with double casts under precisely similar circumstances, gave ample proof that the error must be small and was at least constant. The employment of the sounding machine, as constructed by Massey, and the comparison of its results with those obtained quite independently, also constituted a satisfactory check. Moreover a remarkable occurrence is men-

* Only in one spot, between 32° and 33° west longitude, is the depth less than ten thousand feet, and a little to the east, in 56° west longitude, is the only great depression, the water being there nearly fifteen thousand feet deep.

tioned by Captain Dayman, which goes far to show that the effect of under-currents on deep soundings is so small as to render it very doubtful whether such things can exist.

The case was this: on an evening when the sea was too high to employ smaller lines, a cast was taken with tapered whale-line and a sinker of ninety-six pound weight. The depth, as given by the sounding machine, corrected from former observations, was two thousand one hundred and seventy-six fathoms, (thirteen thousand and fifty-six feet,) but on this occasion two thousand four hundred fathoms (fourteen thousand four hundred feet) of line had been paid out to make sure of detaching the weight, and the result was that two hundred fathoms of line next the sinker came up to the surface in a tangled coil. "The sinker itself was detached and the valve full of soft ooze, but that part of the line which had lain at the bottom as a coil was in many places covered with the same kind of ooze, which had adhered to it throughout its passage to the surface."

The amount of line, therefore, which had been out when the sinker was detached could only have been two thousand two hundred fathoms, or about twenty-four fathoms more than that shown by the machine. As the ship was throughout the sounding exactly over the line, and the depth marked by the sounding machine agrees so nearly with the quantity of line required to reach the bottom, it would appear that the line must have been carried down perpendicularly, and that, therefore, no under-current affected it.

It must not be supposed that a line can be sent down to these vast depths and brought back to the surface without showing some marks of the change of condition to which it had been exposed. The pressure of the air at the sea-level being fifteen pounds to every square inch of surface, the pressure of the water at the depth of fifteen thousand feet will be upwards of four hundred times that amount or nearly three tons to the square inch. About one ton weight of whale-line would be required to reach the depth of two thousand four hundred fathoms, and as the surface of that quantity of line is as much as two thousand four hundred square feet, the friction in lifting it through the water becomes enormously great. We are told that, starting with the twelve-horse engine

to haul in, "it was necessary to raise the steam so as to obtain a pressure of twelve pounds on the square inch before overcoming the inertia and moving the line." "The tar was forced out of the rope in an extraordinary manner, several of the splices started, and the rope was much stretched."

The mere determination of one line of soundings across the Atlantic, although a very important work and a great step in advance in the science of hydrography, is yet a very small fragment of the knowledge that must be acquired sooner or later of the great tracts of ocean covering so large a part of the surface of our globe. Much has been already done, chiefly by American authorities, in determining approximately the form of the ocean floor of the Atlantic generally, and obtaining contour lines of equal depth by which ultimately the maps of this ocean will be marked. As far as we know at present, the deepest part of the North-Atlantic is on the American side south of the great banks of Newfoundland, between the fortieth and thirty-fifth parallels of latitude. There appears here to be a great basin whose axis ranges east and west for nearly a thousand miles, and whose depth below the sea-level is believed to exceed the extreme elevation of the highest point of the Himalayan mountains. Far away east of this depression, the islands of the Azores rise suddenly out of deep water, and are separated from the shores of Portugal and Morocco, and the narrow entrance to the Mediterranean, by a trench varying in depth from fifteen thousand to eighteen thousand feet. South of the same great depression of the Atlantic, the coralline group of the Bermudas is separated in like manner from the more continuous land of the West-Indian Islands by more than twenty thousand feet of water. Parallel to the north-east coast of South-America is very deep water, apparently a continuation of the deep trench, already alluded to, off the west coast of Europe. The central part of the Atlantic is far less deep—a million of square miles at least having a depth of ten thousand feet, or less, and partaking apparently of the nature of a plateau, of which the so-called telegraph plateau forms a part, but is a little deeper. The Cape de Verde islands appear to rise abruptly out of exceedingly deep water, and on both sides of the mid Atlantic,

though chiefly on the western or American side, the water continues deep to within a short distance of the respective continents.

Such, in a few words, is the result of deep soundings in the seas of which we know most, as being most immediately within our range. Already does the complete form of that important portion of our earth begin to loom obscurely in the distance; already are engineers beginning to speculate on new lines for conveying telegraph cables; already does the geologist endeavor to trace the effect of forces of elevation and depression, in reference to these outlined valleys and depressed plateaux, so singularly corresponding to the mountain plains and elevated plateaux of the land. It is clear, however, that the line and plummet have still much work to perform; that great classes of facts have still to be accumulated; and that the outline, only shadowed forth at present, has to be filled up with innumerable details; but it is also clear that another department of exact science has been opened out for investigation, and that the results, whatever they may be and wherever they may lead, must, in the course of a few years, be subjects of careful study to practical as well as scientific men.

While experimenting on the depth of the sea, observations have been made at the same time concerning the temperature at various depths, and these are not without important bearings on the subject of telegraphy.

It has been known for many years that the temperature of deep water, especially in warm seas, is much lower than that of the surface; and so long ago as 1823, Colonel Sabine communicated to the Royal Society the result of experiments with register thermometers in tropical water supposed to be a thousand fathoms deep. In the case reported, the temperature at that depth was 45.8° , that of the surface being 83° . The temperature of surface water varies, as a matter of necessity, in different latitudes and under the influence of the numerous oceanic currents which flow like rivers through the great ocean.

Combined with the sounding operations of the Cyclops, systematic observations were made of the temperature of the bottom.

Seven such observations are recorded out of twenty-five soundings, and in four

of them the temperature varied only from 38.8° to 40.8° F., in differences of depth varying from three thousand to fourteen thousand feet. In a fifth observation, the temperature at eight thousand five hundred feet was only 37.2° ; and in a sixth, at eight thousand feet it was 44° ; while in the seventh and last case there was probably an error, the temperature at fifteen hundred fathoms (nine thousand feet) being recorded as 40.9° , and at two thousand fathoms (twelve thousand feet) 49.5° , no doubt a clerical error for 39.5° .

On the whole, as well from these observations as from others in different seas, the temperature of deep water in all latitudes appears to be very low, but not, as far as yet observed, nearly so low as that of greatest density of sea-water, which is 25.4° F. The temperature generally diminishes with considerable regularity in descending.

It has already been remarked that the evidence obtained by the Cyclops' soundings went to prove that they were either no important currents in deep water, or that if any such existed they were too inconsiderable to affect the observations made. As rarely more than an hour elapsed, and often not more than thirty or forty minutes, in reaching the bottom, the effect of a small current would not, perhaps, be very perceptible; but the conclusion arrived at by Captain Dayman is, that the effect of deep currents on the deep soundings may be regarded as inappreciable.

After what has been said of the nearly uniform depth of the great plateau over which it was proposed to carry the telegraph cable, and the very small rapidity of submarine currents, if, indeed, any such exist, it will hardly be necessary to say that no danger to the cable can arise, either from the chance of its being moved along the bottom after being once deposited or from the drifting of gravel along the bottom, nor yet from icebergs grounding on any part where the cable is laid. It is true that the magnitude and depth of these fragments of polar glaciers is sometimes sufficiently large to justify alarm, for some have been described measuring upwards of two miles in circumference, and rising as much as three hundred feet above the surface, corresponding to a depth of nearly two thousand five hundred feet. But nothing of this kind could

interfere, except, indeed, at the entrance of Trinity Bay, near the great bank of Newfoundland, and the most that could arrive in the vicinity of the wire would be such mud and stones as are deposited during the partial melting of the icebergs while traveling southwards many thousand feet overhead.

The material of the sea-bottom; the kind of surface on which the cable would have to repose; the possibility of the cable being exposed to any destructive influence from the presence of marine animals; these were all-important practical questions which needed some investigation. To all of them replies have been obtained by the experiments and observations already made, and not a little interesting are the facts determined.

By means of an ingeniously constructed valve adapted to the sinker, considerable quantities of the soft mud, shells, or small stones are brought up on almost every occasion when the bottom is reached, unless the bottom consists of naked rock, and in that case there is sufficient indication to place the fact beyond doubt.

We are indebted to the Americans for the first successful attempt to bring to the upper world and to the light of day the secrets of those deep, dark dwelling-places, till now so utterly without relation to human interests, but through which hereafter all the important events of the world will be communicated. By the aid of Brooke's sounding apparatus, about six years ago, samples of bottom from a depth of upwards of ten thousand feet were brought up, and being labeled and carefully preserved, were transmitted to competent naturalists for microscopic examination. Professor Bailey, of West-Point, United States, immediately detected their true character. These samples seem to have consisted of the same kind of tenacious mud since called ooze; and on examining the minute particles of which the mud is made up, it was found that a very large proportion was composed of little skeletons or shells constructed by minute inhabitants of the sea.

When, however, the soundings were taken systematically across the Atlantic at intervals of thirty or forty miles, and occasionally repeated, and in every case, with one or two exceptions, the same peculiar tenacious mud was brought up, it became evident that some important widely-acting cause had been at work,

and that the condition and nature of this mud, whatever it might be, was the ordinary condition of mud at the bottom of deep water, at least in the North-Atlantic Ocean on the great platform. And we have already seen that this platform occupies at least a million of square miles. The specimens obtained by the Cyclops were transmitted to Professor Huxley for examination, and he at once noticed a singular uniformity of character, all the specimens consisting of an impalpable powder with a mixture of slight grittiness. A large proportion of the whole readily dissolves in dilute acid, and the residuum is made up of angular fragments of some clear mineral, and frequently of a peculiar transparent green mineral. Of the soluble matter, composed of carbonate of lime, one portion consists of a multitude of very curious rounded bodies, to all appearance consisting of several concentric coats round a clear center, somewhat like single cells of the plant *Protococcus*; the rest, fully nine tenths by weight of the whole deposit, consists of the minute skeletons, rather than shells, of a class of animal beings known but little to the great mass of mankind, but certainly playing no unimportant part in the history of the world. These creatures are called *Foraminifera*, and it adds to the extraordinary character of this deposit that almost all the skeletons are but infinite repetitions of varieties of form of one single species.* The particles which are not calcareous, and are, therefore, insoluble in acids, are partly of vegetable origin and belong to the class *Diatomaceæ*, chiefly of the remarkable kind termed *Coscinodiscus*, and partly animal, being either *Polycistinae* or the spicules of sponges. A little information as to these forms of animal and vegetable life will be useful, and is, indeed, necessary to the right understanding of the nature of this deep sea-mud. The reader must not be frightened at the hard and unfamiliar names, and he will find that in this curious department of natural history there is abundant material of interest.

The study of those simplest forms of

* This species is called *Globigerina*. It has been found that in these early forms of life the varieties of species are so great that it becomes difficult to distinguish more than one species of a genus. The specimens not referable to *Globigerina* are many of them other foraminifera, referable to four or five different species.

existence which can only be recognized under the microscope, and which require all the perfection of optical knowledge, combined with mechanical skill, to render them visible even to the cultivated eye, is of very modern date, and has hardly yet become popular. It is, indeed, the case that very vague ideas are entertained as to the value of the evidence in microscopic investigations generally, and many intelligent and well-informed persons are to be found who, while they fully admit the accuracy of measurements as to the distance of the planets from the sun, and even of the nearest fixed stars from the earth, who can count the number and estimate the rapidity of the waves required to produce sounds of a certain pitch, and calculate the rate at which a message is conveyed along the wire of an electric telegraph, will still regard as fabulous the measurement and accurate delineation of objects of which thousands would be required to become perceptible to unassisted vision. Yet nothing can be more certain and satisfactory than the evidence offered by the microscope. The optical and mechanical improvements that have aided the astronomer have been no less efficacious when applied to this instrument, and the advance of natural history and physiology within the last few years has been mainly owing to the improvements in its construction and in the mode of handling and managing it.

Among the most curious of the investigations that have hence arisen are those to which we would now direct attention—namely, the forms in which life, or rather the result of life, organization, first shows itself in nature. The adaptation of inorganic or mineral matter to organic or animal and vegetable existence involves, no doubt, mysteries not yet solved, but vast strides are being made towards their solution. As at present known, the formation of a simple individual cell, or closed membranous bag, consisting of a solid cell-wall and fluid contents, is the foundation of organized existence. This cell, in the case of a plant, is inclosed by a double membrane—the inner one albuminous, and agreeing in its composition with animal tissues, (containing nitrogen,) the outer consisting of a substance nearly identical with starch, and containing no nitrogen. The fluid contained is albuminous near the cell-wall, watery towards

the interior, and often charged with some coloring ingredient.

In the simplest cases these various parts of the cell are not to be traced very distinctly, often passing from one into another, and in many of them the simple cell is an actual isolated individual, having separate existence. All degrees of combination of cells may be found in nature, and the largest and most complicated forms of vegetation are but multiplications of the cell. The cells themselves multiply by division, each one elongating, contracting in the middle, separating into two, and thus doubling, this being essentially the nature of *growth*.

The animal cell in its simplest form almost exactly resembles the vegetable cell, except that it has no outer coating of starch and that the fluid contents are without coloring granules. The simplest animal forms are thus even more simple apparently than those of the vegetable kingdom, but from their very simplicity they present marks of a higher organization. They are capable, by the mere wrapping round of the walls of the cells, of assuming the functions of a stomach. The vegetable cell obtains food—that is, matter by which it grows—by the absorption of inorganic elements by its surface; the animal cell is dependent for nourishment on organic compounds already formed, (whether animal or vegetable,) which it takes somehow or other into the interior of its body, either possessing a separate stomach or becoming a stomach for each separate occasion. This very brief outline of the state of knowledge on the subject of the lowest forms of existence will be sufficient to explain the nature of those animals and vegetables whose remains have been found at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Among the simplest tribes of simple plants there are two especially interesting to the microscopist, presenting the most remarkable forms, and an appearance of volition which has caused them to be regarded by many as animated. One of these tribes inhabits fresh water exclusively, the other occurs in the sea. Of these two the latter are further remarkable for having the firm external coating of the cell of which they consist consolidated by siliceous, this silicious or flinty envelope taking the form of two concave valves or plates, perfectly symmetrical,

closely applied to each other, and leaving a cavity between them for the fluid contents of the cell. The form of the cavity differs greatly, admitting of a marvelous variety of exquisitely beautiful patterns which these singular bodies present to the eye of the microscopic observer. As, however, some communication is required from without, apertures are provided along the line of contact of the two valves, presenting curious rows of dots wonderfully complicating the appearance of the valves and rendering it extremely difficult to determine. The multiplication of these cells is by division, and is very rapid, and each cell appears capable of assuming different forms in the various stages of its growth. Thus each peculiarity may be perpetuated, and the variety in detail is almost infinite. In their earliest states of existence such organisms possess a power of spontaneous movement, although no organs of locomotion have been detected.

These very singular vegetables are called *Diatomaceæ* or *Diatoms*, and amongst them the *Coscinodiscus* is exceedingly abundant in a fossil state, especially in Virginia, United States, Bermuda, and Oran, (Algeria.) It is also the genus which is found abundantly in the submarine Atlantic mud, at all depths over all parts of the great plateau.

The Diatoms, whose remains thus form a sensible portion of the silicious part of the ooze on which the telegraph cable rests, inhabit fresh water as well as the sea, and scarcely any water is without them. When circumstances are favorable they multiply so rapidly as to close up harbors and diminish the depth of channels. They are found not only in temperate latitudes, but in the arctic and antarctic seas inclosed in newly-formed ice, which they stain of a brown color. One deposit of mud, chiefly consisting of their valves, is mentioned by Dr. Hooker as being not less than four hundred miles long and one hundred and twenty miles broad, its thickness great and continually increasing. This bed exists on the flanks of Victoria Land, in 78° south latitude, and many others of large dimensions are known.

Let us next consider the nature of those forms of animal life of which the cases or skeleton frames are accumulated in such large proportions in the submarine mud. These include all the calcareous, (which, it will be remembered, form nine tenths of

the whole,) and part of the silicious particles. They represent three groups, into which the simplest forms of animated nature are divided, but they are not *Animalcules*, in the sense in which that word has long been employed, for under this name have been included a heterogeneous assembly of plants, zoophytes, minute crustaceans, (water-fleas, etc.) larvæ of worms, and molluscs. Neither are they true *Infusoria*, or infusory animalcules, which are for the most part more complex and have no skeleton. The group we find at the bottom of the Atlantic is called by naturalists *Rhizopoda*, or root-footed animals, and they consist essentially of cells of irregular and very variable shape, vaguely extending long root-like appendages by means of which food is drawn within their range. Any part of the surface of each cell is capable of doubling over the food presented, thus forming a temporary stomach, but after assimilation the surface returns to its original state, or assumes some other form. In most of the animals of this group a kind of *carapace*, or shell, is formed in the cell-wall, either by the secretion or mechanical aggregation of mineral matter, generally the former, and the root-like projections then pass either through one opening of the carapace or through many perforations in it. Large compound structures or accumulations of individual cells exist, each cell to a certain extent independent, each secreting either a carapace or some silicious or horny frame-work, and together constituting a complex skeleton singularly resembling some of those shells which belong to the most highly organized of the testacea.

Under the name *Foraminifera* are included such of these singular beings as secrete many-chambered calcareous shells, the chambers of which do not communicate with each other, although all of them are perforated outwards. Every so-called shell is the habitation of a group of individuals, each having its own cell coated with carbonate of lime; and the compound animal, although its shape is often the same when formed under similar conditions, admits of almost indefinite varieties, a fact which will not seem surprising when the mode of accumulation is considered. Each individual extends its projecting root-like filaments irregularly into the water from every exposed surface, and at intervals divides itself and becomes two individuals, each coated with its shell.

Should the direction taken previous to this division be a straight line, the newly-formed double or compound shell is straight; should it be spiral, however, the shell is spiral. There seems no necessary limit either to the form or the magnitude attainable by this mode of increase, and thus these so-called shells, originating with individuals so minute that they require the highest powers of the best microscopes to perceive, are occasionally developed into habitations as large as a crown-piece, and composed of chambers whose numbers are beyond count. In one of the types of these singular animals there may be seen, when the calcareous shell is removed, a central mass of that peculiar animal matter which corresponds to the contents of the simple cell, nearly surrounded by a larger concentric mass of the same material, not adhering except at one point. From this are given off stalk-like processes, each terminating with a nodular mass, or bud, and from each of these others, so that the compound body is formed of a number of concentric rings, each made up of such buds, and each as it enlarges requiring an increased number of buds to complete it. Another type, (including the *Nummulites*, a well-known group exceedingly abundant in a fossil state,) is more complicated in the structure of the shell, each partition wall being double; but this does not prevent the root-like processes from being projected, nor is there any essential difference in the compound animal mass.

The species of foraminifer which composes, almost to the exclusion of all others, the deep Atlantic mud, is called *Globigerina*. It has been traced through a complete series of gradations from less than a thousandth of an inch in diameter, when it consists of only one or two cells, up to more than a sixtieth of an inch. In the single cell the wall is smooth and thin, but as it adds cell to cell the older ones become beset with tubercles, the wall thickens, and the whole appearance becomes modified.

The natural home of the foraminifers appears to be in the deeper parts of the ocean, commencing where the regular inhabitants of limited depths terminate. Whether, indeed, the unnumbered myriads, whose remains form the mud of the telegraph plateau, really inhabited in a living state the vast depths at which these remains are found, or whether, inhabiting moderately deep water, their skeletons

sank to the bottom after death, there is hardly sufficient evidence yet to say, although, according to Professor Huxley, the balance of probabilities inclines in the former direction. However this may be, it is certain that they have lived at no great distance, and that where they abound no animals occur capable of producing so marked an effect on the floor of the ocean.

Besides the foraminifers, whose calcareous skeletons form so large a part of the mud, there is another group of almost similar, but much more minute animals, who have the power of secreting flinty, instead of calcareous valves, and who have evidently played an important part in the waters of the Atlantic. Marvelous indeed, and fantastical almost beyond conception, are the forms assumed by these little bodies. Their shells are prolonged into spines, and the cell contents of the shell generally only occupy the upper part of it, being there divided into four parts. They appear to be very widely diffused, but are much less easily recognized than the foraminifers, owing to their smaller size. Notwithstanding their small dimensions, important beds are made up of them in many parts of the world. These are the *Polycistinae* of naturalists.

Sponges are animal substances composed of a fibrous network, strengthened by spicules of flint, or more rarely carbonate of lime, and clothed with a soft flesh, consisting of a multitude of soft cells of the simplest kind. They are, however, provided with small hair-like filaments, which can be kept in constant vibration, and these filaments line canals or cavities in the cell, which commence in small pores at the surface and terminate in large vents. Through these canals, by the vibration of the filaments, currents of water are kept constantly passing, bringing in food, and carrying out matter not assimilated.

The simplest skeleton of the sponge is an irregular network of fibers. Sometimes these are horny, as in the common sponge used for domestic purposes, but more frequently they are stony, often extending in sets of three from a common center. In form they are sometimes knotted, sometimes conical, and sometimes perfectly straight.

It is thought that each spicule was originally a cell on which a case of stony matter has been secreted. A few of these sponge spicules complete the list of

substances which form the mud of the Atlantic, and cover the wide expanse of its vast floor between Europe and America.

Where, then, it may be asked, are—

“the thousand fearful wrecks;
The thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.”

Or where at least are the remains of those far larger and more important—as they seem to us—inhabitants of the deep? How is it that we do not find the bones, and teeth, and scales of fishes, the shells, star-fishes, corals, and other comparatively indestructible materials belonging to marine animals? Where are the drifted pebbles and sand that might have been anticipated, and what has become of all the hard materials that must have been accumulated in the course of time?

Now although the ocean abounds with life, yet it is certain that the conditions of deep water are altogether unfavorable for the existence of fishes, and even of most of the locomotive molluscs and crustaceans, provided with shells or carapaces. The actual limit of depth to which such animals can reach, even in ordinary cases, is not very well known; but there is no reason to suppose that below five hundred fathoms (three thousand feet) any large animals are constantly present.

On the other hand, the surface, and probably all depths of water in wide tracts of sea, abound with the lower forms of existence, often to such an extent as to manifest themselves by their phosphorescent properties, and it is only reasonable to conclude that where the requirements of existence are smallest, conditions the least favorable are still sufficiently favorable for the purpose. A few whales, some shoals of porpoises, and occasionally a few other fish, appear near the surface in mid-Atlantic; but most of these are confined to small depths, and certainly none reach those dark profundities where the mere difference of pressure would produce the instant destruction of animals so highly organized. On the death of these denizens of the upper waters, their carcasses become the prey of marine animals gradually lower in organization, until at length we reach those simple organisms just described. Long before the remains of the surface-animals could reach the bottom

they are, therefore, assimilated, perhaps passing through many transmigrations, and ending with the lowest. This may be the real explanation of the mystery.

There are not wanting some points of geological interest in the discoveries made with regard to the Atlantic sea-bottom. The material discovered—the fine mud described by Professor Huxley—closely resembles very fine chalk; and this is the case not only in mechanical and physical character, but also in the nature of the shells found in it. The kind of foraminifer which forms so large a part of the mud is abundantly represented in the chalk, the curious silicious skeletons and the sponge spicules are also present there, and in something of the same proportions. The thickness of chalk is, however, so great, that we can hardly assume that it was formed by deposits of this kind.

Too little is yet known of the contour lines of the Atlantic Ocean floor to justify any important generalizations in relation to the physical geography of the world. That on the whole the vast tract between Europe and Africa and the two Americas, presents deep depressions nearly parallel with the lofty elevations of the Andes on the West, and the great Alpine, Pyrenean, and Himalayan chains on the East; that there are large tracts approximately level; that from these rise lofty peaks at distant intervals, and numerous lesser elevations; all this, at least, seems abundantly proved, and thus we may be said to have discovered that the system of construction exhibited in that part of the earth's crust above the level of the sea is carried out also below that level. We have also penetrated one step in advance of this knowledge.

The outline of European ground, as marked at its contact with the water-line, would be seen to vary but little, were the whole of the water removed from the North-Atlantic Ocean, and the interval between Europe and America laid bare to our view. The land would be seen continued with a gradual slope for about two hundred miles to the West, and would then terminate with a steep cliff parallel to the present shore, towards a depressed plain, at least seven thousand feet below.

In the same way the American land would slope to meet another, but less precipitous cliff, the total amount of depression being nearly the same. Between these two cliffs, however, a new world

would be presented, the details of which require much careful investigation, especially in the large tract extending from about the 50th parallel of north latitude to the equator. We only know at present with certainty that the plateau commencing at a depth of 10,000 feet below the present sea level, is itself but one of a series of descending steps, the lowest of which is probably 30,000 feet deeper. The extreme difference of level between the lowest depression of the Atlantic and the highest peaks of the Andes and Himalayan mountains seems to be not less than 60,000 feet; but this interval, though certainly large, is small compared with the magnitude of our planet, as it would hardly be equivalent to a thickness of an inch of the surface of Mr. Wyld's great globe in Leicester square.

A little north of the 50th parallel of latitude at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, where the plateau already described is unbroken by any great depression, and on a soft bed of mud constantly thickening, and composed almost entirely of carbonate of lime, there lie now some 1500 miles of disabled telegraphic cable deposited last summer at a depth varying from 10,000 to 15,000 feet.

This cable is already perhaps covered with new coats of mud of the same kind, composed of the calcareous and silicious coverings of myriads of little animals brought into existence since it was laid. On this bed the temperature undergoes little change throughout the year, being constantly about that of an average winter's day in our climate. A perpetual calm exists there, undisturbed by the destructive storms that rage above; the icebergs, however large, float far overhead, and only occasionally let fall a part of their load of stones and sand. Even the whales, deep and rapid as their movements are, never approach these dark abysses; no deep drift is carried along, and no accident disturbs the monotonous level. But even the few days during which the cable was enabled to act, have shown that this apparent calm is not without its interruptions. The electric fire that circulates through the earth is found to exert here its full influence, and willingly makes use of the means that man has contrived to facilitate its progress. The electrician places the wire as a means of communication, and at once receives a message from nature herself, which baffles and confuses

him. The wire that has enabled him at Valentia to communicate with Newfoundland, serves also as an index of earth-currents and magnetic storms, of whose nature, frequency, and intensity he has still much to learn. Far away in America, within the Arctic circle, a broad bright beam of light shoots up from the horizon to the zenith, and is followed by flashes and coruscations. An Aurora Borealis is seen—a magnetic storm is commencing. At that same instant the news is transmitted along the floor of the ocean by means of our wire, forwarded by no human hands, and in accordance with no human code of signals. Backwards and forwards, as if endowed with some strange vitality, the telegraphic needle is seen to vibrate, and the electrician must stand by powerless, trembling, like Frankenstein, at the monster he has called into life. The magnetic storm passes through the earth, and the use of the telegraph by man is for the time suspended.

Even when completely established, there can be no doubt that the communication will be subject to various risks and interruptions. The wire that was made to convey the electric influence across the ocean was sufficiently thick to resist any strain it was thought likely to have to bear. Whether, however, it may not, where partially injured, have become melted by the intense heat evolved during the passage of magnetic storms, and even of the strong magnetic currents employed in communicating the early messages, is a question that has not yet been answered, but at any rate it is in the highest degree probable that in the course of time the copper would have become reduced to the crystalline state, and the cohesion of the metal reduced so as to render it incapable of resisting even a very small strain. These and other practical difficulties may arise and will have to be overcome. Meanwhile the great problem of telegraphy is solved, and the question of extending telegraphic communication is chiefly limited to monetary considerations as to whether any particular line would be of sufficient political or commercial importance to justify the expense.*

* The following statement of the actual number of messages that passed across the Atlantic during the time when the condition of the line was still doubtful, will show clearly how complete was the

We now know that the deep-sea soundings can be taken at comparatively small cost, and with sufficient certainty to act upon, and that they will reveal to us the depth and nature of the sea-bottom in any part of the ocean; we know that, with certain precautions, a cable of small wires, inclosed in gutta-percha, weighing seven ounces per linear foot, can be sunk on the sea-bottom at a depth varying from ten to fifteen thousand feet, without material injury, and that a wire thus sunk can convey intelligible signals in an almost inappreciable space of time. We have succeeded in gauging the depths of the ocean, in learning the shape and na-

ture of its bottom, in determining its temperature, in satisfying ourselves as to what animals live and die there, and in bringing into a tangible and practical form the various results of these investigations. The power that attracts the needle to the pole, and has for centuries guided the navigator across the surface of the water, is now rendered available in providing means of communication through its hitherto unfathomed depths, and the girdle is being put round the world which will at no distant time unite all civilized nations into one great brotherhood.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LITERARY SUBURB OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Every reader turns with pleasure to those passages of Horace and Pope and Boileau which describe how they lived and where they dwell.—*Rogers.*

THE first half of the eighteenth century may be justly regarded as the Augustan age of English literature. Civilization in our country had been previously advanced by men of greater mind, by deeper thinkers, by writers of more lasting influence on mankind, than any that then appeared; but the literary craft had never been in so high repute, never had the man of letters, the professional author, been the subject of such general admiration or occupied so large a space in the public attention. Literary men were deemed the brightest ornaments of the courts of Queen Anne and her successor: there was no one with any pretensions to rank or fashion, from the richest manorial lord to the meanest

parasite of the palace, who did not feel honored by their acquaintance and proud of their intimacy. To have spent a day at one of their villas was a source of worthy boasting to the most distinguished in arms and in politics as well as in learning. And now for a century have the longing thoughts of a nation hovered round this golden period of literature; not satisfied with merely reading the written works of those wits, we find a pleasure in repeopling the brilliant scenes, in recalling the *noctes cœnæque deùm* amid which some of the most agreeable efforts of human wit and genius were produced; not antiquaries merely, but readers of every class, re-peruse with all the enchantment that distance contributes, those periods in which for the first time the little actions of life, the ordinary events of private history, the quarreling and heart-burning of political party, the ruling tastes, the prevailing follies, were raised from their vulgar insignificance by the pointed sallies of wit and the elegant graces of epigram.

success and how great the certainty that submarine lines will ultimately be laid. Exclusive of conversations amongst the clerks, 97 messages, consisting of 1002 words and 6476 letters, were sent from Valentia to Newfoundland, and duly comprehended, while 269 messages, of 2840 words and 13,743 letters, were received from Newfoundland in Ireland. This gives a total of 366 messages, consisting of 3942 words, made up of 20,219 letters, actually transmitted.

For in those days to be lively, if not to

be witty, to be able to turn a *bon mot*, always to have a smart saying on the tongue, was the aim of all who wished to sparkle in the fashionable world; and there was an inner circle of professed wits to whom all looked up as their intellectual models, who never said a fine thing or published a line that was not repeated a hundred times within the next twenty-four hours; their works were not read alone in libraries or the closets of the studious, but graced every boudoir and lay open on every toilette. Their names were in every one's mouth; their latest effusions were the common subject of the politer gossip, and they are now the classics of England. Of this circle Alexander Pope became the center—

"An intellectual ruler in the haunts
Of social vanity."

His groves at Twickenham were the resort of nearly every one of note for wit, for valor, even for beauty: they were the Dodonian oracles whence emanated the productions for which the world seemed so madly eager. While St. James's was the capital of political England, Twickenham was its literary center. In that age this village appears less as some secluded country parish selected for the beauty of its scenery and the salubrity of its air, than as the most rural, most embellished, most literary district of the crowning city of the empire.

In tracing how it became so, we must regard the biography of Alexander Pope. The son of a Roman-Catholic trader in Broad street, London, who had retired to spend his earnings in Windsor Forest, he nurtured his mind with books, roaming about among them, as he expressed it, just where his fancy led him, like a boy gathering flowers in the woods and fields. He read them not for their language but for their thoughts, and paid them the highest and truest of all worship—the worship of imitation. He thus formed his own mind by the great mind of antiquity. Nor was he deficient in any of those external requisites for achieving greatness which are enumerated in the well-known passage of Pliny: "Neque enim cuiquam tam clarum statim ingenium est, ut possit emergere, nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam commendatorque contingat." The taste for exact and polished literature, especially the poetic, was every day increasing. His hereditary for-

tune was sufficient to keep him from poverty till his own efforts should become lucrative. Nor was applause wanting to his verses, for his father, whom it was difficult to please, commended what he called "good rhymes," and encouraged the boy in making them, and he found a flatterer—"the most shameless of all flatterers"—in himself. At fifteen, an age when, carried away with the brilliancy of our designs, satisfied with the rude models that we make, we are blind to the difficulties of execution, Pope believed himself the greatest genius that ever existed. Such of his early poems as are preserved to the reader, coldly judging of another's self-conceit, scarcely support this opinion, and one is inclined to surmise that he became a great man because he thought himself one. At this early age one admires the precocity and flexibility rather than the loftiness of his genius. An accident would have made him either a painter or a poet. He liked either art, but practiced most and was best satisfied with himself in poetry; and a late posterity that shall enjoy the *Dunciad* and the translation of the *Iliad* after the paintings of Kneller and Hogarth have perished, will be grateful for the accident which, more than any natural inclination, led Pope to be the pupil of Dryden rather than the pupil of Jervas.

I know few more touching passages in the life of men who have achieved greatness than the early youth of Pope. Unknown, proscribed, deformed, living apart from the gay and busy world in Windsor Forest, he urged himself to almost superhuman exertion by visions of fame and glory which he lived to see fully realized. With a turn for versifying and a conviction that he was gifted with a higher genius than had ever been known before, he determined to make the world of his opinion. To that end he had, at so unripe an age as twenty-eight, published the *Essay on Criticism*; the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Windsor Forest*, and the *Temple of Fame* shortly followed. Encouraged by the approval they had met with, he was not slow to exercise his talents again, and by exercising to increase them. But his translation of Homer was not made without the greatest effort. From his own lively description we gather that at first (for practice gave him ease) he could never get the *Iliad* out of his thoughts. When people talked of going

to church he went to sacrifice and libations. He addressed every parson as Chryses; and instead of the Lord's prayer began "God of the silver bow." It lay so heavy on his mind that he often dreamt of it, and the poor brain-sick poet at last wished himself hanged to be rid of Homer. But his readers were not at all anxious to get rid of his Homer. So extensively was it sought after, that Pope was the first of our authors who by the mere sale of his writings, with the aid of no patron, the smiles of no monarch, was enabled to live in independence and comfort. It was with the money that he received for part of his *Iliad* that, in 1717 and 1718, he built his villa at Twickenham. This was the first home of genius erected by the independent support of the English nation.

"Mr. Pope, the poet," was, at the time when he came to Twickenham (late in 1718,) a study-worm, self-taught, and lately somewhat rakish young man of thirty. His health had always been of the most delicate, he spoke of his life as a long disease. He was so feeble that he could not dress or undress himself, and was always wrapped in fur and flannel. He derived from his father a crooked spider-like body, protuberant before and behind, and from his mother an aching head. His complexion was sullied with the sallowness of habitual ill-health and the sickly hue of thought. He had nothing great about him but his mind, nothing fine but his thoughts and his eyes, nothing beautiful but his voice and his numbers. In his youth he was called the little nightingale, because his tones were remarkably melodious; and in later times the harmony of his verse has made him remembered by the name of the nightingale of Twickenham. There is perhaps no one among English authors whose literary character has been more often sketched and better understood than that of Pope. Industrious and learned, he was endowed with that only not morbid sensibility which is the stock in trade of a poet; but the exercise of this faculty induced him to act in a manner so contrary to the tender feeling displayed in his poetry, that the vulgar accuse him of being capricious. He who spared no pains to torture his literary adversaries, who was described by one of them, not without show of reason, as

"A crooked, petulant, malicious wight,
Unfit for commerce, friendship, love, or fight,"

was to be seen weeping over the tenderer passages of history and works of fiction. But it was because he was thus capable of intensely participating in the feelings and sentiments of others, and at the same time so keenly alive to their faults and their envy, that he regarded every slur on himself or his writings as just cause for the severest injuries he was capable of inflicting. A duller man would neither have sympathized so fully with others, nor been so tender of his own reputation. But the world has seldom seen a more irritable member of the proverbially irritable race of bards. It was a source of immense gratification to him to find that before the keen edge of his satire shrank those who feared nothing else—

"Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone."

His skill as a literary artist arose rather from the exercise of a strong judgment than from the force of genius. We can discover truth, though in a very disagreeable disguise, throughout the repeated assertions of Pope's parricidal editor, Mr. Bowles, that he was too much the poet of art, too little the poet of nature; that he chose for his subject the "arts of man," to the exclusion of the "works of God;" and in the violent contradiction of Lord Byron—the fervent admirer but not the imitator of Pope—in his extravagant preference of our poet to those loftier minds beside whom he must be regarded as a mere rhymer—may be traced the defects of one who owed every thing to genius, nothing to judgment. For this frivolous contest, maintained by the petulance of his adversary, the chivalrous devotion of his supporter, and the servile echo of reviewers, the celebrated grotto at Twickenham appears to have been the chosen scene.

The small tract of land between the high road and the river occupied by the house and lawn, was connected with a garden of five acres across the road by a subterranean communication. Those who repel the charge that Pope was a mere indoor ethical poet who could think and write of nothing but man, cold to the beauties of uncultivated nature, and alive only to the wisdom, or that more fertile theme, the follies of mankind, not content with proving it from his writings, take us

through his grotto into his garden. In the first they commend to our admiration the elegant and tasteful disposition of the splendid crystals, returning in a hundred prismatic hues the light reflected from the sparkling river; they beg a testimonial to the romantic skill which, at the expense of a thousand pounds, converted this tunnel—a mere hyphen between the house and garden—into so magnificent a “hall of shells,” and asserting that Pope’s poetic genius was seen not less in the adjustment of his grotto than in his best poems, they present to our notice the lines of its constructor—

“Thou, who shalt stop where Thames’ translucent wave

Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distill,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent medals innocently glow;
Approach! great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine without a wish for gold;
Approach, but awful! Lo! the Egerean grot
Where nobly pensive St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Windham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont’s soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.”

Adding, too, his description in prose, written in 1725:

“I have put my last hand to my works of this kind in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto. I there formed a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in a rustic manner, and from that distance under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a camera obscura; on the walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene: it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place.

“There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river of smooth stones full of light and open; the other toward the gardens shadowed with

trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like the beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of:

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ;
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora,
somnum
Rumpere; si bibas, sive lavare, tace.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah! spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave;
And drink in silence, or in silence lave.

“You’ll think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it.”

From the grotto we are conducted to the garden, where the quincunx, the vineyard, the orangery, the bowling-green, “the retiring and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the termination at the cypresses that lead up to his mother’s tomb,” (the words are those of Walpole,) are appealed to as a proof that he was, as the elegant French poet called him, “*Bien-faiteur des jardins ainsi que du langage*.” And here we are triumphantly asked whether he can be justly said to have been insensible to nature who in that little spot made more variety and scenery than had ever been before contrived within five acres, he insensible to nature who having first ridiculed the formal notions of gardening adopted from France and Holland, and formed the taste of William Kent, to whom our nation is indebted for those correct notions on landscape-gardening for which the nations of the Continent honor us, made his own little garden at Twickenham so perfect that it was chosen as a model for the gardens of Frederick Prince of Wales, at Carlton House, and professed himself, with a pardonable affectation, more proud of his garden, laid out so as to show the “amiable simplicity of unadorned nature,” than of his poems.

His opponents are content to overlook the doctrine that all true poets are gardeners, (a proposition of which I believe the converse is not always correct;) and

finding no traces of poetical genius in his lawns and groves, or maintaining that all this dressing of nature was as artificial and unnatural as the poems they complain of, on that or similar grounds confine themselves to the grotto, and with their polemic Prebendary condemn it as puerile and affected, or with the Fleet street hero say that "vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage," quoting, too, the coarse lines in Lady Mary W. Montagu's description of the Court of Dullness :

"Her palace placed beneath a muddy road,
And such the influence of the dull abode,
The carrier's horse above can scarcely drag
his load.

Here chose the goddess her beloved retreat,
Which Phœbus tries in vain to penetrate;
Adorned within with shells of small expense,
(Emblems of tinsel rhyme and trifling sense,)
Perpetual fogs inclose the sacred cave,
The neighboring sinks their fragrant odor
gave,

In contemplation here she passed her days."

Who shall settle a controversy so entangled and so frivolous? Must we think of Pope as a sublime philosopher, and a poet as much of nature as of art, retiring under ground (as they say Demosthenes did for two or three months while incubating a speech) to a beautiful cave built of nature's sparkling gems, opening on one end to a delightful garden, and from the other commanding a view of the river, there to enjoy contemplation, drink Helicon, and be quit of the cares, the passions, and the vanities of this world; or are we to picture him a little fretful cripple, inhumed in a cellar under a road, patching it up with sea-shingle, a mere literary mechanic, with thoughts as earthy as his habitation, and as malignant as any other underground reptile? Or shall we not rather, dismissing alike extravagant praise and scurrilous detraction, allow Pope to have been in every thing he undertook a consummate artist? The nephew of Cooper the painter, and the pupil of Jervas, he only wanted practice to have rivaled Kneller in his own art; he needed nothing but a good figure to have had all the acquired graces of an actor or an orator; and even as it was, he gave lessons in them, for he was one day found instructing Lord Mansfield in the histrionic part of oratory: he exploded by his taste and judgment an ugly fashion in gardening; nor was he without some good notions on

architecture; and he gained his high fame in poetry not more by the force of natural talent than by the practice of literary artifice. He was master not only in the legitimate arts of literary composition—it was only by intense study, continued imitations of good authors, and constant practice in verse-making, that he polished to perfection that rude turn for rhyming which he had when he "lisped in numbers;" not only was he master in that judicious method of adopting the thoughts of others, which is just beyond the line of plagiarism, but also in all the less honorable devices of literary chicane; he omitted no contrivance for keeping his writings and his reputation before the public. There was always something fresh from Mr. Pope. His friends were always prepared with an answer of tantalizing mystery to the question—What is Mr. Pope employed on now? It became the fashion to attribute to Mr. Pope any good piece published with a manifestly false name, or without any name at all; and of all the feats of literary diplomacy, certainly the most skillfully contrived and the most successful, was the way in which the artful poet got his letters published apparently without his consent by the bamboozled bookseller Curll, who by a trick of fame will be as immortal as the illustrious men whom he admired and cheated. Must we not then regard Pope less as a mighty genius than as an accomplished artist in poetry? To him be all the praise of a successful artist. While universal consent admits him into the rank of the great, the candid and unprejudiced scrutinizer of his acts will deny him a place among the few—the remarkable few—who have not mixed trick and chicane with the merit that has raised them not only to but above that proud eminence.

But he was a poet of the school of those who rely for their success on the practice of correct elegance; as such, his name has been a watch-word in that smoldering contest that exists in all critical ages, at times almost extinct, at others breaking out into fierce warfare between the Homerists and the Virgilians, between the champions of what is called natural poetry, an unpolished diamond, and the admirers of elegant, correct, or, in the dislogistic term of the Homerists, artificial verse. Those who for one fine and lofty stroke are content to pardon a dozen inelegancies and defects, and if a poet sometimes de-

bases himself below mediocrity forgive him because he often soars above it, maintain, if they be Frenchmen, the excellence of Corneille and Crébillon; if Italians, of Dante and Ariosto; if our own countrymen, Cowper, Dryden, and still more Lord Byron; while those who can never bring themselves to admire any thing that fails in correctness of language, that wants the harmonious and chastened elegance of Virgil, gave the palm to Racine and Voltaire, to Tasso, to Pope, and Crabbe. The two classes of bards may be distinguished in a manner more suited to the taste of the last than the present century, as those upon whom the muses descended at their birth, who have the power without the show of art, and those who with much toil and much display of art have succeeded in climbing Parnassus. The dispute will always continue: so long as there are men who love the bold, the reckless, the soaring, and the eccentric, there will be Homerists; while there shall remain a taste for polished harmonious poetry, for bards who "stooped to truth and moralized their song," there will be Virgilians.

That Pope was deficient in originality, is a not less erroneous notion than those which we have already discussed. But while it is acknowledged that he has enriched the language with many new and original turns of speech, it can not be denied that he was about the most consummate literary adopter we have had. Scarcely an elegant turn is to be found in our language which he has not somewhere introduced into his writings, and very many he naturalized from the ancient or from foreign authors; but he was no vulgar plagiarist, he never appropriated ready made; if he stole, he stole only the raw material, and molded the idea, refitted the phrase, till he had made it his own. To be selected out of a second-rate author and put into one of Pope's lines was the apotheosis of an expression.

Pope finished his house and his Homer much about the same time. An elegant poem by Gay, written "to welcome Mr. Pope from Greece," celebrates not less the fame of his translation than the number and distinction of his friends. They are supposed to be assembled on the banks of the Thames, anxiously awaiting the return, after six years, of the modern Ulysses, and giving him a hearty welcome as he approaches. One object of the poem is to enumerate those who at this period

enjoyed Pope's intimacy, and it proves that the *Personae Popianae*, like the *Personae Horatianae*, contain the name of almost every distinguished man and woman of the time.

It was no vulgar reward of his genius, that at his house authors such as Thomson, Mallet, Gay, Swift, Hooke, Glover, Arbuthnot, Voltaire, artists like Kneller and Jervas, met Cobham, Bathurst, Lyttelton, Chesterfield, Marchmont, Mansfield, Peterborough, Bolingbroke, the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Mary W. Montagu, many other lords and ladies, and untitled worth like that of Ralph Allen. In his little territory, poets sometimes furnished themselves with patrons, and hostile partisans met on terms of social intercourse; nor was it altogether a fable that from his grotto the passions and disquietudes of life were banished. It was no mere love of learning, no longing for retirement, no ambitious, no sordid motives that drew these bright assemblages to Pope's villa, but a mingled homage to genius and fashion; to genius, because under his roof were to be met all the most eminent of his brother authors whose hearts beat high for praise; to fashion, because literary men were in those days the acknowledged chiefs amid minds endeavoring to be congenial with theirs.

In the spring of 1726, Dean Swift came over from Ireland, and staid two months in Pope's house at Twickenham. He was then in the very height of his popularity, in his native country the oracle of public opinion. The people only knew what they wished when they read it in the pamphlets of Swift, as at this day some enlightened politicians are not conscious of their opinion till they find it expressed by the editor of a daily paper. During his previous sojourn in England, he had been a prominent supporter of the Harley Administration, and a very dutiful subject of Queen Anne. From being a courtier to kings and ministers, he became a courtier to the mob, and with them, the man who is once admitted a consul to advise, soon becomes a dictator to command. Swift had just succeeded in forcing, for it is an abuse of terms to call it persuading, the frantic Irish to reject the half-pence coined by William Wood, the issue of which he represented in the Drapier letters to be an usurpation of English ministers over Ireland, and their rejection to be the Irishman's "first duty to God next to the

salvation of their souls." The people loved him for deceiving them, and accorded him all the glory that awaits on unexposed misrepresentation and clever effrontery, and though a private man, he boasted, not vainly, that before his attack the proudest ministry would fall. But for him, who in his writings dared God and man, an overturn or a hole in the wall had terrors insurmountable. The raging demagogue, the destroyer of ministries, the threatener of kings, all the way from London to Windsor kept his head out of window, shouting to the postilion to be cautious of an overturn, and nothing could induce him to venture through the aperture of the wall at Rochester ruins, where children were playing and women exploring.

I had once some thoughts of drawing out a character of Dr. Swift quite different from that which usually adorns his biographies, which yet must have been held of unimpeachable accuracy, if I could have obtained the reader's assent to one postulate—namely: "Let it be granted that when a man attributes a characteristic to the whole human race, he possesses that characteristic himself." It has been suggested that some men are fiends of God's making; some of their own. Swift had the advantage in the maker.

The Dean was allied to Pope by that firmest tie of friendship—a community of sentiments, of interests, and of hatreds. Pope, from his religion, was a Jacobite Tory, but believed himself more a Whig. Swift was in matters ecclesiastic an Hanoverian Tory, but in matters political sided with the Whigs. He turned the scale to either side as occasion required; but whichever he supported, he supported and fought for violently. Whether he was a member of the church spiritual, grave doctors question, with more reason than if they were to doubt that he was a divine of the church militant. In fact lubricity contended with vehemence for being the chief characteristic of his politics. The Tory opposition was almost annihilated; office was in the hands of the Whigs, whose leader, Sir Robert Walpole, governed the country with the spirit of a tradesman and the power of a despot. Literature was too much connected with the Tories to gain favor with a minister in whose mind there was no distinction between his own and his country's interests. Nevertheless it was alike the object and

the bent of Pope and Swift to make what use they could of the little court influence that their literary fame might yet retain for a member of a proscribed creed ill-affected to the government, and the high churchman whose promotion had been prevented and whose unprincipled revenge had been excited by the powerful and unforgiving minister. They were bound also by literary ties. At the house of Pope, Swift could renew his familiarity with brother authors whom his invitations could not induce to visit the willows of Laracor or the Deanery of St. Patrick. He affected to think he had need of Pope's judgment and advice in preparing some works he had by him for the press. Their literary enemies were the dunces of Grub street, who had chosen for generalissimo in their battles with the Twickenham *littérateurs*, Dennis, a critic endowed with skill enough to make him terrible, if his ungovernable temper had not made him ridiculous. In addition, they were both attacked by the few literary men of the Whig party who were among the doubtful friends of Swift and the avowed enemies of Pope. At the poet's villa, Swift met many of his former friends and allies—Arbuthnot, Gay, and Bolingbroke, whom posterity condemns for his philosophy and applauds for his oratory, though not a speech of his has reached us. They received him with a joy perhaps the more sincere because they no longer were members of the party in power, and had to look for friends to other motives than those of political interest. Swift was no longer the patron of Pope; they met on terms of equal friendship, and the Dean lived in Pope's villa at Twickenham nearly the whole two months he spent this year in England. It was honorable to Pope that an acquaintance begun in Queen Anne's reign, ripened into friendship when Swift had ceased to have ministerial influence. But one cause that facilitated their literary partnership was the total absence of rivalry, of which any danger was excluded by the perfectly independent objects of their ambition. They never crossed each other's path. The aim of Pope was to be one of the despots who are ever reigning in the miscalled republic of letters; that of Swift to be an English bishop. The poet succeeded, though repeatedly obliged to repel the attacks of small critics and mediocre satirists; and nothing could have prevented the author

of the *Tale of a Tub* from being a bishop, if only he had believed the religion which he preached. Pope was in character and pursuits a literary man; his whole energies were directed to achieve immortal fame as an author. His literary reputation was what he labored to found, support, and defend in the hours of seclusion which with him, precluded from taking an active part in the gayeties of life by his weakness and deformity, and in professional employments by the penal restrictions under which he labored, formed the greater part of a life which must have been spent, if not in such occupations, in an unlettered and necessitous indolence. The fame of his works was cherished by him with a sensitiveness only not morbid; hence arose the irritation with which he received the attacks of the dunces, and the trouble he took to expose those whom it would have been more becoming his dignity to have left to silent contempt. Himself, not time, was to be the silencer of every dissentient voice to his glory. Swift's views were all political. Disappointed ambition sharpened the edge of those satirical powers with which he seems to have been early gifted, and whose early use mainly impeded the attainment of his ambition. But though a satirist of surpassing merit, so little tender was he of his reputation as an author, that no attacks on his literary efforts annoyed him unless they interfered to prevent the end which his writings were designed to accomplish. He would have despised to pass his life in the fastidious composition of sentences, or to flatter the ear, but when he despaired of otherwise addressing the reason; and as for his critics, he contented himself with invariably consigning them all to the special care of Beelzebub. Literature was to Swift nothing but a field whereon he might display in many colors the extent, the variety, and the brilliancy of his genius. Temporal power was the reward which was to crown his victories. He longed more for the fear than the admiration, still less the love, of his fellow-creatures. To be a formidable and dignified partisan, dreaded by friends and foes alike, was the ungratified ambition of this highly-gifted and detestable man.

It is instructive to observe the different tactics which the critics used in their wars against Swift, callous to his fame as an author, and against the sensitive poet. There yet exist a few copies of a scur-

rilous volume called *Gulliveriana*, full of criticisms of which one would rather be the object than the author; where capital letters, italics, and notes of admiration serve instead of sense or humor. The writer was evidently actuated by equal hostility to the poet and to the satirist; but what he says of Pope almost entirely consists of attacks on his deformity and calumnious falsehoods, while the accusations against Swift are most of them proved facts. To speak the truth was the deadliest revenge of Swift's enemy. The Grub street worthies knew well where the sensitiveness of their opponents lay. Pope's verses they profess to be an abomination—the most arrant trash in our language. Swift's prose was the object of their applause, though not of their imitation.

These were among the causes of Pope's unbroken intimacy with Swift—an intimacy which was shared by a third wit who resided with Pope during the time the Dean was in his house. This was John Gay, an early and dear friend of Pope. Of the same age, though of dissimilar dispositions, they continued a most intimate intercourse, which was never interrupted till the death of Gay. The world generally regards a poet as a wild child of nature caroling the lays with which she has inspired him, and totally inattentive to all sublunary things that fail to afford him pretty images or fine similes. Although this notion partakes itself of the poetical, there is truth in it so far that avarice is a passion alien from the true bardic breast, yet a lively anticipation of transactions with the bookseller is believed to be an excellent generator of inspiration. Though Pope was far from deficient in attention to these matters, he was yet surpassed by Gay in that keen love for those commercial ceremonies which seldom fail to gild the laurels to which a poet aspires. Six years before, he was thrown into a colic by the loss of some South-Sea stock which had been given him by Craggs the younger; and he was only restored to the disconsolate Muses by the skill of Arbuthnot and the tender care of his friends, among whom Pope was particularly conspicuous in his attentions. Though Gay, always afraid to offend the great, was constantly in hope of some good fortune that was to happen to him, and was consequently exposed to continual disappointment, his

constitutional cheerfulness and good temper never deserted him, and the wits with whom he associated loved his childlike simplicity, and gratified at once their affection and their vanity by correcting and assisting in his writings. They treated him more as a sister than a brother author. In 1726 he made the third of the illustrious trio of wits to whom Lord Bolingbroke wrote an epistle most re-

membered for its address: "To the three Yahoos of Twickenham—Jonathan, Alexander, John, most excellent Triumvirs of Parnassus." They employed themselves in criticising each other's works with friendly severity; and we know that in this conventicle of wits some of the most celebrated pieces in English literature were either planned or received the finishing strokes.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A M A N ' S W O O I N G .

You said, last night, you did not think
In all the world of men
Was one true lover—true alike
In deed and word and pen;

One knightly lover, constant as
The old knights, who sleep sound:
Some women, said you, there might be—
Not one man faithful found:

Not one man, resolute to win,
Or, winning, firm to hold
The woman, not all women—sought
Herself and not her gold:

Not one whose noble life and pure
Had power so to control
To humble loving loyalty
Her free but reverent soul,

That she beside him gladly moved
Both sovereign and slave;
In faith unfettered, homage dear,
Each claiming what each gave.

And then you dropped your eyelids white,
And stood, a maiden brave,
Proud, sweet; unloving and unloved
Descending to the grave.

I let you speak, and ne'er replied;
I watched you for a space,
Until that passionate glow, like youth,
Had faded from your face.

No anger showed I, nor complaint:
My heart's beats shook no breath,
Although I knew that I had found
Her who brings life or death;

The woman, true as life or death;
The love, strong as these twain,
Against which seas of mortal fate
Beat harmlessly in vain.

"Not one true man;" I hear it still,
Your voice's clear cold sound,
Upholding all your constant swains
And good knights underground.

"Not one true lover;" woman, turn;
I love you. Words are small;
'Tis life speaks plain: In twenty years
Perhaps you may know all.

I seek you. You alone I seek:
All other women, fair,
Or wise, or good, may go their way,
Without my thought or care.

But you I follow day by day,
And night by night I keep
My heart's chaste mansion lighted, where
Your image lies asleep.

Asleep! If e'er to wake, He knows
Who Eve to Adam brought,
As you to me: the embodiment
Of boyhood's dear sweet thought,

And youth's fond dream and manhood's hope,
That still half hopeless shone
Till every rootless vain ideal
Commingled into one.

You; who are so diverse from me,
Yet seem as much my own
As this my soul, which formed apart
Dwells in its bodily throne;

Or rather, for *that* perishes,
As these our two lives are
So strangely, marvelously drawn
Together from afar;

Till week by week and month by month
We liker seem to grow,
As two hill streams, flushed with rich rain,
Each into the other flow.

I swear no oaths, I tell no lies,
Nor boast I never knew
A love-dream—we all dream in youth—
But waking, I found *you*,

The real woman, whose first touch
Aroused to highest life
My real manhood. Crown it then,
Good angel, friend, love, wife.

Imperfect as I am, and you,
Perchance, not all you seem,
We two together, garner up
Our past's bright, broken dream;

We two together dare to look
Upon the years to come,
As travelers, met in far countrie,
Together look towards home.

Come home, the old tales were not false,
Yet the new faith is true;

Those saintly souls who made men knights
Were women such as you.

For the great love that teaches love
Deceived not, ne'er deceives:
And she who most believes in man
Makes him what she believes.

Come! if you come not, I can wait;
My faith, like life, is long;
My will—not little; my hope much:
The patient are the strong.

Yet come, ah! come. The years run fast,
And hearths grow swiftly cold—
Hearts too: but while blood beats in mine
It holds you and will hold.

And so before you it lies bare—
Take it or let it lie,
It was an honest heart; and yours
To all eternity.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SONG OF THE EVENING STAR.

WHEN the sun glides on like a golden swan,
With his crimson wings all furled,
Till he sink in a sea of transparency,
The lake of the upper world!
Then the spheres ring a chime to the march
of Time,
As the dying day expires;
And earth's guardian powers in their high
watch-towers
Light heaven's ethereal fires!
And I come from my rest in the burning
West,
The queen of the starry choirs!

My light is fair 'mid the dreamy air,
The delicious air of even,
While the sphere-clouds around, in a sleep
profound,
Are glassed in the blue of heaven!
Then the moon from afar, like a silver bar,
Spans the breast of the waveless sea!
And the forests deep lie hushed in sleep
As still as eternity!
But every eye in the earth and the sky
Is gazing alone on me!

Oh! the west is blest when my diamond crest
Is set in its sapphire shade,
While there I spy from the folded sky,
The tints of daylight fade!
Thus might angels keep from heaven's golden
steep,
Their watch over all below;

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Through the endless blue where orbs shine
through,
Which mortals ne'er can know!
And lovers say that the orb of day
Hath not half so soft a grace,
As I, when I shine, with light divine,
From my holy dwelling-place!

The blackbird sings with folded wings,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
But 'tis I inspire with the burning fire,
For his eye is fixed on me!
The stream receives through its margin leaves,
Mine image sweetly there,
Till the small birds between their folds of
green,
Gaze in wonder at thing so fair!
But I look most in love from my throne
above,
On the child at evening prayer!

But when Night draws near through the at-
mosphere,
As no other spirit may,
The glory's too bright for my raptured sight,
And I faint and faint away!
And I sink down through the dissolving blue,
Upon ocean's liquid wave,
Till eve once more its sapphire floor,
With her gorgeous colors pave,
Then I shine from afar—heaven's loveliest
star—
Love triumphing o'er the grave!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

THESE Thoughts which I present to you, my reader, I call "New and Old." Yet I should find it hard to say which were New, or which were Old. Each thought is nearly wholly new to *me*, wrought out in the mind for itself. *You*, doubtless, will have worked your way to many for yourself: perhaps even you will have met them long since in books that I have never seen. Let that be: we are not now contending for prior possession, we are not wrangling over patents. Let who will have the honor, if so be I help you, though ever so little, in your journey towards the goal of Truth.

There are some men who believe, that though God lives, he has ceased to reign; though a King *de jure*, *de facto* he is deposed and utterly without power. The earth is not the Lord's, they say; some devil's, rather; and though the everlasting doors should unfold, no King of Glory would come in. To such men all devotion is impossible; all religious service a dreary tale. Lauds and litanies are equally heartless. A public benefactor would they deem him who should introduce and render fashionable the praying-machines of Japan, improved by all the modern appliances of steam-power.

Some men, called authors, have an eye to business even in the deepest sorrow. They put out their griefs to interest, by making them known to the whole world. They melt down the gold and silver statues which they once worshiped, and coin them into current money.

Style is the body; thought is the soul. As there are persons in whom the animal portion of their nature predominates, so are there sensuous writers who think only of the graces, and neglect the subject of composition. On the other hand there are authors who profess to disregard style, literary spiritualists, who are ever repeating that "the letter killeth."

Each of these errs. The error of the former is manifest. The fault of the latter is not so obvious, and deserves a word of comment.

Setting aside the fact that beauty in itself is good, without respect to ulterior effects, it should be remembered that beauty of style is to a book what beauty of face is to a woman. For both beauty is the master of ceremonies who introduces them to the world. A woman may not claim attention from those around her; a book can not. The one trusts to personal grace and attractiveness of form and feature to win the admiration, the respect, the love, which she must not seek. The latter, if heavy, though good, will not command a general notice, for the public, unaware of the goodness, soon become sensible of the heaviness, and decline further acquaintance. The public is not compelled to read books, however good they may be. It must be allured by the enticement of clear and vigorous thought, simple sentences austere gracefully; words that are always strong, and never redundant.

But this is not all. As beauty with women will lead to nothing more than an introduction, if there be only beauty, so, mere elegance of style will cause the reader to lay aside the book, if he do not find the sense corresponding to the words. Mere grace fails, when the more substantial qualities are absent. On the other hand, there are books, even as there are women, which will make themselves known by their own intrinsic merits, in spite of such disadvantages as the want of beauty or elegance. Straightway the style is forgotten in the thought. *Nay*, even as in course of time we become actually attached to the physical defects of a woman endowed with all bright gifts of mind and spirit, so the very clumsiness and awkwardness of a great and powerful book become endeared to us by the sentiment of long association. We would not change the ungraceful face for the cheeks of a Helen, or the bust of an Aphrodite: we would not barter the ungainly style for all the smoothly-flowing periods of an Addison or a Chesterfield.

Two negatives in theology do not make an affirmative, but, as in Greek, only make the negative stronger. *Protests against*

false doctrine are no substitutes for a right belief; and Anti-Anti-Christ is not the true Christ.

"The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love," says the Latin grammar. In this case the parties concerned fall out, in order that they may experience the bliss of reconciliation. Quite different is it with some people: these will make up an ancient difference for the sake of creating a new one. To heal up old wounds, for the pleasure of cutting them open again, is their "*Religio Medici*."

The caricaturist holds the very lowest rank in literature. He is a witness to the existence of men with sense so dull, that they can perceive only the magnified and the distorted object. He takes it for granted, that those for whom he writes will fail to appreciate the real measure of character, and therefore he dwells exclusively on some prominent, though quite unimportant and superficial traits. Dickens pays his reader a poor compliment, when he makes the individuality of his characters depend upon some physical peculiarity, as, for instance, the possession of prominent teeth; the habit of snorting like a steam-engine; and other such like accidentals. But, while the author of *Dombey and Son* and *Little Dorrit* is thus too prone to imitate the school-boy making a rude sketch of his preceptor, by means of slate and pencil, the author of *The Newcombes* is a true artist, faithfully sketching every feature in its true proportion; aiming at the perfect delineation of the men and women that pass before him. In a word, the one writer is an artist, the other only a caricaturist.

It seems as if, in this world, thought and action were ever to be separated. The most practical man is almost invariably the one-sided; the narrow-minded, he who walks by the faith of prejudice, rather than by the sight of reason; he, who having once formed his opinions, is never moved from them, either because he can not understand opposing arguments, or because he obstinately shuts his eyes against all reason.

The many-sided man is always fearful of being over-hasty or illogical in his decisions. He must have made acquaintance with and have thoroughly answered all possible objections before he will accept any proposition as a principle of action.

Too late he learns that Art is long and Life is short, and that inaction is a worse evil than illogic. The man of thought is open to another danger. When he comes to converse upon disputed points with those who are not oppressed with too much brains, he is often disgusted to find that they have made up their minds without having studied the points at issue. True, they have arrived at a right decision. But this is not enough; the goal should have been reached by the right path. If the logical man endeavors to show that there are strong and weighty arguments on the other side of the question, he is sure to be met by a storm of indignant reproaches from men who have never learnt that "it is lawful to be taught by an enemy." Instinctively he shrinks from association with such narrow-minded sectaries. He hates the profane vulgar, which, says Sir Thomas Brown, "is opener to rhetoric than to logic," and delights itself in the tawdry tinsel of platform oratory. Unwittingly he sympathizes with an error that has been slandered, and is proportionably estranged from a truth that has borne false witness.

Is such a man, therefore, wholly truthful, or even merely useless? By no means. Were he merely a safety-drag upon the chariot-wheels of society, he would fulfill a necessary purpose. But he is more than this; for while by *doing*, is commonly meant the active, bustling, vigorous exertion of life, such as delights in velocity of motion, variety of occupation, frequent change of place, there is another species of action, unobtrusive, quiet and often invisible. Such is the action of the student who devotes himself to the study of nature's laws, deduces from thence their effects, and so attains to certain sure rules of action by which the "active" man is the first to be benefited, but for which he is the last to be thankful.

Let those who honestly believe and avow their conviction that man ought to give up his reason to God and his church, consider that the Almighty hath never delighted in maimed sacrifices. The work that he has created he would see perfectly acting, not shattered in one part that the other may act more easily. He would not have man destroy his intellect, under pretense of doing sacrifice, but would rather that it should be devoted to his service in its perfect entirety.

So likewise as regards man's social position. The chosen saints of God have not been the most recluse, but the heads of families, of armies, of nations. The most perfect man, considered socially, is he whose relations are most diverse and numerous. The brother is a more perfect man than the brotherless; he who has a friend than the friendless; the husband than the celibate; the father than he without offspring. All these relationships afford scope for the performance of duties; and therefore give room for trials and temptations, and therefore furnish a field for battle and for victory. To the man who feels that there is danger in thus joining himself to the world, duty is plain. Let him flee from it; only let him always bear in mind that he is inferior, and not superior to his fellow-man who discharges all the manifold duties of husband, father, friend. The hermit ranks very far below the hero, for, if the truth be spoken, he has run away from the field of battle—wisely, if he can not fight, but certainly not gloriously, since, though discretion is a part of valor, only Sir John Falstaff would call it the better part.

Total abstinence, celibacy, seclusion, though virtues, are by no means the highest virtues; except, indeed, they be practised, not for our own safety, but for the good of others. Viewed from one standpoint, they are manifestations of cowardice and of the bondage that engendereth fear. Always (excepting as above) they are contrary to the "perfect liberty" wherewith the God-Man came to set us free.

Man is never so afflicted as when he does not feel his sorrows. Want of feeling is want of life. Corruption sets in when pain has ceased.

All approach towards political perfection must be made by means of steady adherence to and improvement on principles already established, rather than by the adoption of new theories. Talleyrand declared that he had "sworn 'eternal allegiance' to eleven constitutions." And had he lived a few year longer, he would have had opportunity for vowing loyalty to well nigh the square of eleven. Systems of government, French polished, "warranted sound," beautiful-looking Pantisocracies, somehow do not answer. The great truth that what is to endure must have a gradual growth, a truth

which Nature herself teaches in her living monument, the thousand-year-old oak, can not be violated. Well said Sterling:

"How slowly ripen powers ordained to last,
The old may die, but must have lived before.
So Moses in the vale an acorn cast,
And Christ was shadowed by the tree it bore."

It has been affirmed again and again, and it is a lesson hardly learnt through many a sad experience, that every civilized country contains in its laws and constitution the seed and germ of its own advancement; and that every violent revolution not only does not hasten on the consummation, but seriously retards it, and even in some cases endangers it altogether. As when the child impatient that the seed does not at once become a plant, digs it up, ere it has laid hold of the ground, in order to see if it is growing.

The gradual growth of English liberties, through Plantagenet strifes, Tudor despotism, Stuart impotence, and Hanoverian stupidity, is a trite illustration of this principle. The last seventy years of French history would form another illustration *e converso* no less obvious.

Laymen should be very cautious how they undertake matters which are usually conducted by regularly authorized individuals. This proposition involves the very important principle of "*division of labor*." In a world where there is so much to be done, and so many people to do it, let each choose his own part, thoroughly master that, and then, when he comes to give the world the benefit of his experience and knowledge, he can speak with the authority necessary not only to support his own claims to proficiency, but to put down the pretensions of presumptuous and ignorant upstarts. Nevertheless, though based on an elementary principle of political economy, our proposition will sound narrow and exclusive to those who love to sneer at "state-craft," "priest-craft," and all other "crafts."

Most illogical are such people in their objections. The very word which they use as a term of reproach should teach them better manners. For what is *craft* but *power* or *skill*? And, therefore, state-craft is merely a practical knowledge of state affairs; priest-craft, skill in all matters that relate to the priestly office. The

craftsmen of mediæval times were the men trained to one or other of the various crafts, and who, having been tried and found able, were admitted to the fellowship of those who had gone through the same education, and were thus endowed with authority to reject or accept fresh candidates. You say that there are often men not recognized by the craftsmen who are quite as skilled and competent as the most venerable member of the guild. It may be so. If it be so, it is the "outsiders'" own fault or misfortune that they have not obtained recognition from those who alone can issue the royal letters patent of orthodoxy. Certain it is that for one case where the community suffer from refusing to avail themselves of the skill of a competent though unauthorized practitioner, there are twenty cases where the public, deluded by loud vaunts of omnipotence, receives great injury from resorting to ignorant quacks. The advantage of a corporation that possesses powers to examine and approve or reject candidates is too great, viewed as a precaution, to justify any person in resorting to the services of those who have not been thus approved, however skillful they may be.

The sharpest pain which we feel at the loss of a friend, springs from the thought that in a short time this very sorrow will have ceased to be. We can not bear to think that our love, which we deem boundless and infinite, should be outlived by time and space, the finite. Our grief becomes selfish, for it is mingled with self-contempt; we would nurse and strengthen it, in order that we might attain to something of the heroic. Our sorrow is not the anguish of a Constance, mourning for her murdered Arthur, who could truly say:

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."

We must do more than plead guilty to Philip's charge. We are *fonder* of our grief than of him for whom we grieve. "So was it with me," says St. Augustine, when his friend was taken from him by early death; "I wept most bitterly, and found my repose in bitterness. Thus was I wretched; and that wretched life I held dearer than my friend."

What, then, do we learn from this? That even in our purest and most "disinterested" affections, self is the base and crown of all. Cæsar gathered his robes around him that he might fall as became Cæsar. We, when we grieve, would grieve forever, that so the intensity of our passion might be worthy of—our friend? nay, rather of ourselves.

It is a very common error to suppose that love and friendship are based upon identity of dispositions and ideas. Similar minds, like parallel lines, never meet. There must be divergence if there would be convergence; and then the two lines meeting, make a *right angle*.

How comes it to pass that perverts are always the bitterest of opponents? Is this rancor a partially assumed hatred, to be paraded before the world as an excuse for desertion? Or is it a natural antipathy, which is always felt to a cause which we have betrayed? Each supposition may be partially true. Certain it is that we never like to look upon the party that we have abandoned. It seems as if they might justly accuse and condemn us; and we hate the accuser and the judge. But charity suggests another hypothesis, which is probably the most correct. It should be remembered that when change of opinions is honest, and proceeds from deep conviction, there must have been a painful struggle between the conscience and old ties, old predilections, old associations, old prejudices, old friendships. Especially hard to overcome must have been the feeling of dislike to the confession that hitherto we have been in error. To vanquish all these strong objections, the force of truth must have been great indeed. Men do not lightly turn their backs upon their kindred, nor easily forget their father's home. Not for the sake of any vain caprice will they encounter fearful entreaties, bitter reproaches. No foolish whim would ever induce them to acknowledge that they are so very fallible. If, in spite of all these deterring circumstances, the honest man becomes converted, or perverted, or what you will, must we not infer that conviction must have been very, very deep? And if so, no marvel that for the future, the convert is fierce in defense. Most marvelous would it be did he not thus treasure that pearl of great price, for which he has sold all he once had.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SEA DREAMS. AN IDYLL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A crry clerk, but gently born and bred;
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—
One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years
old;

They, thinking that her clear germander eye
Droopt in the giant-factoried city-gloom,
Came, with a month's leave given them, to the
sea:

For which his gains were docked, however
small:

His gains were small, and hard his work; be-
sides,

Their slender household fortunes (for the man
Had risked his little) like the little thrift,
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep:

And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,
And that one unctuous mouth which lured him,
rogue,

To buy wild shares in some Peruvian mine.
Now seaward-bound for health they gained a
coast,

All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave,
At close of day; slept, woke, and went the
next,

The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,
To chapel; where a heated pulpiteer,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed:
For sideways up he swung his arms, and
shrieked

"Thus, thus with violence," even as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great Angel; "Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;

Then comes the close." The gentle-hearted wife
Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world;

He at his own: but when the wordy storm
Had ended, forth they moved and paced the
sand,

Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce be-
lieved

(The sootflake of so many a summer still
Clung to their fancies) that they saw the sea.
So now on sand they walked, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Until the sails were darkened in the west
And rosed in the east: then homeward and to
bed:

Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,"
Said, "Love, forgive him:" but he did not
speak;

And silenced by that silence lay the wife,

Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost
rocks

Touching, upjetted in spirits of wild sea-smoke,
And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell
In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs
Heard through the living roar. At this the
babe,

Their Margaret, cradled near them, wailed and
woke

The mother, and the father suddenly cried,
"A wreck, a wreck!" then turned, and groan-
ing said:

"Forgive! How many will say, 'Forgive,'
and find

A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer! No; the sin
That neither God nor man can well forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.

It is not true that second thoughts are best,
But first, and third, which are a riper first;
Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.

Ah! love, there surely lives in man and beast
Something divine to warn them of their foes:
And such a sense, when first I lighted on him,
Said, 'Trust him not:' but after, when I came

To know him more, I lost it, knew him less;
Fought with what seemed my own uncharity;
Sat at his table; drank his costly wines;

Made more and more allowance for his talk;
Went further, fool! and trusted him with all,
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years

Of dust and desk-work: there is no such mine,
None; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,
Not making. Ruined! ruined! the sea roars
Ruin: a fearful night!"

"Not fearful; fair,"
Said the good wife, "if every star in heaven
Can make it fair: you do but hear the tide.
Had you ill dreams?"

"Oh! yes," he said, "I dreamed
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,
And I from out the boundless outer deep
Swept with it to the shore, and entered one
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless deep
Bore through the cave, and I was heaved upon it
In darkness: then I saw one lovely star
Larger and larger. 'What a world,' I thought,
'To live in!' but in moving on I found

Only the landward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond :
And near the light a giant woman sat,
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
A pickaxe in her hand : then out I slipped
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings :
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes
Awoke me."

"That was then your dream," she said,
"Not sad but sweet."

"So sweet, I lay," said he,
"And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced
The broken vision; for I dreamed that still
The motion of the great deep bore me on,
And that the woman walked upon the brink :
I wondered at her strength, and asked her of it :
'It came,' she said, 'by working in the mines :'
Oh! then to ask her of my shares, I thought;
And asked; but not a word; she shook her
head.

And then the motion of the current ceased,
And there was rolling thunder; and we reached
A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns;
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill
Trod out a path: I followed; and at top
She pointed seaward: there a fleet of glass,
That seemed a fleet of jewels under me,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine: right across its track there lay,
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
Or what seemed gold: and I was glad at first
To think that in our often ransacked world
Still so much gold was left; and then I feared
Lest that gay navy there should splinter on it,
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off;
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet
(I thought I could have died to save it) neared,
Touched, clinked, and clashed, and vanished,
and I woke,

I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life; the woman honest Work;
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wrecked on a reef of visionary gold."

"Nay," said the kindly wife to comfort him,
"You raised your arm, you tumbled down and
broke

The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it;
And, breaking that, you made and broke your
dream:

A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks."

"No trifle," groaned the husband; "yester-
day

I met him suddenly in the street, and asked
That which I asked the woman in my dream.
Like her, he shook his head. 'Show me the
books!'

He dodged me with a long and loose account.
'The books, the books!' but he, he could not
wait,

Bound on a matter he of life and death:

When the great Books (see Daniel seven, the
tenth)

Were opened, I should find he meant me well;
And then began to bloat himself, and ooze
All over with the fat affectionate smile

That makes the widow lean. 'My dearest
friend,

Have faith, have faith! We live by faith,'
said he;

'And all things work together for the good
Of those'—it makes me sick to quote him—last
Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you
went.

I stood like one that had received a blow :
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
A curse in his God-bless-you: then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee."

"Was he so bound, poor soul?" said the
good wife;

"So are we all: but do not call him, love,
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, for-
give.

His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned:
And that drags down his life: then comes what
comes

Hereafter: and he meant, he said he meant,
Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well."

"'With all his conscience and one eye
askew'—

Love, let me quote these lines, that you may
learn

A man is likewise counsel for himself,
Too often, in that silent court of yours—

'With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crow's-foot round his eye;
Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain;
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And snake-like slithered his victim ere he gorged;
And oft at Bible meetings, over the rest
Arising, did his holy oily best,
Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,
To spread the word by which himself had
thriven.'

How like you this old satire?'

"Nay," she said,

"I loathe it: he had never kindly heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind.
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.
But will you hear my dream, for I had one
That altogether went to music? still,
It awed me. Well—I dreamed that round the
north

A light, a belt of luminous vapor, lay,

And ever in it a low musical note
Swelled up and died; and, as it swelled, a ridge
Of breaker came from out the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the note
Had reached a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs
Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that
Which lived within the belt) by which I saw
That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
One after one: and then the great ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt and swelled again
To music: ever when it broke I saw
The statues, saint, or king, or founder fall;
Then from the gaps of ruin which it left
Came men and women in dark clusters round,
Some crying: "Set them up! they shall not
fall!"

And others: 'Let them lie, for they have fallen.'
And still they strove and wrangled: and I
grieved

In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find
Their wildest wailings never out of tune
With that sweet note; and ever when their
shrieks

Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave
Returning, though none marked it, on the crowd
Broke, mixed with awful light, and showed their
eyes

Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,
To the waste deeps together: and I fixt
My wistful eyes on two fair images,
Both crowned with stars and high among the
stars—

The Virgin Mother standing with her child
High up on one of the dark minster-fronts—
Till she began to totter, and the child
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry
Which mixt with little Margaret's, and I woke,
And my dream awed me: well—but what are
dreams?

Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,
And mine but from the crying of a child."

"Child? No!" said he, "but this tide's roar,
and his,
Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,
And loud-lunged Antibabylonianism
(Although I grant but little music there)
Went both to make your dream: but were
there such

A music, harmonizing our wild cries,
Sphere-music such as that you dreamed about,
Why, that would make our Passions far too like
The discords dear to the musician. No—
One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of
heaven:

True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune
With nothing but the Devil!"

"'True' indeed!
One of our town, but later by an hour
Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the
shore;

While you were running down the sands, and
made

The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,
Good man, to please the child: she brought
strange news.

I would not tell you then to spoil your day,
But he, at whom you rail so much, is dead."

"Dead? who is dead?"

"The man your eye pursued.
A little after you had parted with him,
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease."

"Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had
he
To die of? dead!"

"Ah! dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough
voice
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep
Without her 'little birdie?' well then, sleep,
And I will sing you 'birdie.'"

Saying this,
The woman half turned round from him she
loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching through the
night
Her other, found (for it was close beside)
And half-embraced the basket-cradled head
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling, swayed
The cradle, while she sang this baby song:

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

"She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.
He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear
And I shall sleep the sounder!"

Then the man:
"His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:
I do forgive him!"

"Thanks, my love," she said,
"Your own will be the sweeter," and they slept.

From the London Review.

RECENT RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.*

WE say, then, that in principles, in process, and in results, (so far as time permits of their development,) the identity of the recent revivals with that of the last century is manifest. Hence we are disposed gratefully to regard them as being to the cause of truth and righteousness in our day what that was in the day of our forefathers—the opening of a new era of life and beneficent victory. The revival of last century was the answer to the infidel cry of the day, that Christianity was to be swept away, to make place for the new empire of reason. In our time a quieter but more subtle infidelity was telling of the advanced age, the decrepitude, and ultimate demise of our blessed religion. Her commission was almost expiring; her sword had no edge to pierce the well-tempered armor of modern foes. Soon her old Book, instead of being her charter of universal empire, would be the curiosity of her successors, and her pulpit remembered as the oracle of Delphi, as the liturgies of Thebes, or else occupied by brighter substitutes, who even, already, under the names of “philosophy,” “literature,” “spirit of the age,” had to some considerable extent replaced her. Has an answer to all this been begun? such as, if its accents do not falter, will drown the voice of all her enemies, and make her call to repentance, her Hallelujah of triumph, sound alternately like trumpet and diapason, till the world arises to sing with her in chorus?

The deadliest argument of modern infidelity was the practical one drawn from the social condition of Christendom. We were reminded of our godless and miserable crowds, festering, forgotten in the large cities which Christianity had long called her own—of the vile sensuality which in fair rural districts reveled to the music of church-bells—of the crimes of the low, the frauds of the middle, and the excesses of the higher class. Would a religion sent from heaven to save men

from their sins have left them, after all these years, in such a condition? This is an argument to which there was but one answer: Let Christianity save the people from their sins! Paper answers went no way here. When Napoleon wrote a dispatch from Waterloo, announcing that he had defeated Wellington, of what use would have been a dispatch in reply? The only answer possible was to defeat him. Do we already hear the first accents of the answer to the question: Why Christendom was not regenerated? How many have exclaimed within the last year, when looking around on their own neighborhoods: “I never saw before how the world could be converted!”

Those who object to revivals of religion fasten on the violent impressions which are made on people's minds; and look on the burning sense of sinfulness whereof they complain, as not only unnecessary, but highly objectionable. We write only for those who believe in sin—in the actual crossing of two wills, the one in the right, the other in the wrong; the one in authority saying, “Thou shalt not;” the other, in dependence, yet saying, “I will!”—the one saying, “Thou shalt;” the other answering, “I will not!”—the one backed with almighty power; the other by no resources but those drawn from the patient bounty of Him it disobeys. The crossing of wills, up to the point of breaking express commands, is never a slight matter. He is heartless who, even in ordinary human relations, acts as if it were. Whose sleep would not be broken, whose breast not filled with pangs, if a long course of offenses against a powerful benefactor or a worthy parent were suddenly brought to mind? And where the relation is so close, that “in him we live, and move, and have our being”—our debt so unmeasured that it includes all we are, have, or can hope for; and yet the distance so great that we are unable “to make one hair white or black,” and he is God—is it possible that a life-long course of neglects and offenses can be

* Continued from page 407.

brought to our view in such a light as the Spirit of God would show them in, without filling the soul of man with anguish? The wonder is not that persons cry out. If a light truly divine shows them their sins, as seen from above, is it not wonderful that they can do any thing else? David was no weakling; yet there are no tales of revival penitence which can not be told in his words. The spirit of Luther was strong; yet what horror fell upon it in his days of conviction! Bunyan was not feeble-minded; yet what sloughs and burning mountains, what loads and woes, was his soul made acquainted with! Sin is exceeding sinful; and happy they who see it most clearly, while yet there is room for repentance.

In a village visited by the revival, we heard this statement given by a rough young man. His fellow-workers, his overseers, the manager, and the proprietor of the establishment where he worked, were all present. He said, in substance: "Friends, I need not tell you what I was. You all know me. You know I was a 'curser,' a drunkard, a cock-fighter, a dog-fighter, a card-player, and every thing that was bad. I often played cards on a Sunday; and sometimes slept with them under my head, for fear my father would take them away. When this work began, I mocked it. I did not care whether it was from God or the devil; but I mocked it. One day I was passing such a one's door," (naming the person,) "and I thought I would go in and see if there was any praying going on. I found Nancy — and another girl praying; and I mocked them. But I had not been long there before I felt something, and thought I had been too long. Then I went away up to some of my comrades here; and I swore a great 'curse' against their souls, and asked if they would not come and hear that praying, the most wonderful praying ever they heard in their lives. But they wouldn't come. Then I swore another oath against my own soul, and said I would go down and hear that praying. I hadn't been there long before I felt again I had been too long, and I was wanting to go away. But I could not go away. Something kept me. And then the Lord struck me! O friends! it was dreadful! I was in a horrible pit! All my sins came 'fore-nest' me," [that is, 'right before my eyes.'] I couldn't get rid of them. They

were all there; and the cards, and especially them I had played on Sunday! Oh! it was terrible! And I was that way for [we forget whether one or two days;] and then the Lord had mercy upon me, and took away my sins, and made my soul happy; and oh! I have been so happy ever since! And so, friends, take warning by me."

Now is there any thing in this to be deplored? If all the "roughs" in the three kingdoms were thus "struck," and laid prostrate for a time; if their voices, instead of bawling oaths or lewdness, did for a day or two bawl supplications for mercy, and then forever after talk gently and purely; would it be a cause of sorrow? And if all the polished sinners of Mayfair had their deeds brought before their eyes, and felt, "oh! it is terrible!" and repented, and sought absolution at the throne of mercy, and brought forth in holy, happy lives fruit meet for repentance, who need grudge if they had to pass through "strong crying and tears?" Who need desire a smoother path for them than that by which this youth was led? For our own part, all we should do as to choosing between silent and quiet penitence, and this overwhelming conviction which makes men cry aloud, would be to say: Whichever God will please to send; only may sinners repent!

A worthy dean* holds up the case of the Prodigal Son, as "a model instance of conversion," in contrast with these attended by such pungent convictions. He affirms "there was nothing to offend the most fastidious taste." But the very reverend preacher forgets that even in that case there was an elder brother, whose sense of propriety was seriously offended; and who was rather hard upon his father's family for being so excited about a conversion which was not sufficiently reputable to satisfy his *taste*. And whenever prodigals have been gathered home, there have been elder brothers who thought the whole proceedings of doubtful propriety. Any excitement that is the pure effect of deep conviction of sin on the part of penitents, is not to be put down. Even if it break out into strong cries, as at Pentecost, so be it. We have seen prayer-meetings where men by force of vociferation and confusion seemed resolved to

* In a Sermon reported in the *Belfast Newsletter*, July 12th, 1859.

excite consciences; and this kind of noise is bad and mischievous. It is quite another thing when men with reverent, sober, but intense and believing zeal, are conducting services; and the sharp instrument that "pricked to the heart" the hearers of Peter again is applied, and those who feel it cry: "What must we do?" We do not say that, in the recent revivals, cases of the former kind have not occurred; but of this we are sure, they have been exceptional, and where there was little felt of extraordinary power from on high.

Another ground of objection is the confident persuasion of being forgiven, which the revival converts commonly, not to say universally, cherish. This is a fact not to be got over. They do preach the Gospel to their friends on the one principle, that they have experienced it to be "the power of God unto salvation." What tales of sons hasting to their parents, to tell how the pardoning love of God made them so happy, that they must urge them to seek it too! of neighbor passing whole nights in prayer for neighbor! of poor creatures, lately at the door of utter destruction, mildly, and with beaming faces, seeking to bring their fellow-sinners to taste the comfort of knowing that God had accepted them! Yes, happiness, bright, singing happiness, in their new-found Saviour, in his love, his forgiveness, his promises, and the hope of eternal glory, is a part of the very life of the new converts. It shines in their eyes, and covers their faces with tranquillity—often with beams of warm light; as if behind that transparency a rare lamp had been kindled. It sets them upon preaching to all, on working for all, on doing any thing they can do to bring all to enjoy what they enjoy. If this happy sense of the favor of God is not a part of Christian life, the revivals are totally condemned.

Another strong objection is against the large numbers affected at a time. Has it been revealed that salvation is a private grant, in which no participation is allowed to nations, to the great bulk of Adam's sinning sons? What is there in the repentance of three thousand to make it less hopeful than that of three? or in that of three millions to make it less hopeful than that of three thousand? Each man is but a man, with the same world of passions encircled in his bosom, whether a multitude or a few unite with him. The Great Voice who made all the nation of

Israel, man, woman, and child, at the same moment hear the law and tremble, was no less Divine than that which spoke to Moses alone. A shower is none the less from heaven because it falls upon a whole range of country at once. Each volunteer now enrolling himself is no less a true man because every town is yielding its band. If righteousness is never to flourish on the earth; if iniquity is always to abound; if the kingdom of God is not to cover and renew the face of the world—then this aversion to the change of multitudes is reasonable. But if all this is to take place, how else can it be effected? Some day or other wonderful things must occur in the way of regenerating society; and why not in our day? It may be that the unaccountable disbelief shown by so many in the practical intention of Christianity as a redemption from sin for the common run of mankind, is now receiving its Divine rebuke. If tokens of the supernatural are not to be entirely withdrawn, some works must be wrought which the common perceptions will trace to a power above that of men. How the change in their neighbors, in tens and hundreds of them near their own doors, has battered down the walls which shut men in from any sense of Divine operation, and opened their hearts to a resistless impression that this is the mighty power of God! And no exhibition of that power is so worthy as that wherein practical effect is given to the mission of Christ, when men who have been "carnal, sold under sin," are released from their life slavery, and, being made free from sin, become servants of God. This is the great standing evidence of Christianity. All other evidences are steps in the argument; this crowns the demonstration. All human consciences will feel, can not help feeling, that a religion which restores multitudes of men to the image of God is from heaven.

Dr. Morgan, one of the most sober and revered clergymen of any church in Ulster, has related, that one morning he was called to visit a family belonging to his own congregation. He found two persons who had been "struck" prostrate, and in deep distress of mind, with their relatives praying about them. When he left that house, he was called to another, where he found just the same state of things. When he left that, a third call, a fourth, and so on, till he had in succession visited twenty houses, in each of which

penitents were crying: "God be merciful to me!" And could he have gone to them, he might have found one hundred houses that day, with persons thus repenting. If there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, what joy over such scenes! And surely, surely, this work is not less likely to be from a higher hand than man's, because, instead of such a number being brought to repentance in thirty years, it was in one day!

But are those apparent conversions likely to prove stable? Will not the majority fall away when the excitement subsides? If the majority did, still the gain, as compared with the ordinary progress of religion, would be immense. But is there ground for the idea, so generally prevalent, that persons converted in revivals are less stable than others? Where men "get up" revivals, force an excitement, and tease and hurry persons into professing faith and peace, we should expect instability enough. Where, on the contrary, men are overwhelmed under a Divine influence, and efforts are directed not to raise excitement, but to secure devout order—not to urge a speedy, but to seek a thorough healing of the penitents—then we believe the converts of revivals are not inferior in stability to others; and, as a rule, they have more fervor, and far more faith in the power of grace to renew all hearts. The early Methodists were not an unstable race; and how were they converted? There is not in the mission-field a steadier, more learned, or better body of men than the American missionaries; and yet a very large proportion of them are the fruits of revivals among college boys. The Methodists of West-Cornwall know more of revivals than any other section of British Christians. The social statistics of that district, compared with other mineral districts, speak trumpet-tongued as to the result. Dr. Smith, of Camborne, is a sober and careful witness, and he gives no credit to the alleged instability of revival converts, as compared with others.* On this point we have now been observing and gathering testimonies for many years; and our persuasion is, that little ground exists for the prevalent impression on this head. In fact, all the reasons whereby we half content ourselves with a state of things which leaves the

world, the great, broad world, full of unconverted men, are to be seriously suspected.

So far as the recent revivals are concerned, the results hitherto appear to be wonderfully permanent. But should numerous defections come, let no man's heart fail him! One thing, however, may be laid down with absolute certainty, that young converts will be steady in proportion as they are carefully trained in the study of the Scriptures. "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath;" but is only his breath. We can no more live on breath than without it. We must have daily bread. Prayer for vitality; the word for substance; singing for joy and spirit; fellowship for practical experience! These are the elements of Christian training. The Ulster converts are well taught to study and lay up in their hearts the living words of the holy and blessed Book. All their prayer-meetings, all their social exercises, abound with scriptural teaching. It is in this respect that arrangements for the nurture of new converts, in the various revivals among Methodists, have been most defective. Prayer, the nurse of faith—singing, that of feeling—fellowship, that of social Christian life—have all been called fully to do their office; but the nurse of thought, learning the word of God in quietness and patience, has not been equally regarded.

We now approach what has been the vexed question of the revival—the physical affections. These have been prominent in only one out of the three countries which have all shared in religious excitement, and recorded moral results precisely similar. In America and Wales bodily prostrations have not occurred; in Ireland they have. This fact sweeps off the ground a litter of popular reasons for them; such as the excitability of the Irish temperament, and so on. In America and Wales religious fervor has been common. There, for congregations under the stimulus of powerful feeling to heave, and give voice, is no uncommon thing. Among the people of Ulster it was unknown. Their assemblies were sober as death. Even in Methodist congregations an "Amen" was a rarity. Had any one beforehand been told that the American Methodist Church, and the Ulster Presbyterian one, would both be visited with a wonderful religious excitement, and that probably bodily af

* *History of Methodism*. Vol. ii. By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D.

fections would occur in one of them, which would he have guessed? The mercurial temperament of the Western States to be untouched, and the "cold Presbyterians" to fall smitten like birds by a fowler, would have seemed the most impossible of impossibilities to any man who had witnessed the religious meetings of both. Ulster congregations are far less excitable than American, than Welsh, than English. We do not know Scotch ones well enough to compare them with certainty. And it was not the excitability of Irish temperament which accounted for the bodily affections in Bristol and Kingswood last century, in Scotland in earlier times, or in America and Cornwall at different epochs. Ireland and Ulster are different words, and the people of the latter are not an Irish race. But in all parts of Ireland stillness is characteristic of Protestant religious assemblies. We know a preacher whose voice has been drowned by the outbursts of his audience, both in England and America; but who, in Ireland, never saw more than quiet tears. Yet had the "striking down" occurred in the South, some color would have been given to the idea that national temperament accounted for it; but, occurring in Ulster, that is swept away.

It is, perhaps, not unworthy of remark that, in America and Wales, revivals accompanied with bodily affections had previously occurred; and that, in spite of any feeling against the bodily affection, most religious men were what would elsewhere be called "revivalists." In Ulster, on the other hand, the prevalent feeling was of the opposite kind, and that very strongly. It is here that the physical affections appear.

No means of accounting for such affections is so natural as by sympathy. One person, under deep religious feeling, from constitutional weakness, sinks into a state of prostration; others see it and follow by sympathy, exhibiting much the same symptoms. It is impossible to define limits where the power of sympathy ends. We can allow much, even wonders, and things at first sight unaccountable, to be set down to this cause. But when we face the facts, all the facts of the revival, our faith in the power of sympathy is shaken.

In such affections as have been known in America by the name of "jerks," and elsewhere by similar terms, the distinguishing feature has been *action*; some-

thing in which the *voluntary muscles* (even though, so far as the patient knew, without or against his will) were called into play. The propagation by sympathy of any such movements—of any thing, in fact, that implies action, and may be related to will—is very intelligible. But the characteristic cases of this revival are marked by the opposite physical symptoms. According to all testimony, the effect was prostration, often amounting to insensibility. According to the professional diagnosis of Dr. Carson, "the person affected sinks down with a partial loss of power in all the voluntary muscles."^{*} Of the scientific accuracy of this statement there can be no doubt. It is harder to account for this by sympathy. Sympathy, like strychnine, tends to the voluntary muscles, and those of motion, and any thing they can do may be done through it. But the failure of their power by sympathy is something more difficult to be accounted for. Gesticulation by sympathy is intelligible. Persons throwing themselves off the Monument of London by sympathy, is also believable. Fainting by sympathy, *in the presence* of persons who faint, is likely among women; but paralysis, total or partial, by sympathy, when miles from any one so affected, is, we submit, a much more difficult phenomenon.

After these two reasons comes the physical one, that they are cases of hysteria. The great champion of this view is Archdeacon Stopford. One can not read his pamphlet without loving him. He writes well, and is plainly a warm-hearted, devout man. He is full of good faith, and too outspoken to cover his defect. It is not so much a man's fault as his misfortune, if he has only one eye. But, after all, Belfast is not a city of girls. We do assure Archdeacon Stopford's readers we have seen men in it. Of those men, numbers have been "struck;" and you might as truly, in a medical point of view, call their affection epidemic colic, as epidemic hysteria. An old woman in that town gave it another name. Dr. H— had been sent for in haste to her daughter, who "was taken very bad." Before seeing his patient, he asked what was the matter: "Och, sure, sir," said the mother,

* The voluntary muscles (in sympathy with the voluntary nerves) carry out the impulse of the mind; the nerves of sensation, on the contrary, convey information or impulses to the mind.

"she has got this happy fever!" "Then," replied the physician, "it is not a doctor she wants."

Dr. Carson thus handles the physical question as to hysteria:

"In hysteria we have *the ball in the throat* as a prominent symptom; but nothing whatever of the kind in the revival. In hysteria we have laughing and crying at the same instant, or in succession; nothing whatever of the kind in the revival: but an overwhelming, intense, and earnest anxiety in supplicating mercy for the soul. In hysteria there are convulsive movements of the extremities, which I have never seen in the revival, as the person affected sinks down with a partial loss of power in all the voluntary muscles. There is one other fact, however, to be mentioned, which, of itself alone, is sufficient to convince any rational man that the cases are not identical. Hysteria is *almost entirely confined to the female sex*. This is a point beyond dispute. It is very common in the female, but so *extremely* rare in the male, that the late Dr. Hooper, and the present Dr. Watson, of London, in their immense practice, have seen only *three cases* each, which they could at all compare to hysteria, and these cases occurred in debilitated subjects. I have been twenty-one years in practice, and have never yet seen a case of hysteria in the male subject, either old or young. Unlike hysteria, it occurs chiefly amongst the lower or middle classes of society, who are obliged to earn their subsistence by their daily labor. It is to be found as readily amongst the hardy inhabitants of country parishes and mountain districts, as in towns and cities. If all ages are included, there are very nearly as many males affected by it as females. I have seen and known of an immense number of instances in which the strongest, stoutest, and most vigorous, healthy, and lion-hearted men in the country have been struck down like children, and have called, with the most agonizing entreaties, for mercy for their souls. How could all this be hysteria? Would any medical practitioner disgrace himself by saying it was? Even if he were so very thoughtless as to do so, how could he account for the fact that more cases of the revival have occurred in the *MALE* subject in *one town*, within *three months*, than are to be found, under the head of masculine hysteria, in the whole records of medicine, over the whole world, since the days of Hippocrates?"—Pp. 8, 9.

On the question whether hysteria, in breaking into an epidemic, might not be so modified as to take the new form, the same writer says:

"Some parties seem to imagine that if a disease takes on an epidemic form, it may change from its usual character. To a certain extent, this is possible; but the extent of the change is within very decided and well-marked bounds.

The disease may become more or less violent and fatal in its character; but it *never* loses its *distinctive* symptoms. This is, in the very nature of things, an utter impossibility. The moment the *distinctive* marks cease, the *identity* ceases. Every disease has a given number of features, by which it is usually known. Some of these may occasionally be absent, but they are never all absent—some of the *leading* features are *invariably* present. For example, it is possible that scarlatina might exist, although the eruption failed to come out on the skin; but no man on earth ever saw a case of scarlatina where there was neither eruption on the skin nor redness in the throat. Such a thing never happened. Further, the presence or absence of one or more symptoms does not depend, in the slightest degree, upon the isolated or epidemic form of the disease. Typhus fever will be typhus fever, whether there be one case or a thousand. It will have its distinctive marks in the one case as certainly as in the other, and *vice versa*. The same holds good with regard to cholera, small-pox, measles, scarlatina, and all other diseases. There is not even the shadow of an apology for supposing that hysteria, which has now stood the test of ages, could change its character in the way some people seem to imagine. It could no more make a change of this description, and continue to be hysteria, than I could lose my essential personal qualities, and still continue to be the same individual."—Pp. 15, 16.

After giving a full description of catalepsy, Dr. Carson passes from it at once, as out of the question. He states that the physical affection is more closely allied to that seen in electro-biology than any thing else; but differs from it in leading particulars.

"The person under electro-biology seems to disregard every one around him except the operator; he believes all the operator tells him, and does every thing he bids him; and the operator, if he wishes, can draw out any and every trait of his character. On the other hand, in the revival, the person is generally cognizant of what is going on around him, hears what is said, and sees what is to be seen before his eyes. But, above all, it is quite impossible to turn his attention completely off the one point regarding the condition of his soul, and the circumstances relating thereto. This is a fixed point, from which none of the parties affected can be finally moved, although they may be distracted for a time. They all pass, in a longer or shorter period, through a similar course. The general traits of their character, irrespective of religion, can not be brought out, nor can they possibly be made to imitate the actions of others."—Page 12.

As to the three great popular explanations, temperament, sympathy, and hy-

teria, we think the first accounts for nothing, the second but for cases of a secondary class, and the third only for some occurring in connection with the revival, as with any other excitement, leaving untouched the characteristic cases.

Of these, the variety is very great. First come those in which, after a considerable period of religious anxiety, occasionally amounting to anguish, the bodily strength suddenly fails. This seems a purely natural effect of mental pressure on the physical system. But then, the bodily prostration is of a peculiar kind; and does not resemble any thing that ever happened to the same persons, or their relatives, under the weight of other troubles. When famine, and fever, and death, were staring the population in the face for months together, and hearts were rending, and homes breaking up, we did not hear of mental sorrow begetting these prostrations. People who had something to eat, and did not catch fever, kept on their feet.

There are cases in which prostration never reaches the point of powerlessness, and yet, after the heart is rejoicing, and the countenance bright, the frame continues feeble, as from the effect of some malady. Dr. Morgan relates, that the first case he saw was a decent, well-conducted, working-woman of his own church. One Monday morning, before breakfast, being told she wanted him, he found her in his dining-room in great excitement. "Won't you pray for me, sir?" she cried, with deep distress, and, before he could well reply, was upon her knees, pouring out prayers for herself, which astonished her minister by their propriety, as much as they affected him by their intense earnestness. Having prayed, talked with, and somewhat calmed her, he sent her to another apartment, while he went to breakfast. Afterward she came up to him, her face beaming, and saying: "O sir! I know what the new birth means now! The Lord has given me peace." From that time she was happy; but it was ten days before she could go to her usual employment. Now, what was there to account for that feebleness, in the ordinary effects of sorrow upon health? What in sympathy, when the nearest cases had been miles away? What in hysteria, when the woman never became hysterical at all, and during all the ten days was perfectly tranquil?

Another class consists of those who, feeling conscious of "something coming over them," resolve to resist it, and leave the place or company where they may be, but yet are overcome. This is a very common occurrence. We remember hearing a sedate man, between thirty and forty, of lymphatic temperament and good muscle, with a quiet voice and strong bust, who had been a Unitarian, say that, when something passed through his frame, that he had never felt the like of before, he set his will against it, got up and left the chapel; but in the open air he fell down, and had to cry for mercy. Another, a Roman Catholic, about twenty-five, a bony, tall, dark-haired artisan, said, "that something went through his body, while he was at work;" but he was able to hold up for some time. He resolved to drink it off. After taking three glasses, (and he said, "Those that know me, can tell that eight would hardly make me unsteady,") he tried to get home, but could not drag his limbs. Then came the crisis. "I was struck; and won't say what state I was in, for twenty-four hours: them that visited me can tell."

In these cases the mind had been occupied with the subject of religion and the question of the revival beforehand; and if the effect comes by natural connection from mental causes, it must be on the principle either of surprise, or of continued pressure. Dr. McCosh's cases, put in as illustrations, are those of surprise, women learning suddenly that their husbands are dead, and such like. But these persons were not conscious either of such a previous weight upon their minds as would break down their nerves, or of such a sudden impression of unseen things upon the conscience, in the moment previous to the physical shock, as would account for it. Their struggle makes against the idea of surprise, and also against that of their passing through wasting sorrows beforehand, *without remembering it*. One of these men lived in an upland village, the other in an open country town. What kind of trouble is accustomed to make such men fall helpless, and cry out like a child, which, in the dark, feels a hand laid on it, and takes it either for a ghost or a burker?

Another class consists of those who are struck like a shot. In one place, a Scotch steward on a farm to-day is threatening men who allow themselves to be disabled for work, and to-morrow falls in the field,

by the plow, as if a rifleman had hit him. In another, a farmer going home from the market counting his money, is laid on the road, and his coins scattered far and wide. Here is a case related by the Rev. John Baillie, which, from its resemblance to what we heard in the neighborhood, we believe occurred in Ahoghill:

"There was a boy whom the whole community used to know as 'one of the most wicked and abandoned characters that ever troubled a place.' Cursing and blasphemy seemed a kind of second nature to him; he was a mocker of all prayer, and used to mimic the cries of poor awakened sinners. One Sunday, in particular, he stationed himself near the church as the people were assembling for worship, and, in language of the grossest obscenity, reviled each as he passed in. 'Ha! ha!' he cried to one, 'the devil will get hold of you to-day!' To others he said: 'Run fast, or you'll not get the touch.' Within an hour he was struck to the earth as by a thunderbolt, falling prostrate and senseless upon the very scene of his iniquity. It was at first supposed that he had been summoned to final retribution at the bar of the Omnipotent; but the visitation was in mercy, not in judgment. Animation was restored, and with it came the soul-piercing stings of an awakened conscience. His despair was exhibited in words and gestures too horrible for description. But Jesus drew the prodigal to his feet; the dead one was alive again,—the lost one found."

In this case the mind was evidently turned to the revival; but take another, for the facts of which we are responsible. A man of forty years of age, dark-haired, five feet eight inches high, twelve stones in weight, of firm visage and good head, is visited on the Tuesday afternoon. He has been up that day; but is now lying on his bed, still weak; he was struck on Friday morning. How did it happen? "I was working in the loft," a large open apartment in a linen-bleaching establishment, "and I was struck." He is reserved, disposed to say little. "Of course, you had been thinking a good deal about your soul before?" "No, indeed, sir." "But you had felt concern about your salvation?" "So far from that, sir, I was thinking bad thoughts at the moment." On surprise being expressed, and a desire shown to find a clue to previous mental exercises: "Well, sir, to tell you the truth, that morning I had had one glass of whisky already, and was then just scheming how I could get the children to

get me another, unknown to Mary—that is, the wife." "And what then?" "Why, then I was struck." "And after you were struck, what did you feel?" "I knew nothing till I found myself in the hands of the other men; and I was calling upon the Lord to save me from that pit. They say it was five minutes."

Here we pause only to remark on the single feature common to all cases of "striking;" and that is, the "calling upon the Lord." As unfailing as an instinct this appears in every case of persons wounded by this mysterious sword. In one hot and thronged room we watched for cases, saying: "If it be hysteria, this is the place." Presently we saw one falling; there was a slight, very slight movement; and a quiet whisper: "It's only weak she is!" Afterwards, a gentleman said: "How instantly these converts distinguish between a case of 'striking down,' and fainting, or hysteria! You saw that young woman. I thought she was struck. They said, 'No,' she only fainted with the heat. 'How did you know?' 'Sure, as she was sinking, she asked for her sister.'" This meant to say, that whoever was struck, never thought of human help; but of the soul, and of its Saviour alone.

Another case was as follows: A young woman, of good character, was in the "lapping-room," with a number of work-fellows. She declares that she had not attended revival meetings, nor had her mind turned to religious subjects. They were discussing a point likely to fix and fill the thoughts of a set of young women,—their spring dresses. She said it seemed as if something passed down her spine. She fell, was carried home, and remained in a state of complete prostration, yet sensible of what went on around her. When persons prayed with her, she seemed resolved not to be converted. One day, two ministers were together by her bedside. The same feeling of opposition to religion still struggled in her mind. But at length they sang the hymn:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

As they went on, a change passed over her, and when they came to the line:

"Crown him Lord of all!"

she broke from her deep prostration, clapped her hands with joy, and sang:

"Crown him, crown him Lord of all!"

A gentleman who heard this stated by the clergyman to whom she related it, said: "Watch that young lady." For six months she has been watched, and she walks in the new path into which she was thus strangely called.

As to modes of accounting for all this, the idea that it was got up on the part of preachers, and affected on that of patients, soon went to the winds. The natural explanations of temperament and hysteria fail. That of sympathy is shift and insufficient, an easy escape from a real problem. Two explanations remain: First, the one generally adopted on the spot; that the affection is a direct messenger of God, as much as a pestilence or famine. If so, is it by a physical agent, as an epidemic, or by a simple impulse of the supreme will on the frame? Persons generally do not care to inquire. They argue, it is not fictitious, it is not diabolical, it is not natural; then it must be divine. Where its physical cause begins is little matter to them; God's hand sends and directs it. This we take to be a fair statement of the popular view in the "revival districts."

The moral design of the affections, judged in this point of view, is taken to be two-fold: as to the individual, as to the community. To the former it is a call, such as a special affliction; to the latter, a sign of supernatural powers, a remembrancer of invisible things. Nothing is more common than to hear good men say, that just as the Lord may send a fever, or an accident, to lay a man low, and call him to think of his soul, so he sends this affection. And again, that so great is the indisposition of men to believe in any thing spiritual, and so strong the impression of physical appearances which force into the mind a belief in an invisible cause, that in mercy to human dullness and weakness the Lord may thus sound a peculiar alarm. On this point, Dr. Carson, one of the most intelligent physicians in the north of Ireland, thus writes:

"Why, simply to excite such a degree of attention to spiritual matters as, *humanly speaking*, could not be done by any other means. No person but the man who has witnessed them could have any idea of the awful effects produced on the public mind by a number of revival cases. A scene like the one which took place on the night in which the new hall in Coleraine was first filled with these cases, has perhaps never been equaled in the world. It was so like the day of judgment, when sinners will be call-

ing on the mountains and the rocks to hide them from the storm of God's wrath, that it struck terror to the heart of the most hardened and obdurate sinner. The whole town was in a state of alarm, business was forgotten, and the revival was the only subject of conversation. A French invasion could not have produced so great a panic. I have been present at executions; I have seen much of the accumulated misery of bodily disease and mental distress; but I never in my life saw any thing to be compared, for one moment, to the harassing scenes in the Coleraine Town Hall. It would be quite impossible to imagine any agency more powerful for drawing the attention of men to the state of their souls. I heard many people mocking and scoffing, before that night, about the revival; but when I saw the same parties examining the cases in the Town Hall, their mocking was at an end, and they looked like criminals whose hour was at hand. No other sort of a revival could have had the same effects. If one half of the inhabitants of Coleraine had been converted in a minute, in the ordinary way, the other half would not have believed it—they would have laughed at it as a vision. It would have had no effect upon them. In truth, the people of England do not yet believe that the people of Ireland are being converted, because they have not witnessed the scenes which have occurred. But if they had one hour of the revival, they would soon change their tune. Their skepticism would speedily vanish. When I heard of the revival being at Ballymena, I did not believe it. I even went the length of saying it would soon be stopped in its progress by the coldness, formality, and narrow-minded bigotry and sectarianism of Coleraine. My skepticism on the subject, which was very great, all vanished in a night. Wherever the physical manifestations broke out, in town or country, they put terror into the heart of all who saw them, and at once convinced the onlooker that there was a great reality in them, let them be explained as they might. Deception was considered to be out of the question. No person who witnessed it could doubt the reality. One case in each end of a parish would set the whole parish in a state of excitement."—Pp. 12, 18.

The other view is that presented best by Dr. McCosh, in his masterly and judicious paper—namely, that the bodily affection is simply the result of a sudden shock of mind, as when he saw a woman fall into convulsions by witnessing the shipwreck of her son; or others, by learning from the Doctor's own lips, that the husbands whose return from sea they were awaiting, were lying in the sailor's grave.

"Now, suppose that these same persons had been assembled to hear the preaching of the word, and that by a gracious movement of the Spirit of God they had been led to see their sin in its true colors, I apprehend that precisely similar bodily, or, as they should be called, phy-

biological, effects would have followed, and that these would have varied according to the nature, and depth, and intensity of the sorrow for sin cherished, and according to the peculiar temperament of the individual."—Page 4.

As respects the amount of divine agency concerned in the affection, this explanation does not, as it seems to us, differ from the other; though it does as to the kind of that agency. Here it is purely spiritual. But, on this explanation, the spiritual operation is assumed to be of greater force than on the other. By a purely spiritual agent, the mind must have set before it a purely spiritual danger, as plainly as the physical horror of the struggling ship was presented to the mother's mind by the physical agency of light and the eye. Moreover, this danger has been heard of, and in a certain sense believed in, for a long time. No announcement of any thing new has been made. It is old ideas turned into perceptions, old names and notions suddenly turned into beings and things; all within the soul, all by a light directly Divine, and with such a power upon the emotions, that the frame feels it in all its members.

If so, He who knows our frame, and with his own hand strung every chord which is ready to vibrate under the sound of his still small voice, knows as well the effect upon that frame of the impression he is about to make, as any bearer of the tidings to families of shipwrecked men would know that he must witness here tears, there stupefaction, and elsewhere fainting or convulsions. Therefore, both as to the amount of Divine operation, and as to the fact that its natural result must enter into the design of him who directs it, the theory of Dr. M'Cosh is not a whit less spiritual than the other. In one sense it is more so. It has many advantages; it is simpler, and more easily accords with our highest ideas of the workings of the Divine Spirit upon the human mind, and the connection between the latter and its body.

But we confess that—though Dr. M'Cosh's explanation is the same as we had adopted before we saw and investigated facts—we read it, after that process, with one qualification to our profound admiration and general concurrence. It did not clear up the question: Does *every case* of physical affection admit of this explanation? Is it always preceded by the mental awakening? We do not

mean those sudden cases which occur in a meeting where other cases have preceded them; these might be by sympathy. But in every case of a person struck down at home, on the road, in the field, at work, or (strange as it may sound) in bed; was there an antecedent mental view of the soul's danger? This point is not cleared up by Dr. M'Cosh. So far as the testimony of some of the persons concerned goes, it is that the bodily affection as surely preceded and produced the inward alarm, as Dr. M'Cosh's voice in the case of the sailors' widows. They felt God's hand laid on their body, and cried out for salvation. Such is the account of their case, rendered to many by their own consciousness. We know how insufficient that test is, in such a matter; for not one man in a million could be trusted correctly to recall the sequence of emotions through which he passed at such a crisis. Here comes in the question: Are the symptoms such as mental distress would account for? In numberless cases they are. But in all? in the sudden and the characteristic cases? Here the denial of Dr. Carson is strong. He says: "Whatever I may have been disposed to think at first, I am now fully satisfied that the symptoms of a revival case do not correspond to the effects which are manifested as the result of mere mental impressions. The unearthly tone of the intense, melancholy, and subdued entreaties for the soul, and the partial prostration of muscular power, are very different indeed from the wild and indefinite screams and convulsive paroxysms which arise from sudden mental anguish, in connection with great temporal distress. . . . Besides, if the prostrations were owing to mere mental excitement, they would invariably be found, in the same sort of constitutions, wherever the same sort and amount of excitement was in operation."

Another difficulty in the way of believing the extraordinary influence to be wholly on the mind, is that all the inward effects, accompanied with the same moral results, have taken place in thousands of cases where the outward show has only been a downcast countenance, a flood of tears, or ordinary signs of sorrow, without that failing of the body's functions, which in Ulster is called being "struck down," and in Cornwall has often been called being "taken down." The facts will not admit the explanation, that all the

persons prostrated were those most likely to be so by natural constitution.

Another material point is this, that while thousands have been converted in the places most visited with cases of prostration without that affection, many of

those who have undergone it have proved unconverted after all; have come out of it without the clear sense of God's favor, and been like many who in sickness call upon the Lord, and on recovery forget him.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MACAULAY AS A BOY.

DESCRIBED IN TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HANNAH MORE.

THE originals of the two following letters are in the possession of the Rev. Arthur Roberts, Woodrising Rectory, Norfolk. Mr. Roberts inherited them from his father, William Roberts, Esq., a friend of Hannah More, and the author of the *Memoirs of her Life and Correspondence*, which appeared in four volumes in 1834. Among the numerous letters of Hannah More included in that work are several addressed to Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay; but the two following letters, then omitted by the biographer, are now published for the first time.

To understand the letters, the reader has to fancy Hannah More as she was in the years 1812-14, residing, at the age of nearly seventy, at Barley Wood, near Bristol. To this neighborhood (pleasant to her as that of her birth and her early associations) she had retired many years before, leaving the literary world of London, but carrying with her all the celebrity she had there acquired, and her ample store of recollections of Johnson, Burke, Walpole, Garrick, and the other notables of the eighteenth century. A living link between that past Johnsonian era and the new men and interests of the nineteenth century, she was still adding occasional new publications to the long series of her writings which had begun while Johnson was alive to dispense praise and blame; but much of her time was occupied in correspondence on religious, moral, and philanthropic subjects with eminent persons of the day—bishops, politicians, and others—who either liked to exchange views with her, or sought

her advice and the influence of her name in matters in which they were concerned. Among her friends was Zachary Macaulay, then a man of between forty and fifty years of age, but already for the last fourteen or sixteen years known (as he was to continue to be known during the rest of his life) as a conspicuous member of that group of religious philanthropists and anti-slavery politicians to which Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton belonged. From Mr. Roberts' *Memoirs of Hannah More* it appears that Zachary Macaulay was one of her correspondents as early as 1796. What may have given greater intimacy to the friendship then already formed was that the lady whom Zachary Macaulay married about that time was a Miss Sarah Mills, who had been a favorite pupil of Hannah More while yet she and her sisters kept a ladies' school in Bristol—a school celebrated in its day as the best ladies' school in the West of England. For this reason as well as for others, Hannah More seems to have taken an unusual interest in the fortunes of the Macaulay family; and from the twenty-fifth of October, 1800—on which day her former pupil presented Zachary with the son who was afterwards to be so famous—little Tom Macaulay seems to have been often in her thoughts. She had probably seen him occasionally in infancy and early childhood; she could regard him as derivatively, or by only one remove, a pupil of her own; for till his thirteenth year Lord Macaulay seems to have been educated entirely at home and chiefly by his mother; and there may have been correspondence between the anxious mother

and so high an educational authority as Mrs. More, respecting the little fellow's training. At all events, before the year 1812, the boy must have been well known to Hannah More both personally and by reports of him from his parents, and must have been not only a great pet of hers, but really remarkable to her as a little prodigy of acquisition. So much is implied in the letters which we proceed to quote.

The first is dated "August seven, 1812," at which time the boy was eleven years and nine months old. A question it seems had then arisen with his parents as to the place and manner of his farther education; and his father, inclining, on the whole, to the plan of placing him as a day-scholar at Westminster School, had written to consult Hannah More. Here is her reply :

"MY DEAR SIR: I snatch the occasion of Mr. R. Grant being here to convey a line under his cover, so that it must be a hurrying one. As far as my poor judgment goes, it appears to me that, if all other things can be brought to suit, you can not do better than adopt the plan of which you have conceived the idea, of removing to Westminster for the purpose of placing Tom at school there *by day*. It is only with this limitation that I should think it a safe measure. Throwing boys headlong into those great public schools always puts me in mind of the practice of the Scythian mothers, who threw their new-born infants into the river; the greater part perished, but the few who possessed great natural strength, and who were worth saving, came out with additional vigor from the experiment. Yours, like Edwin, 'is no vulgar boy,' and will require attention in proportion to his great superiority of intellect and quickness of passion. He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with any thing but kings. Such a place as Westminster School (with the safeguard of the paternal hearth during all the intervals of study) will tie down his roving mind, and pin his desultory pursuits to a point. At present, conscious that he has no rival worthy to break a lance with him, he may not pursue the severer parts of study with sufficient ardor, sure as he must be of comparative success. Next to religion, there is no such drill to the mind, no such tamer, as

the hard study and discipline of these schools. In all other respects, I think sufficiently ill of them. Nor would I, for all the advantages which the intellect may obtain, throw his pure and uncorrupted mind into such a scene of danger. Your having him to sleep at home, as well as to inspect in the evenings, I trust will, with the blessing of God, protect him from all mischief of this sort. I never saw any one bad propensity in him; nothing except natural frailty and ambition inseparable perhaps from such talents and so lively an imagination; he appears sincere, veracious, tender-hearted, and affectionate. I observed *you* have a great ascendancy over him. Your presence restrained the vehemence of his eloquence without shutting up his frankness or impairing his affection. You are quite his oracle; I trust you will always preserve this influence. I observed with pleasure that though he was quite wild till the ebullitions of his muse were discharged, he thought no more of them afterwards than the ostrich is said to do of her eggs after she has laid them.

"Our love to Mrs. M. and Tom, and pray tell the latter that the huntsman, or whipper-in, I am not certain which, of Childe Hugh* is actually dead of the injury he received from falling into the cauldron in which he boils the meat for the hounds. If he was, as we are told, the instrument of Sir Hugh's vengeance, it is a very awful providence. I suppose your young bard will lay hold of it for a second *fit*. I wish he would correct the other, and send it me in a legible [form]. Tell him I have been dining at Mr. Davis', and he is to dine here on Friday. I have told him what a champion Tom is in his cause. I read to him Tom's fable, which I inclose.

"Yours, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely,

"H. MORE.

"BARLEY WOOD, August 7, 1812."

From independent information, we are able to add that the boy did not go to Westminster School, (in which case that school would have had another great name to add to that long list of her ornaments which includes Camden, Ben Jonson, George Herbert, Cowley, Dryden, and Cowper,) but was sent to a select

* Probably some poem of the boy's, which his father had sent for Hannah More to look at.

private academy, kept by the Rev. Matthew M. Preston, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, at Shelford, near Cambridge. It was probably during one of the vacations at this academy that he paid the visit to Hannah More at Barley Wood, which is referred to in the second letter. The letter, which is very striking and full of detail, bears unfortunately only the date "twenty-first July," without the year being named; but, from internal evidence, it seems to refer to a slightly more advanced stage of Macaulay's boyhood than the preceding, and Mr. Roberts has furnished us with grounds for thinking that the year was 1814. If so, Macaulay had not quite completed his fourteenth year when it was written. He had been staying for some weeks under Hannah More's roof, and is on the point of departing, when she thus conveys to his father her impressions of him.

"MY DEAR SIR: I wanted Tom to write to-day, but as he is likely to be much engaged with a favorite friend, and I shall have no time to-morrow, I scribble a line. This friend is a sensible youth at Woolwich: he is qualifying for the Artillery. I overheard a debate between them on the comparative merits of Eugene and Marlborough as generals. The quantity of reading that Tom has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out, is astonishing. It is in vain I have tried to make him subscribe to Sir Harry Savile's notion that the poets are the best writers next to those who write prose. We have poetry for breakfast, dinner, and supper. He recited *all Palestine*,* while we breakfasted, to our pious friend Mr. Whalley, at my desire, and did it incomparably. I was pleased with his delicacy in one thing. You know the Italian poets, like the French, too much indulge in the profane habit of attesting the Supreme Being; but without any hint from me, whenever he comes to the sacred name, he reverently passes it over. I sometimes fancy I observe a daily progress in the growth of his mental powers. His fine promise of mind expands more and more, and, what is extraordinary, he has as much accuracy in his expression as spirit and vivacity in his imagination. I like too that he takes a lively interest in all passing events, and

that the *child* is still preserved; I like to see him as boyish as he is studious, and that he is as much amused with making a pat of butter as a poem. Though loquacious, he is very docile, and I don't remember a single instance in which he has persisted in doing any thing when he saw we did not approve it. Several men of sense and learning have been struck with the union of gayety and rationality in his conversation. It was a pretty trait of him yesterday: being invited to dine abroad, he hesitated, and then said: 'No; I have so few days, that I will give them all to you.' And he said to-day at dinner, when speaking of his journey: 'I know not whether to think on my departure with most pain or pleasure—with most kindness for my friends, or affection for my parents.'

"Sometimes we converse in ballad rhymes, sometimes in Johnsonian sesquipedalians; at tea we condescend to riddles and charades. He rises early, and walks an hour or two before breakfast, generally composing verses. I encourage him to live much in the open air; this, with great exercise on these airy summits, I hope will invigorate his body; though this frail body is sometimes tired, the spirits are never exhausted. He is, however, not sorry to be sent to bed soon after nine; and seldom stays to our supper.

"A new poem is produced less incorrect than its predecessors—it is an excellent satire on radical reform, under the title of *Clodpole and the Quack Doctor*. It is really good. I am glad to see that they are thrown by as soon as they have been once read, and he thinks no more of them. He has very quick perceptions of the beautiful and the defective in composition. I received your note last night, and Tom his humbling one.* I tell him he is incorrigible in the way of tidiness. The other day, talking of what were the symptoms of a gentleman, he said with some humor, and much good humor, that he had certain infallible marks of one, which were neatness, love of cleanliness, and delicacy in his person. I know not when I have written so long a scrawl, but I thought you and his good mother would

* Mr. Roberts informs us that in 1814 Zachary Macaulay set his son to make the Index to vol. xiii. of the *Christian Observer*; and the "humbling" note received by Tom at Barley Wood, may have been the order for this task, accompanied by a paternal lecture on tidiness and exactitude.

* Heber's poem of that name.

feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. I hope it will please God to prosper his journey, and restore him in safety to you. Let us hear of his arrival.

"Yours, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely,

"H. MORE.

"BARLEY WOOD, 21st July.

"P. S.—To-morrow we go to Bristol."

In 1814, Mr. Preston removed from Shelford to Aspeden, near Herts, taking young Macaulay and his other pupils with him. A fellow-pupil of Lord Macaulay's at Aspeden, from 1815 onwards, informs us that here he was the same studious, extraordinary boy, that Hannah More had found him — rather largely-built than otherwise, but not fond of any of the ordinary physical sports of boys; with a disproportionately large head, slouching or stopping shoulders, and a whitish or pallid complexion; incessantly reading or writing, and often reading or repeating poetry in his walks with companions. The same fellow-pupil has favored us with the following verses, carried in his memory yet, as written by young Macaulay for the entertainment of the school. The persons named were men then of note in the world of public gossip—Marsh being the bishop of that name; Coates the famous Romeo Coates; Bennett an aristocratic prison-reformer, and Lewis Way (we suppose) some advocate of Jewish rights.

"Each, says the proverb, has his taste. 'Tis true:

Marsh loves a controversy; Coates a play;
Bennett a felon; Lewis Way a Jew;
The Jew the silver spoons of Lewis Way;
The Gipsy Poetry, to own the truth,
Has been *my* love through childhood, and in youth."

From Mr. Preston's academy, Macaulay proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1818, from which date the steps of his career are well known. His father died May thirteen 1838, having lived to see his son a public man. Hannah More had departed this life five years before, (1833,) at the age of eighty-eight—having seen her young prodigy making her predictions good. It is pleasant to add that Lord Macaulay cherished a warm recollection of Hannah More, and used to acknowledge his obligations to her, and the influence she had had in directing his reading, and that as late

as 1852, when himself driving as an invalid past the house near Clifton where she had spent her last years after quitting Barley Wood, he pointed out the house to a friend, (our informant,) and spoke of her with affection. One ought to remember also that, through Hannah More, as through a second memory, Macaulay had a more vivid tradition of the English literary society of the eighteenth century, and of the personal habits of Johnson and his cotemporaries, than might otherwise have been possible, and that something of this may be traced in his works.

As we revert to the two letters, there is something very touching just now in the light which they throw on the dawn of the remarkable career which has just closed. Westminster Abbey, and the public funeral: here is the fitting end. We turn from it; and the quiet country home at Barley Wood, with the bright boy reciting poems, writing fables, and conversing in ballad rhymes, or Johnsonian sesquipedalians, with his gentle, pious, clear-sighted hostess, is a sight which should do us good. Here was the beginning. There never was a better instance of the truth that the child is father to the man; the special charm, however, of the letters is, that while giving a very lively idea of his great gifts, they bring out all the lovable side of the boy's character so freshly and clearly. The writer excuses herself for penning such long scrawls by the thought that his father and mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. She scarcely thought how wide a circle would one day be thankful for her trifles. One can only heartily hope that all future Englishmen of mark may fall under equally loving and judicious supervision. One can not help hoping also that there may be other equally loving and graphic sketches of the young historian scattered up and down the country, which may now come to light.

It is most curious to observe how the mind of the little Macaulay, as seen in Hannah More's letters, is already full of exactly the subjects on which the grown man was never weary of laboring, and on which his fame rests. Ballad poetry, biography, history, oratory, and politics, are as much the objects of his devotion at thirteen as they were afterwards.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

VICTOR HUGO'S LEGEND OF THE AGES.

It has long been a subject for abstract discussion, whether the riches of poetry be not exhausted; whether it be not impossible for any gifted and adventurous diver to plunge under the sunlit billows of poetic conception, and add a fresh pearl to the coronet of song. Like other abstract questions, *solvitur ambulando*. The year 1859 has supplied an answer in England and France. In England, Tennyson has given us the *Idylls*, and endowed our poetic treasures with a work, as calm and strong, as fresh and deep, as the best of our Elizabethan singers could have produced, with the richer coloring and subtler analysis which belong so peculiarly to modern times. In France, M. Victor Hugo has published the first installment of a gigantic work, which the most competent critics of his country almost unanimously consider to stand in the very first ranks of its poetical annals. Neither of the poets is young: it would almost seem from their cases, and that of Burke, as if the imagination, not less than the judgment, were ripened by the mellowing influence of years; as if figures and images were amassed in greater profusion, while the associative faculty acquired a subtler and more delicate tact in their employment. In other respects, these great writers are rather to be contrasted than compared, in these latest monuments of their genius. Mr. Tennyson has chosen for the form of his *Idylls* one of the oldest and best established measures of English poetry; to this he has adhered with unswerving resolution, almost appearing to grudge us the one or two exceedingly short rhymed pieces, which are the golden flowers upon the sternly beautiful granite of his work. In M. Hugo's *Légende*, while there is a preponderance of the classical French Alexandrine, there is yet an intermixture of other tones and measures, and the poems vary from the bold sweep of lyrical elevation, to the majestic but somewhat monotonous cadence of epic poetry. He has opened out a new vein. The world knew before his

rich and colored lyric strains; it knew also his eloquent and passionate dramatic style—full of sobs and broken interjections as a Greek tragedy; but this mixture of the lyrical and dramatic is peculiar to the present production. Mr. Tennyson's work is narrower in its range, less astonishing in variety of knowledge, less eloquent, less calculated to sweep the whole scale of passion, rising from fierce hatred and withering contempt to gentle pity and noble love; but then it is more self-contained, much less disfigured by eccentricities, repetitions, and ugly blemishes, infinitely more tender and holy, and actuated by profounder if less pretentious thought. M. Hugo is more surprising; Mr. Tennyson more beautiful. M. Hugo is the more brilliant and "interesting" writer; Mr. Tennyson is the greater poet.

It is our purpose, in the following critical sketch, to give the general outline of the intention of the *Légende des Siècles*, which the writer himself has put forward—to bestow a rapid survey upon the poems in the first volumes, reserving the second for subsequent notice—and to conclude with an attempt to appreciate the author's characteristic excellencies and defects.

I. Of this work, its author tells us, that it is not so much a fragment as a leaf. It is to his entire conception, to the purpose which looms dimly in the sunny mist of his imagination, and is only beginning to shape itself in the severer light of his judgment, what the first page is to the book, the peristyle to the edifice, the tree to the forest, the overture to the symphony.

His object then, he announces is to represent Humanity as one moral being, Progress being the real though sometimes almost impalpable link.

Humanity has two aspects, the historical and the legendary, of which the last is philosophically, ideally, if not factually, as true as the former. Homer may be taken as the representative of the one, Herodo-

tus of the other. It is the legendary side of the profile which is to be exhibited in the *Legend of the Ages*. Yet the historical coloring is carefully preserved, as the author intimates with a just and pardonable pride. Certain apparent disproportions of perspective will, he maintains, be adjusted when the work can be regarded as a whole. Riant pictures are rare in the poem, because, as the illustrious exile sadly and pointedly remarks, they are exceedingly infrequent in history.

His project then, in its "totality," would appear to be a great Hegelian poem, "envisaging" Existence under its great triple category, Humanity or Progress, the Relative or Evil, the Absolute or God. Each is to have its giant epopée. *La Légende des Siècles* represents the first; the "End of Satan" will adumbrate the second; and "God" will be the title of the third. It is significant to remark that this programme indicates that the poet belongs to the philosophical creed which would consider evil as only partial and relative good.

Tested by its vast and extraordinary aims, this great poem must be confessed to fail. But we have not the slightest doubt that this piece of magnificent ambition is an after-thought. The poet is a great historical student. We have here a long gallery, not only hung with portraits, but tapestried round with scenes, exquisite in coloring and perfect in finish. But the generalizing tendency of a Frenchman will not allow Victor Hugo to have it supposed that he is only turning out a vast series of historical *études*.

II. We pass on to review the work in detail.

The first set of poems are grouped together as "D'Eve a Jesus," and, with two exceptions, are upon Scriptural themes.

The "Consecration of Woman," whose heroine is Eve, is one of those "few riant pictures" of which the poet has spoken in his preface. To us it seems one of the poorest in the volume. The beauty is natural and physical rather than spiritual. One's head aches and one's eyes are heavy after studying it. It is like coming out of a banquet-room hung with glaring calico and radiant tinsel, or from a theater with its gilded columns and glass chandeliers. The very fogs and shadows are illuminated. Avalanches of gold melt into the blue of heaven. The flowers can

not nestle among their green leaves in unobtrusive loveliness: they are isolated, and stand out from the landscape like blotches of light—

"The young world knew no wrinkle in that hour.
Call not the lily pale—'twas light in flower."

The figure of the mother of all living is unworthy of this great genius. Eve is simply a voluptuous blonde, a primitive Duchess of Fitzfulke, "presenting her holy nakedness to the blue sky." The angels who float around her are not the spiritual creatures who float in the magnificence of shadow round the protoplast in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. They are larger editions of the gnomes who haunt Belinda's toilette-table. They are copied from the saloon of a steamer, or of a *restaurant*, rather than from the Old and New Testament, or from the frescoes of Michael Angelo. The tall, green palms overshadow Eve herself. She is smothered in pinks, in blue lotuses, in myosotis, in roses with half-closed lips. She is rather a flower in flesh and blood than any thing else—

"As if, of all those soul-like blossoms grand,
The fairest into woman might expand."

Indeed the adoration of woman in Hugo is rather of her physical than of her moral nature, he apostrophizes "the *flesh* of woman, ideal potter's clay—sublime interpenetration of spirit with the earth which the Ineffable kneaded—matter where soul glimmers athwart its shroud—mire where one sees the fingers of the Divine statuary." In his first volume he has produced no figure of woman worth looking at. She helps to fill up a corner in "Eve" and in "Booz Endormi." In "Eviradnus" Mahaud is a mere rash and good-natured coquette, a foil to the horrid forms of Joss and Zeno, and to the majestic sovereignty of the white-bearded Knight. In the "Marriage of Roland" the fair Aube, with white arms, is but the toy which stops the fight. Those who recollect Esmeralda in the *Hunchback* and her passionate devotion to the stupid but beautiful Captain, may suspect that M. Hugo's delineation of Eve is the deliberate expression of his convictions in reference to the feminine nature.

Cain, or "Conscience," has a dark magnificence and shadowy horror. It is the same sort of conception which haunts the poet in the "Parricide." A black, inex-

piable guilt hangs over the soul of the transgressor. The chamber of his memory is haunted with everlasting echoes. Evermore, through all eternity, the eye of an angry God glares into the recesses of his being. We venture to attempt the piece in verse :

"When, with his children, clothed in skins of beasts,

Disheveled, livid, rushing through the storm,
Cain fled before Jehovah. As night fell

The dark man reached a mount in a great plain,

And his tired wife and his sons, out of breath,
Said : 'Let us lie down on the earth and sleep.'

Cain, sleeping not, dreamed at the mountain's foot.

Raising his head, in that funereal heaven
He saw an eye, a great eye, in the night,
Open, and staring at him through the gloom.
'I am too near,' he said, and trembled, then
woke up

His sleeping sons again, and his tired wife,
And fled through space and darkness. Thirty days

He went, and thirty nights, nor looked behind ;

Pale, silent, watchful, shaking at each sound ;
No rest, no sleep, till he arrived the strand
Where the sea washes that which since was
Asshur.

'Here pause,' he said, 'for this place is secure ;
Here may we rest, for this is the world's end.
And he sat down ; when, lo ! in the sad sky,
The self-same eye on the horizon's verge.
And the wretch shook as in an ague fit.

'Hide me,' he cried ; and all his watchful sons,

Their finger on their lip, looked at their sire.
Cain said to Jubal, father of them that dwell
In tents : 'Spread here the curtain of thy tent.'
And they spread wide the floating canvas roof,
And made it fast, and fixed it down with lead.
'You see naught now,' said Zillah then, fair child,

The daughter of his sons, and sweet as day.
But Cain replied : 'That eye ; I see it still.'
And Jubal cried, the father of all those
That handle harp and organ, 'I will build
A sanctuary ;' and he made a wall of bronze,
And set his sire behind it. But Cain said :
'That eye is looking at me ever.' Henoch
cried :

'Then must we make a circle vast of towers,
So terrible that nothing dare draw near ;
Build we a city with a citadel ;
Build we a city high, and close it fast.'

Then Tubal Cain, instructor of all them
That work in brass and iron, built a tower—
Enormous, superhuman. While he wrought,
His fiery brothers from the plains around
Hunted the sons of Enoch and of Seth.
They plucked the eyes out of whoever passed,
And hurled at even arrows to the stars.

They set strong granite for the canvas wall,
And every block was cramped with iron chains.

It seemed a city made for hell. Its towers,
With their huge shadows, made night in the land.

The walls were thick as mountains. On the door

They wrote : 'Let not God enter here.' This done,

And having finished to cement and build
In a stone tower, they set him in the midst.
To him, still dark and haggard, 'O my sire !

Is the eye gone ?' said Zillah, tremblingly.

And Cain replied : 'No, it is even there.'

Then said he : 'I will live beneath the earth,
As a lone man without his sepulcher.

I will see nothing ; will be seen of none.'

They digged a trench, and Cain said : 'It is well.'

Then he went down alone into the vault.
But when he sat down, ghost-like, in his chair,
And they had closed the dungeon o'er his head,

The eye was in the tomb, and looked at Cain."

"Christ at the Tomb" is most disappointing. Hugo, indeed, seems to have felt, with a poet's tact at least, if not with a Christian's reverence, the propriety of giving the words of "Him who spake as never man spake" precisely in the form which they bear in the sacred page. It is not merely that they are each hung round with beautiful dew-drops and scents of association, which handling, even when it is ostensibly for the purpose of setting them better, shakes off and brushes away ; it is that eternal wisdom inclosed its gifts in a casket of speech so adapted to its contents that they can not be transferred to any other, however rare or gorgeous, without losing some nameless grace, some magic and indescribable effect, without being torn or ruffled. But the machinery of this poem forces Victor Hugo, upon one or two occasions, to place words in the Saviour's mouth. For instance :

"Who followeth me is equal to the angels.

When one hath walked in sunshine all the day,

By roads that have no well, no sheltering roof,
If he believeth not, when evening comes

He weeps, he cries, he falleth down and pants.
If he believe in me, an he but pray,

With triple force he may fare forth again."

Some instructive thoughts are suggested by a passage so little remarkable in itself. The words of our Saviour have not been intrusted to oral tradition. Outside the four Gospels, but one of the sayings of his ministry upon earth has been recorded-

Outside the volume of the New Testament but two, we believe, have, with any thing which approaches in the faintest degree to respectable authority, been assigned to that august source: "Be ye approved money-lenders," and the words supposed to be addressed to a man working on the Sabbath: "O man! if thou knowest what thou doest, happy art thou; but if not, thou art a transgressor of the law, and accursed." It would seem as if rude tradition had paused awe-struck before the impiety of assigning language to that Divine mouth, while the hardier spirit of deliberately concocted legend shrunk from the felt impossibility of coping with such a task. Into the clear depths of these words eighteen centuries have gazed down, and never yet seen the bottom. Those diamond expressions have new lights to throw off to every eye and in every age. It is no exaggeration to find "Le Christ et la Tombeau" another proof of the authenticity of the Gospels and of the character of Christ. A man of superior genius essays to put a few words into our Redeemer's lips: who does not feel that he utterly fails? Will *these* words, *could* they, under any circumstances, have taken possession of the heart of Christendom? Who does not feel that they are unworthy of the speaker; hollow, unreal, exaggerated, unsuited to that quiet truth and divinely human simplicity? A poet of the highest order, celebrated for his dramatic faculty, has a subject of the highest kind given and made to his hand. In the case of one character, very many of whose words have been recorded, he tries a few sentences, and fails not less signally than when he represents Allah himself as the interlocutor. But was John the Evangelist such a master of dramatic discrimination as Victor Hugo? Yet we are expected to believe that he, or such as he, invented, not one or two sentences, but a whole chain of dialogues, conversations, soliloquies, and prayers which have been inspected under the telescope of history and the microscope of criticism for eighteen hundred years, and have never been proved to possess one flaw or one speck, one inconsistency with physical, moral, or historical truth. We willingly leave this section of the *Légende*. The author is plainly not at home upon sacred ground. The "heavenly muse"—we will not say of David and Isaiah—but of Dante, Calderon, Klopstock, Racine, Mil-

ton, Heber, and Keble, has never visited him. If he knows the Bible, it is but as he knows Herodotus or Ossian, Sismondi or Cantemir. The section entitled *Decadence de Rome* contains the noble poem of "Androcles and the Lion." Its position in the volume is, in itself, a stroke of art. The corruption of Rome stands out in contrast with the grand and holy shapes of the first era. This piece alone is quite sufficient to stamp its author as a master. Thus might Tacitus have written had Tacitus been a poet. The whole essence of Roman history is here distilled into a vial, not of fragrance, but such as one might conceive to have been held by one of the Apocalyptic angels who poured the wrath upon the guilty city. Lesbia, with the elegant Catullus at her feet, pricking with her sharp golden pin the breast of the Persian slave who was arranging her tresses; Delia walking forth with Tibullus, six thousand gory shapes on either side of the road; the infamies of the Imperial harlot, Messalina—these are the bloody and lustful figures that lower out portentously, carved, as it were, into the dark sunset sky of Rome's decline, by the fiery glare of coming judgment, and which occupy the places from which Eve and Ruth have glided away into the golden summer of the holy past. But if Mrs. Poggson, in *Adam Bede*, considers that "women were made to match the men," we have here, inversely, the men to match the women—Epaphroditus breaking the limbs of Epictetus for a jest, and the ruffian-cry of "Christianos ad leones." What a picture this!

"Whilst the bear growled, and whilst the elephant

Fearfully trod on children, small and fair,
The vestal dreaming in her marble chair."

Passing over the third section—"Islam"—with its wild tales, we come to the fourth, the "Heroic Christian Cycle." The "Paricide" opens the series. It is a composition of high and terrible power. Canute, in order to obtain the kingdom, has murdered his father, an old man, ripe for the harvest of death, inviting the blow, and hardly conscious of it. This usurper, like others, adorns the crown which he has won by a crime of such enormous dimensions. He exhibits himself as a noble and generous prince, a hero who sweeps the sea with his fleets, a man of genius in the arts of peace, an earnest

and sincere Christian. But death at last overtakes the gentle tyrant. The Bishop of Aarhus chanted his solemn obsequies. The priests professed that they had seen his beatified spirit at God's right hand. But when the tapers were extinguished and the cathedral wrapped in gloom, a naked, guilty, shivering spirit, spotted with blood, walks forth to seek the expiation which it needs. We venture to attempt a translation of the greater portion of this magnificent poem, with a painful feeling of inadequacy:

"He died; in a stone coffin was he laid.
The Bishop Aarhus came to say the prayers,
And sang a hymn upon his tomb, and said
That Canute was a saint. Canute the Great,
That from his memory breathed celestial perfume;
And that they saw him, they the priests, in glory,
Seated at God's right hand, a prophet crowned.

"Night came. The organ that had mourned the dead
Was silent in the holy place; the priests,
Leaving the high cathedral, left the king
Dead in sepulchral peace. Then he got up,
Opened his eyes, girt on his sword, and left
The tomb, for doors and walls are mist to phantoms.
He passed across the sea, the sea that shows
The domes of Altona and Elsinore,
And Aarhus on its face, with all their towns.
Night listened for the steps of the stern king;
But he walked silent, being himself a dream.
Straight to Mount Savo went he whom time gnaws,
And Canute greeted his strange ancestor,
And said: 'Let me, O Mountain Savo! by the storm
Ever tormented, for a winding-sheet,
Cut me a morsel of thy cloak of snow.'
And the hill knew him, and dared not refuse,
And Canute took his sword that never failed,
And from the mount that shook before the warrior
He cut some snow, and made himself a shroud.
Then he cried: 'Old Mountain, death tells little,
Where shall I go to look for God?' The mountain,
With all its yawning chasms, and its sides
Diformed and black, hid in a flight of clouds,
Answered: 'I know not, specter. I lie here.'
He left the icy mountain, and alone,
Brow raised, and white in his snow winding-sheet,
Beyond the isles, and the Norwegian sea,
Passed into the grand silence of the night.
Behind him the dim world went slowly out.
He found himself a ghost, a soul, a king
Without a kingdom, naked, face to face
With an impalpable immensity.
He saw the Infinite, that porch horrible

Receding, where light dies if it should enter.
Dies sad and slow, and darkness, that strange hydra

Whose vertebrae are nights, appears to move
Formless amid the blackness of the clouds.
There nor a star, and yet there fell a gleam
Across that motionless and haggard chaos,
And not a sound but the lugubrious chime
Of the deaf waters of obscurity.

"He passed on, saying: 'Tis the tomb: beyond
Is God.' When he had made three steps, he called.

But night is silent as the sepulcher,
And nothing answered. Under his white shroud
Went on Canute. The whiteness of the sheet
Gave hope to the sepulchral journeyer,
And he went on, when suddenly he saw
Upon that strange white veil, like a black star,
A point that grew, and grew slowly. Canute
Felt with his spectral hand, and was aware
That a blood-drop had fallen on his shroud.
His haughty head, that fear had never bent,
He raised, and terrible looked at the night,
But he saw nothing; space was black—no sound.

'Forward,' said Canute, raising his proud head.
There fell a second stain beside the first,
Then it grew larger, and the Cumbrian chief
Stared at the thick vague darkness, and saw naught.

Still as a bloodhound follows on his track,
Sad he went on. There fell a third red stain
On the white winding-sheet. He had never fled,

Howbeit Canute forward went no more,
But turned on that side where the sword-arm hangs.

A drop of blood, as if athwart a dream,
Fell on the shroud, and reddened his right hand.

Then, as in reading one turns back a page,
A second time he changed his course, and turned

To the dim left. There fell a drop of blood.
Canute drew back, trembling to be alone,
And wished he had not left his burial couch.
But when a blood-drop fell again, he stopped,
Stooped his pale head, and tried to make a prayer.

Then fell a drop, and the prayer died away
In savage terror. Darkly he moved on,
A hideous specter hesitating, white,
And ever as he went, a drop of blood
From the implacable darkness broke away
And stained that fearful whiteness. He beheld

Shaking, as doth a poplar in the wind.
Those stains grew darker and more numerous:
Another, and another, and another.
They seemed to light up that funereal gloom,
And mingling in the folds of the white sheet,
Made it a cloud of blood. He went, and went,
And still from that unfathomable vault
The red blood rained upon him drop by drop,
Always, forever—without noise—as though

From the black feet of some night-gibbeted corpse.

Alas! who wept those formidable tears?
The Infinite—toward Heaven of the good
Attainable—through the wild sea of night,
That hath nor ebb nor flow, Canute went on,
And ever walking came to a closed door,
That from beneath showed a mysterious light,
Then he looked down upon his winding-sheet
For that was the great place, the sacred place,
That was a portion of the light of God,
And from behind that door Hosannas rang.
The winding-sheet was red, and Canute stopped.
This is why Canute from the light of day
Draws ever back, and hath not dared appear
Before the Judge whose face is as the sun.
This is why still remaineth the dark king
Out in the night, and never being able
To bring his robe back to its first pure state,
But feeling at each step a blood-drop fall,
Wanders eternally 'neath the vast black heaven."

The three or four following poems are in a lighter strain. Roland and Oliver fight two or three days. It is a perfect hurricane of single combat. At last Oliver, "the dove-eyed eagle," quietly exclaims: "Roland, we shall never end. Were it not better that we became brethren? Harken, I have my sister, the beautiful Aude, with white arms. Espouse her."

"Pardieu! I will it well," cried Roland. "And now let us drink, for the affair was hot."

"And thus it was that Roland espoused the lovely Aude!"

"Aymerillot" is an account of one of those strange and sudden mutations of fortune which, in rude ages, so often exalt the adventurous soldier of one day into the peer and captain of the next. The good Emperor Charlemagne, in dolour for Roncevaux, and the fall of his nephew Roland, and the twelve Peers, wishes to take the strong fort of Narbonne, to wipe away the stain, and to encourage his army. His tried captains shrink before the danger of that dreadful attack. Aymerillot, "le petit compagnon," boasts that he can take it, amidst the laughter of the soldiers. It reaches the King's ears. He asks his name. "Aymery. I am as poor as any poor monk. I am twenty years old; I have neither hay nor straw; I can read Latin, and I am a bachelor. That is all, sire. It pleased fortune to forget me when she was distributing hereditary fiefs."

"Two miles would cover all wherein I have a part,
But all the great blue heaven could never fill my heart."

I shall enter into Norbonne and be victorious. I shall afterwards punish those who ridicule me, if any remain." And Charles, more radiant than one of the heavenly host, exclaimed: "For this high purpose thou shalt be Aymery of Narbonne, and Count Palatine, and people shall speak of thee civilly. Go my son!" The next morning Aymery took the town. "Bivar" brings out at once the unconquerable pride, the filial obedience, and the majestic poverty of the Cid. But "Le Jour des Rois," is a longer and more characteristic poem. It opens with one of those grotesque pictures which the creator of Quasimodo delights to draw. It is a beggar on a Spanish bridge in the year 360, squatted between two battlements, spectral, shivering in the horror of his monstrous rag—so abject that man and woman, sorrow and joy, burials, nuptials, beasts, sweep by him without touching him. Crested soldier, shaven monk, love, murder, battle,

"Know not this cinder, mock then at this straw."

Suddenly fire in every quarter of the horizon! On a given day the kings swoop down from the mountains, wrap the country in flame, and water it with blood. The very daughters of the Cross are not spared.

"O fury of the kings! not even at Reus Spared they the daughters of the Holy Cross. As some rude hand impatient to unfold A rare old missal, breaks the clasp of gold, The drunken soldiers forced the convent-gate. Alas! Christ held within that jealous grate Pure virgin hearts, souls uncontaminate, Pages where Mary's blessed name did shine, With Aves written over; words divine, Clasp with gold, and bound with ivory, Of maiden vow, and virgin purity. They sweep the cloisters, through the burst gate."

The poor nuns trembling, by the altar wait
In vain the convent shakes her somber shroud,
And old Rome thunders on the threshold loud;
In vain the Abbess fair, in her black frock,
Stands, cross in hand, to guard her frightened flock."

Saints are but women to the vile and base,
They fling defiance in God's very face.
The altar, and the horror, and the blood,
The cloister's night, the Abbess with her rood,
All have passed by in one ferocious war;
And this was done by Blaise el Matador."

The return of the soldiers with their spoils is a wonderful picture. One sees them winding away along the mountains, reddened with the setting sun—drunken, bloated, hell-hounds — trailing their spears, and the west, burning like blood, before them. But how does the poem close? Not with the deep curses of men and the wailings of women, but with the fierce and withering contempt from the foul and hideous beggar. The bridge, moistened with blood, is lonely and deserted. The mendicant shakes his obscene serge towards the Pyrenees, and cries out in the immensity of night:

————— "Confront thyself, and own fraternity.
O mountain beautiful! O rags! O filth! O driven
snow!
Compare beneath the winds of heaven, which
shake them as they blow,
Thou thy black clouds, O mountain! O beggar!
thou thy rags!
Hide thou thy lice in tatters, and thou thy
kings in crags."

The fifth division is headed "Les Chevaliers Errants." The general description of chivalry attains the point where the highest philosophical generalization meets with the highest power of poetical expression. M. Hugo brings out the salient points of chivalry, its mysterious and (so to speak) exceptional agency in a savage age. It is, as Bacon says of revenge, a wild kind of justice. It is, as Victor Hugo calls it, with inimitable fineness, "a magistracy of the sword," "an arm thrust forth out of the darkness, with this cry to the evil-doer, 'Thou shalt perish.'" This thought at once poetically and historically true, is perfectly carried out in Roland's sudden apparition to deliver the boy king, and in Euvrardus overhearing the hideous project of Sigismund and Ladislas.

"Le Petit Roi de Galice" opens with a description of the wild and savage ravine of Ernula. The ten princes are there, surrounded by troops of the blackest wolves and scoundrels in Spain. "Mau-regat has no bullies more savage, the Corsair Dregat no worse galley-slaves, and Gaffier has not in the troop which follows him any thing more infernal—

"Of steel their casques, their hearts are all of
bronze."

Their nephew, the young king, is taken by those monsters, and their debate is given: one recommending the cloister,

one the well, sealed with the heavy stone, as the safer and less tell-tale seclusion. The murderous uncles think themselves secure; but

"Hist! a gallant cavalier there passes by that way."

The Cavalier in high and stately fashion, intimates that there is a sort of panther-odor about the spot, and that he considers the place and the company any thing but respectable. Who is the boy, and what are they going to do with him? The violent Padecho blurts out all.

"The horseman raised his vizor haughtily —
'My name is Roland, peer of France,'"

said he. Then ensues a terrific battle and the work of the good sword Durandel. We can not help thinking the fight rather a failure. It is overdone. It is impossible to take more interest in a contest so utterly disproportioned, than in the battle-pieces of Milton, where rebel angels and archangels fall of necessity before Almighty power. Here, upon any hypothesis of human prowess, Roland must have fallen in a few minutes before the ten princes, and their bandit swarms. But one feels that they are doomed men, and has no pleasant anxiety about the result. The combatants in Mr. Tennyson's "Enid" are infinitely more thrilling, with less blood and fury. One shudders for that sweet pale lady with the quiet eyes, and in the poor garment. But even in the *Idylls* there is nothing superior to the boy-king's flight. Beautiful is the prayer under the evening sky, where the white taper burns before the crucifix; beautiful, too, the lesson of nobility, justice, and reverence for the unhappy, which sinks into his soul:

"While far away, no need of spur or rein,
The good horse flew o'er river and o'er plain.
The child, half-rapture, half-solicitude,
Looks back anon, and fears to be pursued.
Shakes lest some raging brother of his sire
Leap from those rocks that o'er the path aspire.

On the rough granite bridge, at evening's fall
The white steed paused by Compostella's wall,
('Twas good St. James that reared those arches
tall.)

Through the dim mist stood out each belfry
dome,
And the boy hailed the paradise of home.

Close by the bridge, set on high stage, they
meet

A Christ of stone, the Virgin at his feet.

A taper lighted that dear pardoning face,
More tender in the shade that wrapped the
place.

And the child staid his horse, and in the shine
Of the wax-taper knelt down at the shrine.
'O my good God! O Mother Maiden sweet,'
He said, 'I was the worm beneath men's feet,
My father's brethren held me in their thrall,
But thou did'st send that Paladin of Gaul.
O Lord! and show'dst what different spirits
move

The good men and the evil: those who love,
And those who love not. I had been as they,
But thou, O God! hast saved both life and soul
to-day.

I saw thee in that noble man, I saw
Pure light, true faith, and honor's sacred law,
My father - and I learned that monarchs must
Compassionate the weak, and unto all be just.
O Lady Mother! O dear Jesus! thus
Bowed at the cross where thou did'st bleed for
us,

I swear to hold the truth that now I learn,
Leal to the loyal, to the traitor stern.
And ever just, and nobly mild to be
Meet scholar of that Prince of Chivalry,
And here thy shrine bear witness, Lord, for me.
The horse of Roland, hearing the boy tell
His vow, looked up and said: 'O king! 'tis well.'
Then on the palfrey mounted the child-king,
And rode into the town while all the bells did
ring."

"Eviradnus," the longest composition
in the volume, begins with a mysterious
word of crime, spoken by Sigismund to
Ladislus:

"Qu'est ce que Sigismond et Ladislus ont dit?"

hoarse with horror; dark with mystery;
black with the shadow of death. The
description of Eviradnus, the aged knight,
is admirable. It is the author's profound
appreciation of the knightly mission and
ethical tone, painted in actual flesh and
blood:

"Peoples sore pressed by kings he doth redress
With a superb, intrepid tenderness.
Where in their horrid scale the princes cast
Treason, and violence, and fiery blast,
Iniquity and horror, sin and blood,
His grand sword was the counterpoise of God.
Woe to the evil action that shall feel
The hand him, the champion clad in steel.
And death. His from him in the battle stir,
As water falleth from the glacier."

The old Donjon of Corbus is a perfect
castle-piece. The poet seems to have the
architecture by heart, and to have watch-
ed and listened in such places, till every
grim figure carved in stone, every cranny
and gargoyle, and every clump of ivy and
lichen on the walls, like rust on a sword,

has told them its story. There is a
strange custom of Lusace, that the inher-
itor of its coronet shall sleep a night in
the tower. Mahand, the present Marquise,
is a fair young girl:

"Without the gift of beauty a queen is not a
queen.

What boots to have a kingdom if royalty be
not seen?

And, as 'twixt rain and darkness, the rain-
bow laugheth fair,

And as the young doe plays between the
tiger and the bear,

So, 'twixt Allemagne's dark Emperor and
Poland's ruthless King

Is she, the weak and beautiful, the pure and
stainless thing!"

And, having spoken of the Emperor
and the King, be it known that two mu-
sicians—a German and a Pole, Zeno and
Joss—have lately arrived, and made
themselves specially agreeable to the
Marquise; so much so, indeed, that when
the time comes for the coronation, and
for the custom of Lusace, the minstrels
accompany her to the donjon. Thus the
story proceeds, with a wonderful descrip-
tion of the hall, where the lonely feast is
spread:

"But that which makes that ancient hall more
ghost-like and more drear,

'Tis not the torches, or the dais, or the tables
set with cheer;

But in the lines of arches stretching far be-
yond the lights,

Those two long rows of horses with their
two long rows of knights.

Each leans against his pillar, and holds his
lance in rest,

The right arm raised in silence, they sit there,
breast to breast,

With harness laced, and visors down, and
cuisses barred below,

And a poniard in a burnished sheath at every
saddle-bow;

The gorgets and the breastplates are buckled
on with steel;

Each horse stands full caparisoned, with
housings to the heel.

With battle-axe and dagger, and broad-sword
at each side,

With foot in stirrup, hand on rein, booted
and spurred they ride;

'Tis terrible to see them all, with nodding
helm and plume,

For no one stirs and no one speaks in all that
awful room.

Beneath their monstrous housings loom the
horses, huge and grim;

If Satan kept black cattle, this were a herd
for him.

Such shapes in an uneasy dream across the
brain might flit,

So grave, and cold, and horrible their arméd
riders sit.
If hell should take those close-shut hands
and ope them suddenly,
Methinks some dreadful missive in every palm
would lie.
All down the misty chamber they grow larger
in the shade;
The very pillars are a-cold, the darkness looks
afraid;
O night! what are those livid hosts so fear-
fully arrayed?

"Then history tells her story from these empty
armors cold,
Of those who did her glorious deeds in the
great days of old,
Seems a vision of a chieftain in all those
archéd nooks:
There sit the savage marquises, and there the
bloody dukes
Who bore upon their pennons, athwart the
battle's din,
The good saints gilt and painted, upon a
fish's skin.
There Geth, who led his wild Sclavonians to
the field;
Mundiac, Ottocar, and Guelph, who bore
upon his shield
'No fear have I,' and Ladislas, the first in
every list;
Great Otho, of the darkened eyes; Zultan,
and Nazamyst.
From Spignus down to Spartibor, they pause
in long array,
As if, upon the verge of time, some voice had
bade them stay.

"And through that line of horsemen runs a
pathway dark and straight,
To the dais, where stand the table and the
lonely chair of state;
The marquises are left hand, the dukes are
on the right,
And till that crumbling roof shall fall, they
sit there day and night,
All face to face, and side to side, alike in all
but hight;
And just outside the double row, his high
head backward thrown,
The sculptors of the olden time had carved a
knight of stone.
He stands before that funeral host to lead
them like a king;
That host that shall not waken till the last
trumpet ring.
'Tis Charlemagne, who his twelve peers so
true and peerless found,
And made, of all the earth, for them one
glorious table round."

Meanwhile, Eviradnus, with Gasclin,
his squire, watches by the old castle.
The knight bids him observe those three
shapes advancing in the moonlight, and

thus Mahand and the two minstrels are
most picturesquely described. Eviradnus
dismisses his squire and watches undaunt-
edly alone. He goes into the hall where
the feast is ready, takes down a suit of
armor, seats himself on a saddle, and re-
mains there like a statue. The voice of
one of the minstrels sounds a wild song
of love in the moonlight. He is hand-
some, but in that beauty,

"A devil there grimaces evermore,
Such flowers hath April that the slug crawls
o'er!"

So Joss and Zeno and Mahand sup in
that chamber. The Marquise, after some
raillery at Zeno's littleness, sinks to sleep,
having had a medicated potion given to
her by the priest, according to the custom
of those who slept in that sepulchral place.
Then the cloven foot comes out. They
dice. Joss wins the kingdom, Zeno the
girl. He resolves to murder her, in re-
venge for her raillery. Then Eviradnus
comes down from his saddle. At first he
acts the part of a specter. Afterwards
he knightly tells the Emperor and King
(for such they are) who he is; kills the
Pole first and then the tall German, with
the little king's corpse. The poem cer-
tainly verges upon melodrama too much,
but it is of intense interest, and closes
thus charmingly:

"He bears the lady back again to the fatal
ducal chair,
Shuts down the spring of iron, and shuts out
the dungeon air.
He sets all things in order, and mutters, soft
and low:
'It hath not cost one drop of blood; 'tis well
it should be so.'
But suddenly the tocsin sounds for morning
far away,
And a long thread of scarlet lies on the
mountain gray.
Dawn breaks; the hamlets are astir, and
bearing branches green,
A joyous people come to greet their lady and
their queen.

"And rosy with the rosy dawn awakes the fair
Mahand,
Looks round, and deems the glamor of the
place has changed things so,
That for her two fair minstrels she meets an
old man's glance,
And there's a shade in those sweet eyes
regretting them, perchance;
But courteously drew near to her that prince
of honor bright,
'Madam,' said Eviradnus, 'How did you
sleep last night?'"

The "Thrones of the East" is the title of the sixth epoch. It is introduced by "Sultan Mourad." This monster's character is of the most hideous and infernal complexion. Once only does he perform an act of kindness. He sees a hog, wounded by the butcher's knife, lying in the burning heat, the sunshine piercing its gaping wounds like coals of fire. He pushes it under the shadow of a gateway. That night his soul is required. A dreadful catalogue of his crimes is spread before Eternal Justice, and the angels call for the sentence upon the guilty soul. But suddenly, in the midst of all the terrors and glories of the infinite spaces, the unclean beast stands forth, and Mourad is pardoned! "Zim-Zizimi" we reserve for another notice.

III. It remains for us to conclude with some remarks of a more general nature upon this splendid volume.

In the first place, then, we venture to observe that M. Hugo's imagination is wider and more varied on its pictorial than on its ethical side. Eden, the castle and hall of Corbus, the battle of Roland, are wonderfully different and wonderfully fine. But this opulent imagination is not rich in its delineation of moral phenomena. The finer lights that play over the sea of conscience, for instance, he can not render with any colors at his command. He can give it in a majestic and almost supernatural repose, as in Epiradnus and Roland. He can also represent it "casting up mire and dirt," and raging horribly, as in Cain and Canute. But he can not catch its tints, when one has said to the winds and waves, "Peace, be still;" when the white caps are beginning to subside, and the sunshine contrasts beautifully with the foam. Cain and Canute represent his entire conception of conscience. The first murderer, with the eye glaring into his heart forever; the parricide, with that cloud of blood raining down upon him world without end. Of forgiveness—of the moral restoration which accompanies it—he has nothing to say. He can throw himself into a psychological *rapport* with enormous guilt. But he is professedly the poet of humanity. Is conscience only to be recognized in these extreme perturbations? Has she no more beautiful functions, pregnant with more consolatory, and certainly not less poetical, workings? A man, true as Roland or Epiradnus, yet ever yearning

towards the more perfect purity of the moral law, to which he can not attain, seeing his own virtue dimmed and sullied in the whiteness of eternal holiness, as the lake looks black when its hills and shores are mantled with untrodden snow, would afford a theme for poetry more noble than any which M. Hugo has chosen to select. Hearts as high and generous as any of the heroes of chivalry have been made to feel of what perishable material our virtues are composed, and have bowed down in penitential sorrow before the Pardoner. Is David less worthy than Cain of a place in this mighty epopée?

Arthur, and Launcelot, and Guinevere do not stand alone in the annals of the true Legends of the Ages.

Together with this failure in the representation of conscience, we must notice the extraordinary meagerness of the whole scripture cycle. The character of the Perfect Man just appears in "Christ and Lazarus;" but it is introduced with a frigid and unimpassioned indifference, strangely contrasted with the rest of the volume. No beauty streams richly from heaven upon the Divine Man; no noble blossoms spring before his path; no massive lines carve out his moral lineaments in marble and colossal grandeur; no tender touches of sympathy move us to tears. He who can feel with such grand enthusiasm the throbbing heart of chivalry, is visited with no rapture in the presence of the Liberator of our race. He who can burst into ecstasy at the pardon of the monstrous Mourad by the pleadings of a hog, has no lyrical delight to make music before the exquisite tenderness and self-devotion which are manifested in the Atonement. Those who believe that not only sun, and moon, and stars, beast, and bird, and fish, but that more wonderful, beautiful, eternal thing, the heart of man—that full-toned harp of many strings—with all its rich hopes, noble yearnings, and deep sorrows, are made by him, will at once be more than doubtful whether M. Hugo *can* be the poet of humanity. It must be a broken profile, a mutilated likeness, where humanity's fairest development is, to say the least, unappreciated.

The space assigned to the darker side of humanity, and specially to tyranny, is surely exorbitant. M. Hugo seems almost unable to look up at the sky, or to contemplate a castled crag, without re-

verting to the oppression and cruelty of monarchs. They mar the ethereal purity of the naked heavens, and

"Make black the horizon which the Lord made blue."

It is sad, he says, again, when man makes inexpugnable that which God made simply inaccessible: when, where

"God put the rock, man buildeth up the fort,
When to the solitude he addeth death."

Shelley's vague, dim rhetoric against priests and kings in the *Revolt of Islam* is weak and vacillating compared with Hugo's fierce, inexorable hate, pointed as it is with historical instances. Picture upon picture appalls; declamation upon declamation peals in our ears. There is Canute, the parricide, sweeping like a shadow through the spectral night, unable to assail his crowned head with a shroud of the driven snow, while he is canonized by mendacious shavelings. There are the kings swooping down upon a fertile country and its innocent inhabitants, covering them and it with the ashes of devastated homesteads, and with the blood of beautiful children and consecrated virgins; while over against the royal villains stands the filthy lazar, hissing out his contempt of them to the Pyrenees. M. Hugo gives more than one hint that David does not stand much higher in his good graces. The ten princes appear before us ready to imbrue their hands in their nephew's blood. The lion in the story, who saw in the palace lions depicted in various attitudes, and always defeated in their struggles with man, observed, that the representation was manifestly human, and consequently partial. Had the lion been the limner, there would have been an astonishing difference. But here is the consummation of cruelty, that the lion is made to delineate himself from the human points of view. The selfishness, cruelty, and unbelief of kings form an axiom, taken for granted, and acted upon by themselves. The respectable Pacheco, in an audience of kings, exclaims with full assurance of finding sympathy and assent:

"The bourgeois dogs, who go to church, die old.

We princes love to live a youth of gold,
Merry and short, and ending with blood-flow.
Warriors we are, and find that death treads slow,

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And speed his step funereal, with 'Come on,'
Shouted, and music of the clarion.
The people knows us, wot it well, and chase,
As most unworthy of his crown and race,
Who weareth not his tiger-skin with grace."

But it is in Eviradnus that M. Hugo's wrath glows with the whitest heat. Who that has ever read will forget that awful and superb burst of declamation?

"Under this haughtiness that none can enter,
This arch triumphant with the limitless center;
Under this loyalty, veiled from the rude world;
Under these crowns, begemmed, bestained, empearled;
Under high exploit, prompt and bloody plan,
One is a monster, one a beggarman.

O people with the million, million arms,
Thou whom these kings dishonor in thy power,
Thou whom their majesties the lice devour,
Hast thou no nails, vile herd, wherewith to crack
These high imperial itchers on thy back!"

Were this sort of anti-monarchical *tirade* to meet the reader once or twice only it might well pass with approbation. When it is repeated a hundred times in a work of this stamp, it is a libel not only upon monarchy, but upon mankind. If M. Hugo wishes to make his book correspond with its title and with its pretensions, he must search for things of a different stamp. He must turn from the petty and blood-stained annals of provincial history, from names that are remembered only to be execrated, to more brilliant pages and names that sparkle like diamonds on the forehead of history. St. Louis, Alfred, and Charlemagne have a better right to a niche in the *Legend of the Ages*, than Sigismund or Ladislas, Ruy the Subtle, or Sultan Mourad.

A true criticism must also protest against the constant exaggeration of character in this volume. Every one is in extremes, either sublimed to a god, or degraded to a devil. Every nature is like an Arctic winter, a horror of perpetual darkness, or like an Arctic summer, eternal starlight and silverness. There are men fiercely brutal, like the ten kings, and Sigismund and Ladislas; there are men fiercely guilty, like Cain and Canute; there are also men, perfectly brave and perfectly holy, like Eviradnus and Ro-

land. There is no repose, no intermediate human tinting to soothe and refresh the eye. Glaring orange sunsets and big black clouds are very superb in their way. But there is such a thing as a monotony of violent contrasts. The eye demands gentle, golden-tinted violet, nameless, quiet beauties—more; good, gray weather-sky of the open sea of human feeling, rather than the perpetual ice-blink, with its cold, false glitter.

We hope to return to the *Légende* at an early opportunity. Faulty as it is in some details, and disproportioned in some departments; overrun with passionate prejudices, which degrade some of its most magnificent, passages into caricatures; disfigured by endless iteration of favorite words, and even of some outrageous hyperboles; with little subtle analysis of the human heart, and we fear we must say, with little sympathy for that

character which is the key to humanity—yet it is a work of captivating originality and power. It has Scott's ringing, chivalrous lines, and thrilling trumpet-blasts. As we read, the gray ruin rises upon the steep, or the castle hangs from the crag. The knight rides by with his vizor up. The gleams of the setting sun fall upon men-at-arms winding along the hills, bathed in crimson mist. It has Shelley's sentiment and colored style, and fierce, pathetic indignation; it has Wordsworth's accurate description; it has Macaulay's fervid declamation and swinging rhythm; it has Tennyson's compressed pictures and pregnant music. And in English poetry we can find few parallels for its deep and sustained interest, for its vivid realization of the poetical aspects of the most varied pages of the history of man.

From Titan.

B E A T R I C E R I N G T O N .

"Ich als Idol, ihm dem Idol verband ich mich.
Es war ein Traum, so sagen ja die Worte selbst."—*Faust*.

CHAPTER I.

BEATRICE RINGTON sat on the verandah outside the drawing-room of "The Larches," basking in the sunshine of an April afternoon. Her brown hat pulled low over her brows almost concealed her face; but the sunbeams poured dazlingly upon the rich-hued silk she wore, glittered upon the ringed and ungloved hands, and upon the golden-braceleted white arm, back from which the lace sleeve had slipped.

Miss Rington made no pretense of employing herself—apparently she was content simply to luxuriate in the spring warmth and brightness.

She did not stir till a gentleman stepped from the drawing-room window, and laid his hand on her shoulder, saying:

"Beatrice! our young relative, Tyremain, is staying in this neighborhood. I have just met with him and have brought him home with me. What! are you so glad?"

Miss Rington started and rose hastily; her hat fell off; one could just see that her face was ordinarily too colorless before a fleet flush came over it. The sun shone full upon her brow and eyes, as she turned to acknowledge the introduction to a young man who followed her brother very closely—so closely, that he must have heard the last words, not intended for his ears. The flush of first surprise, pleasure, enthusiasm, or whatever the emotion had been, returned and deepened when her inquiring glance at Mr. Tyremain was met and parried by the keenness of his scrutiny, as he took her graciously-extended hand.

"Neither to my sister nor myself do you seem a stranger, though our relationship is but slight," Eldon said. "To Beatrice you are better known than to me, I suspect," he added smiling.

The three strolled about the garden some time, then returned to the verandah.

Beatrice resuming her seat, found opportunity for observing the changeable face of her new acquaintance, as he stood a little way off, talking to her brother.

"There! you have put your foot into it! And how Beatrice will forgive you I do not know," Eldon exclaimed presently.

"In what have I offended?" Mr. Tyremain asked.

"You have nipped off the young graft of a cloth-of-gold rose, which she has watched with great solicitude."

"Can your Majesty pardon me?" Mr. Tyremain stood before his young relative, displaying the precious shoot in his hand.

He carelessly tossed away the bit of tender green, and leaning against the wall beside her, tried to draw Beatrice into conversation, or rather to gain her admiring attention to his talk.

"This is a favorite spot of yours, no doubt. The view is very lovely; rich pasture goldening with buttercups, orchards silvering with blossom, those softly green-*ing* larch woods, and the winding river. It is very lovely, and is thoroughly English."

"It is very lovely; and to-day has been so beautiful. Eldon, I have been absolutely idle all this afternoon," Beatrice said, turning to her brother.

"What the world must have lost by the failure of your restless industry!" Eldon spoke in a kindly tone, but his words seemed to give offense.

"It has been just the day for sweet idleness," Mr. Tyremain remarked; "for lying on the warm earth and feeling her stir and growth; *to be* is enough on such days, *to do* is treason against their perfection."

"Fine doctrine for you poets and idlers."

Beatrice's lip curled a little at her brother's comment; it was always too ready to curl.

"I think you agree with me that your brother is a heretic to class poets and idlers together in that cavalier fashion," Mr. Tyremain said.

"There are some few topics on which Beatrice and I do not yet think alike," Eldon remarked smilingly.

"Only a *few*?" Mr. Tyremain replied; and then added: "Your sister is very like my memory of a sister who died when I was a boy, whom I worshiped, and still worship."

"It is strange how family likenesses sometimes show themselves in very dis-

tant relations. Beatrice, do you know if Anniston meant to come this evening?" Eldon asked, after a pause.

"I do not know; oh! yes, I believe Mr. Anniston said something about it."

"The old saying about the angel and the angel's wing!" Mr. Rington exclaimed, a few minutes after, as he went to give a cordial welcome to a gentleman who came up the garden-path.

"I have once or twice encountered this handsome sportsman, I fancy," Mr. Tyremain said to Beatrice, as Eldon and his friend came towards them. Mr. Tyremain had assumed a half-confidential tone with Beatrice which their distant relationship did not excuse, which she would have resented in any one whom she had been less predisposed to admire, or more inclined to judge by conventional rules.

Mr. Anniston greeted Beatrice with somewhat of the ease of old friendship, tempered by the reverence of a manly devotion, frankly manifested in every word and look addressed to her.

"I do not think you are quite prudent to begin summer customs so early," he observed. "There is a cool air creeping about this afternoon; at least, let me beg you to put on the shawl I see lying here." He picked it up, and was going to throw it over Beatrice.

"No, thank you; I shall go in now; the sun has left my seat;" so saying, Miss Rington rose and quitted the little group. Before entering the drawing-room, she stepped into her conservatory. Mr. Anniston followed her.

"Is that young Tyremain, the writer of whom I have heard you speak, Miss Rington?" he asked.

"Yes." There was a slight expression of triumphant defiance in the eyes she raised from her flowers to Mr. Anniston's face. "He is the writer—the poet—whom you would not admire. You need not be afraid of him, he seems very agreeable," she added, speaking as if she were reassuring some timid person who feared a formidable animal. Mr. Anniston did not look much relieved by this assurance.

"I wanted you and Eldon to go with me to Fern Hill this evening," he said; "but as you have a guest —"

"I daresay he will accompany us," Beatrice interrupted.

"I think we had better postpone the walk."

"As you please."

"What are you discussing?" Mr. Rington asked, joining them.

"Only the 'to be or not to be' of a walk to Fern Hill."

"To be!" Mr. Tyremain interposed decidedly.

"Let us have tea at once, then, Beatrice, and start," Eldon said. "By the by, we keep such early hours, perhaps you, Tyremain, have not dined?"

"A ceremony I do not often perform."

"How very interesting!" Mr. Anniston muttered from among Beatrice's azaleas, over which he bent his face.

"In my days of poverty I found it an expensive habit," Mr. Tyremain pursued. "I cured myself of it perforce, and now, by choice, I generally dispense with the set and formal meal so dear to Englishmen. You pity me, I see, Mr. Anniston."

Mr. Anniston's honest blue eyes *had* expressed pity as they read record of past privation in the speaker's worn face; but the pity swiftly changed to something else as they met Mr. Tyremain's, flashing with scornful mirth, and noticed the soft sorrowing look with which Beatrice regarded her relative.

Beatrice went into the drawing room; the gentlemen were soon summoned to join her; an elderly widow lady, who lived with the Ringtons, and a little girl, Beatrice's sister, increased the party.

"May she come with us this evening?" Mr. Anniston asked Beatrice, as he diligently attended to all Fleda's wants and whims.

"I hardly know if she ought; it is so far. We must ask Mrs. Smith."

"Oh! please let me go! and Mr. Anniston will carry me if I am tired," Fleda said earnestly.

"Right proudly," her champion replied, and it was decided that the child should go.

Just before sunset the little party were mounting the westward-sloping fields towards Fern Hill.

Mr. Tyremain talked brilliantly, he and Eldon leading the way; but the glances he flashed back ever and anon told that he did not talk *for*, though to Eldon.

Fleda would have one hand from Mr. Anniston, one from Beatrice, as she generally did when they walked out together. "Hush! Fleda!" was once or twice uttered impatiently, when the child's prat-

tle prevented her sister from catching what Mr. Tyremain was saying.

The field-track was narrow, and the grass long and damp. Presently Mr. Anniston took Fleda in his arms, saying:

"Pray, Miss Rington, keep to the path; the grass is wet, and I notice that you still cough sometimes."

"That is the consequence of sitting so long out-doors," Eldon said, turning quickly. "I am afraid I ought not to have let you come this walk so late."

"Oh! yes, my cough is nothing," Beatrice answered with angry hastiness. "I wish people would not be so——" She did not finish.

"Is there some pain, as well as much pleasure, then, in being beloved?" Mr. Tyremain asked softly, as he came to Beatrice's side.

Beatrice first blushed and then looked haughty; she thought that Mr. Anniston was officious, impertinent; what right had he to expose her to such remarks by his manner and its assumed tenderness?

But she forgot her annoyance presently, as she listened to her companion; those two were the last to reach the summit of the bare hill, just as the glory of the spring sunset was at its deepest.

Beatrice sat down to rest, and Fleda came to her side. They all watched the changing glory of the sky in silence a while. Mr. Tyremain stood with bared head lifted up loftily; the evening wind tossed about his hair, and a fierce light gleamed in his eyes.

He appeared to be absorbed by his own thoughts, yet—he was not quite unconscious that, once or twice, Beatrice looked at him with a kind of timid awe.

Presently Mr. Anniston fidgeted, and Eldon yawned, but no one moved or spoke, till a stifled cough from Beatrice made her brother draw her hand upon his arm, and say that it was time that they were moving home.

As they returned through the fair mingling of "colored spring twilight," and of white moonlight, Elfleda's gentle prattle and Mr. Anniston's low replies were almost the only sounds to be heard. Mr. Tyremain walked on alone with folded arms and bowed head, and Beatrice's thoughts were principally of what the poet's might consist.

"Rather an uncomfortable sort of being for a companion—a poet," Eldon remark-

ed. But Beatrice made no reply, save by a motion of lip and brow *not* affirmative.

As they all went up the fragrant, dewy garden, an early blown narcissus attracted Mr. Tyremain by its pure, moon-lit lustre; he plucked it, and gave it to Beatrice without a word. He would not enter the house again, but left them with an abrupt "good-night."

The night through that flower filled the room of the wakeful Beatrice with its fragrance; she had placed it in a tiny Parian vase. In the morning it bore witness to the truth of what she was inclined to consider as a dream; that one of whom she had thought and romanced so much, had walked by her, talked to her, given her a gift! Day following day, he again walked by her, and talked to her; he learnt to call her his "beautiful cousin," and availed himself of all the privileges of relationship; over-largely, Mr. Anniston thought.

CHAPTER II.

Beatrice carelessly played with the pages of a new magazine, as she stood at the breakfast-room window one early June morning, looking out with very dreamy eyes.

"When does Anniston talk of returning to town?" Eldon asked her, looking up from his newspaper.

"I do not know! how should I?"

"He has been going, and going, and going!" Elfleda remarked. "I don't know why he stays, for he seems tired of all the things he used to like. I know he doesn't like that Mr. Tyremain who is always here now."

"Of course he stays for the pleasure of your company, fairy," Eldon said as he rose.

"I know he is very fond of me, and if I were old enough, I should be his wife!" the child answered demurely.

Her brother smiled rather sadly as he kissed her, then glanced at Beatrice; she did not seem to have heard. Fleda enticed Eldon into the garden, and Beatrice still stood in the window.

Presently she listlessly glanced at the pages her fingers had turned over so unregardingly. Her attention was arrested. A bright color came into each cheek. With trembling hands, lips just apart, eyes glistening with excitement, she read

and re-read one page, a poem; one or two last lines she uttered in a whisper, then she smiled an ineffable smile of joy and triumph, and stood absorbed, dreaming over the musical madness of those words.

Before she knew that he was in the room, Mr. Anniston was close to her.

"I am very glad to see you looking so well!" he said; his eyes beamed down affectionate admiration upon her glowing face. Then he stooped to pick up the magazine she had dropped startled from her dreams by his address: he was thus spared the pain of seeing an expression of something like abhorrence in her changed face; a lover who is not the right lover is generally regarded with a feeling more like hate than indifference by a girl in love.

The magazine, when Mr. Anniston held it in his hands, was open at the one page still.

"What have we here, poetry!" he said. "What a curious meter! curious matter too; very dreamy, very mad, isn't it? A love-poem, more full of conceit than feeling apparently. Isn't this eccentric rather than beautiful?" He read a few lines in a mocking tone. This was more than Beatrice could bear. She caught the book away, bestowed a glance of fiery indignation upon Mr. Anniston, and swept from the room.

For a moment Mr. Anniston's face expressed profound astonishment—then the dawning of a strange, sad, pitying smile told that he had found a key to the mystery. A *pitying* smile! Henry Anniston had a quiet consciousness of the relative value of his love and young Tyremain's homage.

It was not long before Eldon saw his friend's grave face at the window instead of that of Beatrice; he came in.

"I shall return to town to-night;" Mr. Anniston said. He and Eldon grasped hands: there was no need of any explanation. Soon after, Beatrice from her window saw her brother and his friend walk away together; then she returned to the room she had so hastily quitted.

Mrs. Smith thought Miss Rington very restless that morning. Beatrice wandered into the drawing-room, opened her piano, made some considerable search for a particular song, struck wayward chords and sang wild words, then rose with an exclamation of impatience; next she

threw herself on a couch and began to read, soon to drop the volume and spring up when some noise disturbed her meditations; then she collected a little heap of books, got her great German dictionary, and ensconced herself snugly, only to discover that the day was too warm and fine for study, and that the difficulties of a particular passage were not to be conquered without Mr. Tyremain's assistance.

Dinner was announced; Eldon had desired that they should not wait for him; of course it was too warm to eat.

"You are not well to-day, Miss Ring-ton!" Mrs. Smith ventured to suggest.

"I am well and happy," Beatrice answered quickly. In the afternoon she was more fortunate in her choice of employment, and found repose.

Eldon coming in, looking sad and weary, found her sunk in the depths of a luxurious chair, busy with her needle, content on her half-smiling mouth, something yet deeper shining in her eyes.

"You know that Anniston is going away to-night, Beatrice?" Eldon asked abruptly when he and his sister were left alone.

"No; I did not know it," she answered absently, as if she attached no meaning to his question, but replied mechanically.

Eldon was unusually ruffled.

"Beatrice! lay down that work and look at me," he said.

Beatrice obeyed, her misty expression clearing to one of wonder.

"I shall speak plainly," Eldon began.

"Beatrice, it is not possible that you are ignorant that my friend Henry Anniston loves you."

Beatrice rose, as if to go, the color flying into her face. But Eldon saying "stay!" she staid. She stood leaning her hand upon the table between them, and kept her eyes fixed upon her brother; she seemed to feel that a combat was at hand, and to be ready for it.

"Do you mean to accuse me of having given your friend any encouragement? of having treated him as if—as if he were any thing more to me than your friend?" she demanded.

"I do not mean to accuse you of any thing; so pray keep your temper, Beatrice! I think it only right to tell you, that I believe you to be making a *fatal* mistake, endangering the whole happiness of your life. I am deeply grieved that

you can not accept the great love of Henry Anniston's true heart. My child! have you considered? Are you sure that you know your mind?"

"I have not found it needful to consider!" she began scornfully; then her eyes softened as she added: "I am sorry to vex you, Eldon; do not mind so much! He will soon forget me!"

"You misjudge him, Beatrice. I have known Henry as many years as you have known him months. If ever there was a constant-natured, faithful-hearted fellow, he is one!"

"It is useless to tell me this."

"Ay! so he said."

"Yet wished you to importune me on his behalf!"

"You are not able to speak of Anniston justly, Beatrice, so we will say no more of him. But take care, child; you are dazzled now, and do not see things correctly; you are dazzled by the extravagant homage, perhaps, offered to a hundred women besides yourself; but beware, Beatrice, it is shallow water that babbles and foams!"

"I wonder," Beatrice said, her eyes flashing now, "would you have pleaded Mr. Anniston's cause if *he* had been a poor man, struggling with fortune?"

"Perhaps not, Beatrice; you are not fit to be a poor man's wife; you have no great amount of physical strength, and you have not the kind of moral strength needful for those who have to contend with the realities of poverty."

"I know, brother, that now *you* misjudge *me*. My body is the servant of my soul. It is when I am sick with weariness, and almost loathe an utterly aimless existence, that my physical strength fails me!"

"Beatrice! Beatrice! when in *your* short life has your soul been sick with weariness?"

"Many a time! It is not your fault; I do not reproach you; all is different now."

"Poor child!"

"Do not pity me, dear Eldon! I am very sorry to have grieved you;" she went to him and took his hand. He held her firmly as he said:

"For years, Beatrice, it has been my hope that one day my sister and my friend would love each other well. I fancied that you would appreciate Anniston's solid

and simple goodness and quiet depth of feeling; and Beatrice, I thought awhile ago that my dream would come true."

Eldon's eyes had a keen penetrating look. Beatrice released her hand, and turned; a moment she stood still in the middle of the room, then suddenly she pressed close up to her brother, laid her cheek against his shoulder, and said, sweetly and shyly:

"Dear Eldon, I will tell you the whole truth: your dream might have come true. I did like Mr. Anniston, and I did not know my own heart. I know that your friend is very good; if I have given him pain, I am more grieved than you can think; but as his wife I should be miserable, and then he could not be happy. So it is better as it is; only I wish we had parted good friends. When I thought I could love Mr. Anniston, I did not know what love is, Eldon;" Beatrice fled, having made that confession.

Late that June night, Beatrice, with disheveled hair and loose white raiment, sat at her open window, which looked over a little valley then flooded by moonlight. By that witching light she wrote in a certain small green-bound and gold-clasped book of hers:

"Offered to a hundred women besides! Nay, Eldon, you do not understand! A poet worships the ideal, finds it partially revealed in many natures, bows down to all shrines so consecrated; but his love, the deepest poetry and highest worship of his soul, is for one, but one! How it must glorify that one, in the present and for the future! Looking into the poet's soul, how fairly and spiritually I am mirrored! it is not myself I see, but the highest possibility of my being. We become like what we very constantly look upon, so Shelley says: if I live face to face with my idealized self, I may grow purer and more beautiful each day!"

The little book was closed and locked away. Beatrice stood before her glass, she gazed searchingly at her own moonlit face, pushing back the dark hair from the pure brow. She sighed. That night she knelt long, wrapt in the mystical reverie which passed with her for devotion.

Next morning Beatrice and Fleda were in the garden early. Fleda was gathering flowers; Beatrice held in her hand some that the child had gathered, and strayed on musing; musing, she staid her steps

beneath some young larches; musing she smiled and sighed while she drew a soft-plumed bough across and across her cheek.

In that musing mood, the breeze just stirring her light dress, and parting the boughs to let flecks of sun-light fall upon her, Beatrice looked beautiful exceedingly.

So thought one who suddenly emerged from the shrubbery and stood close beside her. Her flowers fell from her hand and the red flew into her cheeks. Mr. Tyremain did not do any thing so commonplace as return her good-morning; he bent his head before his "beautiful cousin," and smiled, as one smiles at a lovely picture. He did not pick up the flowers lying at her feet, he said they had found their place, so there they lay till fairy Fleda came by and gathered them up.

"I knew that you were an early riser, Beatrice!" he said as he moved down the path by her side; "I may call you Beatrice; it is a pleasure to say the name; you know that exquisite little Italian song 'Beatrice, Beatrice.'" He sang over a few lines in a low voice.

Beatrice had no need to rouse from her dream as she listened to her companion that morning; his words were but revelations from dreamland, tinged with the atmosphere of that charmed region.

By and by Eldon came to seek these dreamers.

"Beatrice, you are wrong!" he said gravely. "The morning is fresh, and you wear no shawl, and you have been walking on the dewy grass without goloshea. It is very imprudent of you!"

Mr. Tyremain smiled contemptuously. "My fair 'morning' shawled and goloshed!" he whispered to Beatrice; then added to Eldon: "Your sister will take no harm; nature is kind to beautiful things that trust her!"

"My sister's health is not strong, and she ought to run no risks," Eldon said, rather sternly; he insisted that Beatrice should change her shoes before she sat down to breakfast.

"So Mr. Anniston has left this neighbourhood!" Mr. Tyremain remarked to Eldon, not without glancing at Beatrice.

"He has," was the short reply, and Eldon turned to silence some enlargements upon that text by the sorrowing Fleda.

Long before Eldon had finished the

leisurely discussion of his breakfast, Mr. Tyremain was restlessly pacing the room; he had evidently some scheme in his busy brain.

"Your sister said the other day, Ring-ton, that she had never seen the ocean," he began quite abruptly.

Beatrice uplifted her expectant eyes to the speaker's face. Eldon said merely: "Well?"

"We will take her to the coast of Cornwall. I am somewhat tired of this tame neighborhood, and should intensely enjoy beholding the sea for the *first time again* through your sister's impressions."

"Why go to the coast of Cornwall?" asked Eldon. "It is most difficult of approach from here."

"But it is so grand! I have one particular spot in view. Her experience must be as perfect as possible."

"The glass has been falling rapidly for some days, and we are going to have unsettled weather."

"Yes, a few wild, stormy days; we must not lose them. We will start to-night," Mr. Tyremain said.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Eldon and Mrs. Smith.

"To-morrow, then; not later. Look at your sister's face."

"I don't think it looks as if she were especially fit for a long and very troublesome journey in unpleasant weather," Eldon said.

"Please, Eldon, let us go; I should so like it. You never refuse me any thing," Beatrice laid her hand on her brother's arm caressingly; he smiled acquiescence, yet somewhat grimly.

"Where is your particular spot, Tyremain? How do we get at it? How long must we be away?" he asked.

Mr. Tyremain shrugged his shoulders; he produced a guide-book with a map of Cornwall in it, laid it down before Eldon.

"This is the place, marked by a dot of my pen, Kye Cove!" he said. "I commend you to the study of this book, and I am sure you will arrange every thing admirably. Miss Rington, shall we read German this morning?"

"Excuse me Miss Rington," Mrs. Smith interrupted, "but you had a severe headache after your last lesson, and if you are going to leave home so unexpectedly there are many things for you to arrange."

Beatrice had risen; she paused; Mr. Tyremain watched her with a half-smile.

Eldon was deep in the study of the guide-book.

"I will devote the afternoon to my arrangements, Mrs. Smith," Beatrice said. "We will read for a short time, if you please, Mr. Tyremain."

"Our books are in the library, we will read there."

Beatrice bowed assent, and with a more stately step than usual, passed through the door he held open.

"Beatrice, that is the chair set ready for you," he said pointing to one in the oriel window. "I like that mass of crimson behind your fair beauty, and those amethyst glints on your hair and dress."

Beatrice seated herself; she arranged the books on the table before her gravely, not once raising her eyelashes higher than there was need.

A little shower had fallen; the window now filled with scented sunshine; Mr. Tyremain threw the lattice wide open and leant out, inhaling the freshened fragrance of the blossoming limes, from which came the multitudinous stir and sound of summer insects. Then Beatrice lifted her eyes timidly to fix them on the picturesque head on which the sun shone and the wind blew. The eyelashes swiftly swept the cheek again as Mr. Tyremain left the window, and returned to contemplation of the picture within; all pride had melted from the girl's face, she drooped over her books, and turned the pages with trembling fingers.

"You are not ill; all their fuss is unnecessary, is it not?" Mr. Tyremain asked abruptly, startling Beatrice into meeting his look.

"Oh! no, I am not ill. But they mean well and kindly," she answered.

"Of course; and well-meaning people are intensely tiresome. Now, Beatrice, we will read the scene from *Faust* that I spoke of to you."

He drew a chair close to hers. He took the book, imprisoning the fingers that flitted about among the leaves. "O admirable Goethe!" he said, as he bent his short-sighted eyes upon the volume. "Most colossal man! strong-brained, deep-hearted, delicate-fingered!" He read one passage after another, demanding: "Can any thing be more exquisite in its way than this? Now we will read the parts of Faust and Margaret in his garden-scene. Begin, Margaret."

Beatrice obeyed, reading as best she might.

She came to Margaret's impassioned exclamation:

"Bester Mann! von Derzen lieb' Hich ich!"

Mr. Tyremain's finger pointed to the words, but his eyes were on her face. Pride stood Beatrice in good stead: she read the words coldly, more steadily than she could read the short soliloquy of Margaret when Faust is gone.

"I do not like this Margaret," she said, closing the book and releasing her hand; "she does not seem to me to be simple, but to affect simplicity. She is completely a man's woman."

"I should have expected you to feel the scene too much to be coldly critical. Let us turn on and read the prison-scene," Mr. Tyremain replied.

"Oh no!" Beatrice said, rising hastily; "it is enough for to-day."

"Stay, Beatrice, I can not spare you yet. I so seldom have you to myself, and Eldon can not understand us."

But Beatrice murmured something about being wanted, and fled away to lock herself into her own room. She threw herself on a couch, and burst into a passion of tears—tears produced by mere excitement and exhaustion, reaction after her self-command. That they were not tears of grief was very evident, for presently, before the moisture had dried from her eye-lashes, she smiled, then sank into happy dreaminess. "Von Herzen lieb' ich Dich!" sounded through her musings softly, not startling her as the like words in familiar English might have done.

CHAPTER III.

Just before sunset, on a stormy autumnal-seeming day, Beatrice, her brother, and Mr. Tyremain, approached Kye Cove.

Beatrice had been subjected to much tyranny; she had not been allowed to look out of the carriage-windows since they had been near the coast, and the last part of the journey had therefore been wearisome. Now she was very thoroughly tired in body and mind; the journey had been a long one, and her mind was strained by constant effort to keep its mood wound high enough to sympathize

with Mr. Tyremain's subtle refinements of fancy and feeling; she had never before been his companion for more than a few hours at a time. She was, moreover, nervous now, lest she should disappoint him by her manner of being impressed by the sight of the ocean about which he raved. To be left alone with Eldon for a while, to sink down to the level of an ordinary nature, feeling that nothing was expected of her, would have been a great rest and relief.

The carriage stopped at the nearest approachable spot to the one cottage at the Cove, which Eldon had secured.

"You, my good fellow, go to the house and settle every thing," Mr. Tyremain decreed. "Now, before the sun sets, your sister must come down to my point."

"Beatrice is tired, and must rest to-night. You are quite merciless," Eldon said.

"It is a short distance; this is a splendid time for the scene. Miss Rington shall please herself, of course," Mr. Tyremain said dryly.

"Take my arm, dear," Eldon urged; "choose wisely and ignobly, you need rest and refreshment."

"I am not very tired; this glorious wind refreshes me. Mr. Tyremain says that it is not far; he wishes me to go, dear Eldon."

Mr. Tyremain's observant face brightened with a smile of triumph; he possessed himself of Beatrice's hand, nodded to Eldon, and away they went. He had not done tyrannizing yet; he made Beatrice close her eyes when they left the little hollow in which the carriage had stopped. He guided her carefully at first, but when they were on the rough beach, where care was most needed, his attention wandered from his silent companion.

Beatrice's trembling feet once or twice nearly failed her. The noise of the near waters, the great booming and sounding that seemed to shake the ground on which she trod, made her thrill and shiver with awe and bewilderment; she clung closer to her companion, clasping his arm with both her hands, but he did not speak one kind reassuring word.

When she felt the spray dash upon her face, it was with difficulty that she refrained from crying out in affright, and begging to retreat; her guide did not inspire her with that absolute confidence which precludes fear. Presently he lifted her in

his arms on to a rocky pinnacle, and bade her open her eyes. She looked upon a mighty waste of waters.

The sun was setting in wild splendor; fiery light fell upon foamy turrets of crystalline, emerald green walls; these walls, meet to inclose a fairy-palace, ceaselessly heaved themselves up suddenly to fall away, before and on either hand, crashing thunderingly against the base of the little crag on which Beatrice and her companion stood.

Beatrice had withdrawn her hands from Mr. Tyremain's arm, and turned a little from him; no instinctive, protecting tenderness led him to put an arm round her then, though the wind, blowing fiercely against her, swayed the slight figure to and fro, though it seemed too lightly poised, and in danger of being dashed from its perilous eminence by each stronger shock of wind and wave.

Beatrice had forgotten all fear, all love, in a great vague awe. Her bosom heaved as wildly as the wildly-troubled waters over which she gazed; a dumb warfare was being waged within her, a struggle, as it were, of the finite to comprehend the infinite.

Mr. Tyremain watched her, standing with folded arms. Her face was eloquent of her soul's emotion. Presently he stirred her from her trance, touching her lightly and saying softly: "Beatrice, Beatrice! speak to me."

She gave a great shuddering sigh, such a sigh as a spirit recalled to the body, which it had just left, might give. She turned to him with an expression almost of agony in her eyes, exclaiming: "It is too much! It is cruel! It crushes me! I can not bear it!"

Then he drew her to him, her face lay upon his bosom, the hot breath of passion scorched her cold cheek. All life and power seemed to fail from her; she vaguely heard his wild words. He could be passionate, though not tender. He called her his, his muse, his inspiration, his soul's mistress, his beautiful pearl, his Queen Beatrice.

The sun had set, and a rain and spray-laden wind blew very chilly upon Beatrice. He said that mermaids were sprinkling his love with their own pearls. He pressed her tightly to his heart the while. This she suffered while she had no strength to resist, but presently conviction that none of his vague words gave him the right to

act thus, dawned upon her; she disengaged herself, turned from him to wind up her wind-scattered hair, and said that she would go to Eldon; that it was cold; and that the noise bewildered her.

Poor Beatrice's eyes had wonder and appealing timidity in them as she proceeded to take her dangerous and difficult way from the crag; and Mr. Tyremain let her do so unaided. He had turned from her.

Eldon had come to look for his sister. Soon she was leaning on his arm.

"Is it safe for *him* to stay there?" were her first words. "Is not the tide rising?"

"No, dear, falling."

"Then let us go on."

Arrived at the cottage, Beatrice listened anxiously, striving to hear, above the roar of the wild night, the sound of footsteps in the shingle; but she had sought her tiny chamber before Mr. Tyremain deigned to avail himself of shelter and refreshment.

The ceaseless noise of wind and water, and the ceaseless rise and fall of waves of excited feeling within her breast, kept Beatrice awake that night. She was humbled, wounded, and disappointed, preyed upon by a sense that all was not right or well. She had heard too much or too little for her pride and peace.

Next day Beatrice kept close to Eldon's side, and treated Mr. Tyremain with reserve. It seemed that, though having placed him on a pinnacle, she was ready to do homage to his fancied greatness, and, to a certain extent, to forbear to judge him by ordinary laws, yet she would not quite forego her woman's privileges, or at all forget her woman's dignity. She was angry with Mr. Tyremain, and to be so made her miserable.

Mr. Tyremain's manner of acknowledging her altered behavior was variable. Sometimes he was all fierce impatience, shooting threatening glances at her; sometimes he was absorbed and dreamy, and would fix his eyes on her face with a cold, unrecognizing look. He was not penitent and tender, or all the poor girl's resolution would have dissolved.

Beatrice had never in her life been so unhappy as she was during the week they remained at Kye Cove; but she put so good a face upon the matter, that Eldon only supposed that some temporary misunderstanding existed between his sister and

Mr. Tyremain, and thought Beatrice unwise to assume so proud a demeanor. Beatrice meanwhile, often, as she watched the great waves come tumbling in towards her, longed, with sick longing, to lie down before them, and let them snatch her up and whirl her away.

At length she and Eldon were journeying home alone. At the last moment Mr. Tyremain said he should not go with them, but would follow them in a few days. He and Beatrice parted indifferently.

As they drove off, Eldon turned to Beatrice, who had sunk back in a corner of the carriage, and said: "I suppose that you understand this strange conduct, Beatrice?"

She silenced him by a gesture. Her lips would not then form an *ay* or *nay*.

On the night of her return home, Beatrice, alone in her own chamber, drew out her little book and began to write:

"Home again! The last few days seem like a troubled dream pulsed by the beating of that wild sea. God forgive me my wickedness, pity *my* frailty, preserve me from the presumptuous sin of judging another. But oh! if I have made unto myself an idol which will fall, let it fall on me and crush me! But it will not fall—these are wild words; yet ——"

There she broke off, saying:

"No! I will not pry into my own heart."

Looking into her eyes, which widened as she looked, she said:

"If he should never come! If in this great world we should never meet again! God pity me!"

"Beatrice, stay; I must speak to you!" Mr. Rington said resolutely one morning, as Beatrice was gliding from the room. Weeks had passed, Mr. Tyremain had not been seen or heard of, and Beatrice avoided being alone with Eldon.

"I will defend him! No one shall call him cowardly or cruel!" she thought. The spirit of this thought made her turn upon her brother with an air of defiance.

"Beatrice," Eldon said, "have you nothing to tell me? No confidence to repose in me? Is there nothing I can do for you?"

Beatrice remaining silent, he went on: "Believing you to be true and trustworthy, I have trusted you completely; can not you now pay trust for trust? Am I not worthy of your confidence, my

sister? Do you expect that I can see you looking heart-broken, and not suffer keenly myself?"

Tears gathered in Beatrice's eyes, and fell slowly. Eldon spoke again:

"Dear Beatrice, you are sometimes proud, sometimes impatient. It may be that Tyremain was exacting and easily offended. You know that my heart does not naturally speak for him; but now your suffering speaks for your love. It is the woman's part to be the peace-maker. If you love each other, do not let a trifle separate you. You know he loves you. Well, is not that enough?"

"Quite enough!"

Beatrice rested her brow on her brother's shoulder. After a moment she looked up with a strange brightness in her face, as if a cloud had rolled from between it and its sun.

"Trust me still, dear Eldon, and trust him still," she said. "God helping me, I will do what is right. And you will ask me nothing more now—trust me still!"

He kissed the face she uplifted, and left her, only half-satisfied.

But the more he watched her after that morning, the more at ease about her he felt. A chastened cheerfulness replaced her former fitful, varying spirits. She lived in hope that was not feverish and flickering, but calm and equable.

Eldon had said: "You know that he loves you!" So Eldon had seen that she was loved. This was enough.

Now she accused herself as having been cold and suspicious. Her mystical love and worship encircled her absent hero brightly. She thought of him as of one whose sensitive, spiritualized nature she had wounded by assumed coldness, disappointed by ungenerous pride, yet who loved her, and had gone out into the world to fight for better right to win her.

As Eldon says, "I *am* proud and impatient, but when he returns he shall find me so no longer," Beatrice often repeated to herself.

CHAPTER IV.

"A year ago! A year ago!" Beatrice murmured to herself when the next spring sun shone upon her. "What is the hardness of waiting? I am worthily loved. He speaks to me in his poetry. Who

else could speak so beautifully? It is strangely sweet to triumph in his success; when the world praises him, to smile secretly and say, 'I am his friend;' when the world blames him, to smile in pity of the world, and still say, 'He is my friend;' I understand him, only I."

So Beatrice mused, tenderly stroking Fleda's bright head, which was leant against her knee.

"I wish Mr. Anniston would come this spring," the child observed. "I *did* like sitting with him by the river, and watching the little ripples run after one another. I did like him so much!"

"Talking of Anniston," Eldon said, feeling in his pocket, "here's an account of both words and deeds of Henry Anniston's." Eldon drew out a newspaper. Fleda and Mrs. Smith looked full of interest, but Beatrice was apparently still lost in her own thoughts. On her knee lay a magazine containing a poem of Tyremain's.

"Fleda, I'll try and make you understand that your friend is a hero after his own fashion." Her brother lifted the lifted girl upon his knee, unfolded his paper, and glanced over it.

"Anniston had to go into a part of Ireland where the people are so miserable that they have grown wicked, to get information about a murder that had been committed there," Eldon began. Here Beatrice looked up warningly, and Fleda shuddered; so Eldon left out one part of the story, and went on:

"Anniston went alone. He was successful in his search and inquiries, and most likely the guilty man began to think he should be taken. One night Henry was in the country late, he had just crossed a bridge over a deep, rapid river, when a man rushed out upon him from behind a group of firs. Henry presented his pistol, but the fellow was too desperate to be frightened, and attacked him furiously. Anniston then threw his pistol into the river, that it might not be used against him, and struggled with the ruffian. He is strong; but the other was mad with despair, and was armed with a knife. Anniston received a stab, and loss of blood weakened him. It was dark; in the struggle they got nearer and nearer to the edge of the river; the bank gave way beneath their feet; they both fell in. Anniston can swim well; he soon reached the bank. It happened that the moon

shone out then for a few moments, and he saw his enemy struggling frantically in the water at some distance. Henry, spite of weakness, succeeded by desperate efforts in reaching the man, and dragging him up the bank. Then he lost his consciousness. He did not know what happened till he found himself lying on a heap of heather in a dark, smoky hovel; through the half-open door, he saw that it was broad sunny daylight outside. His wound had been bound up, and beside him were set bread and water. He was alone. So he lay for hours, unable to move. Towards evening a surgeon came, who said he had been directed to the spot by a wild-looking man, who had escaped as soon as he had spoken. Of course Anniston was soon removed to better quarters, but they say that it will be long before he completely recovers from the effects of this adventure. There, Fleda; there is a story for you!"

"Did the murderer escape?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"He was taken a few days after and convicted on the evidence Anniston had collected. Mrs. Smith, you can read further particulars here. You will also find a brief account of Anniston's speech: he made a strong case against capital punishment out of the affair, dwelling upon the indestructible seeds of nobleness still existing in the nature even of a murderer, as evinced by his gratitude to one who had saved his life. It is hoped that in consequence of Anniston's appeal the man's sentence will be commuted to transportation. Beatrice, I should like *you* to look at this paper."

But Beatrice had noiselessly vanished, had glided down the garden.

"Dear me! it is almost time Miss Rington dressed. It is such a long drive to the 'Elms,'" Mrs. Smith exclaimed.

"I had been thinking so of poor Mr. Anniston that I had forgotten about Beatrice's grand ball," Elfleda said; she still kept her place on Eldon's knee.

Meanwhile Beatrice stood still under a great elm, to be blown upon by the wind always stirring there. Her peace had been ruffled. She grew pale with passionate panting pain; her uplifted eyes brimmed over with an agony of longing. For the moment she felt as if she must die did she not soon hear the voice and touch the hand of her poet-lover, her

hero; have *proof* of that love and nobleness in which she had fancied she so firmly believed.

A few hours later she was the cynosure of many eyes in the crowded drawing-rooms at "the Elms." By and by, raising a glance full of languor, after making scornfully courteous acknowledgment of some well-got-up, pretty speech, her eyes were met by Mr. Tyremain's—only for an instant; a movement in the crowd had opened a vista which was soon blocked up again. Disdain and weariness left Beatrice's face; a soft, satisfied smile dawned upon it.

"Do you know that a prophet is among us to-night, Miss Rington?" her partner presently asked Beatrice. "Tyremain is here."

"So I perceive."

"Perhaps you know something of him; a strange, flighty man he is, I hear. These geniuses are dangerous beings, I always think; very well on show, in society; but for every day life and every day uses defend me from them!"

"No doubt your prayer will be heard, Mr. Mardon: 'like to like' is the rule of the world; you know eagles will always be solitary birds, while lowlier birds congregate; still there is this to be said for the poor eagle, it can, on occasion, walk the earth; now the less noble bird can not soar like an eagle, even on occasion."

"Ha, ha! very true." The dance was ended; the gentleman bowed and escaped from Beatrice as soon as she sat down, near a window in a less crowded room. She was half-hidden by the drapery, and presently remained alone. The window was open down to the ground; lawn and shrubbery were steeped in moonlight. Beatrice gazed out.

"Beatrice, come out to me!" a voice from a shadowed place said softly. The girl started, but she stepped out upon the terrace. Mr. Tyremain drew the window-curtain behind her, and then gazed at her as he might have gazed at a lovely, life-like picture. She stood there in "splendor of satin and glimmer of pearl" and floating enchantment of filmy lace, the moonlight glancing on her snowy neck and arms. She looked regal, save for the modestly downcast eyes that would not meet his, but were fastened on the rich-hued bouquet she held.

Gilbert Tyremain, if you had been a

true poet, you would then have been a true man! you would have wooed for your wife this woman, who, as you believed in your proud heart, loved you entirely. He drew her hand upon his arm.

"You are more beautiful than ever, Beatrice, my perfect poem!" he said, as he led her down the terrace steps, down the soft, sloping lawn, farther and farther away from the house.

"You are less sane than ever," she might well have answered, but she glided on by his side unresistingly. It was all as a dream. Her companion poured out mystical, musical-sounding praises of her beauty and that of the moonlit night, leading her now across the dew-laden grass in the park, heedless of the moisture which soon soaked through the white satin slippers. Presently he paused, placing Beatrice half in moonlight, half in shadow of drooping branches. "The 'Evening' to my 'Morning'!" he said. "They will be perfect, those two poems. All yours, Beatrice—interpretations my genius gives of your beauty."

The wind moaned round Beatrice chilly; she shivered.

"I must go in, it is so cold. And I shall be missed. It is a lovely night; but I must not stay any longer." She made an effort to break through her dreaminess and speak in a matter-of-fact tone.

He continued to gaze at her, but did not answer. After a few moments she strove to draw her hand from his arm, saying: "Indeed you must let me go."

"Nay, stay! Let them miss you. You will not leave me so soon."

"It is so cold; and Eldon will be angry."

"You would brave Eldon's anger for me."

"Let me go, Mr. Tyremain, if you please."

"You draw your hand away! you speak strangely. You turn from me!"

"I do."

The night wind seemed to blow through her, to her very heart.

"But you shall not." He tried to draw her closer. "Beatrice! you love me!" His eyes gleamed fiercely.

She recoiled from him, and said: "You have no right to speak to me thus."

"I have the right your soul gives me. You are mine. All beautiful things are mine. You love me. You know you

love me." Again he seized her hand, but she freed it decidedly.

"Sir, you have mistaken me and I have much mistaken you. If you were what I have thought you, you would not speak to any woman thus."

She left him, and went towards the house. The last look he had from her white face showed it ineffably sad. He gazed after her, muttered to himself, then, when he saw Eldon approaching, plunged into the wood behind him. Eldon had

missed, and came to seek his sister. He wrapped a shawl he carried round her, and said no word of reproach. He had seen Tyremain.

"Let us go home," Beatrice pleaded in a low, heart broken tone.

"If you wish, love; but we were to have staid till morning."

"Let us go home. I am going to be ill. Dear Eldon, let us go home."

They went home.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

From the Dublin University Magazine.

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN 1849, I resided for a few months near the famous fishing village of Newhaven, on the shore of the Firth of Forth. Within a stone's cast there was a cottage, where a stranger also sojourned. He was apparently a morose, unsocial being, and frequently as I had met him during our mutual wanderings, along the sea-shore from Granton to Cramond, I yet had never succeeded in inducing him to enter into conversation. He was a tall, gaunt, dark-complexioned man, of fifty, or thereabouts, and although invariably attired in a very plain, not to say coarse fashion, there was a something in his mien that stamped him a gentleman born. His aspect was wild and melancholy, and his voice had a bitter, wailing intonation, suggestive of a life of sorrow and strife—perhaps also of sin and crime. I grew interested in this singular personage, and knowing that *his* landlady was a sworn gossip of *mine*, I availed myself of this channel to acquire information concerning him. All that even his own landlady knew, was, that he came to the neighborhood of Newhaven a twelvemonth before, and had ever since been her lodger. The name he gave was Marmaduke Dun-

raven, an "unco queer-fashed" name, as she observed; but what his profession was, or had been, she could not even guess. He appeared to have a small yet regular income, lived economically, and paid her punctually. He had not a single acquaintance, shunned all observation, and was exceedingly reserved. He spent his time out of doors in sea-side rambles, and when in-doors, did nothing but write, and pore over old manuscripts and books in divers unknown tongues. He would sometimes mutter to himself what she called "heathen gibberish" for hours, when a "dark fit" came over him, but she nevertheless thought him a good man at heart, whatever his former life might have been, concerning which she had "her misgivings"—and instanced several acts of charity and real benevolence he had performed towards the poor fisher folks and their families. His correspondence was very limited, for he had only received three letters during his year's sojourn. And this was all that honest Luckie Macrae could tell of her inexplicable lodger.

One evening I pondered the matter over, and, shaking the ashes out of my pipe, exclaimed, "There is a Mystery in our village—unquestionably, a Mystery!"

About a week subsequently a fearful storm raged all day and night, and from my window I watched the foaming sea

with great anxiety, for I knew that a large fleet of the open fishing-boats were out. As I looked sympathizingly at the groups of fisher-wives in their picturesque attire, I thought how mournfully true was the song of "Caller Herrin'":

"Wha'll buy caller herrin' ?
They're bonnie fish and hilsum fairin' ;
Wha'll buy caller herrin' ?
New drawn frae the Forth ?
When ye were sleepin' on your pillows
Dreamed ye ought o' our puir fellows,
Darkling, as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows ?"

"Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
They're no brought here without brave
 darin' ;
Buy my caller herrin',
 Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
Oh ! ye may call them vulgar fairin' ;
*Wires and mither's, maist despairin',
 Ca' them lives o' men !*"

A bright calm morning succeeded the storm. I mingled among the fisher-folks, all of whom knew me by sight and asked what tidings they had about their friends at sea. A diversity of opinion prevailed ; but I was glad to learn that the oldest and most experienced concluded that the boats had run for shelter into the harbors along the south-eastern coast.

As I was returning home who should run out of her cottage to accost me but Luckie Macrae. The good woman was evidently much excited, and the moment she came up she vehemently cried :

"Eh, sir ! but what an awfu' nicht I hae gane through ! Ye hae heerd, nac muckie doot, aboot it a' ?"

I imagined she alluded to the storm, and the dubious fate of the fishermen at sea, but she quickly undeceived me.

"Deed it's no that. Ye dinna ken, but O sir ! ye *maun* gang intil the hoose and see him ! He'll no last mair than till the turning o' the tide, I'm thinking, and what maun a puir lone body like me do in siccan a strait ? Lordsake, sir, come along, for ye can speak wi' him, and will understand him, and that's mair than the likes o' me can do."

"What, is it your lodger ? Is he ill, or dying as you seem to fancy ?" said I, astonished.

"Fancy ! deil hae't, there's no a bit o' fancy aboot it. The doctor says he canna bide ower the day, and it's no impossible he may flit awa' in twa or three hoors, Eh, Lordsake, it's a' thegither extrordinar' !"

Shocked at this intelligence, I unhesitatingly accompanied Luckie into her house, where she bade me sit down a moment in her own little parlor, ere introducing me to her dying lodger in his room overhead.

"Bide a wee, sir," said she, and bustling to the closet, she brought forth a bottle and glasses, saying : "Ye maun e'en tak' schnaps afore ye gang intil yond' puir creetur, for ye will see an awsome sight, and aiblins hear uncanny things, I dinna ken. Eh, sir, the way he has talked and maundered all nicht lang was fearfu' !"

She then rapidly related to me the whole history of his sudden illness. It appeared that he was in his usual health until the previous morning, when the postman brought him a letter, and when he had read it she avowed that he gave an "eldritch screech," and raved like a man demented. She was alarmed, and attempted to soothe and condole with him, supposing that he had received news of some domestic calamity, but he took not the slightest notice of her presence, and after reading the fatal letter over and over again, he thrust it in the fire, and in a state of frightful agitation opened his drawers and cast heap after heap of papers and documents on the floor, all of which he successively thrust between the bars of the grate, muttering to himself like a maniac all the while. Poor Luckie was so alarmed that she ran out of the room, and he instantly looked himself in, and remained tolerably quiet for several hours, until she was startled by a heavy fall on his floor, succeeded by struggling. Running up-stairs she knocked at the door, but received no reply beyond a stifled groan. Luckie then flew for help, and the door was forced open by the fishermen she had summoned. An appalling sight met their view. The books and other little properties of the unfortunate gentleman were scattered in every direction, and he himself was lying in an insensible condition on the floor, soaked in blood. At first they imagined he had cut his throat or stabbed himself, but they soon perceived that he had simply burst a

* A species of basket in which the fisher-wives carry the herrings for sale.

blood-vessel from mental excitement. He was immediately placed in his bed, and a doctor did all that human skill could to promote his recovery. The unhappy man by degrees became fully sensible, and his first inquiry was addressed to the doctor, whom he besought to tell him whether he was or was not in mortal danger? The reply, couched gently but explicitly, was in the affirmative, whereupon the patient manifested little emotion, merely remarking that for his part he was not in such love with life as to murmur at the prospect of exchanging it for a better state of being. The doctor felt it a duty to pointedly ask poor Dunraven whether he would not wish for his friends to be instantly communicated with, but the response was a stern negative. In vain did the worthy doctor press the point, for Dunraven decisively replied that there was no one living whom he cared should know whether he himself was alive or dead.

The doctor gave imperative orders to Luckie and her gossips to keep the dying man—for dying he was, and no earthly power could long avert the doom—as quiet as possible; and meanwhile he sent a friend of his, a clergyman, to visit and pray with and for the friendless stranger. Dunraven thanked the minister for his attendance, listened attentively to his religious exhortations, and fervently cried ‘Amen’ to the prayer uttered on his behalf by the kneeling divine.

All night the landlady said he had remained awake, and notwithstanding his bodily exhaustion his mind was evidently preternaturally active, and he had muttered to himself for hours in a way she could not understand. The doctor had repeatedly called and done his utmost, and now he had just told her that her lodger could not possibly survive the day.

When Luckie concluded, I expressed my anxious wish at once to visit this mysterious man, and she led me to his room. On entering, the woman in attendance made a sign of caution, as the patient had sunk in a troubled sleep. I stepped lightly to his bed, and silently contemplated the appalling example before me of the consequences of yielding to unbridled passion, no matter how evoked. He lay flat on his back, with both arms stretched on the outside of the coverlet, and the clothes partially thrust off his breast by his own unconscious act. His lineaments were deadly white—and this

struck me the more as, when in health, his complexion was very dark—but calm and indicative of extreme physical prostration. His features were strongly marked, and his grizzled hair was yet matted in some places with gouts of dry blood. A small streak of bloody foam slowly oozed at the corners of his mouth when his lips nervously twitched. Both hands were firmly clenched, and once or twice he uplifted and slightly shook them with what seemed a menacing air.

In a few minutes he gave a prolonged sigh, and awoke. He turned over on his right side, and his wild dark eyes gazed first at his landlady and then at myself. He recognized me instantly, and nodded his head, but did not speak. I drew nearer, and expressing my sympathy with his condition, said that I had taken the liberty to call upon him to offer my services in any shape he would command, adding, that I knew by personal experience what it is to be stretched on a bed of sickness in a strange land.

He smiled faintly, and offered me his hand to shake.

“You are very kind, sir,” said he, “but you are in error when you suppose me to be a foreigner.”

“Pardon me, but can not I communicate on your behalf with your friends?”

“Friends!” exclaimed he, bitterly, “I have no friends, and if I had, I would rather die unknown to them.”

“It is very shocking!” I involuntarily murmured.

“Not more shocking than true;” was the cool response. “But you mean kindly—pray be seated.”

I willingly complied.

“My hours,” resumed he, “are numbered—it may be my very minutes—and I wish to turn my face to the wall. You are a stranger, but you say that you will do all that you can for me?”

“Your last wishes shall be solemnly fulfilled to the utmost in my power.”

“Thanks.”

He beckoned to his landlady, and poor Luckie approached, with her apron to her eyes, for with all his eccentricities, she had grown much attached to her lodger.

“Open the bottom-drawer,” said he, pointing to a cabinet, “and bring the box you will find in it.”

Luckie did as desired, and drew forth a small iron box, which she placed on a

chair within his reach. He pressed a secret spring in its side, and the lid flew open. He then emptied the contents on the coverlet of the bed, having previously been propped up with pillows at his own request. Those contents appeared to be souvenirs. There was a locket or two, a small French Testament, a pocket compass, a silver snuff-box, a finely embroidered muslin handkerchief, a curious gold seal, a book-mark of green silk, and a miniature portrait in a plain ebony case, with a long black ribbon looped to it. The dying man took up one article after another, and I observed that he set his teeth firmly together as he did so. The embroidered handkerchief he clutched in his hand, and his lips quivered with suppressed emotion as he laid it by his side. One by one he replaced in the box every other article except it and the miniature. The latter he held in both hands, and gazed at it absorbingly. At length tears started in his eyes and slowly trickled down his wasted cheeks. I obtained a single glance at the portrait, and perceived that it was that of a beautiful girl, with her autograph at the bottom. What the name was, however, I did not decipher. He grasped the handkerchief anew, and pressed it to his face, murmuring :

"There, it has wiped away the last tears I shall ever shed!"

The next moment he imprinted a long, clinging kiss on the miniature, and passing the ribbon round his neck, placed the portrait over his heart with the back part of the frame uppermost. Then he thrust the handkerchief upon it, and carefully buttoned his shirt over all. I guessed what was about to ensue.

Turning to me, he fixed his piercing eyes full on mine, as though he would read my very soul, and hoarsely cried :

"You will sacredly keep a promise you make to a dying man, unknown though he be?"

"By my dearest hopes, I will!"

"Then hearken. When I am dead let no hand remove this miniature and handkerchief from my cold breast—let no eye even look upon them—and let them be buried with me. Do you promise?"

"Most solemnly I do."

"Swear it!" exclaimed he, with startling energy, suddenly taking the little French Testament from the box, and placing it in my hand, "swear by your

faith in this book that you will do all that I require!"

I kissed the Testament, and exclaimed :

"I will do it, so help me, God!"

"I am content," sighed he, sinking back, "and now I shall die happily!"

The landlady offered him a mixture left by the doctor, and he swallowed it with avidity. Then he roused himself, and exclaimed almost cheerfully :

"My time draws nigh—death is shaking my last sands of life!"

"Do you think your dissolution so near?" said I, whilst a feeling of profound awe crept over me; for never yet had I sat by a death-bed, and witnessed the last struggle between time and eternity in a mortal breast.

"Ay," murmured he, rather soliloquizing than replying to me, "for *she* hovered around me last night, radiant in her immortal loveliness—a loveliness wondrous even on earth, but transcendent now that she soars on angel-wing in Paradise—and she pointed heavenward, and smiled, and beckoned me to come and share her blissful abiding place for aye. Ere another midnight I shall be with her."

"To whom do you allude?" I ventured to ask.

An inexplicable smile flitted athwart his lineaments, and a dazzling unearthly gleam shot from his eyes.

"What have I been saying? It is nothing!" and the smile deepened in its mysterious potency.

He passed his hand once or twice over his brow, and then in a low abstracted voice asked for his writing-desk. It was held to him, and opening it, he took from out a private drawer a small roll of bank-notes.

"Here," said he, "you see all the money I am possessed of—but no matter! there is more than I have lived to spend."

"Have you any instructions to give for its disposal?"

"Why, yes, 'twill be better. Write down what I dictate."

I dipped a pen, and taking a sheet of paper prepared to write down literally his last bequests.

"I have here," said he, "seventy-five pounds. I wish to be buried as privately and cheaply as possible. Remember that."

"It shall be as you desire."

"Not at this place," continued he.

"Take me to Cramond* churchyard—'tis a sweet spot, and I have often thought of late that I should like to sleep there. Near the wall are two grand old sycamore trees, and I wish to be buried between them, for when the wind blows, their gnarled interlaced limbs will play a requiem as wild and melancholy as his life has been who will rest below."

I shuddered at this strange fancy; but I had myself often stood beneath the churchyard wall, and listened to the very peculiar *eerie* moaning the fantastic limbs of the ancient trees in question make in windy weather, and therefore I knew Dunraven's mind was not wandering.

"Rear no sculptured emblem, no stone, no memorial over me, but plant a red-rose tree at my head, and a cypress at my feet. *She*," sadly added he, "was the rose, and *I* the cypress."

After a pause: "Be sure," reiterated he, eagerly, "that you raise no stone: let my grave be nameless; let there be naught to indicate where the wanderer found his final abiding-place on earth."

I carefully noted down all he said, and assured him that his minutest requests should be literally complied with.

"And now," resumed he, "for the disposal of my little all. Let the physician and those who have attended me be duly paid, and when the expenses of my funeral are also deducted, I bequeath the entire residue of the money to my honest landlady here. She is a poor widow, and has been unremitting in her kind attentions to me during the whole of my sojourn with her."

Poor Luckie was so overcome at this speech, that she sobbed like a child and moaned:

"Nae, nae, it's you who have been owre gude to me and my poor feytherless bairns, for ye hae a kind feeling heart o' yeer ain, and I always said it! Eh! it's no the siller that I wad value a bodle, gin' I could ainy see ye weel aince mair."

Dunraven looked kindly at her, and shook his head in silence. He next bequeathed to me the whole of his books, manuscripts, and little personal souvenirs, in spite of my reluctance to accept them. He was peremptory on this point, and at

length I acceded. His worldly matters were now arranged, he said, to his perfect satisfaction, and he sank back for a while, and covered his eyes with one hand, whilst the fingers of the other rapidly opened and closed over the coverlet, with that clutching motion so common in the case of the dying. Soon he aroused himself, and requested that the window of his room, which overlooked the sea, might be thrown wide open. This was done, and as he reclined back on the pillows, he had a full view of the beautiful broad Firth, and the sunlit hills of the opposite coast of Fife. Long and earnestly, with an expression of mingled pleasure and pain, did he gaze, and his eye glanced understandingly at the different vessels in sight—some at anchor in the roads, others under sail up or down the Firth.

"Never more," exclaimed he, sighing heavily, "shall I feel the bounding motion of a buoyant bark! Many's the cruise that I have made on nearly every ocean and sea of this world, but my voyage of life is ended, and I shall soon anchor in the ocean of eternity."

"You have been a sailor?"

"A sailor! ay, and what is more than a sailor, a thorough seaman," answered he, emphatically; and even in the hour of death an expression of stern professional pride uplit his speaking lineaments. "There are countries, sir, where the name and fame of the Count of Elsinore will be remembered generations hence; and when they speak of the noble Rover of the Baltic, they will not forget his faithful friend and officer, whose last moments, you, an unknown stranger, have generously come to soothe."

"A rover!" ejaculated I.

"I have said it—and truth is generally uttered by dying lips."

"And were *you*," I half-whispered, "once a rover?"

"I shared the fortunes of my noble and dearly-loved friend, the Count of Elsinore!" answered he firmly, and in a manner that forbade further question. "But," he added, in a gentle and significant tone, "I have bequeathed you all my papers, and you will learn from them whatever you wish to know of the career of us both."

A deep silence ensued, broken only by the smothered sobs of Luckie Macrae. The day was warm and still—not a breath of air was wafted through the open win-

* Cramond is a fine old village a few miles further up the Firth, and, although close upon the shore, it is embosomed with trees, and situated in the midst of lovely rural scenery.

dow. Dunraven continued to gaze steadily on the glittering waters of the Firth, but his mind was far away: he was mentally retracing the stormy adventures of his youth and manhood—adventures which I now began to fear were of a dark and fearful nature.

Suddenly a swallow flew in through the window, swiftly winged its flight thrice around the room, and then fluttered over the head of the dying man, whose preternaturally bright eyes were riveted upon its movements. Finally, with a mournful farewell twitter, it brushed closely past his face, and darting forth into the open sunny air, was seen no more.

"Ah!" exclaimed Dunraven, "well do I understand ye, creature of God!"

This expression, I thought, intimated that he actually regarded the visit of the bird as a message from the unseen world of spirits to warn him that his last moments were at hand, and he possibly also associated its presence with some events in his history then unknown to me.

"Bring me the wine and the goblet you will find in yon old sea-chest!" was the extraordinary direction he immediately afterwards gave to Luckie. "There is," continued he, "at the bottom of the chest, my sea-cloak, in which you will find the flask and goblet. That battered old chest has been my companion in all my voyages and wanderings, and the cloak was a gift of my mother when first I went to sea. I wish it to be spread over me for my pall!"

I promised him that this wish should be complied with; and when Luckie had carefully unrolled the cloak, she found, to my astonishment, a long-necked flask of wine, and a large antique Venetian crystal goblet, cut in the most exquisite style, and enriched with sparkling gems, and precious stones, and gilded devices. She mechanically brightened this sumptuous goblet, and Dunraven received it with flashing eye.

"See!" cried he, holding it forth, all glittering in the warm sunbeams, "this has been an heirloom in my family for four long centuries. My father used it only on high festivals, and the night before his death he drained it for the last time. Since then it has never once been filled. I am the last of my race, and it is meet that I quaff my death-draught from it ere it passes into the hands of the stranger. To you," added he, addressing me, "I bequeath it."

I was so amazed at all I saw and heard, that I could only bow my acceptance of the gift.

"The wine," he resumed, "is of a name and quality befitting the lips of a dying man. It is a flask of rare Cyprus, which once was my father's, and I have always preserved it for an occasion like this."

He here motioned to the landlady to uncork it. She did so, and he received the flask in one hand, and grasping the heavy goblet in the other, steadily poured forth the wine to the lees, and the goblet was brimful. The rich, dark old Cyprus mantled and creamed in its matured strength, and the eye of Dunraven gleamed with a species of fierce exultation as he watched it till the last bubble rose and burst on the surface.

He slowly raised the goblet to his lips and never lowered his hand until he had drained the last drop. Then he calmly kissed the goblet, set it down by his side, and in an unfaltering but unearthly tone, exclaimed:

"All is ended!"

The next moment he sank heavily backward, and without word, or groan, or sigh, or sign, his spirit fled to its final account.

I sacredly kept my oath to the departed. No prying eye gazed on the miniature and handkerchief on his breast—his cherished old sea-cloak was his pall—all his wishes were scrupulously fulfilled. He was buried precisely where he had indicated, and heart-warm tears were shed o'er his grave. A red-rose tree was planted at his head, and a cypress at his feet, and the huge old sycamores of Cramond churchyard yet moan a requiem over him. No stone indicates who rests below; but the cypress casts its shadow, and the red-rose sheds its perfumed leaves over the Rover's grave, and the redbreast, in autumn, hops twitteringly away when a stranger approaches to silently muse o'er the nameless mound.

I found that his books—now mine—were all standard works in English, Latin, French, Spanish, and Danish; but the autographs their fly-leaves once bore had been, in every instance, carefully obliterated. Every scrap of writing had been destroyed, with the special exception of the large packet of manuscripts he had bequeathed to me. I had not the heart to open this for several weeks, although I knew that unless its contents would cast

a light on the history of the deceased, his secret must have perished with him.

At length I examined it, and found that it consisted of a great variety of papers and documents in different hands, together with divers letters and closely-written sheets of notes and memoranda. At the first glance I was confused by the apparent incongruity of the subjects these papers treated of, but on a more regular perusal, incidents which had seemed inexplicable and contradictory proved consonant, and each formed a link of a chain. Wild and romantic adventures—deeds of daring—the most powerful passions of human nature—the worst and the best emotions of the soul—these formed the ground-work of the canvas, so to speak; and in the foreground stood forth a few preëminent actors in the drama. Dunraven himself was a prominent character, yet a subordinate one. It was palpable that a material portion of the facts related in these papers had from time to time been made public—but the bare facts only; and other portions which alone could elucidate the mystery enveloping the main incidents, and enhance their interest, had hitherto remained profoundly secret. I now held the key to the entire Romance of Reality; and as Dunraven had bequeathed me the papers without any restriction as to the use I might be inclined to make of them, I seriously debated in my mind the propriety of condensing them into a narrative of actual facts. So far as Dunraven himself was concerned, there could be no objection to this, but as regarded others, mature consideration convinced me that I should not be morally justified in doing such a thing. Were I, however, to weave the narrative into a fictitious shape—to give Reality the outward garb of Romance—no possible harm could accrue. So have I done.

CHAPTER II.

THE CASTAWAY.

DURING the summer of 18—, the British barque *Camperdown* was sailing on the Baltic sea, homeward bound, from St. Petersburg. One stormy night the bark was on a tack under close-reefed topsails, a few leagues to the eastward of the large Danish island of Bornholm, when a man on the look out reported to the mate who was in charge of the watch, that whilst

the moon shone clear of the wild dark clouds scudding athwart the sky, he had fancied that he saw a fragment of wreck ahead to windward. Thereupon the mate procured the night-telescope, and with its aid he distinctly made out a large spar floating atop a wave, and evidently drifting rapidly towards the bark. There was something attached to the spar, but ere he could distinguish what it was, the entire object disappeared in the trough of the sea. A few minutes later it was again in sight, at a much less distance, and then the mate could positively discern that a human being was clinging to the spar. On this, he ran below to inform the captain, who hurried on deck, and promptly ordered the ship to be so steered as to near the unfortunate castaway, whilst a boat was made ready for lowering.

In a brief period the ship was hove-to, and the boat was launched and pulled towards the spar. When alongside the latter, the sailors found a man lashed to it, in a state of extreme exhaustion. With great difficulty, owing to the chopping sea, they cut the rope and lifted him into the boat, whence he was transferred into the bark. He was too weak to speak, and the humane captain immediately had him conveyed to the cabin, stripped, and placed in a berth. Stimulants were then administered, and his body was swathed in warm blankets. He speedily revived, and evidently a night's rest was all that was requisite to render him quite convalescent. All night he slumbered heavily, and occasionally murmured words in a foreign language.

The dress of the shipwrecked man, thus providentially rescued, consisted of a pair of seaman's trowsers, made of fine blue cloth, a belt of richly embroidered crimson silk, (worn in a roll,) with pendent tassels descending from the left hip to the middle of the thigh. He had no jacket nor vest. His shirt was of white linen, of extraordinary fineness. He wore thick Iceland stockings, and light shoes, with curious silver buckles. In the belt was stuck a keen-edged dagger in a leather sheath, ornamented with brass. The hilt of the weapon was covered with closely-twisted brass wire, affording a firm grip for the hand. In the trowsers' pockets were found a few foreign coins, and a large antique silver snuff-box, with a lengthy inscription in Danish on the lid.

In person, the unknown was of the middle height, but his frame of prodigious muscular development. His hairy chest was of extraordinary breadth, and his limbs were gigantic in size, and one solid mass of muscles, bones, and sinews. His hands were finely shaped. His head was comparatively small but well shaped, and covered with long flossy hair of a very light color, almost silvery. His features were clearly and finely cut, and their extreme delicacy imparted to them quite a feminine—and yet not an effeminate—expression. His eyes were large, and in color light blue. He wore neither whiskers, beard nor moustache, and his countenance was of that rare kind that requires no such manly embellishments. From the lobes of his small ears, exquisitely chased gold rings were pendent; and on the little finger of his left hand he wore a massive gold signet-ring. A deep scar, as though from a cutlass slash, disfigured his left shoulder, and another cicatrice, apparently caused by a musket-ball, in his right side, were observed and commented upon by his rough but kindly nurses. Obviously he was a mariner—yet one of no common stamp—and a foreigner; probably a Scandinavian, or possibly a Russian. His age appeared to be thirty odd.

During the night the weather moderated, and almost a calm ensued by day-break. The kind-hearted captain of the Camperdown had repeatedly looked at the slumbering stranger to see that all was going on well with him, but the latter did not awake from his sleep—so deep as almost to resemble a trance—till noon. The captain was writing at the cabin-table when he heard a movement in the berth—which was an open one—and turning round, he perceived the unknown sitting up and gazing at him with an air of singular perplexity. The captain smiled, and exclaimed:

"You wonder where you are, eh? You have fallen into good hands. Do you understand English?"

The stranger gazed steadily at his interrogator and then replied:

"Yes, I can speak English a little, sir!"

"A little! why you speak it as well as myself;" and in truth he did. "How do you feel yourself now?"

"I am nearly well, and I feel very grateful to you for preserving my life," was the grave and emphatic reply.

"Ay, yours *was* an escape! But touch-and go is a good pilot, as we say. As to myself, I only did my duty—no more than what any man would have done." And the captain briefly related the manner in which his guest was rescued from the wilderness of waters.

The foreigner listened with perfect composure; but his voice had a tone of anxiety as he asked the name and destination of the ship.

"The bark Camperdown of Leith, homeward bound from St. Petersburg. I am her master, and my name is Charles May. But we will overhaul these matters by and by. Can you get up, and are you hungry?"

Both questions were answered in the affirmative, and the captain at once ordered the steward to spread the table with the best he had. The stranger's own clothes, which had been dried, were handed to him, and he attired himself in them with an air of quiet satisfaction.

"What dandies and fantastic fellows these foreigners are!" muttered the captain, as he observed the care with which the man disposed his crimson belt, and adjusted its pendent tassels. Having done so, he sat down to table with his hospitable entertainer, and ate and drank of all that was offered with an appetite that vouched for his perfect convalescence. Captain May congratulated him; but a quiet bow was the only response; and although he plied his knife and fork without intermission, the stranger was abstracted and profoundly thoughtful. The captain, however, naturally thought he had a right to ask some questions, and when the repast was ended, he intimated as much with a seaman's frankness. His guest made a gesture of assent, and regarded him with a keenly scrutinizing gaze.

"What countryman are you?" was the captain's first interrogation.

"Danish," was the laconic reply.

"You speak English wonderfully well!"

"I was taught it when a child, and I have lived in England."

"And what are you? do you follow the sea?"

"A seaman need hardly ask that!"

"True, brother, there is a sort of freemasonry about us mariners, whatever be our country or our color. Was your ship wrecked last night?"

"She will never float again: not two

of her timbers hang together!" was the reply, spoken with great deliberation, and some bitterness of tone.

"All hands lost?"

"I am saved—thanks to you!"

"Ay, but are you the only one?"

"I believe so—yes, I must be the only man saved." These ominous words were uttered in a singularly composed manner.

"Bless my heart!" ejaculated the honest captain, "that's dreadful! Poor fellows! Well, it's a fate we seamen must always be prepared to meet; and sooner or later it does overtake not a few of us. And how did it happen? Did the craft strike on the Jomfru reef?"

For a moment the Dane hesitated, and then he hastily exclaimed:

"Ah! that frightful reef! its jagged rocks have been the death-cradle of many a brave ship!"

"That they have; and a close shave past them I once had myself in this very ship," rejoined the captain, who was too straightforward to notice that the reply of the Dane was a dubious one—a dexterous evasion of a point-blank query. "And the ship was Danish?"

"Yes."

"Whither bound?"

"Copenhagen."

"Where from?"

"Stockholm."

"And I suppose you were skipper?"

The Dane slightly nodded, and then shook his head sadly.

"Well," cried the worthy captain of the Camperdown, "I daresay it is a painful thing for you to talk about; but have a heart. The best of ships are often lost, however well officered and manned; so cheer up, brother. I dare say that your owners will not be unreasonable when they hear all; and maybe I shall meet you again in command of a better craft by and by!"

Had the honest Englishman been a man of greater penetration, he would have perceived that his guest did not exhibit much despondency; but to the reverse, was impenetrably calm and phlegmatic. He appreciated, however, the captain's kindly sympathy, and a momentary smile uplifted his fair and delicate features.

"What was your vessel?" resumed the captain.

"A brig-skonnert."

"Ay, that's what we call a brigantine,

or an hermaphrodite brig. And her name?"

"Eughteens Minde."

"That's Greek to me! Please to write it down, that I may copy it correctly in my log."

So saying, he handed pen and paper to the Dane, who complied with the request, not without a furtive smile.

"And now tell me your own name, and write it also, for I never can spell any foreign name rightly except by copying it. What is yours?"

This simple and natural question had a singular effect. The Dane started, and gave a rapid searching glance all round; he lifted his head erect, his breast seemed to expand, his light blue eyes, so soft in repose, gleamed keenly, and even fiercely, his placid features flushed with an unmistakable air of defiant pride, and his finely-cut lips distinctly enunciated in a firm, measured tone:

"I am Lars Vonved!"

"Oh! you are Lars Vonved!" echoed Captain May, staring in open astonishment at the attitude and expression of his singular guest; and then he muttered to himself: "Who is Lars Vonved, I wonder. The fellow seems as proud of his name as if he were a Lord High Admiral!"

Whatever might be the secret thoughts and feelings of the Dane, he instantly resumed his self-possession and quiet air. He not only wrote his name as desired, but added the date and a few words, and requesting sealing-wax and a light, he affixed a seal, using for that purpose the signet-ring on his finger. Then he handed the paper to Captain May, saying, in a peculiarly impressive manner:

"Keep this carefully; the day may come when it will prove of service to you."

Surprised alike at the action and the words, the captain gazed curiously at the document—as it may be termed—which read thus:

"Eughteens Minde.

"For Charles May, Captain of the Camperdown, of Leith. June twenty eight, 18—.

"LARS VONVED."

The words were written in the peculiar style yet used by Scandinavians; and the signature of "Lars Vonved" itself was a very large, bold, and remarkably complicated Gothic autograph, of a kind to be instantly recognizable, and almost impos-

sible to successfully imitate. The seal bore a coat-of-arms, consisting of an eagle flying with a double-edged sword in its beak, above a ship in full sail. A motto in Danish encircled these emblems, and Captain May inquired its meaning.

"It refers to the emblems, and means in English: '*The ship must sail swiftly, lest the eagle drop the sword on her deck!*'"

"Well, that's past a plain seaman's comprehension; its mystical to me!" exclaimed the simple-minded captain.

"It has a secret meaning, Captain May!"

"So it must, Herr Vonved! And I suppose that is your family arms?"

"Not so: it is the private symbol I have myself assumed."

"Do you know, Herr Vonved," confidentially observed the honest veteran ship-master, "that I myself have sometimes thought of getting a seal cut with emblems, as you call them, of my own invention or choosing."

"Indeed, Captain May; and what do you propose to have engraved?" said Vonved, very blandly.

"Why, what do you say to a compass in the center, and an anchor on the other for supporters, and waves at the bottom, with 'C. M.' for my name? Ship-shape, eh! Nothing mystical about *that*?"

"Capital, sir! A better and more appropriate device could not be desired!" responded the Dane, with a look of arch amusement.

"Ay, ay! Heer Vonved, I say nothing about your own affair, though it is a little too high flown and hieroglyphical to my fancy; but let an old sea-dog like me alone for inventing a real mariner's seal."

"And what is to be your motto?"

"My motto? What—ay—what do you think of the three Ls?"

"The three Ls!"

"Ay, Latitude, Lead, and Lookout! We seamen call them the 'three Ls,' you know, and a ship would be badly navigated were they not all attended to."

"Excellent, Captain May! I admire your taste, sir."

The old captain smiled complacently, and placing Vonved's autograph between the leaves of his log-book, he cordially cried:

"Well, Herr Vonved, I hope to safely land you at your own port of Copenhagen,

where I have to take in some cargo; and meanwhile you are heartily welcome to share my cabin, and we shall have time to become better acquainted, and to overhaul our old logs together. I'm going on deck, now."

"And I will go with you!"

They ascended together, and Vonved, after looking aloft, and keenly scanning the horizon in every quarter, and glancing at the compass to ascertain the ship's course, courteously thanked the mate for the share the latter had taken in his own marvelous preservation over-night, and then requested to see the look-out man who had first perceived him floating helpless on the spar. The man was called, and Vonved spake a few kindly words to him expressive of his gratitude, and gave him all the money in his pocket, which included a Frederick d'or, and two or three other gold pieces. The bluff English seaman did not wish to accept them, but the Dane insisted that he should.

Several vessels were in sight, all at a considerable distance. One of them, evidently a very small craft, by and by attracted the especial notice of Lars Vonved. His gaze was intently riveted on her, and at length he said:

"I think I know that Danish jøgt!"

"A Danish jøgt, is she?" cried Captain May. "You have keen eyes, Herr Vonved; I could not swear whether she is a Danish jøgt or an English sloop at this distance, by the naked eye."

Vonved eagerly seized a telescope, but hardly had he leveled it ere he lowered it again, and coolly slapped the joints together, whilst a smile of singular meaning flitted over his features.

"Do you know her?"

"You shall see, Captain May!" and springing on the quarter-deck bulwark, where he steadied himself against the spanker-boom, Vonved untwisted his crimson silk sash, and held it fluttering out as a signal. This sash was about a dozen feet long by two or three in breadth, and in the center were three large white stars, horizontally disposed.

Captain May leveled his telescope at the strange vessel, to curiously watch whether the signal would be noticed or answered, and in a couple of minutes, to his astonishment, he beheld a group of four or five men hurriedly gathering together on the quarter-deck of the little craft, one of whom was gazing with a

telescope at the bark. It was obvious that the signal had already attracted notice. All doubt was exchanged for certainty, for the flash of a gun was immediately seen, and the Danish jøgt put forth every stitch of canvas, and stood towards the bark.

"Well, this beats Marryatt's signals hollow!" exclaimed the astonished old captain, as Vonved leaped on to the deck, and deliberately folded his sash, and rolled it round his waist again, belt-fashion. "They keep a sharp look-out in that craft."

"It is their duty to do so," calmly rejoined Vonved.

The little jøgt overhauled the bark so rapidly that it was evident she must be a wonderfully fast craft, and when she reached within a few cables' length hove-to, and a Norwegian pram—a small and peculiarly shaped light skiff that will live in the heaviest seas—put off from her side, manned by two seamen, who swiftly pulled to the bark. In a few minutes the pram was alongside, and holding on by a boat-hook at the mizzen-chains.

Lars Vonved, in a tone of prompt command, hailed the men in the pram, who both took off their caps in respectful salute to him.

"Ilvorledes gnaer det?" (How is it?) said he.

"Redt godt, Capitain Vonved!" (All is right, Captain Vonved!) responded they.

Vonved turned round to the master of the Camperdown, and pointing significantly to the pram and to the jøgt, he grasped his hand, and wrung it warmly, saying:

"I must now leave you, Captain May, and believe me that I shall never forget that my life has been saved by your ship! Some day or other I may have an opportunity to prove my gratitude!"

"Never mind that; but good-by; and I wish you well!" heartily responded the captain, who began to feel like a man in a dream.

Vonved lightly swung himself into the pram, and as it pushed off, he stood erect, and laying his right hand on his heart, bowed gracefully, and exclaimed, with deep emphasis:

"Preserve what I wrote for you, Captain May, it will be of use hereafter!"

In a brief interval, Vonved was on board the jøgt, which fired a farewell gun, and

filling away, went off in a direction totally opposite to its former course, and soon was a mere speck on the horizon.

CHAPTER III.

LARS VONVED.

IN a week's time—having had headwinds—the Camperdown put into Copenhagen to ship some goods, and Captain May waited as usual on the British consul. After transacting the customary business, the consul said:

"By-the-by, did you pass near Bornholm this homeward passage?"

"Yes, sir, a dozen miles or so to the eastward."

"When was that?"

"About seven days ago."

"Indeed. Well, it was just about that time a very extraordinary and awful occurrence took place, intelligence of which has reached Copenhagen, and is causing immense excitement. Here is the account given in *Fædrelandet*—a daily paper—of this morning, which I will translate to you."

The consul took up *Fædrelandet*, and read as follows:

"Advices just received from Bornholm, communicate intelligence of an appalling nature. The public is aware that for some months past all trace has been lost of the renowned fredlos,* Lars Vonved. It was believed either that he had perished, or that he and his reckless crew had betaken themselves to another part of the world. We now learn that Vonved was ashore on the island of Bornholm about ten days ago, and that one of his own men betrayed him by giving information to the commander of the troops stationed at Ronne. A plan was immediately arranged to capture him, and this was effected the same night without any resistance; for as soon as Vonved saw that it would be madness to defend himself—he being alone, and surrounded by armed men—he quietly surrendered. He was conveyed on board the Falk (Hawk) the brig-of-war, which had just arrived, and placed in a strong room in the hold; but by what seems a fatal oversight on the part of the unfortunate commander of the brig, the desperate prisoner was not ironed.

* Fredlos—that is, outlaw; proscribed man.

"The Falk lay at anchor a mile or two from the shore, and shortly after sunset on the 27th—the evening of the outlaw's capture—a horrible explosion took place, and the vessel was blown to pieces. Of all on board, only one man escaped. He was picked up by a boat from the shore; and he states his belief that Lars Vonved, knowing the doom that awaited him at Copenhagen, by some means broke through the bulkhead that separated him from the powder-magazine, and crowned his long list of crimes by deliberately blowing up the vessel, preferring to perish in this manner rather than on the wheel. The single survivor is also of opinion that, through some culpable negligence of the officers, Vonved was not even searched; therefore, supposing he had a dagger or strong knife concealed on his person, he might soon cut his way into the powder-magazine: and this is probably the plan he adopted.

"Many mangled bodies of the hapless crew have been washed ashore, but no remains of the arch-monster himself have hitherto been identified. Doubtless he was blown to atoms when he applied the fatal match."

Captain May listened to this narrative with feelings of extreme perturbation, which was increased when the consul said:

"Did you hear the explosion?"

"No, sir, we neither heard nor saw it. Probably we were too distant, and it was a stormy night too. What had this outlaw done, sir?"

"Rather ask what he hadn't done!" answered the consul. "If only half that is said of him be true, he was a very incarnation of mischief and subtlety. For the last half-dozen years his name has struck terror in the hearts of his countrymen—that is, if they really are his countrymen; for although he spoke Danish like a native, and resembled a Dane personally, there is, I believe, a mystery about his birth; for the authorities were never able to satisfactorily learn whence he came, nor who were his relatives. The name itself—provided it be genuine—is rather Swedish than Danish; but the man himself always avowed he was a Dane, and it has even been strongly rumored that he is of a most noble and ancient family. He must have begun his rover's profession betimes, for, I think, he could

not be much above thirty when he thus closed his fearful career."

"But his crimes, sir? Was he really a rover?"

"What, Captain May! Have you really never before heard of Lars Vonved, the Baltic Rover?"

"No, sir, I have not; but it is a dozen years since I was last up the Baltic."

"Ah! that accounts for your ignorance. Why he was a smuggler, pirate, and so forth; dyed in the guilt of a thousand crimes! Such at least is the story, though some people affect to disbelieve the greater portion of his alleged misdoings. All I know is, that he has been repeatedly captured, but always escaped, either through bribing his guards, or by the dexterity and dauntless courage, and tremendous personal strength, he is alleged to possess. I think it must be nearly five years since he was condemned to work in chains a slave for life, but he escaped the first time he was set to work on the roads. Subsequently he was recaptured, and many additional atrocious crimes being laid to his charge, he was then condemned to be broken alive on the wheel; but the very night before the day appointed for his execution he escaped from the Tughthuus in a marvelous manner. What is stranger than all, although a very heavy price was set on his head, dead or alive, none of the outcasts with whom he was more or less connected ever betrayed him, and his own crew were said to be thoroughly devoted to him. It would seem, however, if this newspaper account is correct, that one of them has proved a traitor at last."

"After all, the rogue must have had his good points, then," bluntly observed the captain.

"Yes, I believe such was really the case, and very romantic stories have been told of his generosity, and songs have been written and are popularly sung about his exploits."

"And what sort of a fellow was he, sir?"

The consul gave an accurate description of Vonved, explaining that he had never seen him, but that the Danish authorities had caused lithographed portraits of the outlaw, with a fac-simile of his autograph, to be extensively circulated to aid in his identification and arrest.

"You would know his handwriting then, sir?"

"Undoubtedly; but why do you ask?"

By way of reply, the captain opened his pocket-book, and handed a paper to the consul.

"'Camperdown of Leith, June 28th—Lars Vonved,'" read the latter. "Good heavens! how came you by this?"

Captain May related the whole adventure.

"The man bears a charmed life!" cried the amazed consul. "He is proof to fire and steel, and so he will ever be till the thread of his destiny is reeled off. And you say that he eat and drank with you, and expressed his gratitude?"

"He did, sir."

"Well, then, depend upon it that he and his lawless crew will never harm you nor yours. He never was known to break his word to friend or foe, and so far from injuring any one who ever served him, even unconsciously, he will risk his life to repay them. Take back your precious autograph, Captain May—it is a sort of pass bearing the sign-manual and seal of a potent rover—and preserve it carefully, resting assured that if Lars Vonved scuttles half the ships that sail on the Baltic, your bark will never be of the number. Ah! had you only known who was your guest, and had clapped him in irons, and brought him to Copenhagen, I verily think the king would have made you a night of the Dannebrog! You have missed both money and honor."

"And I'm not sorry for it," burst from the honest British tar. "Like any honest God-fearing mariner, I hate and abhor a rover, and heartily wish him a short shrift and a hempen neck-lace to swing him like a jewel-block at the yard-arm, as he merits. But, sir, it was God's will that we should save his life, and I would not have given the man up under such circumstances, even had I suspected him to be what you describe. A miscreant he may be, ay, must be, if he is really a rover—and he *did* throw dust in my eyes with his yarn about losing his craft on the Jomfru reef—but somehow I can't think he's half so black as they paint him."

"Well, perhaps not; but let me give you a bit of earnest advice, Captain May. Keep your agency in letting him loose on the world again a profound secret, for I can assure you that the Danish government would look very black if they heard of it. And what they will say or do when he suddenly turns up again, all ripe and ready for mischief, is more than I can im-

agine. To give you some idea of what this desperate outlaw is capable, read this English version of a popular ballad, descriptive of his escape from the doom I before mentioned as pronounced against him."

"Lars Vonved in strong dungeon lay,
Condemned to die at dawn of day:
A black-robed priest he came to pray
At midnight with Lars Vonved.

"'Outlaw, repent!' the holy man
His ghostly counsel thus began;
'Confess! repent! for short's the span
Allotted thee, Lars Vonved.'

"'We all must die—Heaven's will be done!
And yet I hope to see the sun
Rise many a day ere my race be run!
Undaunted cried Lars Vonved.

"'Oh! clasp thy guilty hands and pray
That outraged heaven in mercy may
Pardon e'en thee—for at dawn of day
Thou'lt surely die, Lars Vonved!'

"'More merciful than man is heaven!
And by all my hopes to be forgiven,
I tell thee, priest, thou oft hast shaven
Worse sinners than Lars Vonved.'

"'That can not be,' the priest replied,
'For guiltier wretch yet never died
Than thou, who'lt perish in thy pride,
At dawn o' day, Lars Vonved!'

"Lars Vonved gave a laugh of scorn—
'Think not, good priest, the coming morn
Will see the fearless heart out-torn
From the bosom of Lars Vonved!'

"'Farewell, thou boasting fool! I go
And leave thee to eternal woe!'
'Nay, good priest, do not leave me so!'
Softly cried Lars Vonved.

"The priest turned round, and ere he knew
Was pinioned and his mouth gagged too,
His robe stripped off, and his hood of blue,
By the outlaw, bold Lars Vonved.

"'Sir priest, I must make free to borrow
Your dress awhile—but do not sorrow;
They'll set you free at dawn to-morrow,
So farewell!' cried Lars Vonved

"The watchful guards as they let him pass,
Said: 'Holy man, has he ta'en the mass?
Does he repent?' 'Ah! no, alas!
Too hardened is Lars Vonved!'

"At dawn of day, the dungeon door
Was open flung, and on the floor
They found the true priest groaning sore,
But flown away, Lars Vonved!'

"Is this ballad founded on fact, sir?" inquired the captain. "Can it be true that Vonved really escaped in the way it relates?"

"Such is the popular belief; and I never heard any other version of the escape that he undoubtedly effected."

"Well, sir, I am quite taken aback by the whole affair. To think that a rover has been in my ship—that he has slept in my berth—that he has eat and drunk with me at my table!" and the worthy old captain flushed with mingled feelings of amazement, indignation, and incredulity, at the recollection.

Although Captain May kept a discreet silence concerning the outlaw's preservation, some of his crew, hearing of the explosion of the Danish brig-of-war, naturally related the circumstance of having rescued a man floating on a piece of wreck in the locality where the catastrophe happened. This speedily reached the ears of the authorities, and the whole truth was wrung from the reluctant captain.

Proclamations were immediately issued in Copenhagen, and distributed all over Denmark Proper, and the Danish Islands and Schleswig and Holstein, denouncing the new and crowning enormity that Lars Vonved was positively accused of having committed, and relating his own marvelous escape. So important was his capture deemed, that the government increased the price on his head to the sum of two thousand five hundred specie-dalers, (£562 10s. sterling,) and offered a free pardon to any accomplices who would betray him.

The Danish people, generally, were divided between horror of the alleged atrocities of the outlaw, and of a species of superstitious admiration of the almost superhuman manner in which he had hitherto escaped paying the forfeit of his deeds. By an idiosyncrasy of human nature, the most detestable and monstrous criminals, if renowned for feats of brilliant and successful daring, rarely fail to excite interest and fearful sympathy in the breasts of the majority of their countrymen. Even the philosopher, who justly condemns the immorality of this morbid feeling, often himself feels its influence. Thus it was that the last reputed exploit of the greatest modern outlaw of all Scandinavia, the renowned Baltic Rover, added thousands to the ranks of those who half-admired, half-shuddered at his name and

fame; yet the heavy blöd-penge (blood-money) tempted many to watch every opportunity of achieving his capture, or of obtaining information that would lead to it. Besides this, so far as the sailors of the navy and the landsoldats and officers of justice were concerned, it was their especial duty to hunt him down, independent of the reward, and that duty they were all anxious to perform. So extreme was the official activity now displayed at every Danish port, and along all the coasts of the mainland and islands, and so strong the assurance of the governments of the different countries bordering on the Baltic, that they would use their utmost vigilance to arrest the outlaw if he ventured to land on their territories, that the prospect of Vonved's final escape seemed indeed slight. It must be borne in mind that the Baltic is a large inland sea, and that passports are most strictly required to enable the bearer to land, or to travel through the countries bordering upon it. What likelihood was there of Vonved obtaining one, even under false pretenses? And even if he did, he would almost certainly be recognized from the description of his remarkable person, ere he had traveled many leagues.

Wagers were freely laid in Copenhagen that the Baltic Rover would be seized, dead or alive, within thirty days.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE LITTLE AMALIA."

THE vessel which received Lars Vonved, when he bade adieu to his kind preservers of the Camperdown, was one of the smallest of that kind of Danish sea-going craft called jøgts, and she was a beautiful specimen of her class. Her length was thirty-five feet; her breadth of beam eleven feet; her depth of hold five feet. In her present trim, she drew four feet of water forward, and five aft, and, therefore, had not much dry side amidships, but as she had a considerable shear, of course her bows and stern rose comparatively high. Her symmetrical bows were pretty full above the water, but below, their lines were hollow and tapered finely. The stern had a clean run, and the counter was a flat oval, broken by two small slightly-projecting windows, each consisting of a square of thick plate-glass set in

an iron frame, which could be removed at pleasure. The oaken hull was painted a sea-green color, relieved by a single narrow gold band extending round the vessel, about a foot below the gunwale. Her single dark-varnished mast was of red pine, clear of a single knot, and rose straight as an arrow, and exactly perpendicular, to a great height, terminating above the "eyes" of the shrouds and the "collar" of the stay in a "crown," five or six feet in length, which curved forward and tapered to a point sustaining a small vane. Although carrying no upper sails, she yet could spread a large mass of canvas, comprising gaff and boom mainsail, square foresail, staysail, jib, and flying-jib. One very extraordinary peculiarity was the fact that all the sails were dyed black, and the spars and blocks were also of that somber hue. On board all was as neat as could possibly be. The low bulwarks were painted blue inside, with a bright crimson stripe down their middle; the deck was holystoned white as snow; every loose rope was carefully coiled down; the nicest order and arrangement prevailed. Just abaft the mast was a large hatchway, covered with a handsome grating, painted white, and aft there was a little poop-deck about seven feet in length, with a companion in front to afford ingress to the cabin. There was a low skylight to this poop-deck, and the long tiller with which the vessel was steered only just cleared it. On the whole, the pretty little jøgt was evidently not engaged in the ordinary pursuits of honest gainful commerce, but either was a pleasure-boat, or a craft of a very questionable character.

When the pram which received Lars Vonved from the Camperdown, came alongside the jøgt, he lightly swung himself on deck, and was received by the skipper, who bowed low and gracefully, exclaiming:

"Velbecommen hjem, Capitain Vonved!" (Welcome back!)

The seamen on board, and those in the pram, also doffed their caps, and echoed the national expression of welcome—national, at least, as concerns the maritime people—"velbecommen hjem!" in hearty tones.

"Mange tak, min vens!" (many thanks, my friends,) was Vonved's answer, and he hastily shook hands with the skipper, and then directed the pram

to be swung to the davits at the jøgt's stern, and a parting gun to be fired. One of the two small bronze signal guns, fixed on swivels on the pawl-windlass bitta, was promptly fired, and the pram hoisted chock-a-block to the davits, and then turned bottom upwards, and secured in such a position as to be ready for immediately launching again, and yet to lie without obstructing the movements of the tiller, or obscuring the light from the cabin stern windows. Vonved next ordered the helm to be put up, and the jøgt to be kept away as near the wind as suited her best point of sailing; his object being to increase her distance from the Camperdown as rapidly as possible.

The bonny little jøgt was handled by her powerful and experienced crew as easily as a mimic cock-boat is turned and guided by a schoolboy. She bowed over to the freshening breeze that whistled merrily through the rigging, until her lee-gangway dipped in the surging flood, and then she rushed steadily ahead, dashing aside the creamy spray from the crests of the waves which harmlessly broke against her bows, or when an occasionally heavier gust of wind jerked at her tacks and stays, she would shake her head saucily, uplift her bows with a snort and gurgle of the water eddying round her stem, and leap bodily over the advancing waves.

Vonved's eyes glistened with keen pleasure as he saw how quickly his jøgt would be "hull down" to the bark, and as he stood on the weather quarter gangway, he struck the palm of his right hand smartly on the top of the bulwark, and apostrophizing the vessel as though she were a living creature, ejaculated:

"Ah! my own sweet little Amalia! thus dost thou ever serve me in the hour of need! A faithful craft hast thou been, and so thou wilt ever be unto me! Verily, I have need of thee."

As though his little Amalia (as the craft was named, after one whom he devotedly loved) were really the sentient being he almost seemed to believe her, she bounded forward more vigorously than ever, sending up the spray from her weather-bow high above the bulwarks in showers that sparkled brilliantly in the sun ere falling far to leeward.

The crew of the jøgt consisted of four men and a skipper. The men were all

middle-aged, grave, steady-looking seamen, and when they had made such alterations as were necessary in the disposition of the sails, three of them—the fourth having the tiller in hand—clustered together, and stood with folded arms a little abaft the mast, gazing curiously, yet respectfully, at “Captain Vonved,” as they called him. Near to the latter stood their own “skipper,” who merits a more particular description. His age did not exceed two-and-twenty, and he was tall, slim, and decidedly gentlemanly in his appearance and manners. His fair complexion, light-blue eyes, flaxen hair, and the general contour of his features, bore testimony to his Scandinavian lineage. He was a handsome, intelligent-looking young man, and his dress set off his figure to advantage. It consisted of wide blue trowsers of fine cloth, a vest of dark velvet, buttoned closely up to the throat, and a blue cloth surtout confined round the waist with a simple belt of black varnished leather. His neck was bare, the white collar of his shirt being turned down, and tied with a little bow of black ribbon. On his head he wore an ordinary undress navy cap, with the usual anchor-buttons, but the gold band was merely a narrow stripe. This young man, after his first greeting, had only spoken to Lars Vonved in answer to one or two questions the latter put, but stood with an air of deference, yet friendly familiarity, awaiting the further pleasure of the redoubted Rover of the Baltic.

Suddenly Vonved turned towards him, and said:

“You little anticipated seeing a signal of mine from yonder bark, Herr Lundt?”

“I did not, Captain Vonved, and at first I rather feared it was an enemy’s ruse, but thanks to a good glass, I recognized you, and, therefore had no hesitation in answering the signal and bearing down.”

“You did well sir, and right glad was I to see the Little Amalia dashing to my rescue.”

“Rescue! Captain Vonved?”

“So I may phrase it, sir, although I was in no danger so far as the good-will of the captain and crew of the Camperdown was concerned. You would know her again?”

“I should, Captain Vonved.”

“And you, my Vikings?” addressing

the deeply attentive crew, who of course heard every word of the conversation, “you are old seamen, and would know that bark again by her build and rig among a thousand—is it not so?”

The men raised their caps in the ready, courteous manner, common even to the poorest and lowliest seamen of Scandinavia, and promptly answered in the affirmative.

“Then, one and all, will bear in mind that the good old captain of that bark is my friend; I owe my life to that ship and her crew; and I order you at all times to aid that captain and ship at the peril of your lives should there ever be occasion, and opportunity serve.”

“Ja, ja! Captain Vonved;” gravely responded they, and their looks betokened how much they desired to know in what manner his life had been jeopardized and saved. He perceived this, and with an air in which kindness and authority were singularly blended, he said:

“I know your faithful affection for me, my brave men, for you have all been oft tried and never yet found wanting, and at the proper time you shall know what has befallen me since we last parted. Herr Lundt, let the man who acts as your steward serve to them a couple of bottles of your best wine to drink my safe return.”

The young officer—as he may not improperly be called—bowed, and beckoning to the seaman who acted as steward, gave him an order. The man dived into the cabin, and quickly reappeared with the wine; when Vonved said, in a smiling, friendly way:

“Go forward, my Vikings, and enjoy yourselves; but neglect not to keep a good look-out and report to us when necessary. Herr Lundt, we will now retire to the cabin.”

The officer again bowed, descended first, and was followed by the extraordinary man whose will appeared to be law on board.

The cabin of the Amalia was, of course, small, and yet it was considerably larger than would have been supposed by one who judged of its size merely by that of the entire hull. It had been skillfully fitted up so as to make the most of the circumscribed space; and as the little jøgt was not intended to carry cargo, except of a certain kind which occupied very small bulk, the cabin included all that

part of the vessel beneath the poop-deck, and two neat little state rooms were situated forward of it, in what in a large vessel would be called the steerage. They communicated with the cabin through doors in the bulkhead of the latter. The cabin itself was nine feet in breadth by seven feet in length. In the center stood an oblong table covered by a snow-white damask cloth, and all round were lockers provided with crimson silk cushions, to serve as seats. The front of these lockers and all the paneling of the cabin was of rich mahogany, polished so brightly that the pier-glass suspended on one side was almost superfluous. The moulding filling up the angle between the paneling and the deck overhead was gilt, and the deck itself (forming the ceiling) was beautifully painted with fanciful and allegorical devices and figures, wreaths of flowers, etc. From the deck was suspended a large antique bronze oil lamp, of peculiar formation, having three projecting dragons' heads, the mouths of which each contained a wick for burning. Between the two windows at the stern was a semi-circular zebra-wood locker, the front of which was inlaid with various precious woods in the most elaborate manner, so as to represent the mariner's compass, and in a small shield in the center of this fanciful compass was painted an exact facsimile of the mysterious symbols and motto of Vonved's signet-ring—an eagle flying with a double-edged sword in its beak above a ship in full sail. This locker was ostensibly supported by a species of bracket, a solid piece of Danish oak exquisitely carved in the semblance of the conventional head and flowing beard of old father Neptune. Along the paneling on each side of the cabin were arranged several weapons offensive and defensive. The little cabin was excellently lighted, not only by the two stern windows, but also by the large skylight overhead, which being composed of richly-stained glass, cast a warm and varied light below. A small stove of polished steel, with brass fittings, and a bright copper flue, stood on one side the vessel against the bulkhead, and may be said to complete the chief fittings of the snug and tasteful little cabin, in which a man of ordinary stature could just stand upright.

On entering, Vonved sat down at the end of the table in a position which enabled him to command a view of the sea

through either of the stern windows, and motioned to Herr Lundt to seat himself opposite, but the latter hesitated, and remarked in a whisper:

"Had I not better close the companion-way, Captain Vonved, if you wish to converse without risk of being overheard?"

"Yes, do so."

Lundt first spoke to the steersman, and bade him keep the course which had been given, and immediately report any sail which hove in sight, or any material change of wind, and then carefully closed the two little folding-doors forming the front of the companion, and drew the slide closely over.

"Now for a bottle of your best!" cried Vonved cheerfully.

"What wine will you prefer, Captain Vonved?"

"Champagne, let it be, for my heart is light and grateful now that I once more feel myself afloat in my first love—the dainty Little Amalia!"

The young man hastened to raise a trap door in the flooring of the cabin, beneath which the runs of the vessel formed a cool and capital wine cellar, and from thence he extracted a couple of bottles of champagne, which, with the proper glasses, he placed on the table.

"Would you take any repast also, Captain Vonved? I can give you some fine fresh lax, and some——"

"No, sir, I require nothing at present; and I must apologize," added Vonved, with an air of high and courtly breeding, "for permitting you to act as steward, but I have reason to wish for our interview to be private."

"O Captain Vonved!" eagerly cried Lundt, blushing and bowing, "how can you say that? You know that it is a pleasure and a privilege for me!"

Lars Vonved gazed half-mournfully and half-affectionately at the flushed ingenuous features of his young officer, and sighing deeply, he slowly echoed:

"A pleasure and a privilege! And do you esteem it such to be the companion, the familiar friend of an outlaw, a doomed man, one denounced as an arch-miscreant, one upon whose head a heavy price is set by the government of his country?"

"I do!" answered the young man energetically. "You have saved my life—you have honored me with your confidence—and I know that he whom men call the Rover of the Baltic is one whose

qualities are worthy of friendship and admiration. Yes, I am linked to your fortunes, be it for good or for evil, and I am proud of the friendship of the Count of Els——”

“Hold!” interrupted Vonved, raising his forefinger significantly. “I am only Lars Vonved, Captain Vonved! But as for what you assert—be it so; all I can say is, that I trust that if your friendship and connection with me does not operate to your weal, it may not be to your woe! And now let us drink!”

The glasses were brimmed with the cool sparkling vintage of the sunny South, and silently bowing to each other, the two friends quaffed.

“Truly, wine gladdens the heart of man, as was said of old,” exclaimed the Rover; “and yet I have been refreshed and gladdened more in my time by a stinted draught of water—neither pure nor sparkling—than by any wine I ever drunk.”

“That would be in the tropics, sir?”

“In the tropics—and elsewhere.”

“I, also, Captain Vonved, know by fearful experience the value of a draught of water!” Lundt observed, seeing that Vonved was not indisposed to prolong a desultory conversation ere discussing matters of present and weighty interest.

“You, Herr Lundt! When and where?”

“Off the coast of Africa.”

“I was not aware that you had ever sailed on the main ocean?”

“I believe I never mentioned to you before, Captain Vonved, that in my twentieth year, I, for the first and only time, sailed on the Atlantic, and very disastrous the outward voyage proved. To my dying day I shall never forget the sufferings I underwent—for more than the ordinary anguish which befalls a man in many years was condensed, as it were, in the space of a few hours.”

“The ship was becalmed and short of water?”

“Not so, Captain Vonved. The sufferings from thirst to which I alluded were experienced only by myself—a solitary wretch, tossed helplessly about, the sport of every wave.”

These words caused Vonved to steadily regard his companion with a look of surprise and suddenly aroused interest.

“Ah!” said he, very quietly, “I have myself undergone a somewhat similar adventure, although, in my case, a burning tropical sun did not increase my sufferings.”

“Indeed, sir; where was that?”

“Here, in the Baltic; and it occurred only yesterday.”

“Yesterday, Captain Vonved? Impossible!”

“Why impossible, Herr Lundt?” drily demanded the Rover. “The bark which is yet in sight picked me up yesterday evening, clinging to a spar, almost at my last gasp, and, as I believe, the solitary survivor of a terrible catastrophe.”

The young man started, became deadly pale, and faintly cried:

“O Captain Vonved! can it indeed be that the Skildpadde and all her brave crew have perished?”

“Not so, my young friend, no calamity has happened to her, I trust. It is the Falk that has perished, and every soul on board, myself excepted.”

“The Falk! the brig-of-war cruising off Bornholm! And you were on board *her*?”

Vonved calmly nodded.

“As a prisoner, Captain Vonved?”

“As a prisoner, sir; what else should I be?”

“Then you were betrayed?”

“I should not otherwise have been captured, as you may well believe,” answered Vonved, with a bitter smile.

“And who was the traitor—do you know?”

“I *do* know, Herr Lundt, and fearfully shall he expiate his treachery.” As Vonved uttered these words, his usual calm imperturbability instantly disappeared, and his lips quivered, revealing his broad white teeth closely clenched, his features writhed with passion, and his eyes flashed with a fire all the more terrible because so rarely evinced.

This emotion, however uncontrollable it might be at the moment, was merely transient in duration, for in a few seconds Vonved’s countenance resumed its gentle yet thoughtful expression.

Then Vonved, in a low impressive tone, calmly narrated to his astonished companion the story of his betrayal, capture, and ultimate escape.

From The Leisure Hour.

THE KING AND THE GOOSE-HERD.

"Cobbler! stick to thy last."

MOST if not all our readers have heard this proverb applied, when some one has attempted what was out of his province. But assuredly none of them ever saw it so royally exemplified as it was in the true history I am about to relate, the principal actor in which was no less a personage than Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, the grandfather of the present king of that country, and one of the most loving, as well as one of the most beloved monarchs, that ever wielded a scepter. On one hot summer day, King Maximilian, clad in very plain habiliments, had gone out alone, (as was his wont,) to walk in the fine park which surrounds his castle of Tegernuc,* and after a time, drew a volume from his pocket, and seated himself on a bench to read. The sultriness of the air, and the perfect stillness of the place, made his eyes heavy, and laying down his book on the bench beside him, the monarch fell into a doze. His slumber did not last long, however, and on awaking, he rose to continue his walk, but forgot his book, and left it lying on the bench. Wandering onwards, from one division of the extensive park to another, he at length passed beyond its limits, and entered on those grassy downs which stretch down to the margin of the lake.

All at once, the king remembered his book, and the possibility that it might be seen and appropriated by some stranger passing by. Unwilling to lose a book he valued, and equally unwilling to retrace the way he had come, while the lake path to the castle lay temptingly before him, the king looked round in every direction, for some one whom he could send for the volume; but the only human being within view was a boy, tending a large flock of geese. The monarch, therefore, went up to him, and said: "Hearken,

my lad: dost think thou could'st find for me a book I left lying in such and such a part of the park? thou'lt get two 'zwanzigers'* for bringing it to me."

The boy, who had never before seen the king, cast a most incredulous look on the corpulent gentleman who made him so astounding a proffer, and then turned away, saying, with an air of comical resentment: "I am not so stupid as you take me for."

"Why do you think I consider you stupid?" asked the monarch.

"Because you offer me two zwanzigers for so trifling a service; so much money can not be earned so easily," was the sturdy reply.

"Now, indeed," said the king, smiling good-humoredly, "I must think thee a simpleton! why do you thus doubt my word?"

"Those up yonder," replied the boy, pointing in the direction of the distant castle, "are ready enough to make sport of the like of us, and ye're one of them, I'm thinking."

"And suppose I were" said the king; "but see, here are the two zwanzigers; take them, and fetch me the book."

The herd-boy's eyes sparkled as he held actually in his hand a sum of money nearly equal to the hard coin of his summer's herding, and yet he hesitated.

"How now," cried the king; "why don't you set off at once?"

"I would fain to do it—but I dare not," said the poor fellow; "for if the villagers hear I have left the plagny geese, they will turn me off, and how shall I earn my bread then?"

"Simpleton!" exclaimed the king, "I will herd the geese till you return."

"You!" said the rustic, with a most contemptuous elongation of the pronoun; "you would make a pretty goose-herd; you are much too fat, and much too stiff:

* The same romantic residence to which the still suffering King of Prussia resorted last summer.

* An Austrian coin, value 7d. or 8d. sterling.

suppose they broke away from you now, and got into the rich meadow yonder, I should have more trespass money to pay than my year's wages come to. Just look at the *Court Gardener* there, him with the black head and wings; he is a regular deserter, a false knave; he is for all the world one of the court trash, and they, we all know, are good for nothing. He would lead you a fine dance! Nay, nay, it would never do."

The king felt ready to burst with suppressed laughter; but mastering himself, asked, with tolerable composure: "Why, can I not keep geese in order as easily as men? I have plenty of *them* to control."

"You," again said the boy, sneeringly, as he measured the monarch from head to foot; "they must be silly ones, then; but perhaps you're a schoolmaster? Yet, even if ye be, it is much easier to manage boys than geese; that I can tell ye."

"It may be so," said the king; "but come, make short work of it: will you bring the book or will you not?"

"I would gladly do it," stammered the boy, "but —"

"I'll be answerable for the geese," cried the king, "and pay all damages, if such there be."

This decided the question; and so, after exacting a promise that his substitute would pay special attention to the doings of the stately gander, whom he designated as the "*Court Gardener*," and pronounced an incorrigible breaker of bounds, and prime seducer of the flock, he placed the whip in the king's hands, and set off on his errand.

But scarcely had he run a few yards when he turned back again.

"What is the matter now?" called out the king.

"Crack the whip," resounded in return. The monarch swung it with his best effort, but procured no sounding whack. "I thought so!" exclaimed the rustic. "A schoolmaster, forsooth, and can not crack a whip!" So saying, he snatched the whip from the king's hand, and began, with more zeal than success, to instruct him in the science of whip-cracking. The king, though scarcely able to contain himself, tried in right earnest, and at length succeeded in extracting a tolerably sharp report from the leathern instrument of authority; and the boy, after once more trying to impress the duties of his responsible office on his temporary substitute,

ran off at full speed in the direction the king had indicated.

The monarch, who could now indulge in a hearty laugh, sat himself down on a tree-stump which the goose-herd had previously occupied, to await the return of his messenger. But it really seemed as if his feathered charge had discovered that the whip was no longer wielded by their accustomed prompt and vigilant commander, for the treacherous "*Court Gardener*" suddenly stretched out his long neck, and, after reconnoitring on all sides, uttered two or three shrill screams; upon which, as if a tempest had all at once rushed under the multitude of wings, the whole flock rose simultaneously into the air, and before the king could recover from his surprise, they were careering, with loud screams, toward the rich meadows bordering the lake, over which they quickly spread themselves in all possible directions.

At the first outburst, the royal herdsman called "halt," with all his might; he brandished and tried hard to crack the whip, but extracted no sound which could intimidate the *Court Gardener*. He then ran to and fro, until, teeming with perspiration, and yielding to adverse fate, he reseated himself on the tree-stump, and, leaving the geese to their own devices, quietly awaited the return of his messenger.

"The boy was right, after all," said he to himself: "it is easier to govern a couple of millions of men than a flock of 'plaguy geese,' and a court gardener can do a deal of mischief."

Meanwhile the boy had reached the bench, found the book, and sped back in triumph, little dreaming of the discomfiture his substitute had experienced. But when, on coming close up to the king, he looked round in vain for his charge, and still worse, when their vociferous cackling led his eyes in the direction of the forbidden meadow, he was so overwhelmed that, letting fall the book, he exclaimed, half-crying with grief and vexation: "There we have it! I knew how it would be! Did I not say from the first you understood nothing? And what is to be done now? I can never get them together by myself. You must help, that's a fact."

The king consented; the herdsboy placed him at one corner, showed him how to move his outstretched arms up and down, whilst he must shout with all his might; and then the boy himself set

out, whip in hand, to gather in the farthest scattered of the flock.

The king did his best, and after terrible exertions, the cackling runaways were once more congregated on their allotted territory.

But now the boy gave free vent to his indignation, rated the king soundly for neglect, and wound up all by declaring: "Never shall any one get my whip from me again, or tempt me, with two zwanzigers, to give up my geese. No; not to the king himself!"

"You are quite right there, my fine fellow," said the good-natured Maximilian, bursting into a laugh; "*he* understands goose-herding quite as little as I do."

"And you laugh at it, to the bargain!" said the boy, in high dudgeon.

"Well, look ye now," said the monarch, "I *am* the king!"

"You!" once more reiterated the indignant goose-herd; "I am not such a flat as to believe that—not I. So lift up your book and get along with you."

The king quickly took up his book, saying, as he handed four additional zwanzigers to the astonished lad: "Don't be angry with me, my boy; I give you my word, I'll never undertake to herd geese again."

The boy fixed a doubting gaze on the mysterious donor of such unexampled treasure, then added, with a wise shake of the head: "You're a *kind* gentleman, whoever you may be; but you'll never make a good goose-herd!"

From the Edinburgh Review.

CEYLON—ITS ASPECTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND PRODUCTIONS.*

AMIDST the labors of a life devoted to the assiduous discharge of public duties, both abroad and at home, Sir Emerson Tennent has found means to produce the most copious, interesting, and complete monograph which exists in our language on any of the possessions of the British Crown. The island of Ceylon can not, with any strictness or propriety, be termed a colony. It is one of the oldest kingdoms of the earth, inhabited by races whose origin is lost in primitive antiquity; traces of the demon worship of fattened serpents still linger among the superstitions of the people; and the lofty pinnacle called "Adam's Peak," which has served for ages as a landmark to the navigators of the Eastern seas, is still said to bear the footprint of the first created man. The chronicles of the island extend, if we may place implicit reliance on the profound researches of Mr. Turnour, the translator of the Mahawanso, in an unbroken series

through twenty-three centuries, from 543 B.C. to the year of Christ 1758. The arts of agriculture were imported into Ceylon by the Bengal conquerors, who founded the dynasty of Wijayo, five centuries before Christ; in the first centuries of the Christian era civilization was established, and the population is supposed to have been ten times what it now is.* Irrigation by artificial lakes and enormous tanks, one of which was forty miles in circumference, gave life and fertility to the soil; and as the modern traveler penetrates by forgotten tracts into the recesses of the forest, he is every where struck by the vast and countless excavations and embankments which attest the industry and ingenuity of a great people. Two thousand years ago the Buddhist faith was introduced into Ceylon, and the island soon became one of the chief seats of that creed, which holds three hundred and fifty millions of human beings in its fetters; the mystical Bo-tree, which still flourishes in the holy precincts of Anarajapoor, de-

* *Ceylon: An Account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical: with Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities, and Productions. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, and Drawings.* By Sir J. EMERSON TENNENT. Two vols. 8vo. London. 1859.

* The population of all races in Ceylon amounted in 1857 to 1,697,975, besides soldiers and aliens estimated at about 30,000; yet the island is only about one sixth smaller than Ireland.

tached from the identical tree under which Buddha reclined when he received his initiation in Uruwela, has already completed its second millennium. By the extinction of the ancient dynasties, by the decline of the population, and by the progress of European enterprise, Ceylon has been successively occupied and ruled by the Portuguese and by the Dutch, until it passed at length entirely into the possession of the British Crown. Few countries have a history of equal antiquity, connected by so many links with the great political and religious revolutions of the world; uniting, as in an emporium, the commerce and the industry of the East and of the West, and deriving a peculiar and romantic interest from its incomparable natural beauty, and its varied natural productions.

These curious and copious materials had remained scattered in an infinite variety of repositories, until Sir Emerson Tennent, moved by the interest he felt in the island, in which he then filled a high official station, applied himself to the production of the work now before us. We congratulate him on the success which has attended his persevering and conscientious labors, for the result is one of the most satisfactory books we have ever had the good fortune to examine. He has ransacked the historical and geographical records of every age and country having reference to his subject, many of them entirely unknown; thus, in addition to the notices of Ceylon, which are to be found in Pliny, Ptolemy, and the Arabian geographers, he has succeeded in obtaining, through the Chinese missions, a singular collection of documents on the relations of the Singhalese with the court of Pekin; he has consulted the little-known works of Valentyn, De Barros, and De Couto, in Dutch and Portuguese; he has searched the Indian correspondence of Márquis Pombal (now in the British Museum) for the Portuguese reports and dispatches; and he has succeeded in completing, from Mr. North's letters in the Wellesley Papers, the particulars of the revolution which overthrew the house of Kandy. The chapters of this work relating to the natural history of the island, to which we shall devote the greater part of the following pages, have a still more general interest. In no part of the tropics is the climate more brilliant, the vegetation more luxuriant, the resources of the soil more

abundant, the forests more animated by a thousand varieties of life. And Sir Emerson Tennent displays a very vivid power of transporting his readers into the midst of these scenes, which are so delightful to the imagination, and sometimes so much less delightful to actual experience. We are extremely well satisfied to visit Ceylon in Sir Emerson's company, without being bitten by land-licees, snapped at by crocodiles, terrified by cobras, or pursued by an irritated proboscidian; and we are all the more grateful to our author for the sunshine he has contrived to throw upon the dark autumnal days of England by the publication of these volumes.

Nothing better illustrates the very extended connection of Ceylon with the different civilizations and powers which have succeeded one another for the last two thousand years in the East, than the great variety of appellations by which this celebrated island figures in the annals of different countries. In the mythical language of the Brahmins, it bore the name of "Lanka," "the resplendent;" they made it the first meridian of their astronomical system; and extolled it as a region of mystery and preternatural beauty. Sir Emerson is of opinion that Galle, which became the mart of Portugal and of Holland, and is now one of the principal rendezvous of British steamers, was the Tarshish to which the Phœnician mariners and the fleets of Solomon resorted to bring back the gold of Ophir—Ophir being now supposed to be Malacca, the Aurea Chersonesus of the later Greek geographers.

"The ships intended for the voyage were built by Solomon at 'Ezion-geber on the shores of the Red Sea,' the rowers coasted along the shores of Arabia and the Persian Gulf, headed by an east wind. Tarshish, the port for which they were bound, was in an island, governed by kings, and carrying on an extensive foreign trade. The voyage occupied three years in going and returning from the Red Sea, and the cargoes brought home to Ezion-geber consisted of gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks. *Gold* could have been shipped at Galle from the vessels which brought it from Ophir, '*silver* spread into plates,' which is particularized by Jeremiah as an export of Tarshish, is one of the substances on which the sacred books of the Singhalese are even now inscribed; *ivory* is found in Ceylon, and must have been both abundant and full grown there before the discovery of gunpowder led to the wanton destruction of elephants; *apes* are indigenous to the island, and *peafowl* are found there in numbers. It is very remarkable, too, that the terms by

which these articles are designated in the Hebrew Scriptures are identical with the Tamil names, by which some of them are called in Ceylon to the present day: thus *tukeyim*, which is rendered 'peacocks' in our version, may be recognized in *tokei*, the modern name for these birds; '*kapi*,' apes, is the same in both languages, and the Sanscrit '*ibha*' ivory, is identical with the Tamil '*ibam*.'

"Thus by geographical position, by indigenous productions, and by the fact of its having been from time immemorial the resort of merchant ships from Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, on the one side, and India, Java, and China on the other, Ceylon seems to present a combination of every particular essential to determine the problem so long undecided in biblical dialectics, and to establish its own identity with the Tarshish of the sacred historians, the mart so long frequented by the ships of Tyre and Judea."

No portion of Sir Emerson's book is more curious and novel than that in which he describes the Chinese writers who have preceded himself in the description of the island. There is no doubt that the community of religion and the desire of trade had established, at an early period, intimate relations, between the Singhalese and the Chinese; and no less than twenty-four Chinese writers are known to have dealt with the subject. Indeed, the Singhalese ambassadors who arrived in Rome, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, and from whom Pliny derived the materials of his own account of the island, stated that their ancestors had reached China by traversing India and the himalayan mountains, and this route was in use long before ships had attempted the voyage. The Chinese topographers call Ceylon "*Sze-tsew-kwo*," which means "the Kingdom of Lions," a version of the Pali word "*Singhala*:" so too they call it "*Paou-choo*," "the island of Gems," for which Ceylon has always been celebrated.

It was there they bought topazes of four distinct tints, described in inimitable Chinese imagery, as "those the color of wine; the delicate tint of young goslings; the deep amber like beeswax, and the pale tinge resembling the opening bud of the pine;" and it was there a Chinese monarch purchased for an inconceivable price the biggest and brightest ruby the world ever beheld; for a man could not hold it in the palm of his hand, and it emitted light in the darkest night.

Ceylon was not known to the Greeks and Romans before the campaign of Alexander, but it was partially described by

Megasthenes, twenty years after his death; and Ovid seems to have had no doubt that it was an island, when he says:

"Aut ubi Taprobanen Indica cingit aqua."

But it appears that it was not till the reign of the Emperor Claudius that a Roman seaman—the Columbus of antiquity—trusting to the monsoon of the Indian Ocean, dared to cross to the coast of Malabar. The first consequence of opening the direct trade with the East was a drain of silver on Rome to pay for the Eastern commodities imported through Egypt. The very same phenomenon has gone on to our own day. These communications soon made the Island of Taprobane, as it was called, well known to the Romans: and Pliny, as we have already observed, had the advantage of meeting a Singhalese embassy in Italy, consisting of a "*Rachia*" and three other persons—the word *Rachia* probably standing for Rajah. In little more than half a century after the death of Pliny, the Island of Taprobane was far more minutely and accurately described than it had hitherto been, in the great work of Ptolemy; and we are furnished, in the work before us, with an elaborate and ingenious comparison of the ancient and modern charts.

There is yet a navigator, singularly endeared to us by our earliest recollections, to whom Ceylon was certainly familiar. The local name "*Sinhala-diva*," was corrupted into "*Seren-diva*," or Serendip, by the Arabian pilots; and who does not remember that the embassy of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid to the King of Serendib was the occasion of the seventh voyage of Sinbad of the Sea? The incredible variety of incident, which gives so great a charm to the *Arabian Nights* is due not to fancy alone, but in some measure to the tales of travelers or legends current in the East. Thus Sinbad's story of the loadstone mountain, which drew out the iron bolts of the ships, is alluded to by several Arab writers, and it can be traced much farther back even to Chinese authors; down to the present day the Singhalese make their boats without iron nails, and the planks are secured by wooden bolts, precisely as Palladius says that vessels sailing for Ceylon *should be fastened with wooden instead of iron bolts*. Sinbad, or the author of Sinbad, must have visited Ceylon; he knew the distinction between the Singhalese race in the

south of the island, where the cultivation of rice is carried on by the mere action of the rains, and the Tamil races of the north, who are as black as Abissynians, and cultivate their fields by artificial irrigation. The legend of the elephants' burying-place, to which Sinbad was conveyed by the sagacity of those animals, is still firmly believed by the elephant-hunters, though since the days of Sinbad the great majority of Singhalese elephants have ceased to wear tusks. Lastly, it is a curious illustration of Sinbad's escape by floating down a subterranean river, which brought him into the center of Serendib, that a popular conviction still exists that there is such a subterranean river in the north of Ceylon, at the very place where Sinbad found the people like Abyssinians watering their fields by irrigation. The stream is called the Well of Potoor, and it presents a very extraordinary natural phenomenon to which we shall presently revert.

It is time, however, that we quit these speculations for that which after all constitutes the highest merit of the book and will prove its chief attraction; we mean the delightful chapters which Sir Emerson Tennent has devoted to the natural history and to the varied natural productions of Ceylon. The part of the work embracing the physical geography of this enchanting region includes many valuable remarks on the geology of the island. The nucleus of its mountain masses consists of gneissic, granitic, and other crystalline rocks.

On certain localities in Ceylon the author says:

"Terraces abounding in marine shells imbedded in agglutinated sand occur in situations far above high water-mark. Immediately inland from Point de Galle, the surface soil rests on a stratum of decomposing coral; and sea-shells are found at a considerable distance from the shore. Further north at Madampe, between Chilaw and Negombo, the shells of pearl-oysters, and other bivalves are turned up by the plow more than ten miles from the sea.

"These recent formations present themselves in a still more striking form in the north of the island, the greater portion of which may be regarded as the conjoint production of the coral polypes, and the currents, which for the greater portion of the year set impetuously towards the south.

"On the north-west side of the island, where the currents are checked by the obstruction of Adam's Bridge, still water prevailing in the Gulf of Manaar, these deposits have been pro-

fusely heaped, and the low sandy plains have been proportionally extended; whilst on the south and east, where the current sweeps unimpeded along the coast, the line of the shore is bold and occasionally rocky."—Vol i. p. 13.

Amongst the valuable mineral products of Ceylon is plumbago, the veins of which, in the hills of Nambrapane, are largely worked, and the quantity annually exported exceeds 2000 tons. The quantity of gold hitherto discovered is too small to reward the search. The most famous and characteristic mineral products of Ceylon are its precious stones. The promiscuous manner in which these are scattered about in some localities, is exemplified by the following curious circumstance: "The cook of a government officer recently brought him a ruby about the size of a small pea, which he had taken from the crop of a fowl." But the size to which this beautiful precious stone sometimes attains may be conceived by the testimony of Marco Polo of a royal ruby, belonging to a king of Ceylon in the thirteenth century, which was a span in length, without a flaw, and brilliant beyond description."

The waters around the island have been duly noted by its present historian as well as the land itself. On both sides of Ceylon, during the S. W. monsoon, a broad expanse of sea assumes a red tinge, considerably brighter than brick-dust, and this is confined to a space so distinct, that a line seems to separate it from the green water which flows on either side. On examination, it proved to be filled with infusoria, probably similar to those which impart the peculiar color to the so-called Vermilion Sea off the coast of California.

In the chapter upon the climate of Ceylon, a most interesting summary of the characteristics of each month is given. The European physiologist can not fail to be struck by the contrast of the physical agents causing or accompanying "torpidity" in many of the lower animals, and necessitating the substitution of another term for "hybernation." In the hot months of March and April, the insects, deprived of their accustomed food, disappear underground, or hide beneath the decaying bark; the water-beetles bury themselves in the hardening mud of the pools, and the *helices* retire into the crevices of the stones, or the hollows amongst the roots of the trees, closing the apertures of their shells with the hybernating, or rather æstivating, epi-

phragm. "Butterflies are no longer seen hovering over the flowers; the birds appear fewer and less joyous; and the wild animals and crocodiles, driven by the drought from their accustomed retreats, wander through the jungle, and even venture to approach the village wells in search of water." (P. 59.) The preliminary phenomena to the wished-for change are philosophically described and explained, as they gradually concentrate to usher in the monsoon.

"At last the sudden lightnings flash among the hills and sheet through the clouds that overhang the sea, and with a crash of thunder, the monsoon bursts over the thirsty land, not in showers or partial torrents, but in a wide deluge that in the course of a few hours overtops the river banks, and spreads in inundations over every level plain.

"All the phenomena of this explosion are stupendous: thunder as we are accustomed to be awed by it in Europe affords but the faintest idea of its overpowering grandeur in Ceylon, and its sublimity is infinitely increased as it is faintly heard from the shore, resounding through night and darkness over the gloomy sea. The lightning when it touches the earth where it is covered with the descending torrent, flashes into it and disappears instantaneously; but when it strikes a drier surface, in seeking better conductors, it often opens a hollow like that formed by the explosion of a shell, and frequently leaves behind it traces of vitrification.

"For hours together, the noise of the torrent, as it beats upon the trees and bursts upon the roofs, flowing thence in revulets along the ground, occasions an uproar that drowns the ordinary voice, and renders sleep impossible."
—Vol. i. p. 62.

The animals, which passed the parching months in senseless and motionless torpidity, now awake from their deep "summer-sleep."

"In ponds, from which but a week before the wind blew clouds of sandy dust, the peasantry are now to be seen catching the reanimated fish—the tank-shells and water beetles revive, and wander over the submerged sedges. The electricity of the air stimulates the vegetation of the trees, and scarce a week will elapse till the plants are covered with the larvæ of butterflies, the forest murmuring with the hum of insects, and the air harmonious with the voice of birds."—*Ibid.*

Never were the phenomena of a tropical country more vividly brought before the mind than in the descriptions with which the present work abounds, fresh from impressions of the intensified powers of Nature upon a susceptible and poetic

temperament; and we shall at once transport our readers into the heart of this enchanting scenery by transcribing the following sketch of the zoological phenomena that characterize each period of the tropical day, and succeed each other from its first beginning to its close:

"With the first glimmering of dawn the bats and nocturnal birds retire to their accustomed haunts, in which to hide them from 'day's garish eye;' the jackal and the leopard return from their nightly chase; the elephants steal back timidly into the shade of the forest, from the water-pools in which they had been luxuriating during the darkness; and the decepted bark of the elk resounds through the glens as he retires into the security of the forest. Day breaks and its earliest blush shows the mists tumbling in turbulent heaps through the deep valleys. The sun bursts upwards with a speed beyond that which marks his progress in the cloudy atmosphere of Europe, and the whole horizon glows with ruddy lustre;

"Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

At no other moment does the verdure of the mountain woods appear so vivid; each spray dripping with the copious dew, and a pendent brilliant twinkling at every leaf; every grassy glade is hoar with the condensed damps of night, and the threads of the gossamer sparkle like strings of opal in the sunbeams.

"The earliest members of the animated world that move abroad are the tiny *Hesperida*, which are the first butterflies that make their morning visit to the flowers. To them succeed the *Thecla*, and the *Polyommata*, the minutest of the diurnal lepidoptera, and distinguished by the blue metallic lustre of their wings. With unerring certainty the other species make their appearances at successive stages of the morning; the *Thecla* are followed by the *Vanessa*, and these by the grandly *Papilio*s, till, as day advances, the broad-leaved plants and flowering shrubs are covered by a dancing cloud of butterflies of every shape and hue.

"The earliest bird upon the wing is the crow, which leaves his perch almost with the first peep of dawn, cawing and flopping his wings in the sky. The paroquets follow in vast companies, chattering and screaming in exuberant excitement. Next the cranes and waders, which had flown inland to their breeding-places at sunset, rise from the branches on which they had passed the night, waving their wings to disencumber them of the dew, and, stretching their awkward legs behind, they soar away in the direction of the rivers and the far sea-shore.

"The songster that first pours forth his salutation to the morning is the dial-bird, and the yellow oriole, whose mellow flute-like voice is heard far through the stillness of the dawn. The jungle-cock, unseen in the dense cover,

shouts his réveille; not with the shrill clarion of his European type, but in rich melodious call, that ascends from the depths of the valley. As light increases, the grass warbler and maynah add their notes; and the bronze-winged pigeons make the woods murmur with their plaintive cry, which resemble the distant lowing of cattle. The bees hurry abroad in all directions, and the golden beetles clamber lazily over the still damp leaves. The swifts and swallows sally forth as soon as there is sufficient warmth to tempt the minor insects abroad: the bulbul lights on the forest trees, and the little gem-like sun-birds, the humming-birds of the East, quiver on their fulgent wings above the opening flowers.

"At length the fervid noon approaches, the sun mounts high, and all animated nature begins to manifest the oppression of his beams. The green enameled dragonflies alone flash above every pool in pursuit of their tiny prey; but almost every other winged insect seeks instinctively the shade of the foliage. The hawks and falcons now sweep through the sky to mark the smaller birds which may be abroad in numbers in search of seeds and larvæ. The squirrels dart from bough to bough, uttering their shrill, quick cry; and the cicada on the stem of the palm tree raises the deafening sound whose tone and volubility has won for him the expressive title of the 'Knife-grinder.'

"It is during the first five hours of daylight that nature seems literally to teem with life and motion, the air melodious with the voice of birds, the woods resounding with the simmering hum of insects, and the earth replete with every form of living nature. But as the sun ascends to the meridian the scene is singularly changed, and nothing is more striking than the almost painful stillness that succeeds the vivacity of the early morning. Every animal disappears, escaping under the thick cover of the woods; the birds retire into the shade; the butterflies, if they flutter for a moment in the blazing sun, hurry back into the damp shelter of the trees as though their filmy bodies had been scorched by the brief exposure; and, at last, silence reigns so profound that the ticking of a watch is sensibly heard, and even the pulsations of the heart become audible. The buffalo now steals to the tanks and water-courses, concealing all but his gloomy head and shining horns in the mud and sedges; the elephant fans himself languidly with leaves to drive away the flies that perplex him; and the deer cower in groups under the overarching jungle. Rustling from under the dry leaves, the bright green lizard darts up the rough stems of the trees, and pauses between each spring to look inquiringly around. The woodpecker makes the forest reëcho with the restless blows of his beak on the decaying bark, and the tortoise drops awkwardly into the still water which reflects the bright plumage of the kingfisher, that keeps his lonely watch above it. So long as the sun is in the meridian, every living creature seems to fly his beams, and linger in the closest shade.

"Man himself, as if baffled in all devices to escape the exhausting glare, suspends his toil; and the traveler who has been abroad before sunrise, reposes till the midday heat has passed. The cattle pant in their stifling sheds, and the dogs lie prone upon the ground, with their legs extended in front and behind, as if to bring the utmost portion of their body into contact with the cool earth.

"As day declines, nature recovers from her languor and exhaustion, the insects again flutter across the open glades, the birds venture once more upon the wing, and the larger animals saunter from under cover, and move away in the direction of the ponds and pasture. The traveler recommences his suspended journey, and the husbandman, impatient to employ the last hours of fading light, hastens to bring the labors of the morning to a close. The birds which had made distant excursions to their feeding-grounds are now seen returning to their homes; the crows assemble round some pond to dabble in the water, and readjust their plumes before retiring for the night; the paroquets settle with deafening uproar on the crowns of the palm-trees near their nests; and the pelicans and sea-birds, with weary wing, retrace their way to their breeding-place near some solitary water-course or ruined tank. The sun at last

"Sinks, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall."

Twilight succeeds, and the crepuscular birds and animals awaken from their midday torpor and prepare to enjoy their nightly revels. The hawkmoths now take the place of the gayer butterflies, which withdraw with the departure of light; innumerable beetles make short and uncertain flights in the deepening shade, and in pursuit of them and the other insects that frequent the dusk, the night-jar, with expanded jaws, takes low and rapid circles above the plains and pools.

"Darkness at last descends, and every object, fades in night and gloom; but still the murmur of innumerable insects arises from the glowing earth. The fruit-eating bats launch themselves from the high branches on which they hang suspended during the day, and cluster round the mango-trees and tamarinds; and across the gray sky the owl flits in pursuit of the night-moths on a wing so soft and downy that the air scarcely echoes its pulsations. The palm-cat now descends from the crest of the cocoanut where she had lurked during the day, and the glossy genetie emerges from some hollow tree; they steal along the branches to surprise the slumbering birds. Meanwhile, among the grass, already damp with dew, the glowworm lights her emerald lamp, and from the shrubs and bushes issue showers of fireflies, whose pale green flashes sparkle in the midnight darkness till day returns and morning 'pales their ineffectual fire.'—Vol. II. p. 258-7.

The botanist and lover of hot-house floriculture will derive instruction and

pleasure from the perusal of the third chapter, on the trees and plants of Ceylon. To select from so concentrated a summary of the more striking phenomena of vegetable life is difficult. We come occasionally upon most unexpected consequences of the peculiarities of tropical forms of plants, as in the instance of the aerial music, recalling that which Prospero commanded. The shipwrecked mariner cast upon the shores of Ceylon might well deem himself upon an enchanted island, when listening to the melodious sounds that in some localities fill the air; "some soft and liquid like the notes of a flute, others deep and full like the tones of an organ; sometimes low, interrupted, and even single, and presently swelling into a grand burst of mingled melody." Now to what natural cause, it may be asked, can this "music of the spheres" be attributed? Sir Emerson thus recounts the simple solution of the melodious mystery: "On drawing near to a clump of trees, above the branches of which waved a slender bamboo about forty feet in length, the musical tones issued from it, and were caused by the breeze passing through perforations in the stem."

The noble tribe of Palms receives its due meed of the author's praise. The virtues and manifold utility of the coconut palm have been often the subject of description, but are no where more concisely and graphically told than in the present chapter. Of another species, the beautiful palmyra, which grows in profusion in the peninsular of Jaffna, Sir Emerson remarks that a native of that peninsula, if he be contented with ordinary doors and mud walls, may build an entire house (as he wants neither nails nor iron-work) with walls, roof, and covering from this palm.

"From the same tree he may draw his wine, make his oil, kindle his fire, carry his water, store his food, cook his repast, and sweeten it, if he pleases; in fact, live from day to day dependent on the Palmyra alone. Multitudes do so live, and it may be safely asserted that this tree alone furnishes one fourth the means of sustenance for the population of the northern provinces."—Vol. I. p. 111.

The second part of the work is devoted to the Zoölogy of Ceylon. In entering upon this, to many the most interesting subject, Sir Emerson begins with the monkeys and at once corrects an erroneous

application of the Singhalese word, "wanderingoo," or "ouanderu," to a monkey, which is common to the Malabar coast, but is no native at all of the island of Ceylon.

Fatal accidents occasionally are due to attacks by the bear and panther of Ceylon. The following narrow escape, which occurred to Major Skinner, is narrated by Sir Emerson Tennent. The Major was pursuing his military survey of the mountain zone, and had bivouacked in the midst of a dense forest in the southern segment of the Adam's Peak range. Early in the morning,

"anxious to gain a hight in time to avail myself of the clear atmosphere of sunrise for my observations, I started off by myself through the jungle, leaving orders for my men, with my surveying instruments, to follow my track by the notches which I cut in the bark of the trees. On leaving the plain, I availed myself of a fine wide game track which lay in my direction, and had gone perhaps half a mile from the camp, when I was startled by a slight rustling in the nilloo to my right, and in another instant, by the spring of a magnificent leopard which, in a bound full eight feet in height over the lower brushwood, lighted at my feet within eighteen inches of the spot whereon I stood, and lay in a crouching position, his fiery gleaming eyes fixed on me.

"The predicament was not a pleasant one. I had no weapon of defense, and with one spring or blow of his paw, the beast could have annihilated me. To move I knew would only encourage his attack. It occurred to me at the moment that I had heard of the power of man's eye over wild animals, and accordingly I fixed my gaze as intently as the agitation of such a moment enabled me on his eyes: we stared at each other for some seconds, when, to my inexpressible joy, the beast turned and bounded down the straight open path before me. This scene occurred just at that period of the morning when the grazing animals retired from the open patena to the cool shade of the forest: doubtless, the leopard had taken my approach for that of a deer, or some such animal. And if his spring had been at a quadruped instead of a biped, his distance was so well measured, that it must have landed him on the neck of a deer, an elk, or a buffalo; as it was, one pace more would have done for me. A bear would not have let his victim off so easily."—Vol. I. p. 142.

The chapter on birds is replete with vivid sketches, from personal observation, of living species in their natural localities and environments, infusing a healthy life into the dry catalogues of exotic species which too often constitute the staple produce of our home ornithologists. After perusing the pages reflecting the writer's insight into the vital phenomena to be

witnessed in the noble forests of Ceylon, we look with a new and heightened pleasure at the series of tropical birds arranged and prepared in the galleries of our national museum. The seemingly monstrous beak of the hornbill becomes now, for the first time, intelligible. We picture for example, the *Buceros pica*, with its monstrous double casque, mistaken for a second head by the wandering friar of the fourteenth century, as it is described by Tennent, perched on the lofty branches of the higher trees, watching the motions of the small reptiles and birds on which it preys, tossing them in the air when seized, and catching them in its gigantic mandible as they fall; and we seem to witness the omnivorous glutton grasping a large fruit, to which the huge beak is adapted, and, if the stem be too tough to be severed by the strength of the beak and neck, flinging himself off the branch so as to add the weight of his body to their pressure and force. Another function or need of the long and large beak, relates to the peculiarity of the incubation of the hornbill, now demonstrated by the concurrent but independent testimonies of Livingstone in Africa, and Edgar Layard in Ceylon—namely: that when the female has finished her oviposition, and taken her seat on the eggs for the task of incubation, the male closes the hole in the tree which she has selected for her nest, leaving only an aperture big enough for the passage of the bill, by which he feeds his mate.

“As we emerge from the deep shade and approach the park-like openings on the verge of the low country, quantities of pea-fowl are to be found either feeding amongst the seeds and nuts in the long grass, or sunning themselves on the branches of the surrounding trees. Nothing to be met with in demesnes in England can give an adequate idea either of the size or the magnificence of this matchless bird when seen in his native solitudes. Here he generally selects some projecting branch, from which his plumage may hang free of the foliage; and if there be a dead and leafless bough, he is certain to choose it for his resting-place, whence he droops his wings and suspends his gorgeous train, or spreads it in the morning sun to drive off the damps and dews of the night.”—Vol. i. p. 165.

Among the most significant evidences of a quasi reasoning faculty in the lower animal is, the coöperation of two individuals to obtain, by distinct maneuvers, a foreseen end. The dog has furnished more than one instance of this kind. Sir Emer-

son Tennent narrates the following anecdote of the small glossy crow of Ceylon:

“One of these ingenious marauders, after vainly attitudinizing in front of a chained watch-dog, which was lazily gnawing a bone, and after fruitlessly endeavoring to divert his attention by dancing before him, with head awry and eye askance, at length flew away for a moment, and returned bringing with it a companion, who perched itself on a branch a few yards in the rear. The crow's grimaces were now actively renewed, but with no better result, till its confederate, poising himself on his wings, descended with the utmost velocity, striking the dog upon the spine with all the force of his beak. The ruse was successful: the dog started with surprise and pain, but not quickly enough to seize his assailant, whilst the bone he had been gnawing disappeared the instant his head was turned. Two well-authenticated instances of the recurrence of this device came within my knowledge at Colombo, and attest the sagacity and powers of communicating and combining possessed by these astute and courageous birds.”—Vol. i. p. 171.

The lakes and still waters of Ceylon, especially those of the northern district, are remarkable for the numbers and prodigious size of the crocodiles infesting them. They seem to reproduce a picture of the oolitic world—that “age of reptiles” of the geologist. The author records the following instance of his personal experience of one of these saurians:

“On the morning after our arrival a crocodile was caught in the lake, within a few yards of the government agent's residence, where a hook had been laid the night before, baited with the entrails of a goat, and made fast, in the native fashion, by a bunch of fine cords, which the creature can not gnaw asunder as he would a solid rope, since they sink into the spaces between his teeth. The one taken was small, being only about ten or eleven feet long, whereas they are frequently killed from fifteen to nineteen feet in length. As long as he was in the water he made a strong resistance to being hauled on shore, carrying the canoe up into the deep channel, and occasionally raising his head above the water, and clashing his jaws together menacingly. This action has a horrid sound, as the crocodile has no fleshy lips, and he brings his teeth and the bones of his mouth together with a loud noise, like the clank of two pieces of hard wood. After playing him a little, the boatmen drew him to land, and when once fairly on the shore, all his courage and energy seemed suddenly to desert him. He tried once or twice to regain the water, but at last lay motionless and perfectly helpless on the sand. It was no easy matter to kill him: a rifle-ball sent diagonally through his breast had little or no effect, and even when

the shot had been repeated more than once, he was as lively as ever. At last he feigned death and lay motionless, with his eyes closed, but on being pricked with a spear, he suddenly recovered all his activity. He was at last finished by a harpoon, and opened. His maw contained several small tortoises and a quantity of broken bricks and gravel, taken medicinally, to promote digestion, which in these creatures is said to be so slow that the natives assert that the crocodile, from choice, never swallows his prey when fresh, but conceals it under a bank till far advanced in putrefaction.

"During our journeys we had several opportunities of observing the habits of these hideous creatures, and I am far from considering them so formidable as is usually supposed. They are evidently not wantonly destructive; they act only under the influence of hunger, and even then their motions on land are awkward and uncomfortable, their action timid, and their whole demeanor devoid of the sagacity and courage which characterize other animals of prey."—Vol. ii. p. 467.

The inferences philosophically drawn from the peculiarity of most of the species of Ceylon Reptiles, as to the circle of physical geography to which that island belongs, merit the attention of all who are interested in that important branch of natural science. The remarks on the chameleon, and the anecdotes of the little house gecko or lizard, that runs, like a fly, up the wall and along the ceiling, are full of the freshness and attraction that characterize and result from direct observation.

The peculiar charm of the famous stone confided in for its preventive effects by the snake charmers of Ceylon, is shown to be due to its rapidly absorbing power when applied to the recent bite of a cobra or other poisonous snake. Sir Emerson submitted one of these "snake-stones" to the scrutiny of Faraday, who reported it to be

"a piece of charred bone which had been filled with blood perhaps several times, and then carefully charred again. Evidence of this is afforded as well by the apertures of cells or tubes on its surface, as by the fact that it yields and breaks under pressure, and exhibits an organic structure within. When heated slightly, water rises from it, and also a little ammonia; and if heated still more highly in the air, carbon burns away, and a bulky white ash is left, retaining the shape and size of the 'stone.' This ash, as is evident from inspection, can not have belonged to any vegetable substance, for it is almost entirely composed of phosphate of lime." Mr. Faraday adds, that "if the piece of matter

has ever been employed as a spongy absorbent, it seems hardly fit for that purpose in its present state; but who can say to what treatment it has been subjected since it was fit for use, or to what treatment the natives may submit it when expecting to have occasion to use it?"—Vol. i. p. 199, 200.

A "talking fish" has recently attempted to take the "town" by surprise; but the same prosaic matter-of-fact zoölogy, which reduced the McQuæian sea-serpent to a seal, has raised the Barnumite fish of Piccadilly to an equally intelligent mammalian grade of organization. The natural voice of the *Phoca leptonyx* resembles "ba-ba" sufficiently closely to satisfy the credulous listener prepared to hear and comprehend articulate sounds from the mouth of the uncouth amphibian. But if the lover of marvels would really hear a "musical fish," he must travel under the intelligent guidance of the author of the present work to Batticoola on the north coast of Ceylon. On the occasion of a visit to that part of the island in September, 1848, Sir Emerson Tennent made inquiries relative to the musical sounds alleged to issue from the bottom of the lake. The fishermen vouched for the truth of the story, stating that the sounds are heard only during the dry season, and cease when the lake is swollen by the freshes after rain.

"In the evening when the moon had risen, I took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to the spot. We rowed about two hundred yards north-east of the jetty, by the fort gate; there was not a breath of wind, and not a ripple but that caused by the dip of our oars; and on coming to the point already mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest base. On applying the ear to the wood-work of the boat, the sound was greatly increased in volume by its conduction. They varied considerably at different points as we moved across the lake, as if the number of the animals from which they proceeded was greater in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until on returning to the original locality, the sounds were at once renewed.

"This fact seems to indicate that the causes of the sound, whatever they may be, are stationary at their several points; and this agrees with the statement of the natives, that they are produced

by mollusca, and not by fish. They came evidently and sensibly from the depth of the lake, and there was nothing in the surrounding circumstances to support a conjecture that it might be the reverberation of the noises made by insects on the shore, conveyed along the surface of the water, for they were loudest and most distinct at those points where the nature of the land, and the intervention of the fort and its buildings, forbade the possibility of this kind of conduction."—Vol. ii. p. 469.

Under the impression that the sounds had been produced by shell-fish, our author took steps to obtain a specimen of the mollusca of the lake; but the only ones which were sent to him were *Cerithia*. Learning that evidence of the power of certain marine mollusca to produce audible sounds under water had been adduced by Dr. Grant, Sir Emerson applied to that eminent Professor of Natural History, and received from him a letter, which he publishes, and from which we extract the following:

"My two living tritonia, contained in a large colorless glass cylinder, filled with pure sea-water, and placed on the central table of the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh, around which many members were sitting, continued to clink audibly within the distance of twelve feet during the whole meeting.

"These small animals were individually not half the size of the last joint of my little finger. What effect the mellow sounds of millions of these, covering the shallow bottom of a tranquil estuary, in the silence of night, might produce, I can scarcely conjecture.

"Your authentication of the hitherto unknown fact, would probably lead to the discovery of the same phenomenon in other common accessible paludinae, and other allied branchiata animals, and to the solution of a problem, which is still to me a mystery, even regarding the tritonia."—Vol. ii. p. 480.

"Of all the plagues which beset the traveler in Ceylon, the most detested are the land-leeches."

"They are terrestrial, never visiting ponds or streams. In size they are about an inch in length, and as fine as a common knitting-needle; but capable of distension till they equal a quill in thickness, and attain a length of nearly two inches. Their structure is so flexible that they can insinuate themselves through the meshes of the finest stocking, not only seizing on the feet and ankles, but ascending to the back and throat, and fastening on the tenderest parts of the body. In moving, the land-leeches have the power of planting one extremity on the earth and rising the other perpendicularly to watch for their victim. Such is their vigilance an

instinct, that on the approach of a passer-by to a spot which they infest, they may be seen amongst the grass and fallen leaves on the edge of a native path, poised erect, and preparing for their attack on man and horse. On descrying their prey, they advance rapidly by semi-circular strides, fixing one end firmly on the ground, and arching the other forwards, till by successive advances, they can lay hold of the traveler's foot, when they disengage themselves from the ground and ascend his dress in search of an aperture to enter."—Vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

We have reserved for the conclusion of our review of the natural history chapters of the present work, a notice of that devoted to the Elephant, in which, we can with confidence state, is given the most complete and correct history on record of this stupendous animal.

The former abundance of the species described (*Elephas indicus*, Cuv.) is exemplified; and the causes which have led to a diminution of their numbers, and their disappearance from districts where they once abounded, are ably exposed. Elephants were regarded as royal game in the time of the Kandyan empire, and their slaughter without permission was classed amongst the gravest offenses. The poacher of proboscidiæ, by a kind of retributive justice, was given up to the elephant executioner, who placing his foot on the prostrate victim, plucked off his limbs in succession by a sudden movement of his trunk.

The wild elephants of Ceylon are now common to all pursuers, and have euded extraordinary skill and "pluck" in some of our adventurous military men stationed on the island. The author citing the curious fact that, whilst in Africa, both sexes of the elephant have tusks, with some slight disproportion in the size of those of the females, not one elephant in a hundred is found with tusks in Ceylon, and the few that possess them are exclusively males, remarks that had all been provided with tusks, they would long since have been annihilated for the sake of the ivory.

The peculiarly partial development of these monstrous teeth in the elephants of Ceylon, and the absence of any direct observation of their use in the few elephants there possessing them, have begot the grave doubts as to their alleged functions, which the author expresses. Of one hundred and eighty inquests on cases of death by wild animals, during five years in Ceylon, only sixteen are recorded to have

been caused by elephants, whilst sixty-eight were due to poisonous serpents.

The value of direct observation by a clear-headed naturalist, is shown in the refutation of the alleged antipathies of the elephant to other quadrupeds, handed down in histories from Pliny to Buffon. They show no impatience in the company of the elk, wild buffaloes, the deer, the bear, and the wild hog; but the elephant's caution leads him to take alarm at the appearance in the jungle of any animal with which he is not familiar. The tame elephant soon becomes reconciled to other domestic quadrupeds. He has been said to be afraid of the horse, but the experience of the author favors the belief that it is the horse which is alarmed at the aspect of the elephant. Of this fact, Sir Emerson Tennent records an instance which we quote, because it illustrates at the same time the peculiar sagacity of the great proboscidian, and illustrates also the disposition to make good use of his tusks when he happens to have them :

"One evening whilst riding in the vicinity of Kandy, towards the scene of the massacre of Major Davie's party in 1803, my horse evinced some excitement at a noise which approached us in the thick jungle, and which consisted of a repetition of the ejaculation *urmph ! urmph !* in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. A turn in the forest explained the mystery, by bringing me face to face with a tame elephant, unaccompanied by any attendant. He was laboring painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber, which he balanced across his tusks, but the pathway being narrow, he was forced to bend his head to one side to permit it to pass endways; and the exertion and inconvenience combined led him to utter the dissatisfied sounds which disturbed the composure of my horse. On seeing us halt, the elephant raised his head, reconnoitered us for a moment, then threw down the timber and forced himself backwards among the brushwood so as to leave a passage, of which he expected us to avail ourselves. My horse still hesitated: the elephant observed it, and impatiently thrust himself still deeper into the jungle, repeated his cry of *urmph !* in a voice evidently meant to encourage us to come on. Still the horse trembled; and anxious to observe the instinct of the two sagacious creatures, I forbore any interference: again the elephant wedged himself further in amongst the trees, and waited impatiently for us to pass him; and after the horse had done so tremblingly and timidly, I saw the wise creature stoop and take up his heavy burden, trim and balance it on his tusks, and resume his route, hoarsely snorting, as before, his discontented remonstrance."—Vol. ii. pp. 282, 283.

There appears to be a direct relation, at least in the mammalian class, between the vocal powers and the grade of intelligence; and the various noises which the elephant makes to intimate his pleasure, anger, suspicion, and alarm, as described by Sir Emerson Tennent, are truly remarkable.

The grounds on which the opinion of the superior sagacity of the elephant is founded have been derived almost exclusively from observations of the animal in a state of domesticity. In its wild state, for reasons well given by the author, the elephant may seem to casual observers to exhibit even less than ordinary ability; but when danger and apprehension call for the exertion of his physical powers, those who have witnessed their display are seldom inclined to undervalue their degree. Sir Emerson relates, in illustration of this fact, a most curious instance of an elephant which, in the belief of the natives, feigned death in order to regain his freedom. The animal had been captured with the rest of his herd, and was being

"led from the corral as usual between two tame ones, and had already proceeded far on its way towards its destination; when night closing in, and the torches being lighted, it hesitated to go on, and finally sunk to the ground apparently lifeless. Mr. Cripps ordered the fastenings to be removed from its legs, and when all attempts to raise it had failed, so convinced was he that it was dead, that he ordered the ropes to be collected and the carcass to be abandoned. While this was being done, he and a gentleman by whom he was accompanied leaned against the body to rest. They had scarcely taken their departure and proceeded a few yards, when, to their astonishment, the elephant rose with the utmost alacrity, and fled towards the jungle, screaming at the top of his voice, its cries being audible long after it had disappeared in the shades of the forest."—Vol. ii. pp. 321, 322.

The most striking of all the instances of man's mastery over inferior animals is the exploit of his wholesale decoy and capture of the hugest and wisest of terrestrial quadrupeds. The procedure of the "corral," or elephant trap on the grand scale, have been often described; but never with so much comprehensiveness and accuracy, or with such exact appreciation of the relation of the several steps in the procedure to the idiosyncrasies of the gigantic brute, as in the chapter which the author devotes to this exciting subject.

The skill of the professional elephant-catchers in Ceylon, the "panikeas," as they are called, who inhabit the "Moorish villages" in the north and north-east of the island, is described as having almost the certainty of instinct.

"Hence their services are eagerly sought by the European sport-men who go down into their country in search of game. So keen is their glance, that almost at the top of their speed, like hounds running 'breast high,' they will follow the course of an elephant, over glades covered with stunted grass, where the eye of a stranger would fail to discover a trace of its passage, and on through forests strewn with dry leaves, where it seems impossible to perceive a foot-step. Here they are guided by a bent or broken twig, or by a leaf dropped from the animal's mouth, on which they can detect the pressure of a tooth. If at fault, they fetch a circuit like a setter, till lighting on some fresh marks, then go ahead again with renewed vigor. So delicate is the sense of smell in the elephant, and so indispensable is it to go against the wind in approaching him, that the Panikeas, on those occasions when the wind is so still that its direction can not be otherwise discerned, will suspend the film of a gossamer to determine it, and shape their course accordingly.

"They are enabled, by the inspection of the footmarks, when impressed in soft clay, to describe the size as well as the number of a herd before it is seen: *the height of an elephant at the shoulder being as nearly as possible twice the circumference of his fore-foot.*"—Vol. ii. p. 337.

Sir Emerson was present during the wholesale capture of wild elephants by the Singhalese modification of the corral, and gives a most vivid description of the strange and exciting scene. The passing allusions to the scenery and botany of the tropical forest traversed by the Governor's party to witness them carry one completely into the midst of the wild and primitive scene of action.

After detailing the preliminary proceedings of the native hunters, the author proceeds as follows:

"Two months had been spent in these preparations, and they had been thus far completed, on the day when we arrived and took our places on the stage erected for us, overlooking the entrance to the corral. Close beneath us a group of tame elephants, sent by the temples and the chiefs to assist in securing the wild ones, were picketed in the shade, lazily fanning themselves with leaves. Three distinct herds, whose united numbers were variously represented at from forty to fifty elephants, were inclosed, and were at that moment concealed in the jungle within a short distance of the stockade. Not a sound

was permitted to be made, each person spoke to his neighbor in whispers, and such was the silence observed by the multitude of watchers at their posts, that occasionally we could hear the rustling of the branches as some of the elephants stripped off their leaves.

"Suddenly the signal was made, and the stillness of the forest was broken by the shouts of the guard, the rolling of the drums and tom-toms, and the discharge of muskets; and beginning at the most distant side of the area, the elephants were urged forwards towards the entrance into the corral.

"The watchers along the line kept silence only until the herd had passed them, and then joining the cry in their rear, they drove them onwards with redoubled shouts and noises. The tumult increased as the terrified rout drew near, swelling now on one side, now on the other, as the herd in their panic dashed from point to point in their endeavors to force the line, but were instantly driven back by screams, guns, and drums.

"At length the breaking of the branches and the crackling of the brushwood announced their close approach, and the leader bursting from the jungle, rushed wildly forward to within twenty yards of the entrance, followed by the rest of the herd. Another moment and they would have plunged into the open gate, when suddenly they wheeled round, reentered the jungle, and in spite of the hunters, resumed their original position. The chief headman came forward and accounted for the freak by saying that a wild pig, an animal which the elephants are said to dislike, had started out of the cover and run across the leader, who would otherwise have held on direct for the corral; and he intimated that as the herd was now in the highest state of excitement, and it was at all times much more difficult to effect a successful capture by daylight than by night, when the fires and the flambeaux act with double effect, it was the wish of the hunters to defer their final effort till the evening, when the darkness would lend a powerful aid to their exertions.

"After sunset the scene exhibited was of extraordinary interest; the low fires, which had apparently only smoldered in the sunlight, assumed their ruddy glow amidst the darkness, and threw their tinge over the groups collected round them, while the smoke rose in eddies through the rich foliage of the trees. The crowds of spectators maintained profound silence, and not a sound was perceptible beyond the hum of an insect. On a sudden the stillness was broken by the roll of a drum, followed by a discharge of musketry. This was the signal for the renewed assault, and the hunters entered the circle with shouts and clamor; dry leaves and sticks were flung upon the watch-fires, till they blazed aloft, and formed a line of flame on every side except in the direction of the corral, which was studiously kept dark; and thither the terrified elephants betook themselves, followed by the yells and racket of their pursuers.

"They approached at a rapid pace, trampling down the brushwood and crushing the dry branches, the leader emerged in front of the corral, paused for an instant, stared wildly round, and then rushed headlong through the open gate, followed by the rest of the herd.

"As if by magic, the entire circuit of the corral, which to this moment had been kept in profound darkness, now blazed with a thousand lights, every hunter on the instant that the elephants entered, rushing forward to the stockade with a torch kindled at the nearest watch-fire.

"The elephants first dashed to the very extremity of the inclosure, and being brought up by the powerful fence, started back to regain the gate, but found it closed. Their terror was sublime; they hurried round the corral at a rapid pace, but saw it now girt by fire on every side; they attempted to force the stockade, but were driven back by the guards with spears and flambeaux; and on whichever side they approached, they were repulsed with shouts and discharges of musketry. Collecting into one group, they would pause for a moment in apparent bewilderment, then burst off in another direction, as if it had suddenly occurred to them to try some point which they had before overlooked; but again repulsed, they slowly returned to their forlorn resting-place in the center of the corral.

"The interest of this strange scene was not confined to the spectators; it extended to the tame elephants which were stationed outside. At the first approach of the flying herd, they evinced the utmost interest in the scene. Two in particular which were picketed near the front were intensely excited, and continued tossing their heads, pawing the ground, and starting as the noise drew near. At length when the grand rush into the corral took place, one of them fairly burst from her fastenings and started off towards the herd, leveling a tree of considerable size, which obstructed her passage."—Vol. ii. p. 353, 354.

The mode of securing and marching out the captives is next given. The wonder of a London audience has been recently excited by the performance of an elephant, at Astley's, exhibiting attitudes which seemed incompatible with a creature of its form, shape, and structure; but the tame performer is outdone by the actions of the enraged wild elephant, in the first struggles against his bonds. The first of the entrapped herd which was tied up

"felt the ropes with his trunk and tried to untie the numerous knots; he drew backwards to liberate his forelegs, then leaned forward to extricate the hind ones, till every branch of the tall tree vibrated with his struggles. He screamed in his anguish, with his proboscis

raised high in the air, then falling on his side, he laid his head to the ground, first his cheek, and then his brow, and pressed down his doubled-in trunk as though he would force it into the earth, then suddenly rising, he balanced himself on his forehead and forelegs, holding his hind-feet fairly off the ground. This scene of distress continued some hours, with occasional pauses of apparent stupor, after which the struggle was from time to time renewed abruptly, and as if by some sudden impulse; but at last the vain strife subsided, and the poor animal stood perfectly motionless, the image of exhaustion and despair.

Some in their struggles made no sounds, whilst others bellowed and trumpeted furiously, then uttered short convulsive screams, and at last, exhausted and hopeless, gave vent to their anguish in low and piteous moanings. Some, after a few violent efforts of this kind, lay motionless on the ground, with no other indication of suffering than the tears which suffused their eyes and flowed incessantly. Others, in all the vigor of their rage, exhibited the most surprising contortions; and to us who had been accustomed to associate with the unwieldy bulk of an elephant the idea that he must of necessity be stiff and inflexible, the attitudes into which they forced themselves were almost incredible. I saw one lie with the cheek pressed to the earth and the fore-legs stretched in front, whilst the body was twisted round till the hind-legs extended at the opposite side."—Vol. ii. p. 363, 364.

The function of a peculiar structure of the elephant's stomach, suggested by physiological induction, is now established by direct observation on the living animal for the first time made and communicated by the author of the present work.

"One practice was incessant with almost the entire herd; in the interval of every struggle, they beat up the ground with their fore-feet, and taking up the dry earth in a coil of their trunks, they flung it dexterously over every part of their body. Even when lying down, the sand within reach was thus collected and scattered over their limbs; then inserting the extremity of their trunks in their mouths, they withdrew a quantity of water, which they discharged over their backs, repeating the operation again and again, till the dust was thoroughly saturated. I was astonished at the quantity of water thus applied, which was sufficient, when the elephant, as was generally the case, had worked the spot where he lay into a hollow, to convert its surface into a thin coating of mud. Seeing that the herd had been now twenty-four hours without access to water of any kind, surrounded by watch-fires, and exhausted by struggling and terror, the supply of moisture he was capable of containing in the receptacle attached to his stomach must have been considerable."—Vol. ii. p. 364, 365.

Nothing seems to have escaped the quick and comprehensive glance of Sir Emerson. The varied demeanor of the different elephants as they were successfully "noosed" and tied up, is so told, as to fix it in the mind like a picture. Old elephants and young, males and females, respectable members of the herd and exiled "rogues"—each and all pass in review before us. Much as we welcome the artistic drawings which illustrate this stirring chapter in the zoölogy of Ceylon, they are superseded by the word-painting which impresses the multiform features of the wild and complex spectacle on the reader's imagination. The baby-elephants add the ludicrous element to the performance. Two tiny ones had been entrapped with the herd, one about ten months old, the other somewhat more.

"These two little creatures were the most vociferous of the whole herd, their shouts were incessant, they struggled to attack every one within reach; and as their bodies were more lithe and pliant than those of greater growth, their contortions were quite wonderful. The most amusing thing was, that in the midst of all their agony and affliction, the little fellows seized on every article of food that was thrown to them, and ate and roared simultaneously."—Vol. ii. p. 399.

"Amongst the last of the elephants noosed was the *rogue*. Though far more savage than the others, he joined in none of their charges and assaults on the fences, as they uniformly drove him off and would not permit him to enter their circle. When dragged past another of his companions in misfortune, who was lying exhausted on the ground, he flew upon him and attempted to fasten his teeth in his head; this was the only instance of viciousness which occurred during the progress of the corral."—Vol. ii. p. 369.

"When they attempted to drag him backwards from the tree near which he was noosed, he laid hold of it with his trunk and lay down on his side immovable. The temple-tusker and another were ordered up to assist, and it required the combined efforts of the three elephants to force him along. When dragged to the place at which he was to be tied up, he continued the contest with desperation, and to prevent the second noose being placed on his foot, he sat down on his haunches, almost in the attitude of the 'Florentine Boar,' keeping his hind-feet beneath him, and defending his fore-feet with his trunk, with which he flung back the rope as often as it was attempted to attach it. When overpowered and made fast, his grief was most affecting; his violence sunk to utter prostration, and he lay on the ground, uttering choking cries, with tears trickling down his cheeks."—Vol. ii. pp. 375, 376.

The process of taming the captive giants usually extends over a period of two months, when the presence of the decoy elephants is dispensed with, and the captive is ridden to the river alone. Amongst numerous instances of the superior physical endowments of the elephant, adduced by Sir E. Tennent, we select the following:

"When roads are to be constructed along the face of steep declivities, and the space is so contracted that risk is incurred, either of the elephant falling over the precipice or of rocks slipping down from above, not only are the measures which he resorts to the most judicious and reasonable that could be devised, but if urged by his keeper to adopt any other, he manifests a reluctance which shows that he has balanced in his own mind the comparative advantages of each. He appears on all occasions to comprehend the purpose and object which he is expected to promote, and hence he voluntarily executes a variety of details without any guidance whatsoever from his keeper. This is one characteristic in which the elephant manifests a superiority over the horse; although in strength, in proportion to his weight, he does not equal the latter."—Vol. ii. p. 387.

Two instances of births are recorded in the case of elephants which had been long in captivity. In regard to the duration of life of the elephant, estimated by Professor Owen at a hundred and fifty years, on the basis of the duration of the grinding-teeth as effective instruments of mastication, Sir Emerson Tennent quotes a memorandum which he found among the papers left by Col. Robertson, (son of the historian Principal Robertson,)

"showing that a decoy was then attached to the elephant establishment at Matura, which the records proved to have served under the Dutch during the entire period of their occupation, that lasted for upwards of one hundred and forty years, and was said to have been found by them in the stables on the expulsion of the Portuguese in A.D. 1656."—Vol. ii. p. 389.

It is possible, therefore, that two or three generations of Singhalese elephants may have witnessed the singular and violent political revolutions which in the last three centuries and a half have overthrown the native dynasties and ended by the annexation of the whole island to the dominions of the Queen of England. It was in 1505 that the flag of the Portuguese first appeared in the waters of Ceylon, and Sir Emerson Tennent has drawn from their own records a dark picture of

the rapacity, bigotry, and cruelty which characterized their sway. The resistance they encountered from the hardy mountaineers of Kandy was, however, so vigorous, that they were compelled to wage an internecine war against the native forces, and were at length expelled from Ceylon, one hundred and fifty years after their first landing, when the Dutch entered upon the scene of Indian adventure, and succeeded in forming alliances with the kings of Kandy fatal to the ascendancy of their commercial rivals and their religious antagonists. The chapters which Sir Emerson Tennent has devoted to these struggles are a valuable contribution to the colonial history of the European Powers.

It was not till the close of the last century that British forces and British policy appeared in Ceylon. Holland had been overrun by France; her colonies were attacked by England, and the King of Kandy was just as willing to accept our assistance to turn out the Dutch, as his predecessors had been to accept the assistance of the Dutch to turn out the Portuguese. The conquest of

Colombo by Colonel Stuart in 1795 speedily followed, and the dominion of this country over the Dutch settlements was established. On the administration of the island by Mr. North, immediately after its surrender by the Dutch, and on the highly questionable negotiations which took place between that officer and the Prime Minister of the King of Kandy, which were the prelude to the massacre of the British troops under Major Davie in 1803, a new and unexpected light has been thrown by the researches of Sir E. Tennent in the *Wellesley Papers*. The transaction which led to the establishment of British authority in the independent portion of the island was of the most painful and treacherous character. The young king was stimulated by his Adigar or Minister, who was in treasonable correspondence with Mr. North, to acts of atrocity calculated to bring about his own overthrow; in 1803 a British force seized Kandy; a sanguinary reaction followed; and the first years of the British government of Ceylon are deeply stained with humiliation and bloodshed.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WE have long been desirous of adding to the portrait-celebrities which have enriched and embellished the *ECLECTIC* a portrait of Professor Longfellow, the distinguished American poet. We have now that pleasure in sending to our readers the admirable likeness which graces our present number. We can not doubt that it will be received with a cordial approbation by all the readers and lovers of his poetry.

For this fine portrait of Professor Longfellow we are indebted to the artistic skill of his friend, the poet-painter, T. Buchanan Read, Esq., of Philadelphia, who has recently finished a painting of almost colossal size and life-likeness of expression, which has been admirably engraved by Mr. Sartain, under the kind inspection of Mr. Read himself. It is a rare advan-

tage thus to combine the artistic skill of both painter and engraver in the production of such a portrait. Our thanks are due to Mr. Read for permission to make this copy, and to Mr. Droer, of Philadelphia, in whose possession the portrait is to remain. A finely executed portrait, to be engraved from the same painting, as we are informed, will embellish the new edition of Professor Longfellow's works to be issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. The possession of this *ECLECTIC* portrait will very naturally excite the desire to possess the rich treasures of his poetic genius, when they shall appear in the new issue.

Not deeming it exactly courteous to introduce even the face of Professor Longfellow into ten thousand families and more without the consent of the original owner

we called to beg permission, which was kindly granted. And here we may be pardoned for adding that we found Professor Longfellow's residence in the venerable mansion where Washington fixed his head-quarters at Cambridge, as Commander-in-chief of the American army in the Revolutionary struggle. It is in excellent preservation, and as we glanced, by kind permission, into several apartments once occupied by the Father of his Country, we half-envied their walls, which had often echoed at the sound of his voice, and as we retired across the beautiful lawn, we half-fancied we could hear the faint echo of his footsteps in the distance. But we were mistaken. They had long ago died away and ceased in the quiet shades of Mount Vernon.

We subjoin a biographical sketch from a London cyclopedia, expressive of the high estimation in which Professor Longfellow is held on the other side of the water, as well as on this side of the Atlantic.

Professor HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Maine, on the twenty-seventh of February, 1807. He is the son of the Hon. Stephen Longfellow of that city. In his fifteenth year he entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, at which College he graduated with high honors in 1825. While at college he contributed various pieces of verse to the *United States Literary Gazette*. He was intended for the study of the law, and spent some time in his father's office for that purpose; but a professorship of modern languages having been founded in Bowdoin College and offered to him, he accepted the office as more congenial to his tastes. In order to qualify himself for the office, being then quite a youth, he came over to Europe, where he spent three years and a half in traveling through France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, and England, and in acquiring a knowledge of the languages and literature of those countries. His residence in Germany, in particular, had a powerful influence upon him — an influence visible throughout his subsequent writings. It begot in him a kind of eclectic theory of literature, and a love for European and especially mediæval and German themes and sentiments, as distinct from that intense American nationalism which some of his countrymen advocated. "All that is best," he has said, "in the great poets

of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil, but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air." This was a state of feeling very proper in one who was to fill the office of Professor of Modern Languages in an American College; which office he returned to occupy in the year 1829, while yet only in his twenty-third year. While discharging the duties of the post, he wrote various articles of literary biography and criticism for the *North-American Review*; in 1833 he published a translation of a Spanish poem, with an Essay on Spanish Poetry; and in 1835 appeared the first of his regular prose-works — *Outre-Mer, or a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea*, containing sketches of his travels in France, Spain, and Italy. In this same year, Mr. George Ticknor having resigned the Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard University, Mr. Longfellow, then twenty-eight years of age, was called upon to succeed him. Before entering on the office, he spent another year in European travel, visiting Germany again, and also Switzerland, Denmark, and Sweden, and thus adding a knowledge of the Scandinavian tongues and literature to his previous acquirements. From the year 1836 to the present time, Mr. Longfellow has held, with high distinction, the chair in Harvard University; and it is during this period that he has published the series of works by which he is best known. In 1839 he published his prose-romance of *Hyperion*; in 1840 his *Voices of the Night*, a collection of poems; in 1841 his *Ballads and other Poems*, including translations from the German and Swedish; in 1842 (in which year he again visited Europe) a drama called *The Spanish Student*; in 1845 his *Belfry of Bruges*, and also an extensive work entitled *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*, consisting of translations from various languages, with introductions and biographical notices; in 1847 his poem of *Evangeline*, a story of early American colonial life, written in English Hexameters; in 1848 his *Kavanagh*, a kind of poetico-philosophical tale; in 1849 a political series entitled *The Sea-Side and the Fireside*; in 1851 the *Golden Legend*, a mystical and dramatic version of a mediæval German story; and lastly, in 1855, his *Song of Hiawatha*, a kind of American Indian mythical epic, written in a very peculiar meter.

From the nature of some of the subjects in this long series, it will be seen that Mr. Longfellow, while true in the main to the cosmopolitan theory of poetry and literature with which he set out in his career, has yet exhibited his genius again and again in national American topics. No poem indeed is so thoroughly American in its scope and associations as the *Song of Hiawatha*. Of all American poets Mr. Longfellow is the most popular on this side of the Atlantic. Almost all his works

have been reprinted separately, some of them in various forms by various publishers; and there are at present (1856) several editions of his collective works in the market, one or two of which are illustrated. Though the influence of Goethe, Jean Paul, and other Germans is to be traced both in the matter and in the method of some of his writings, there can be no doubt that he is a man of fine original faculty, a highly-cultivated scholar, and a genuine literary artist.

From the London Times.

DEATH OF THE HISTORIAN MACAULAY.*

No death which we could chronicle will be more deeply or more widely lamented than that of Lord Macaulay. His loss is not simply that of a great man; it is the loss of a great man who accumulated immense stores of information that perish with him. As on the funeral pile of some Oriental potentate the wealth of a province is heaped up to be burned, we see passing with the historian into the darkness of the grave, not only a majestic mind which sooner or later must have gone from among us, but also the vast acquisitions of this mind, which we fancy might have remained to us forever. Macaulay's wealth of information was almost incredible, and in all his writings, in his speeches, in his conversations, he poured it forth so lavishly and yet so carefully, that reader and hearer scarcely knew which to admire most—the extent of his knowledge, or the felicity with which he brought it to bear upon the matter in hand. He had a more intimate acquaintance with English history than any man living, or perhaps any man who ever lived. His acquaintance with it was not a barren knowledge, but had fructified into political wisdom; and no pen could surpass his in the description of what he

knew and thought and felt. The death of such a man is more than a common loss—is more than the loss of a man equally great in other departments of literature. The material which he handles gives to the work of the historian a value which the work of no other artist enjoys. A great novelist or a great poet may be compared to a worker in colors, which have no value except in the arrangement given to them by the artist. A great historian, on the other hand, is a worker in gold and silver and precious stones, which have a value independent of the workmanship bestowed on them. It required a great mind to elicit the facts, but the facts have a value in themselves, and if they are not transmitted by the historian who is in possession of them, the loss which we sustain is not comparable to that of an additional poem or a new novel from the poet or novelist too soon struck down. Macaulay is cut off in his sixtieth year, and in the midst of his work. Who is to finish what he has begun? Who is to make good wherein he has failed? The deep regret for such a loss which will be universally felt wherever the English language is spoken, will be mingled with surprise at its suddenness. Only on Monday last Lord Macaulay had entertained his family at a Christmas party. It is true that for some years he had suffered from an affection of the heart, and three weeks ago he had

* We place a portrait of Lord Macaulay at the head of the present number, with this biographical sketch of his life in the letter-press, as mutual illustrations of the great English historian.—ED. ECLESTIC.

a return of threatening symptoms. But he appeared to rally again; the symptoms, although serious, were not alarming; and at the Christmas party on Monday last he was only so far unlike himself as to be rather silent. If Sydney Smith had been there, he would not have had to complain, as he once did, that he longed for some "brilliant flashes of silence;" and yet, in spite of Lord Macaulay's quietness, his friends in parting with him that night little thought that in less than eight-and-forty hours he would be no more for this world. On Wednesday evening, about eight o'clock, he died in a fainting fit, without the least pain.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born on the twenty-fifth of October, 1800, at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire. He was the son of Zachary Macaulay, who has a monument in Westminster Abbey, and who was well known as a prominent member of the so-called "Clapham Sect," as well as of the philanthropists who exerted themselves for the abolition of the slave-trade and slavery. The family belonged to the Highlands of Scotland, where Zachary Macaulay's father and uncle were ministers of the Kirk. Dr. Johnson, in his *Tour to the Hebrides*, mentions both the Rev. John and the Rev. Kenneth Macaulay in a kindly way, and the Presbyterian origin of the family is worth noticing, as its effects may be traced quite distinctly in the writings of the historian. Especially in his essays—that is to say, his early writings—there must be observed a curious familiarity, not simply with scriptural phraseology, which might have been derived from any religious education, but with the pet phrases and formulas which are current among the Presbyterian and metaphysical divines. Although Macaulay could scarcely be called a Scotchman, his religious allusions are as distinctively Scotch as those of Sir Walter Scott himself. His father, Zachary, seems to have been a sturdy Calvinist. He was a West-India merchant, who had early in life been sent to Jamaica, and who was so horrified with what he saw there of servitude, that he for some years pitched his tent amid all the unhealthiness of Sierra Leone, with the hope of doing good to the negroes. It was under the influence of such a character and of his associates, who, at that time, were held up to public scorn as "the Clapham Sect," that Lord Macaulay

was brought up. His education began at home; he was then placed under the care of a Mr. Preston, at Shelford, in Cambridgeshire; and finally he entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1818. His career at the University was very distinguished. In his first year he gained the Chancellor's medal for a poem on Pompeii; in his second year he carried off the same prize for a poem on Evening, both of which have been published; immediately afterwards he gained the second Craven Scholarship; in 1822 he took his Bachelor's degree, and though he did not compete for honors, owing to his dislike of mathematics, he was elected a Fellow of his college. Macaulay, moreover, made a great figure in the Union Debating Society, where he spent a good deal of his time. He was to study for the bar, and it was evident that he was to be an orator. What were his chances of promotion? He had a Fellowship to begin with; he had a father who was not only in good circumstances; but was also a leading member of a fraternity that had some political influence, and has always been celebrated for the virtue which phrenologists have termed "adhesiveness." Evangelicals have generally had the merit of sticking to each other, and, even had he been a dull man, Macaulay might have counted on the tenacity of his father's friends. It so happened that he gave the most brilliant promise in youth, and when still a very young man achieved some extraordinary works. The Evangelicals of that day were not remarkable for learning or ability, or any kind of brilliancy, and they looked graciously on the young man who was to follow in the footsteps of his father, and to add the lustre of intellect to the beauty of holiness.

In 1830, Mr. Macaulay had made such a reputation for himself that he became M.P. for the borough of Calne—a seat then, as now, in the nomination of Lord Lansdowne. We have therefore to account for those eight years between 1822, when he took his Bachelor's degree, and 1830, when he entered the House of Commons, and to show how he fought his way upwards. For the first four of these years a good deal of his time was spent between London and Cambridge, where he had his Fellowship. He took his Master's degree in 1825, and he was called to the bar in Lincoln's inn in 1826.

But far more important for his future prospects was the fact that in this period he began to write. He wrote poetry, he wrote essays, he wrote imaginary conversations, he wrote critiques—he wrote in every form. These appeared as contributions to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, of which it will readily be understood they formed the principal attraction. It was in these days he produced his ballads of the *Spanish Armada*, the *Battle of the League*, and *Ivry*; and we believe that some of his other contributions have been republished in America, although certainly not all. Macaulay was chary of publishing his periodical writings, and it is only by digging into the British Museum that we can find out what he was in the beginning. One chance, indeed, he has given us of ascertaining what he was when fresh from College. He had earned such a reputation by the contributions of which we have spoken, that he was engaged to write an article on Milton for the *Edinburgh Review*. This appeared in August, 1825, and Jeffrey's opinion of it was so high that he immediately secured the services of the young essayist for future numbers. It is scarcely necessary to say that this famous paper on Milton was afterwards republished by Macaulay in his collected essays, and we have all, therefore, an opportunity of taking his measure as a young man. In republishing it he made a few alterations, but every competent judge will indorse his own statement, that "the criticism on Milton was written when the author was fresh from College, and which contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves, still remains overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." As he advanced, however, he improved, as will be seen in the essays on Machiavelli, which immediately follows that on Milton, but is separated from it by an interval of eighteen months. It will never be so popular as the Milton article, which is very dazzling, but it is in every way a better work, and one can see in it the Macaulay of later days—his subtlety of thought, his tolerant temper, his high view of morality, his ideal of composition; and we may say the same on the articles on Hallam and Southey, which are next in order, and belong to the period before he entered Parliament. An article on *History* which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* in May,

1828, has not been republished, and in itself perhaps it is not of much value, having very much the appearance of a college exercise touched up. But as the production of one who afterwards became one of the greatest historians, and who, if he has not actually invented a new style of history, has given us the most perfect specimen of the new style, it is well worthy of perusal, and will, no doubt, be one day published with other works which Lord Macaulay has been perhaps too anxious to consign to oblivion. Among these will be found some political squibs which are really very good, and with regard to two of them, we quote the following from *Moore's Diary*, though the date is June, 1831. He is relating a conversation at the breakfast-table of Rogers, and says: "In the course of conversation, Campbell quoted a line,

"'Ye diners-out from whom we guard our spoons,'

and looking over at me, said significantly: 'You ought to know that line.' I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said: 'It is a poem that appeared in the *Times* which every one attributes to you.' But I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence and said, to our general surprise, 'That is mine,' on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still better on the subject of William Bankes's candidature for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally, 'That was mine also,' said Macaulay, thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess." His talents were so great, his writings so effective, and his influence so strong, that the Whigs obtained for him (this, we suppose, must have been in the Coalition Ministry) an appointment as Commissioner of Bankrupts, and in 1830, he entered Parliament as member for Calne.

For the future Mr. Macaulay is to be as much a politician as a writer. He made an impression in the House of Com-

mons almost from the first. To one who was uttering some disparagement of the young man, Mr. Sheil is reported to have screeched out: "Nonsense, sir! don't attempt to run down Macaulay. He's the cleverest man in Christendom. Didn't he make four speeches on the Reform Bill, and get £10,000 a year? Think of that, and be dumb." Immense things were expected of him when he appeared in the House; he was to be another Burke, and, indeed, he took a part in the debates in favor of Reform and the Grey Ministry second only to the more spontaneous efforts of Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley. Croker, who had also a reputation as a Reviewer, was frequently in these days set up to destroy the young debater, but he failed, as, other things being equal, the man of detail must always fail against the man of broad views and sweeping generalizations. Besides his performances on the floor of the House of Commons, Mr. Macaulay did duty in these days for his friends whose hearts he rejoiced in highly impassioned speeches at the Freemason's Tavern. In Parliament his style was more argumentative and sober, and he did good service to his friends. Jeffrey, writing to Lord Cockburn in 1833, observes: "Mac is a marvelous person. He made the very best speech that has been made this session on India, a few nights ago, to a House of less than fifty. The Speaker, who is a severe judge, says he rather thinks it the best speech he ever heard." Admirable speaker as he was, however, one may venture to doubt about Mr. Macaulay's qualifications as a debater. With all the stores of information, and all flow of language, he could never trust himself to speak without elaborate preparation; his presence as an orator was not overpowering, and his voice was not particularly good. His head was set stiff upon his shoulders, and his feet were planted immovable on the ground. One hand was fixed behind him across his back, and in this rigid attitude, with only a slight movement of his right hand, he poured forth his sentences. His speeches were what he said those of Sir James Mackintosh were — spoken essays, only that Macaulay's essays, unlike those of Sir James, were written in a highly rhetorical style. It is, perhaps, the most rhetorical prose that ever was written; at all events, the prose that combines in

the most perfect way whatever is excellent in the written with whatever is valuable in the spoken style. Macaulay certainly did wonders with it, and if he was not very formidable in extemporary debate, he managed at all times to fascinate both sides of the house, and to win golden opinions from all sorts of men.

With the new Parliament, which assembled after the passing of the Reform Bill, he was returned to the House of Commons, as representative of Leeds, and was appointed Secretary to the Board of Control; but in 1834 he resigned his seat and his Secretaryship to go out to India as a member of the Supreme Council. The emolument, we believe, was the chief inducement to this step, a few years of India in such an office being sufficient to secure a competency; but it will at once be seen that the acceptance of such an office was a frank surrender on the part of Mr. Macaulay of the highest political position. A man who felt that his life was in action, and knew that he must push his way to power, would not have thrown away the best years of his life in a distant dependency. He had probably discovered by this time that he was more a historian than a statesman, and that he was happier and more useful among his books than in office and in debate. And yet, although Mr. Macaulay's acceptance of the Indian office surprised those of his friends who had marked out for him, in imagination, a brilliant political future, he had an object in visiting the East which might well fire his ambition. He was appointed not simply a member of the Supreme Council, but also legal adviser to it, and the special object of his mission was to prepare a new Indian code of law. He was, therefore, exempted from all share in the administration of affairs; he had four assistants to help him in his labors, and the penal code which was produced under his superintendence is mainly to be attributed to him. Containing some twenty-six chapters, divided into nearly five hundred clauses, this code was published after Mr. Macaulay's return to this country in 1838, and its great ability acknowledged. To produce such a code was an object worthy of his ambition. Unfortunately, his code was rather admired than obeyed; it was too good to be true; mankind was not fit for it; it would not work. The variety of races

and customs to which it was applied has prevented even the attempt to put it in practice. One of its enactments, indeed, was so odious to the English inhabitants that they gave it the appellation of the "Black Act." It abolished the right of appealing from the Local Courts to the Supreme Court, at the Presidency. This right had hitherto been exclusively enjoyed by Europeans, and now it was proposed to put them on the same footing with the natives, giving to both a certain right of appeal, but appeal only to the highest Provincial Courts. It was practically the same measure which roused the inhabitants of Calcutta to indignant remonstrance immediately before the outbreak of the mutiny, and which being put forward at such a time, showed the confidence of our Indian officials in the justice of the Hindoo population. One benefit our author derived from his Indian experience; he was able to write of Indian affairs with a fullness of knowledge and a vividness of apprehension which are unsurpassed in his treatment of any other subject. His essays on Clive and Warren Hastings are, on the whole, the best he has written. Nothing can be more masterly than his views, nothing more picturesque than his narration, nothing more just than his admiration of the men, combined with condemnation of their acts. The essays will always be the most popular of his works, and we may read them a dozen times without ever tiring of them. The English is his best—his most finished style, and we must give him the praise of having in his style added to the clearness of the English language. He has taught us to avoid involved sentences; he has given us the most brilliant examples of directness; and by a chary use of pronouns, especially the personal pronouns, he has given at once lucidity and emphasis to all he has to say.

Mr. Macaulay, we have said, returned to this country in 1838. His subsequent history is too well known to need much remark. He was elected member for Edinburgh in 1839, and became Secretary at War in the same year. Mr. Macaulay did not long remain in office, for the Whigs were soon ousted by Sir Robert Peel. In opposition, Mr. Macaulay was not often in the House of Commons; but he expressed his opinion on many occasions, and gave mortal wounds to many of our institutions, and powerfully we

career. On the subject of the Maynooth Endowment, he spoke in favor of the grant to the Roman Catholics, and ventured to make allusion to "the bray of Exeter Hall." His constituency resented the expression, and refused to reelect him in 1847. In 1852 they repented of their doings, and spontaneously reelected him, without asking him to issue an address, to attend a meeting, or to bear one farthing of the expense. It was a worthy reparation; and the historian sat for a short time again in Parliament, although an attack of heart-complaint compelled him to avoid the excitement of public speaking. After a few sessions, he retired from the House of Commons, and only about two years ago he was raised to the peerage.

Lord Macaulay's rejection at Edinburgh probably hastened the undertaking of what was his chief ambition—a true History of England. He produced two volumes of this History in 1848, two more made their appearance in 1855, and the public were in expectation of a further installment, to be issued very shortly, when now they hear of the historian's decease. The excitement which the first two volumes created, appearing as they did in all the hubbub of the French Revolution, presenting to us a picture in remarkable contrast to that of the Parisian rabble, and calming down our own populace with the story of a nobler revolution, must be vividly in the recollection of our readers. Of the value of that History we have spoken so recently, (*The Times*, January eleventh, 1856,) that we need not now trouble them with a detailed criticism. Despite of any amount of criticism, the work is a very great work, and just as Hume is read, notwithstanding our censures, Macaulay will be read, whatever his deviations from strict accuracy. The only fact about this splendid monument of human labor to which it is necessary now to call attention is, that the author, in commencing his work, proposed to carry it down to a period "within the memory of persons still living," and that he has not been permitted to fulfill his task. He frequently turned his attention to other works, as witness his admirable biography of the Marquis of Pitt in a recent edition of his *History of England*; and that his hands, that since gave up bringing down his

narration to recent times. As it is, it is a magnificent fragment, which, even if the author had produced but a single volume, would have been of enormous value as a specimen of the high ideal at which he aimed.

FUNERAL OF LORD MACAULAY.

THE remains of Lord Macaulay were on Monday consigned, to use the eloquent words of the great essayist, to "that temple of silence and recollection where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried—to the Great Abbey which has during many years afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall." The funeral obsequies were marked by no outward pomp or display; they were those of a private gentleman borne to his last resting-place, and attended at his grave by the regrets and manly grief of hundreds who have admired and deplored the loss of his genius and his varied ability. Addison, at the foot of whose statue Macaulay now rests, lay in state in Jerusalem Chamber, and in a torch-light procession, headed by Bishop Atterbury, the remains of the essayist of the last century were borne, by the shrine of St. Edward and the grave of the Plantagenets, to the vault of the house of Albemarle in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s chapel. Those persons who were fortunate enough to obtain tickets to the Abbey were admitted at the door in Poets'-corner at twelve o'clock.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the private procession was formed at the deceased peer's residence, Holly-lodge, Campden-hill, in the presence of two or three hundred persons, chiefly residents in the locality. The *cortège*, which consisted of a hearse drawn by six horses, three mourning coaches, and a brougham, was remarkably unostentatious. The Rev. J. Macaulay and Mr. Macaulay, Jr., Mr. C. L. Macaulay, and Mr. George Trevelyan, were seated in the first carriage. Mr. S. F. Ellis, Mr. E. Cropper, M. J. Cropper, Jr., and Mr. H. Holland, were conveyed in the second carriage. The procession, after leaving Holly-lodge, turned down Campden-hill, and entered the main road of Kensington. The shops were nearly all

partially closed, and as the procession passed on, the bells of Kensington parish church tolled in solemn recognition. The vehicles which met the mourning carriages drew up at the side of the road, to allow them to pass, and even persons seated on omnibuses were observed reverently to uncover their heads as the hearse went by. At Hyde-park corner nearly a hundred carriages of noblemen and others, in accordance with the previous arrangements, swelled the procession, and as it continued down Grosvenor-place the spectacle was one of imposing solemnity. The route from Grosvenor-place was through Lower Grosvenor-place into Victoria-road, by Buckingham Palace, and through Birdcage-walk. In the path-way of St. James's park skirting this thoroughfare, were large bodies of spectators, who became increasingly numerous as the procession neared George street. It was five minutes to one when the Abbey was reached, amid the tolling of the bell and a universal demonstration of respect on the part of the congregated thousands. When the coffin was brought in at the western door, Dr. Turle struck a few introductory notes, and immediately after these came pealing through the long drawn aisles the swell of the choristers' voices, as they sang the magnificent anthem of Purcell's: "I am the resurrection and the life." A procession was formed.

The pall-bearers were:

The Lord Chancellor.	Lord John Russell.
Bishop of Oxford.	Duke of Argyle.
Sir G. C. Lewis.	The Speaker.
Sir David Dundas.	Dean Milman.
The Earl of Carlisle.	Earl Stanhope.

The chief mourners were the Rev. J. Macaulay, rector of Aldingham, Lancashire; Mr. Macaulay, Jr., and Mr. C. L. Macaulay, brother and nephews of the historian; Mr. George Trevelyan, Mr. S.

F. Ellis, Mr. E. Cropper, of Dingle Bank, Liverpool, the husband of the widow of Lord Macaulay's younger brother; Mr. Cropper, Jr., and Mr. Holland. Cecilia, the sister of the noble lord; Mrs. Cropper, his sister-in-law; and one or two other female relatives, occupied seats in the clerestory immediately overlooking the grave. A number of the private friends of the Dean and Chapter, and others who were in a position to claim the friendship or good offices of the vergers, were also accommodated with places in the clerestories which commanded a view of the whole proceedings. The coffin was borne slowly up the nave to the choir, where a portion of the funeral service was gone through. Canon Jennings read the lesson. The anthem selected from Spohr's *Last Judgment*, "Blessed forever are they that die trusting in God," seemed fitted for the solemn occasion. The coffin was once more taken up by its bearers, and was carried along the south aisle of the nave, to the south side of the transept, which is set apart as the place for poet's and literary men, just as the north side has been reserved for Chatham, Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Grattan, Canning, Wilberforce, and other statesmen. There was a pause, and a deep silence throughout the whole Abbey, broken only by the footsteps of the pall-bearers and the friends who followed the coffin to its last resting-place. When placed upon the ropes over the grave, and while being gradually lowered into the earth, the organ again pealed forth, and the choristers sang Purcell's anthem: "Man that is born of woman." The Clerk of the Works stepped forward and threw earth upon the coffin, and once more the venerable abbey resounded with the solemn organ and the voices of the choristers, who sang Handel's *Funeral Anthem*, composed for Queen Caroline, the words being altered to suit the present occasion. "His body is buried in peace; but his name liveth for evermore." At the close of this beautiful anthem, the chief mourners and pall-bearers advanced to take a last look at the coffin which contained the body of their honored friend and relative, and as they left the grave, the organist played the *Deuil March in Saul*, the wailing and expressive melody of which seemed truthfully to interpret the emotions which were uppermost in the minds of all present. The grave is about eight feet in

depth. The outer coffin is formed of polished elm, and it incloses a leaden coffin and shell. The lid is divided into three compartments; the upper one contains, on an engraved plate, the arms of the deceased peer. The shield bears two arrows and two buckles, and has two pelicans as supporters. The crest is a boot with a spur, surmounted with the usual coronet. The motto of the coat of arms is, "Dulce Periculum." The second compartment contains the following inscription: The Right Honorable Thomas Babington Macaulay, Baron Macaulay of Rothwell, born twenty-fifth of October, 1800, died twenty-eighth December, 1859. At the lower part of the lid is a small shield with the initials of the deceased peer, "T. B. M." The coffin is ornamented with massive gilt handles, three upon each side and one at each end, surmounted with coronets, and the surface is covered with black silk velvet, and is decorated in the usual style of funeral ornamentation. Thickly strewn near the grave of Macaulay are the relics of men whose names are held in reverence, and whose works adorn the literature of our country. A few feet from his grave stands the fine old piece of Gothic sculpture which marks the resting-place of Chaucer, "the father of English poetry." Just opposite to the tomb of Chaucer, "the day starre" of English poetry, is the monument of "Faërie Spenser"—the sunrise of our poetry—who died, as Ben Jonson tells, "for lack of bread, refusing the twenty pieces sent him by my Lord of Essex, as he was sorry he had no time to spend them." Partly obliterated by the hand of Time, the tomb of Spenser bears the inscription: "Here lies the body of Edmund Spenser, the prince of poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he left behind him." Beaumont, the dramatist, sleeps there too, but no memorial or inscription marks his resting place; it is, however, immediately behind Chaucer's tomb. A marble, much defaced, erected by the Countess of Dorset, bears, in very illegible characters, an inscription written by Ben Jonson for the tomb of Drayton. Still nearer Macaulay's grave there is the small pavement stone with the inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson!" which Aubrey tells us was done at "the charge of Jack Young, who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow

eighteen pence to cut it." At the recent relaying of the pavement of the Abbey, the original stone was removed and destroyed. A few feet distant is the monument of Cowley, raised by George Duke of Buckingham. A monument raised by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, marks the grave of Dryden, "glorious John," who was followed to his resting-place by mourners in twenty mourning coaches, each drawn by six horses, and at whose requiem an ode of Horace was sung, with an accompaniment of trumpets and hautboys. The only titled poet that sleeps in this part of the Abbey is the "Earl of Roscommon," the famous master of the horse to the Duchess of York at the Restoration. Another companion of Macaulay is Nicholas Rowe. There are also Matthew

Prior and John Gay, and he whose tomb bore the inscription, in imitation of that Jonson, "O rare Sir William Davenant!" and Samuel Johnson, David Garrick, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Camden, the father of English History; May, the historian of the Long Parliament; Gifford, the editor of the Tory *Quarterly Review*; Dr. Parr, and numerous others. At the opposite, or north end of the transept, there towers above other memorable graves the stately monument of Chatham, of whom Macaulay wrote, and the words are now not less applicable to himself: "Among the eminent men whose bones lie near him, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name."

From Chambers's Journal.

WAYS OF WILD-FOWL.

FEW departments of natural history are more pleasing than those which relate to the manners and habits of wild-fowl. They are all of them great travelers, and regularly pass over the whole hemisphere to which they belong, from the polar circle to the equator, resting on the summits of mountains, in the depths of forests, or on the borders of lakes and rivers. On the elevated plains or steppes of Central Asia, these aerial populations perform their evolutions with the greatest freedom and regularity. In the middle of summer, they are found beyond the northern limits of Siberia, fishing and enjoying themselves in the icy sea. This is especially the case with the wild swans and geese, which, as they move northward through the air, with loud screams and clamor, are welcomed with delight by the rude inhabitants. They look forward as they gaze to the enjoyment of innumerable feasts, the materials of which they then behold cleaving the blue sky in vast wedge-like battalions, with a strong, bold leader in front, and the weaker and more timid fliers bringing up the rear. It is difficult to imagine a spectacle more

beautiful than a flight of wild swans on a summer's day. Their whiteness is so dazzling that they look like huge snowflakes drifting before the gale, while, as the light plays upon their breasts, it communicates to them a rosy blush, glancing off tremulously into the atmosphere as they advance.

The travels of the wild geese and swans extend from far beyond Siberia to the Caspian Sea, Lake Aral, and the plains of Asia Minor. Here the traveler beholds them in winter, sometimes settling on the waters of the Meander, sometimes spreading themselves over the morasses, where in hundreds of diminutive lakes, they recall to mind the bogs, swamps, and immense sheets of water in which they carry on their gambols during the hot months, in the precincts of the north pole. It is curious to notice them in the vicinity of a Turkoman encampment, walking boldly up, almost close to the tents, and extorting hospitality from the half-frightened, half-delighted children. We ourselves are still favored with the visits of the wild goose, but its friend and companion in the solitudes of Asia

refuses to accompany it to our shores, where it was once found in abundance, especially on the rivers of the fens.

In the neighboring countries of the continent, the snipe, the woodcock, the coot, the teal, the wild duck, perform nearly the same movements as the swans in Asia. During the summer heats, they find their subsistence amid the elevations of the Alps and the Pyrenees, where, as you ascend higher and higher, you perceive on the banks of each lonely stream and tarn the summer sunbeams glancing from their wings. With the increase of the cold and the coming on of sleet and snow-storms, these birds desert their favorite solitudes; and descend in search of food nearer to the dwellings of man; but the influence of their original tastes and habits is still discernible. They cling to the skirts of forests and to springs, amid the recesses of the hills, or alight on the interior of marshes, where, protected by wilderness of reeds and flags, they dive into the mud in search of food.

High up in the Nile Valley, birds of similar propensities enjoy much greater safety and freedom than in Europe. The river is there engaged in creating the country it is hereafter to fertilize. Spreading into immense expanses, and following no certain channel, it stagnates amid whole forests of rushes, reeds, and other aquatic plants, whose stems arrest the silt which the water holds in suspense, and precipitate it to the bottom, where it constitutes, layer upon layer, the foundation of some future Egypt. Here is the very paradise of wild-fowl. Sometimes near the edge of the water you behold the long-legged flamingo standing knee-deep in the flood, and appearing like the fragment of a rainbow with its gorgeous and brilliant colors, satisfying his humble appetite with sundry kinds of mud fish. The natives entertain strange notions of this bird. Believing in the doctrine of the metempsychosis, they assert that it is animated by the soul of a great and proud sultan of the Indies, who, in punishment of his vanity, was transformed into a bird, and allowed to retain the splendor of his costume, banished for many thousand years into the wastes of Africa.

All round amid the tufts of luxuriant vegetation you perceive specks of water-fowl; ducks fat as the teal of Winnebago Lake, herons, storks, pelicans, wild-geese,

the white rice-bird, the black ibis — no longer seen below the cataracts — with many other kinds for which our northern vocabulary has no names. These birds convert such swamps, half-mud, half-water, into breeding-places; and therefore, as your boat moves hither and thither among the matted aquatic verdure, you behold their large eggs, glossy white or blue, shining forth between the roots of the plants, which at a later period swarm with young nurlings of all hues.

As might have been expected, this profusion of life attracts many birds of prey. Early and late, on the pinnacle of some neighboring ridge, or on the lofty branches of a doum palm, or of an African sycamore, you observe the white eagle perched in eager anticipation, or see it descending like an arrow into the morass, or mounting, gorged and blood-dripping, towards its distant eyrie. This eagle is peculiarly beautiful; its eye does not blink at the noonday sun, and its sight is so piercing, that a mouse moving along the sand is beheld by it from above the clouds. Lower down in the valley, it may be often noticed sitting on the naked rocks, glowing and half-calined by the heat. But it is conscious of no inconvenience, or if it be, one excursion into the upper air where it is almost immediately lost to sight, restores coolness, and enables it to resume its destructive meditations on the river's banks. This terrible bird presents a striking contrast to the black cormorant of the Cape, which dislikes loneliness as much as the African eagle loves it. Perched upon the cliffs, in company with divers and penguins, it seems, with its sable brethren, to constitute a sort of mysterious conclave assembled to decide on the fate of Africa. This heavy lumbering bird does not take the trouble to build a nest at all, but lays its eggs in holes of the rock, hollowed out for it by nature. Here the insatiable appetite of its young justifies the old saying, "as greedy as a cormorant;" for although constantly gorged by their industrious fisher-parents, yet they are never satisfied, but with open beak, eager eye, and outstretched neck, flap their formless wings, and appear, like the horse leech, to be continually crying out: "Give, give!"

These cormorants form a sort of social polity, keeping together both on land and sea. As they lay their eggs and watch over their young in company, so in

company they provide for their own subsistence, as well as for that of their offspring. If, while at the Cape, you visit any unfrequented part of the shore, especially at an early hour of the morning, you may watch, with great interest and amusement, the strategy, evolutions, and tactics of these dusky fishers. From the apertures and pinnacles of the cliffs, the cormorants descend in great numbers to the water, lying calm and tranquil between the outstretched horns of rocky promontories. Here they dispose themselves in single file, and with an old experienced bird in the van, put out to sea. The black viking, at once adventurous and wary, selects the smoothest parts of the bay; and when his keen sight detects a shoal of fish below, he pauses for a moment to make a signal to his followers. Arching his long neck, and keeping his eyes fixed upon the waves, he rises on the wing, throws back his feet, and then plunging down head foremost, is in a moment gorging fiercely among the shoal. All the other cormorants immediately imitate his example, and may in a short time be seen rising to the glassy surface with their prey glistening in their bills.

All round the African continent, except on its eastern fringes, life assumes the feathered form with infinite prodigality. In the sandy wastes of the interior, it is altogether different. There you may travel for days and weeks, sometimes for whole months, without beholding a bird, except, as you approach the oases, pigeons and turtle-doves; or occasionally, in certain tracts of the desert, an eagle far aloft in the blue ether, darting eastward or westward, like an arrow of golden light. On the skirts of the villages, and about the wells, where there are nearly always palm-trees, the doves come in troops in search of food and water. There is also a sort of long-billed bird without a European appellation, which in flights of fifteen or twenty, hover about the wells, and as soon as the men cease working at the water-wheels, dart down to drink.

A traveler, resting in one of these Saharan villages, used to soothe his loneliness with the notes of some little birds, in shape not unlike the sparrow, which came every morning and sang on his house-top. Their voices seemed full of the sweetness of childhood, and carried him over thousands of miles of sea and land, back to

that part of England where he had passed his early years.

A whole volume might be written on the habits and manners of oceanic birds, every variety of which is invested with a cluster of poetical associations. Most of our readers will probably remember Barry Cornwall's beautiful lyric on the stormy petrel, which peoples the fancy with grand images of solitude far out upon the purple deep. Voyagers who traverse the Indian Ocean watch with peculiar pleasure the evolutions of this bird, and one of them thus speaks of its most striking characteristics: "These wild and free-born denizens of the deep seem to sport in all the consciousness of liberty; they cleave the atmosphere of their boundless home on rapid wing, soaring aloft with the lightness of a feathery cloud; they skim the surface of the deep, they float upon its bosom, and I have seen the storm-loving petrel, that 'wanderer of the sea,' dive beneath the waters to secure its prey. They always love the stormy ocean, for then their food is more easily procured; and when the scud begins to rise, when the wind blows high, and the billows are crested with foam, the petrels are abroad."

There is much grandeur in the vast habitation of eastern sea-birds. Taking our departure from the Cape of Storms, and passing over Madagascar, we have, on the left, Mozambique, the Kuria Muria group, Persia, India within and beyond the Ganges, China, Corea, and Japan, and on the right, the immense archipelagoes of Australasia. Throughout this extensive division of the globe, sea-fowl arrogate to themselves whole clusters of islands, where they have lived, built their nests, deposited their eggs, and brought up their young for thousands upon thousands of years unmolested by man. The Kuria Muria, recently regarded as a prolific guano-field, figures in the stories and traditions of the Arabs as one of the kingdoms of the birds, where they ruled supreme, built themselves superb dwellings, and rigidly forbade the intrusion of any other creature. Amid the rocky cliffs of Socotra, also, the sea-birds of the Indian Ocean have established themselves in vast multitudes, so that the mariner, as he sails by, may behold at early dawn variegated living clouds, soaring aloft above his head, or sweeping with celerity along the blue surface of the waves. Still further on,

and away down to the right, there is a small group occupying one of the most striking positions on the globe. All the way from the northern polar circle to that latitude, the sounding-line can generally, if not always, reach the bottom; but there the plummet becomes useless, for the mighty table-land of rock, out of which spring so many thousands of islands, descends sheer to an immeasurable depth, which defies even the fancy to follow it. On the very edge of this descent stands what has been very properly denominated Danger Island, which, so far as we know, has never but once been visited by man. Separated from the rest of the group by no great breadth of sea, it is yet preserved from human intrusion by terror. It has no landing-place, no bay, creek, cove, or indenture of the coast, but is belted round by lofty perpendicular cliffs, against which the huge surges of the Indian Ocean break perpetually in foam and thunder. Within the circle, however, of these dreadful rocks the surface of the island presents a little paradise. Trees of gigantic growth stretch along the cliffs, and suspend their ever-green foliage over the waves. Beyond these, there is a wilderness of flowering-plants and shrubs of rare beauty, gemming the soft mossy knolls and hollows which, at certain seasons of the year, form the common nest of millions of sea-birds, which, when they rise on the wing, literally darken the air, while they fill it with a deafening murmur, like that which ascends from a prodigious army thrown suddenly into confusion.

The singular chance which rendered a visit to this island practicable was as follows: A surveying-ship lying near for several weeks observed one morning a lull in the ocean—its usual roar was suspended—and the breakers about the perilous precipices no longer appeared. The opportunity was immediately seized upon. A boat, filled with English officers and sailors, put off from the ship, and pulled vigorously towards the mysterious rock. After circling it round and round, some fissures in the cliff were discovered, through which it seemed possible to climb. Up went the whole party, despising difficulty and danger, and as the strange apparitions made their appearance, away, with screams and shrieks, flew the terrified birds. All the knowledge we possess of Danger Island was then obtained. After a hasty exploration, the

adventurous surveyors retraced their steps, and the breakers resumed the eternal monotony of their roar.

Not altogether dissimilar is another haunt of sea-fowl in the same ocean, though considerably further to the east; this is a glaring patch of white sand set in a coral frame, a mile and a half wide, and encircled on all sides by breakers, with a magnificent overfall. Very recent charts of the Sooloo group may perhaps have it marked, but it is not to be found in Horsburgh. The sides of this island descend precipitously into the sea, and that to so great a depth that no bottom is to be found with the hand-lead. All the sand in the interior has the appearance of one huge nest covered with sea-birds in all stages of growth, from the little unfledged creature just escaped from the shell, "to the old full-grown guardians of their progeny." When visitors approach, the old birds display great courage in the exercise of their paternal duties; they hover shrieking close over the heads of the strangers, and make so vigorous an opposition to their advance, that the way has to be cleared by knocking them down with sticks.

No naturalist, with competent leisure and opportunities, has yet examined a thousandth part of those oceanic bird-cradles, where it is probable several new species will be found, more curious and beautiful than any yet known. Strange habits, which appear almost fabulous, are attributed to some of the winged tribes. There is, for example, a small owl in Central America which takes up its abode in the same burrow with the marmot and the rattlesnake. In fine weather you may often see the members of the triple population sitting at the entrance to their dwellings. On the approach of a stranger, the marmot first retreats into the fortification, the owl next follows, while the lazy rattlesnake brings up the rear.

On the coast of Borneo, a bird is found which the natives call *menombun* or the builder, on account of the extraordinary skill with which it constructs its nest. In form and color, it resembles the francolin or heath-cock. The wonderful structure on which we bestow the name of nest, usually found upon the sandy shore above high-water mark, is often upwards of sixty feet in circumference, and nearly five feet high. Occasionally, the bird takes advantage of a fallen tree to form a

sort of nucleus for its operations, and about this heaps up loose portions of the sandy soil into the shape of a flattish barrow. It then bores, by scratching with its toes, a deep hole in the mound, and at the bottom clears a space wherein to lay its eggs. In the following season, it appears to become dissatisfied with its old apartments; but instead of removing to a distance, constructs an addition to the mound, and excavates in it a fresh chamber. In this way it proceeds, enlarging its dwelling indefinitely, until there are numerous entrances above, and hollow cells below. From one of these to another it sometimes opens subterranean galleries, which hasty explorers fill up while digging. Here and there, in the interior of the barrow, eggs are found, some newly laid, others half-hatched, while there are others again from which the birds have emerged. They come out full-feathered, and so strong as to be able to scratch immediately, and provide for their own subsistence. The habitat of the menambun is not extensive, being confined to the small islands which stud the coast of Borneo, and those of the Sooloo group.

Proceeding further towards the south, we find, in the upper regions of Australia, a beautiful species of starling, of brilliant plumage, which glances with metallic lustre as its feathers in motion receive the rays of light. It lives among the thickets near the shore; and to guard against the inroads of its enemies, erects its habitation on trees of almost inaccessible height. One of our voyagers found, near Cape York, nearly fifty specimens at once of the extraordinary nest of this bird. They were all suspended from the outer branches of a gigantic cotton-tree, where, light and pensile, they rocked, or swung to and fro in the passing breeze. To obtain one of them was a matter of no small difficulty. The trunk of the cotton-tree, at least twelve feet in circumference, and shooting up straight, without boughs, for upwards of sixty feet, seemed to defy all attempts at climbing. The naturalist, therefore, had recourse to his rifle, and sought to detach with ball the branches on which the nests hung; but the wind swaying them hither and thither, defeated his skill. A native then volunteered his services, and throwing the branch of a wild vine about the cotton-tree, worked

his way up, just as the Arabs climb the loftiest date-palms. The young found in the nests were thrown, by the Australian, alive into the fire, and eaten half-raw.

One of the most striking scenes in which wild-fowl make their appearance is a calm at sunset on the tropical ocean. There is always a swell and tremulous sensation in the vast deep, upon which the sun, going down in fiery splendor, sheds a crimson glow. Then the ship lies almost motionless upon the water, and the birds, which had been its companions by day, take their leave, some flying towards land invisible and far away, some to those solitary rocks which, at wide intervals, stud the ocean. But the ghost-like albatross, as he has been not unaptly denominated, wheels about in vast circles till he is lost in the darkness. Thus deserted by the inhabitants of the air, the mariner's fancy is befriended by the more constant denizens of the waves, who throw out their shining floats, and sparkle and glitter like a shower of stars on the dark surface of the ocean.

Even here, in our own country, where we imagine ourselves familiar with all the forms of nature, extremely curious spectacles are sometimes to be witnessed. Bird-catchers in the fens, carrying on their calling by night, disperse themselves over the marshes and along the banks of streams, with torches in their hands. These they wave to and fro, to attract or dazzle the birds, which, while they are wondering at the strange appearance, are enveloped in nets. One of our old writers amuses himself with describing the stupidity of the dotterel, which imitated the grimaces and antics of the fowler, stretching out its wings when he spread forth his arms, hopping when he hopped, nodding when he nodded, and becoming, at length, so absorbed by the interest of the pantomime, that he was fairly knocked upon the head before he could rouse himself to a sense of his danger.

We had noted down many other facts connected with the ways of wild-fowl in various parts of the world, but mindful of the old proverb, that "enough is as good as a feast," we pause here, though we could have wished to enlarge a little on the airy populations of the Alps, the Himalaya, and the Andes, together with those which haunt the vast lakes and frozen rivers of the north.

